

that earth is a desert drear and heaven is his home; he no longer sings that he wants to be an angel, "a crown upon his forehead, a harp within his hand." His developing sense of humor has shown him the mythical character of that ridiculous, impotent, revengeful, pomp-loving old barbarian—the creation of a cruel, bloody-minded tribe of barbarians—that the Church has so long scared him into worshiping as God. He ignores alike its threat of an absurd hell and its promise of an equally absurd paradise. He scorns the revolting imagery of blood that runs red through all its fetichism; and scorns, too, its childish clinging to the grotesque Pagan myths of his creation.

And all this reform has come chiefly from the curious physiological fact that as men grow more highly individualized they grow also more keenly conscious of each other's sensations. To a thinking man it is no longer of any importance whether a whale swallowed Jonah and subsequently regretted the act; whether the sun, "stood still" at Joshua's command or whether God inspired a she-bear to eat some children who were unable to control their mirth at sight of a bald-headed prophet. But it is a matter of daily increasing importance that famine stalks beside repletion in a world of golden plenty for all; that he should have a full stomach and a warm back while his neighbor perishes of hunger and cold. What he must have is a religion to remedy this and not one to tell him about a good time in a far-off, colorless heaven of crowns and harps. And he is finding it, out in the world, in social and industrial reform; slowly, clumsily, often stupidly, but surely. He already feels the oneness of the race enough to know with perfect certainty, though we were all "saved" but one poor, sinful heathen, and knew that he must suffer eternal torment, that there would never be a moment's peace for a single one of us. Truly we have grown better since Jonathan Edwards discovered "Why the Saints in Glory Should Rejoice at the Sufferings of the Damned," or since the pious Michael Wigglesworth assigned children to the "easiest room in hell" because they would have been bad anyway had they lived. The Church may be afraid for our future; but that is the Church's fault and misfortune and not ours. And its anxiety will grow beautifully less when it has caught up with us.—Puck.

LIBERALISM IN SCOTLAND.

BY EDITOR N. Y. "TRIBUNE."

IF, as some say, the American Presbyterian Church is drifting away from its moorings, it is only following the example of its venerable mother, the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. American Presbyterian liberals have yet to fight for recognition and toleration; but in the Scottish Church that stage was passed some years ago. Professor Briggs would not have been molested in the church founded by John Knox. On the contrary, he would have found in it scholars and thinkers like-minded with himself. It is true the Biblical scholars and theologians of Scotland are more conservative than those of Germany. But for all that, some of them would have as hard a time in the American Pres-