

# The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS"

VOLUME XXXII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1880.

NUMBER 1652.

## The Independent.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

"Although St. Francesca was unwearied in her devotions, yet, if during her prayers she was called away by her husband or any domestic duty, she would close the book cheerfully, saying that a wife and mother, when called upon, must quit her God at the altar to find him in her household affairs."  
—Legends of the Monastic Orders.

How infinite and sweet Thou everywhere  
And all-abounding love thy service is;  
Thou liest an ocean round my world of care,  
My petty every-day, and fresh and fair  
Four Thy strong tides into my crevices,  
Until their silence ripples into prayer.

That Thy full glory may abound, increase,  
And so Thy likeness shall be formed in me  
I pray. The answer is not rest or peace,  
But charges, duties, wants, anxieties,  
Till there seems room for everything but  
Thee,  
And never time for anything but these.

And I should fear, but lo! amid the press,  
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,  
I hear Thy garment's sweep, Thy seamless dress,  
And close beside my work and weariness  
Discern Thy gracious form, not far away,  
But very near, oh! Lord, to help and bless.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see  
Only the glancing needle which they hold;  
But all my life is blossoming inwardly  
And every breath is like a liltany,  
While through each labor like a thread of gold  
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee.  
NEWPORT, R. I.

## MEANWHILE, WHAT SHOULD BE DONE, AND HOW?

BY PROFESSOR ASA GRAY, LL.D.

THIS question is suggested by that other interrogatory, "After Darwinism, What?" which was propounded and satisfactorily answered in a leading article of THE INDEPENDENT for July 8th. Among other things, it is well said that, "if devout people imagine that Darwinism will in time pass away and leave the world of faith just as it found it, they will, doubtless, be very much disappointed." The attitude of some religious teachers calls to mind that of certain poor antediluvians, who, when the water had got to be knee deep, are reported to have comforted each other with the assurance that "there was not going to be much of a shower." Whether "the heir of our present science will possess both a larger knowledge and a richer faith" remains to be seen, certainly to be hoped for. Those teachers will be most helpful in tiding over the trying interval, who most wisely heed their steps when treading upon slippery or uncertain ground. The timely article we have referred to implies, if it does not assert, the counsels which might profitably be offered. No one could present them more cogently than the author of that article, and it is to be wished that he would take the topic in hand. There is still some need of it. It is not our business to recommend sweet reasonableness and modest caution to the agnostic or more positively anti-religious evolutionist. Before his own master (if he has any) let him stand or fall. We urge such considerations only upon those who are set to defend religious

truth, even when they suppose that to be menaced by "science falsely so called."

In this interest, with much deference as well as perfect plainness, we propose to illustrate our meaning of what is needful, by a little fault-finding of the opposite, as exhibited in another essay in THE INDEPENDENT for May 27th, entitled, "Is Evolution Science?" Whether it be or not, or whether it may be partly so and partly not, is quite aside of the present point, which is to intimate that over-eagerness to make out a case seems to have placed a worthy writer in a questionable position—one which it was hoped that he would have relieved himself from.

His conclusion is, that "evolution is not science," and this, as we have said, it is not our object to contradict. There is a sense in which, and there is "evolution" in respect to which, this is admittedly true. The writer believes with M. Janet "that any rational theory of evolution neither excludes nor renders useless final cause, and, therefore, is not atheistic." But he takes no occasion to distinguish between "rational" and irrational theories of evolution, and needs none, since he maintains, by direct implication and line of argument, that both are unscientific. He is rather hard, therefore, upon Mivart and Virchow—both evolutionists—when he brings them in, each to hoist evolution in general with his own petard. But our principal complaint is with the manner in which the venerated name of the late Professor Joseph Henry is used. It is stated that "Louis Agassiz, Joseph Henry, John William Dawson, and Arnold Guyot unite in pronouncing the doctrine of evolution unscientific and false. This does not sound like Prof. Henry, is not accordant with his well-known views, and, to be accepted, needs verification. It goes without saying that Prof. Henry would regard atheistic evolution as false and, therefore, fundamentally unscientific. But the writer's point "is not that evolution is not scriptural, not that it is not compatible with the received theology; but that it is not science," and his statement is that Henry had pronounced it to be unscientific and false. Not to refer to personal knowledge as assuring us that he could not have so pronounced, we will introduce here a portion of the statement of his scientific biographer in this regard:\*

"Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the theory of natural selection (he remarked in the freedom of oral intercourse with several naturalists) it, at least, marks an epoch, the first elevation of natural history (so called) to the really scientific stage. It is based on induction, and correlates a large range of apparently disconnected observations, gathered from the regions of paleontology or geological successions of organisms, their geographical distribution, climatic adaptations and remarkable readjustments, their comparative anatomy, and even the occurrence of abnormal variations and of rudimentary structures—seemingly so uselessly displayed as mere simulations of a 'type.' It forms a good 'working hypothesis' for directing the investigations of the botanist and zoologist. Natural selection, indeed, no less than artificial (he was accustomed to say) is, to a limited extent, a fact of observation; and the practical question is to determine approximately its reach of application and its sufficiency as an actual agency to embrace larger series of organic changes lying beyond the scope of direct human experience. It is for the rising generation of conscientious zoologists and botanists to attack this problem and to ascertain, if practicable, its limitations or modifications."

\* "A Memoir of Joseph Henry." A Sketch of his Scientific Work. By Wm. B. Taylor. Read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, Oct. 26th, 1879.

Finally, even evolutionists have rights which opposing controversialists are bound to respect, and, among them, that of being quoted correctly. And, of all things, a quotation which professes to be *verbatim* should neither be tampered with nor taken at second or third hand.

"Take as an illustration of the quality of the so-called science the well-known passage from Mr. Darwin," says our writer. The Italics in this sentence are ours. Those in the following quotation are his, and these very expressions, which are put into Mr. Darwin's mouth—from which they sound strangely to those familiar with his modes of utterance—are then held up to reprobation!

"The early progenitors of men were, no doubt, covered with hair, both sexes having beards. Their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail. . . . The foot . . . was prehensile, and our progenitors, no doubt, were arboreal in their habits, frequenting some warm, forest-clad land. . . . At an earlier period the progenitors of man must have been aquatic in their habits."

Until this passage is pointed out in Darwin's writings, we shall "take it as an illustration of the quality" which, unlike that of mercy, is *strained*; as an illustration of the need of more careful and reverent handling when subjects like these are discussed in religious newspapers. I do not for a moment, and in the least degree, suppose that what is complained of originated in any thing beyond carelessness, overconfidence, and a neglect of the wholesome habit of verifying references and citations.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

## SUPERSTITION AND SCIENTIFIC TRAINING.

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE,  
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

It would be a curious question for a psychologist to examine whether superstition is an inborn quality or attribute of the human mind, and whether it can be eradicated by educational development. If the old gross forms have been confined to the lower classes, it is certain, nevertheless, that other manifestations lurk still in the minds of those who should have received the corrective of a liberal education. There is an aesthetic superstition and there is a material superstition or belief in the powers of matter which are above and beyond experiment. All of us are rightly aesthetically superstitious to a certain extent. It is only when the well-being, physically and mentally, of mankind is in danger that superstition is dangerous. The advance of science, as long as the lower classes are not educated up to it, increases superstition. It is safe to predict that the number of persons who get their living by imposing upon the credulity of high and low will increase with the new discoveries in science. With the stock in trade of a few magnets and several batteries and induction machines, an ignorant man can sustain himself through at least one winter in any of our large cities, either by asserting the discovery of a new force or by practicing as a magnetic physician. With the new phosphorescent substances *sciences* may be made to appeal more strongly to the imagination than ever. Spectral hands can wave wildly and unseen machinery can be set in motion far more easily than in the old days of oracles. We wish to call the attention of all impostors to their scientific opportu-

nities, and to warn, at the same time, their dupes.

Most of us have our pet superstitions. We prefer to see the moon over our right shoulder; we like to touch the palings of a fence, just as we have always done, when we enter a happy home. We allow certain events to connect themselves in our minds, and refuse to allow the reasoning powers full sway. A bell accidentally rung after a funeral; the reflection from a mirror of one carrying a candle; the coincidence of a dream with an event, can set many a heart a-quaking. And the strangest part of the mental incapacity of many is the indignation they feel at those who endeavor to reason away these superstitions. The broadest man is he who, still holding a belief in the supernatural, can calmly reject beliefs which war with what his reason must accept as truths. It is only by this process of selection that education can go on; and from this point of view superstition is valuable as a resistance against which the mental fiber can be trained, just as the muscles are exercised by pulling against weights. The literary education of to-day fosters the reliance upon authority without the exercise of self-reliance and some measure of the investigating spirit. This reliance is one of the most potent supports of superstition. It is often said by intelligent people that there must be something in certain manifestations, for so many people have believed in them. Yet they will not allow this form of argument a moment's weight when it is urged in support of a certain mining stock or a problematical business operation. They recognize in the mass of their friends credulity in some one direction, and it affords them a certain amount of amusement or sadness. Yet they are willing to allow the mass or the army of credulous people weight which they will not assign to the one factor or member of the mass. Most of us trace the growth of certain superstitions infallibly to our childhood. If we are told by a nurse that we must see the new moon over our right shoulder, and must not allow it to fall upon our sleeping faces; that we must always take acote in the case of a cold; that we must keep a ring on a certain finger, such beliefs will be hard to remove in mature life. The superstitions which grow up in manhood or womanhood are clearly the results of defective early training. What, then, should the training be which will enable us to combat prejudicial superstitions? Should it be that which comes from the study of philosophy, or mathematics, or language, or science? The liberal man will answer that all of these subjects are required. Yet this answer does not contain the whole truth. In the study of philosophy we are induced to follow the ideas of the author through a species of mental gymnastics, which are very valuable in their way, but often lead one to believe that he has acquired much, whereas the mind has only been reveling in vast conceptions and dwelling upon the allurements of mere words. The history of human thought is very fascinating, and will always be so; but this study needs another element to combat superstition. The study of mathematics is essential to clear reasoning; but it has its dangers, as well as philosophy. For mathematical reasoning frequently cannot proceed without the rejection of the very knotty points upon which light is sought. The mechanical processes become so involved that the points at issue

caught bird at its touch, in the hour which comes but once in a lifetime? Ah! well you know, dear reader, how she cherished the keepsake, and pondered it over when his face was not there, little dreaming how one of a race unheard of should, centuries afterward, dream over it too, and call back her spirit from out the unrecorded past, her gracious presence and tender words.

All, all gone now. My young mound-builders—if mound-builders they were—sleep with the primeval giants. And, while a thousand wonderments hover about the poor keepsake, this only we do know: that they walked blindly along the path we call life; slowly and with many a failure worked out their destiny. They loved, sinned and suffered, died, and were forgotten. The surface of the country is altered since that old love-making. Strong cities are leveled with the plains, tribes are scattered, languages lost, whole races are extinct; but humanity remains the same—the one thing that will outlast the world. These dead-and-gone tribes were not foreign to us. They were of our own blood, our elder brethren; and as their names and deeds are blotted out, leaving not a memory, so we are moving forward in the resistless march, holding in our hands messages appealing to futurity—messages addressed to darkness, dropped into oblivion.

The relics from the Rio Grande were buried down deep. Perhaps my young lovers whispered the sweet words which made Eden Paradise, before the witching eyes of Marie Stuart turned the hearts of men; before Cleopatra shone; before Lucretia spun. The *chachuite* might lie in this rare, dry air till the crack of doom and suffer no change, as our old earth swings through the constellations, year by year. Possibly, its wearer was contemporary with the man of Natchez, whose bones were exhumed not long ago, under the Mississippi bluffs, in strata said to prove him not less than one hundred thousand years old.

If the story were told, we might not care to know what manner of man the bygone mound-builder was. His history must have been one of wars, and the struggles of the chiefs were trivial and petty to that of mighty Hector and Agamemnon, if we accept the testimony of the remains which still exist. Let us believe we lost no grand epic in the Iliad of the lost race.

The great historian wisely says: "The annals of mankind have never been written, can never be written, nor would it be within the limits of human capacity to read them, if they were written. We have a leaf or two torn from the great book of human fate, as it flutters in the storm-winds ever sweeping across the earth; but we have no other light to guide us across the track which all must tread, save the long glimmering of yesterdays, which grows so swiftly fainter and fainter, as the present fades off into the past."

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

WHO SHALL DECIDE?

AN EVENING TALK.

BY MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

"UPON hearing it remarked that there were other than the natural inequalities between men and women, Mr. Evans said he would like to hear them mentioned.

"Yes, ladies," said James Cummings, laughing, "now is your opportunity. Just state your case, and we men will listen patiently and decide justly."

"Your very proposition suggests one of the inequalities," said Miss Ellsworth, the school-teacher. "To say *we* will decide is as much as to say *we* have the right to decide. Equals do not decide for equals; yet many questions affecting woman's interests are decided by this same *we*—that is to say, by men."

"That's what's the matter with the whole matter," said a lively little lady, Miss Mehitabel Dyke. "There's too much *we* for the *you*."

"Let us suppose a case," said Miss Ellsworth. "Suppose two persons, James and John, are traveling together. Says James to John, as they pursue their journey: 'That is not the path for you to take. That stream is too deep for you to ford. Those plums will make you sick. It will be best for you not

to step over this fence. It is wrong for you to cross that meadow. You cannot climb that hill. I advise you not to enter that building. You will be afraid of the dog; besides, it contains nothing which you need.'

"Now, the very fact that James assumes such directorship implies that James is a better judge than John of John's duties and capacities and needs.

"Should James not only advise and direct, but urge his own preferences, and say: 'I prefer that you conduct in such and such a manner. I like to see you in this place, and I don't like to see you in that place. You will please me better by doing thus than by doing so.' This would imply that James's wishes and preferences were to be consulted, rather than John's. If James should go a step further, and use authority, declaring to John, 'You shall not take that path; you shall not ford that stream; you shall not eat those plums'; and so forth, this would imply on James's part a right of control over John.

"James in this parable represents the aforesaid '*we*,' which is to say man; and John represents the aforesaid '*you*,' which is to say woman. Says man to woman: 'I advise you not to attempt such and such studies. Your brain is unequal to this or that effort; besides, the knowledge gained would do you no good. It is unwomanly and improper for you to speak in public, and to speak from a pulpit to a congregation on Sunday is wrong. Neither is it well for you to enter upon the study of medicine. There are terrible difficulties in the way here. It is much more fitting that we should be the physicians; not only among our own sex, but among yours. It is not necessary that you should have any voice in certain matters of common interest to us both—as, for instance, the management of the schools your children attend, choice of teachers and committees, course of studies, condition of school-buildings; or in the appropriation of the taxes you pay on your property; or in making the laws by which you are governed. We can manage all these things for you. Should you take interest in such matters, you would lose your womanly natures. You would cease to care for your children.'

"Now, the very fact that man assumes such directorship implies that man is a better judge than woman of woman's needs and duties and capacities; a better judge than woman of what is womanly.

"In the parable James does more than merely to advise and direct; he makes known his pleasure. So does the '*we*' in the reality. Man says: 'We don't want you thus; but so. We don't want to see you on the platform, or in the pulpit, or at the ballot-box, or prescribing for the sick. We don't want learned women. We want sweet, yielding, clinging, depending women; women with no strong points of character to protrude and irritate us. These are the kind to make us happy.' All this implies that, in the ordering of woman's life, man's pleasure and preferences are to be consulted, rather than her own.

"In the parable James goes a step further, and uses authority. So does the '*we*' in the reality. Man says to woman: 'You shall not do thus; but so. You shall not enter that college; you shall not become members of that medical institution; you shall not speak in that pulpit or at that convention; you shall not have a voice in making the laws which govern you, or in the appropriation of your tax-money, or in choosing your pastor, or in the management of the schools your children attend, or in any matters of common or public interest.' This exercise of authority implies on man's part a right of control over woman."

"But almost all the women would agree with the men," said Mrs. Brown. "They don't want to do these forbidden things; they don't think it proper or right to do them. They don't want the bother of laws, and of school-matters, and of knowing how their tax-money is spent. They like to be looked out for and taken care of, and they feel willing to trust men to manage all such matters for them."

"That is not the point in question," said Miss Ellsworth. "Our point is *inequality*. This point has been doubted. But if one person assumes the directorship of another person, there certainly is inequality implied

between the two and a superiority on the part of the director."

"Now I will speak a parable," said Miss Mehitabel Dyke. "Mrs. Brown, suppose you should put on your things and walk out of your front door, and that Mrs. Evans should meet you and say: 'Mrs. Brown, this is the road you ought to take. It leads to Hepton Corners. That road leads to Overton. You are not fit to go to Overton. You don't feel strong enough, your shoes pinch your feet, and you can't see very well with one of your eyes, and you have a buzzing sound in your ears, and your shawl ought to have more blue in it. The things you will get at Overton are not good for you. The things you will get at Hepton Corners are good for you. It is improper and wrong for you to go to Overton; your duty calls you to Hepton Corners. Furthermore, I don't like to think of you at Overton. I like to think of you at Hepton Corners. You will not make me nearly as happy by going to Overton as you will by going to Hepton Corners. Furthermore, again, you shall do as I say. You shall not go to Overton.'

"Your natural reply would be: 'Mrs. Evans, I must judge for myself what is right and proper and where my duty leads me. Certainly I know better than you what my strength will allow, and whether or not my shoes pinch my feet, or I can see with both eyes, or have a buzzing sound in my ears. I don't quite see why your taste should decide the color of my shawl, or why your preferences should regulate my movements; and as for you detaining me by force, the idea is absurd. In fact, your whole talk to me is absurd.'

"You see here that the question what was your duty, or what were your wishes, has nothing to do with the point under consideration. It might not have been your duty to go to Overton; you might have had no desire to go there. The point is that Mrs. Evans should assume to know your duty, and needs, and capabilities better than you know them yourself; should expect you to yield your preferences to hers, and even to submit to her authority. You two being on an equality, her assumptions and expectations would appear to you absurd. If we suppose you to be very much underwitted and destitute of moral perception, and Mrs. Evans to be very much overwitted and unerring in moral perception, the absurdity vanishes."

"Just so in our case," said Miss Ellsworth. "Supposing woman to be equal with man—equal, that is, in judgment, in intelligence, in moral perception; it is absurd for him to expect that her course should be shaped by his opinions, his preferences, or his authority, any more than that his course should be shaped by hers. If we suppose woman to be very much underwitted and destitute of moral perception, and man to be very much overwitted and unerring in moral perception, the absurdity vanishes. But are we ready to admit that such is the case? Are you willing to yourself, Mrs. Brown?"

"Of course, I am not!" said Mrs. Brown. "Are you willing to admit that women, as a class, are naturally inferior to men, as a class, in intelligence, judgment, common sense, and moral sense?"

"No, I am not."

"Is it not likely that a woman should know, at least, as well as a man what is right, what is proper, what is womanly, what she needs, and what she can probably accomplish?"

"I suppose so."

"Then why should she be under his direction in these matters? Remember, again, that the question (is it right for women to do all these forbidden things, as you call them?) is not our question. I, you, all of us women may shrink from doing them, may detest it, scorn it. But our one sole, single point is that man, not being woman's superior in judgment, intelligence, and moral sense, decides what is right and proper for her to do, expects her to be guided by his preferences, and compels her to submit to his decisions.

"The true way is for man and woman to stand equals, on the common ground of humanity—equally free to decide and to act; equally free to develop his or her own faculties; equally free from arbitrary restrictions."

Here Mr. Evans turned the talk in another direction, by asking if Scripture did not give man authority over women.

POSITION OF THE SECULAR PRESS ON MORAL QUESTIONS.

BY PROFESSOR J. W. MEARS, D.D.

"In modern states there exists a formidable power, like the Titans in the fable, a giant with a hundred arms, with a thousand eyes, and a thousand tongues, who spontaneously, gratuitously charges himself with watching the execution of the laws, with discovering and denouncing to the authorities and to the public abuses of every sort, and even the appearance of abuse. This indefatigable Argus is the press, which to the gift of ubiquity seems to unite that of being invisible."

So writes a French critic in the first number of the *Revue des deux Mondes* of the year 1880. It is to the absence of a free press from Russia that this critic would ascribe the failure of the Russian Government to carry out successfully its proposed reforms. However that may be, it is more and more doubtful, from the attitude of the secular press in this country, whether those of us who are seeking to promote the moral welfare and advancement of the people can rely upon the help of this powerful agency in carrying out our plans. The standard of journalism wavers between two conceptions: (1) that of leading public opinion to positions in advance of those now held, and (2) that of faithfully representing the present attitude of the public conscience and of justifying it to itself. The latter standard, being generally found most favorable to financial success, is the one which newspaper men are, of course, most powerfully tempted to adopt, and the one into which the majority unconsciously fall. Neither journalism nor any other secular occupation should be engaged in without some attention to the question of financial success; but the calling of the journalist is surely too exalted to be subordinated to merely material considerations. Its functions are too near to the heart, the conscience, the springs of the moral life of humanity to be classed as wholly mercantile and to be controlled by mercenary motives.

And yet it is true, and the truth is one of great gravity, that the prevalent, if not the sole type of secular journalism to-day betrays a very low sense of responsibility for the moral interests of society. The struggle for reform, even of notorious evils, must often be carried on without the aid of so much as a stroke of the pen from one of our "able editors." In newly-risen questions of morals, when partisan complications are not involved, they are suspected and feared; and it is considered bad policy to meddle with questions the outcome of which may possibly work to the advantage of an opposing party, no matter how deeply the general good may be concerned.

Take, for example, the effort of the last few years for the reform of the notorious abuses and immoralities of the Oneida Community. When it was initiated in the Synod of Central New York, in 1873, the documents first issued by the Synod were met with a cold and disdainful silence by what were considered the better class of our dailes, and were openly condemned, hissed by those of the next lower rank (not by many degrees the lowest). The newspapers of Oneida and Madison Counties, those immediately concerned, gave no particle of assistance. Some of them, in fact, were outspoken in defending the Community. When the Syracuse Convention of last February was held, the *New York Tribune's* single editorial notice of the movement was confined to the brief remark—false as it was brief, and designed to create sympathy for the offenders—that "the crusade against the Oneida Community has begun." And when the reporters were, for wise reasons, excluded from the first meeting, they were allowed to fill up the newspaper space which had been reserved for their reports with tissues of misrepresentation. They were suffered to belittle the whole movement, and there was a widespread opinion in the class of people who are influenced by reporters' twaddle that the movement must fail, because of the spiteful opposition of the disappointed penny-a-liners.

It was ridiculous, and yet it was sorrow-

ful. The friends of sound morals were discouraged. The wrong-doers felt themselves sustained; they had backing, which we seemed to lack. But, notwithstanding the organs of public opinion failed us, public opinion itself was with us, as the result has shown. We worked without newspaper help, except in very rare instances; we worked against it; we triumphed. On another occasion we shall expect less of the newspapers. We shall rate their real influence lower and shall fear their influence less. The far different tone of the religious press, and conspicuously of THE INDEPENDENT, is well known.

The policy—which now seems to be the settled one of nearly all the "leading" newspapers—of spreading out and elaborating the details of revolting crimes; of brutalities; of offenses against purity and decency; of sharply scenting out, so to speak, unsavory incidents affecting the reputation of man or woman; of proclaiming the horrors of the gallows and parading the coarse and disgusting "confessions" of murderers, must not only act powerfully to demoralize those who read this department of the newspaper, but must inevitably blunt the moral sensibilities of the whole editorial staff, from the chief, who is the responsible party, to the least important member; not to speak of the corrupted atmosphere of the compositors', proof-readers', and press-rooms.

That clean and respectable journal, the New York Evening Mail, not long ago contained an excellent editorial attempting to account for the mysterious multiplication of suicides in our day. The reasons, so far as given, were doubtless correct and showed a keen appreciation of the moral aspects of the question. But one undoubtedly potent cause of the frequency of these dreadful events was not so much as hinted at. It is the prominence given to them in our daily journals—the fullness with which every ghastly feature of the event is treated; it is the minute realism in the presentation of such facts, which the present race of reporters are encouraged to practice and in which they vie with each other with the most extravagant and zealous industry.

So important is a well-observed Sabbath to the morals of the community that the agency of the press for good must be well-nigh destroyed when it joins in the open violation of that day by issuing a regular Sunday edition. Whatever may be the reputation of the paper for general decency and advocacy of good causes, its power is broken by its glaring inconsistency. No clearly-defined line between it and the accursed crew who are demanding the overthrow of our best institutions can be drawn. In the disparagement of the Sabbath almost every important element of our Christian civilization is assailed. The demoralizing effect upon the whole staff of a journal which has adopted the policy of a daily issue, Sunday and week day, must be such that no dependence can be placed upon it in those critical times, always sure to come, in contests for principle and morality.

Since the New York Tribune has hauled down the flag of, at least, outward Sabbath observance, there remains no representative of that policy among the leading daily journals of the country. The defection of the Tribune was perhaps the most serious blow to the Sabbath cause in many years. Already the Tribune had discarded the total abstinence principles of its founder; now it proves false to the Sabbath-keeping policy of Horace Greeley. Horace Greeley, when in Paris, expressed his surprise, as well as his unfavorable judgment, of the popular way of spending the Sabbath in that city, as follows:

"Half the stores are open on that day; men are cutting stone and doing all manner of work, as on other days; the journals are published, offices open, business transacted; only there is more . . . dissipation than on any other day of the week. I suspect that labor gets no more pay, in the long run, for seven days' work per week than it would for six, and that morality suffers and philanthropy is more languid than it would be if one day in each week was more generally welcomed as a day of rest and worship."

This painful example of defection from a policy which was traditional, as well as Christian and beneficent, indicates a powerful tendency to wrong in the secular journals of our day. The Rochester Democrat

has recently entered on the same Sabbath-breaking course, and we have reason to believe that other journals in this part of the state are contemplating a similar step. Do these papers represent public opinion on the Sabbath and other questions of morals? If they do, public opinion is in a bad way and on the road to worse. If public opinion is not represented by them, and we are inclined to think it is not; and if a sound public opinion needs to be represented, and we verily think it does, then, evidently, good people in New York City and in other places have a work to do that may be briefly expressed by the phrase: "The rehabilitation of the secular press in the interest of public morality."

HAMILTON COLLEGE.

### LATE TO THE THRONE.

BY THE REV. S. W. DUFFIELD.

BORN in the purple of purples,  
To sit on a throne and be king,  
With destiny marked and determined,  
With fate in a golden ring,  
With the way to the crown so easy  
And the heirship of everything!

But the royal and loving father  
Has said: "Not yet, my son!  
You must know how the people sorrow;  
How battles are lost and won;  
How the heart and the brain together  
Must labor till all be done."

And the royal and loving father  
Sent forth the princely lad;  
And he journeyed hither and thither,  
He saw both the good and the bad;  
And his heart was grieved at the conflicts  
And sorrows his people had.

Then late he came to his kingdom,  
A touch of gray in his hair,  
The lines of thought on his forehead,  
Humility in his air;  
But when he sat on the date  
They cried: "A king sits there!"

AUBURN, N. Y.

### GASHMU.

REV. DASHAWAY CROMO, D. D., BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF BABELMANDEB THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. AS SEEN AND HEARD

BY JAMES M. MAXWELL.

I AM just home from the Gate of Tears, or Babelmandeb School of the Prophets, where I have been in attendance on the closing exercises of the year.

The chief interest of the occasion centered in the address to the graduating class by the distinguished pastor of the leading church of Blank City. The evening was excessively warm and the crowd of eager listeners very great.

The speaker, Dr. Cromo, has grown corpulent during recent years, and from custom is unable to appear on the rostrum without his gown, which appears to be of winter rather than of summer texture; hence, the sympathy of the audience was with him from the moment he stepped upon the platform. By perhaps the foresight of Mrs. Cromo, the Doctor had with him a good supply of most elegant Canton silk pocket-handkerchiefs, of which frequent use was made, and on which could be distinctively, as well as distinctly, seen by spectators using the opera-glass the initial "C."

A deeply interested young lady, a stranger to me, who sat by my side, asked if I would be so kind as to tell her whether that letter "C" stood for Cromo or Canton. Whereupon I politely replied that I was not a Chinese scholar, and, therefore, could not say. The orator's words, however, were hotter than either the man or the evening, and luminous as the great glory-embazoned reservoir which dazzles from day to day in the ethereal blue of the summer skies. His subject was "Gashmu," and was suggested, as Professor Dogmatic, of the theological chair of the Seminary, thinks, by the penman of the Book of Nehemiah, who has words to this effect: "It is reported . . . and Gashmu saith it."

Young gentlemen of the graduating class of the Babelmandeb Seminary, began Dr. Cromo, I am here to hold up before you, as a signal light of warning to the engineer, a type of man whom you may have overlooked in your widely-extended biographical research; a subject of study too seldom

found in the curriculum of the college and of the professional school; yet a man you will be sure to meet on the lonely, rough roads of life's conflict which you are now about to enter. For the sake of directness of address, I will call this man I am going to show you to-night Gashmu, though a great many other names are equally applicable to him, and it is just possible that the less devout of your number will be often tempted, before you are done with out-door life, to speak of him with one or more prefixes which do not properly belong in the theological vocabulary.

Gashmu lives in nearly all towns, villages, county places, and cities, and manages to get into most positions and callings in life. He is a lawyer, doctor, preacher, author, merchant, editor, politician, mechanic, banker, stockdealer, and so on and on, as the case may be. He is a man who is perfectly self-poised, never off his guard, never excited; has a reputation for great wisdom; is cautious, level-headed; of good memory, of fascinating manners, of lamb-like looks. A great, noble, kind, loving, good, true man, you, my callow friend, would say; but be careful. Gashmu wears a mask. Were it presumable that theological students had ever read the works of Fielding, I would make myself understood by saying to you that Gashmu is not Squire Western, who went through life as boisterously and as tumultuously as his hounds; but he is the demure, decorous, hypocritical Bliffl, who seems most himself when burying Tom Jones's Bible. I think, however, I detect something just now in the countenances of these beloved theological preceptors around me which very emphatically says: Dr. Cromo, please do not turn the attention of these dear young brethren, who are just entering the ministry, to such persons as the Foundling, Black George, or even Sophia Western; for, with all her beauty, she was a dainty, frivolous young lady. But, inasmuch as I have the floor and am the largest man on the platform, I propose to say, just in this connection, that teachers of theology ought to manage in the course of three years to instill into their pupils a little more knowledge of human nature and of practical life, and not send out so many young turkey and gosling-like divines. Pardon me. As I see now seated on my left (though I had overlooked him before) Dr. Hercules, the president of this institution, a man who outweighs me in every way, I, therefore, propose to cease digression, and proceed to tell you who Gashmu is.

I have, somehow, heard of a man who had pretty much everything about him false—his hair, his teeth, his calves, and one of his eyes; yet nobody ever suspected it until some one happened to get into his room, on one occasion before he was up and dressed, and saw the larger and better part of him deposited round his bed on chairs, and tables, and stools, and washstands. This, young gentlemen, is Gashmu; and my aim is to get you into his dormitory before he is up, and have you look around a little. Gashmu in dishabille is a narrow-minded, extremely selfish man; governed by his prejudices, unprincipled, adroit, shrewd, skulking, sneaking, treacherous. Gashmu in full dress is ordinarily gentlemanly, polite, respectful, discreet, patriotic, profound, pious, affable, sympathetic, and virtuous. He is a hypocrite that is generally regarded as a saint; a counterfeit that so closely resembles the genuine as to pass current in many circles.

You, my young friends, are leaving these sacred walls, and going out into the discordant world to preach against sin and sinners; and Gashmu will be the wickedest hearer in your audiences. Yet, so subtle is he, so evasive, so cunning and crafty, that it is possible that you may cannonade from the pulpit all your lives at moral offenders, and yet never succeed in lodging a ball in Gashmu.

You will think, when you have fired your heavy artillery at the every-day liar, gossip, mischief-maker, inebriate, law-breaker, and skeptic, you have shot down about all the dangerous foes within pulpit range; but, after the smoke clears away, you will find Gashmu right there, as before, without even the smell of either powder or brimstone on his garments. Gashmu is not a common gossip at all. "His sisters and his cousins and

his aunts" may be; but, so careful is he of the use of the tongue, so sparing is he of words, that when it can be said of a slanderous rumor "Gashmu saith it," that carries conviction to most minds. Gashmu is not a common liar; so far from it that when he attaches his *ipse dixit* to almost any lie it passes for truth. Gashmu is not a rowdy; not an open foe in hostile array; not a chronic objector even. Just a quiet, bitter obstructionist, who always rather seems to favor the end which he is at work, in disguise, every hour in the day, every day in the week, every week in the month, and every month in the year, to defeat. Gashmu is a consummate mischief-maker; but nobody suspects it. He writes no letters and posts no bulletin of his movements. He will manage to keep neighbors quarreling who have so good an opinion of him that both parties will select him as the arbitrator of their difficulties. When Gashmu is an uneducated man and belongs to church, he is very liable to take a dislike to his pastor the first time he sees him. He doesn't know why; but he just concludes that he don't like him, and that he won't like him, and he never does. Still, he prays most fervently and persistently in public that the Lord will make his "dear pasture a pillow"—that is, a head-rest, which the auditors understand to be of feathers or elder-down, but which the offerer of the prayer is secretly and resolutely manufacturing of thorns, and with inexorable grip pressing his religious teacher's brow upon it. Gashmu, when educated, acts precisely the same way, under similar circumstances, except that the phraseology of his prayer is that "our beloved pastor may be made a pillar in the house of the Lord." My intimation that Gashmu belongs to church may startle you, my younger brethren of the ministry; but mere churchmembership is not all. He is, at times and in places, an officer in the church. He has been known to be in the church session, and, when once there, was never known to be rotated out by any power whatever, save that which "change man's countenance and sendeth him away." Gashmu more commonly holds the office of deacon, steward, class-leader, trustee, and so forth. He is ordinarily prominent in vacant churches at such times as they meet together to call an under shepherd to go in and out before them. Under certain social or family conditions, he invariably, ostensibly on financial grounds, advocates the calling of a young unmarried man, as best adapted to "build up" their beloved Zion. Possibly some of you of this graduating class have letters in your pockets now from Gashmu, and are going hence to be his pastor. If so, I am sorry to say to you that, if, in the course of future events, it becomes evident that your affections have no inclination whatever to interwine and become enfolded and unified with those of Miss Noadiah\* Gashmu, who has just graduated and gotten home from Flimflam Female Institute, you will find fewer flowers and less of sunshine in the coming years than you are anticipating. It is just possible that the day you accepted the call to Gashmu's church your June of bloom and song began to lapse into a December of leaden clouds and melancholy prospects—a December that will split snow, and drizzle, and blow, and freeze, and do the same over again, and keep on at it all the rest of your life. Gashmu may get up an unpleasantness of this kind for you, whether you marry his daughter Noadiah or not; and all because you are innocents going abroad in life, without a knowledge of Gashmu, who is somewhere around lurking in wait for every mother's son of you.

It will be prudent, then, for you to make a study of this character at once, if you expect to accomplish anything in practical life; otherwise he will defeat your aims and plans and purposes with a Waterloo or Bull Run overwhelmingness.

My parting charge to you, therefore, is to lay aside for a time the text-books of the schools, and open the volumes of common sense and of human nature, and read up on Gashmu in all his unsanctified phases of character; for I speak only the words of truth and soberness when I assure you that,

\* Nehemiah vi. 14.