

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."

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AFTER THE CHINESE.

BY G. A. SIMCOX.

ALTHOUGH I am a slave,
Although I am alone,
Although I cannot find the grave
Of those who were my own;
I care not to be dead,
I find my life is sweet,
While the moon is overhead
And the flowers about my feet.

The heavy-scented air
Is laden with a balm,
To ease Love's heart of aching care
And turn desire to calm;
The pleasant things Love said
The silence shall repeat,
While the moon is overhead
And the flowers about my feet.

It is but for a night;
Love was but for a day;
We know not when he takes his flight,
We know he will not stay:
The night will soon be sped,
I know the hours are fleet,
Though the moon is overhead
And the flowers about my feet.

The flowers are closing fast,
The moon is sinking low;
Sleep falls upon my eyes at last,
I will arise and go;
But still upon my bed
My throbbing heart shall beat
As the moon were overhead
And the flowers about my feet.

I shall awake to thrall,
But strong to struggle on;
The day is much the same for all
When night and Love are gone.
We live on bitter bread
In the burden and the heat,
Till the moon is overhead
And the flowers about our feet.

The patient moon will shine
On other slaves like me,
When other flowers as fair will pine
Or bloom, when I am free,
At home among the dead,
Who find their life most sweet,
Though no moon is overhead,
No flowers about their feet.

TRANSCENDENTAL WILD OATS.

A CHAPTER FROM AN UNWRITTEN ROMANCE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

ON the first day of June, 184— a large wagon, drawn by a small horse and containing a motley load, went lumbering over certain New England hills, with the pleasing accompaniments of wind, rain, and hail. A serene man with a serene child upon his knee was driving, or rather being driven, for the small horse had it all his own way. A brown boy with a William Penn style of countenance sat beside him, firmly embracing a bust of Socrates. Behind them sat an energetic looking woman, with a benevolent brow, a satirical mouth, and eyes brimful of hope and courage. A clock reposed upon her lap, a mirror leaned against her knee, and a basket of provisions danced about at her feet, as she struggled with a large, unruly umbrella. Two blue-eyed little girls, with hands full of childish treasures, sat under one old shawl, chatting happily together. In front of this lively party stalked a tall, sharp-featured man, in a long blue cloak, and a fourth small girl trudged along

beside him through the mud as if she rather enjoyed it.

The wind whistled over the bleak hills; the rain fell in a despondent drizzle, and twilight began to fall. But the calm man gazed as tranquilly into the fog as if he held a radiant bow of promise spanning the gray sky. The cheery woman tried to cover every one but herself with the big umbrella. The brown boy pillowed his head on the bald pate of Socrates and slumbered peacefully. The little girls sang lullabies to their dolls in soft, maternal murmurs. The sharp-nosed pedestrian marched steadily on, with the blue cloak streaming out behind him like a banner; and the lively infant splashed through the puddles with a duck-like satisfaction pleasant to behold.

Thus these modern pilgrims journeyed hopefully out of the old world, to found a new one in the wilderness.

The editors of *The Transcendental Tripod* had received from Messrs. Lion & Lamb (two of the aforesaid pilgrims) a communication from which the following statement is an extract:

"We have made arrangements with the proprietor of an estate of about a hundred acres which liberates this tract from human ownership. Here we shall prosecute our effort to initiate a Family in harmony with the primitive instincts of man.

"Ordinary secular farming is not our object. Fruit, grain, pulse, herbs, flax, and other vegetable products, receiving assiduous attention, will afford ample manual occupation, and chaste supplies for the bodily needs. It is intended to adorn the pastures with orchards, and to supersede the labor of cattle by the spade and the pruning-knife.

"Consecrated to human freedom, the land awaits the sober culture of devoted men. Beginning with small pecuniary means, this enterprise must be rooted in a reliance on the succors of an ever-bounteous Providence, whose vital affinities being secured by this union with uncorrupted field and unworldly persons, the cares and injuries of a life of gain are avoided.

"The inner nature of each member of the Family is at no time neglected. Our plan contemplates all such disciplines, cultures, and habits as evidently conduce to the purifying of the inmates.

"Pledged to the spirit alone, the founders anticipate no hasty or numerous addition to their numbers. The kingdom of peace is entered only through the gates of self-denial; and felicity is the test and the reward of loyalty to the unswerving law of Love."

This prospective Eden at present consisted of an old red farm-house, a dilapidated barn, many acres of meadow-land, and a grove. Ten ancient apple trees were all the "chaste supply" which the place offered as yet; but, in the firm belief that plenteous orchards were soon to be evoked from their inner consciousness, these sanguine founders had christened their domain Fruitlands.

Here Timon Lion intended to found a colony of Latter Day Saints, who, under his patriarchal sway, should regenerate the world and glorify his name forever. Here Abel Lamb, with the devoutest faith in the high ideal which was to him a living truth, desired to plant a Paradise, where Beauty, Virtue, Justice, and Love might live happily together, without the possibility of a serpent entering in. And here his wife, unconverted but faithful to the end, hoped, after many wanderings over the face of the earth, to find rest for herself and a home for her children.

"There is our new abode," announced the enthusiast, smiling with a satisfaction quite undamped by the drops dripping from his hat-brim, as they turned at length into a cart-path that wound along a steep hill-side into a barren-looking valley.

"A little difficult of access," observed his practical wife, as she endeavored to keep her various household gods from going overboard with every lurch of the laden ark.

"Like all good things. But those who earnestly desire and patiently seek will soon find us," placidly responded the philosopher from the mud, through which he was now endeavoring to pilot the much-enduring horse.

"Truth lies at the bottom of a well, Sister Hope," said Brother Timon, pausing to detach his small comrade from a gate, whereon she was perched for a clearer gaze into futurity.

"That's the reason we so seldom get at it, I suppose," replied Mrs. Hope, making a vain clutch at the mirror, which a sudden jolt sent flying out of her hands.

"We want no false reflections here," said Timon, with a grim smile, as he crunched the fragments under foot in his onward march.

Sister Hope held her peace, and looked wistfully through the mist at her promised home. The old red house, with a hospitable glimmer at its windows, cheered her eyes; and, considering the weather, was a fitter refuge than the sylvan bowers some of the more ardent souls might have preferred.

The newcomers were welcomed by one of the elect precious—a regenerate farmer, whose idea of reform consisted chiefly in wearing white-cotton raiment and shoes of untanned leather. This costume, with a snowy beard, gave him a venerable and at the same time a somewhat bridal appearance.

The goods and chattels of the Society not having arrived, the weary family reposed before the fire on blocks of wood, while Brother Moses White regaled them with roasted potatoes, brown bread and water, in two plates, a tin pan, and one mug—his table service being limited. But, having cast the forms and vanities of a depraved world behind them, the elders welcomed hardship with the enthusiasm of new pioneers, and the children heartily enjoyed this foretaste of what they believed was to be a sort of perpetual picnic.

During the progress of this frugal meal two more brothers appeared. One a dark, melancholy man, clad in homespun, whose peculiar mission was to tarn his name hind part before and use as few words as possible. The other was a bland, bearded Englishman, who expected to be saved by eating uncooked food and going without clothes. He had not yet adopted the primitive costume, however; but contented himself with meditatively chewing dry beans out of a basket.

"Every meal should be a sacrament, and the vessels used should be beautiful and symbolical," observed Brother Lamb, mildly, righting the tin pan slipping about on his knees. "I priced a silver service when in town, but it was too costly; so I got some graceful cups and vases of Britannia ware."

"Hardest things in the world to keep bright. Will whitening be allowed in the community?" inquired Sister Hope, with a housewife's interest in labor-saving institutions.

"Such trivial questions will be discussed at a more fitting time," answered Brother

Timon, sharply, as he burnt his fingers with a very hot potato. "Neither sugar, melasses, milk, butter, cheese, nor flesh are to be used among us, for nothing is to be admitted which has caused wrong or death to man or beast."

"Our garments are to be linen till we learn to raise our own cotton or some substitute for woollen fabrics," added Brother Abel, blissfully basking in an imaginary future as warm and brilliant as the generous fire before him.

"Hauou about shoes?" asked Brother Moses, surveying his own with interest.

"We must yield that point till we can manufacture an innocent substitute for leather. Bark, wood, or some durable fabric will be invented in time. Meanwhile, those who desire to carry out our idea to the fullest extent can go barefooted," said Lion, who liked extreme measures.

"I never will, nor let my girls," murmured rebellious Sister Hope, under her breath.

"Hauou do you cattle-ate to treat the ten-acre lot? Ef things ain't 'tended to right smart, we shan't hev no crops," observed the practical patriarch in cotton.

"We shall spade it," replied Abel, in such perfect good faith that Moses said no more, though he indulged in a shake of the head as he glanced at hands that had held nothing heavier than a pen for years. He was a paternal old soul and regarded the younger men as promising boys on a new sort of lark.

"What shall we do for lamps, if we cannot use any animal substance? I do hope light of some sort is to be thrown upon the enterprise," said Mrs. Lamb, with anxiety, for in those days kerosene and camphene were not and gas unknown in the wilderness.

"We shall go without till we have discovered some vegetable oil or wax to serve us," replied Brother Timon, in a decided tone, which caused Sister Hope to resolve that her private lamp should be always trimmed, if not burning.

"Each member is to perform the work for which experience, strength, and taste best fits him," continued Dictator Lion. "Thus drudgery and disorder will be avoided and harmony prevail. We shall rise at dawn, begin the day by bathing, followed by music, and then a chaste repast of fruit and bread. Each one finds congenial occupation till the meridian meal; when some deep-searching conversation gives rest to the body and development to the mind. Healthful labor again engages us till the last meal, when we assemble in social communion, prolonged till sunset, when we retire to sweet repose, ready for the next day's activity."

"What part of the work do you incline to yourself?" asked Sister Hope, with a humorous glimmer in her keen eyes.

"I shall wait till it is made clear to me. Being in preference to doing is the great aim, and this comes to us rather by a resigned willingness than a willful activity, which is a check to all divine growth," responded Brother Timon.

"I thought so." And Mrs. Lamb sighed audibly, for during the year he had spent in her family Brother Simon had so faithfully carried out his idea of "being, not doing," that she had found his "divine growth" both an expensive and unsatisfactory process.

Here her husband struck into the conversation, his face shining with the light and

money, and hardly a friend left, for this wild scheme has alienated nearly all we had. You talk much about justice. Let us have a little, since there is nothing else left."

But the woman's appeal met with no reply but the old one: "It was an experiment. We all risked something, and must bear our losses as we can."

With this cold comfort Timon departed with his son, and was absorbed into the Shaker brotherhood, where he soon found that the order of things was reversed, and it was all work and no play.

Then the tragedy began for the forsaken little family. Desolation and despair fell upon Abel. As his wife said, his new beliefs had alienated many friends. Some thought him mad, some unprincipled. Even the most kindly thought him a visionary, whom it was useless to help till he took more practical views of life. All stood aloof, saying: "Let him work out his own ideas, and see what they are worth."

He had tried, but it was a failure. The world was not ready for Utopia yet, and those who tried to found it only got laughed at for their pains. In other days men could sell all and give to the poor, lead lives devoted to holiness and high thought, and, after the persecution was over, find themselves honored as saints or martyrs. But in modern times these things are out of fashion. To live for one's principles, at all costs, is a dangerous speculation; and the failure of an ideal, no matter how humane and noble, is harder for the world to forgive and forget than bank robbery or grand swindles of corrupt politicians.

Deep waters now for Abel, and for a time there seemed no passage through. Strength and spirits were exhausted by hard work and too much thought. Courage failed when, looking about for help, he saw no sympathizing face, no hand outstretched to help him, no voice to say cheerily:

"We all make mistakes, and it takes many experiences to shape up a life. Try again, and let us help you."

Every door was closed, every eye averted, every heart cold, and no way open whereby he might earn bread for his children. His principles would not permit him to do many things that others did; and in the few fields where conscience would allow him to work who would employ a man who had flown in the face of society, as he had done?

Then this dreamer, whose dream was the life of his life, resolved to carry out his idea to the bitter end. There seemed no place for him here—no work, no friend. To go begging conditions was as ignoble as to go begging money. Better perish of want than sell one's soul for the sustenance of his body. Silently he lay down upon his bed, turned his face to the wall, and waited with pathetic patience for death to cut the knot which he could not untie. Days and nights went by, and neither food nor water passed his lips. Soul and body were dumbly struggling together, and no word of complaint betrayed what either suffered.

His wife, when tears and prayers were unavailing, sat down to wait the end with a mysterious awe and submission, for in this entire resignation of all things, there was an eloquent significance to her who knew him as no other human being did.

"Leave all to God," was his belief; and in this crisis the loving soul clung to this faith, sure that the All-wise Father would not desert this child who tried to live so near to Him. Gathering her children about her, she waited the issue of the tragedy that was being enacted in that solitary room, while the first snow fell outside, untrod by the footprints of a single friend.

But the strong angels who sustain and teach perplexed and troubled souls came and went, leaving no trace without, but working miracles within. For, when all other sentiments had faded into dimness all other hopes died utterly; when the bitterness of death was nearly over, when body was past any pang of hunger or thirst, and soul stood ready to depart, the love that outlives all else refused to die. Head had bowed to defeat, hand had grown weary with too heavy tasks, but heart could not grow cold to those who lived in its tender depths, even when death touched it.

"My faithful wife, my little girls. They have not forsaken me, they are mine by

ties that none can break. What right have I to leave them alone? What right to escape from the burden and the sorrow I have helped to bring? This duty remains to me, and I must do it manfully. For their sakes the world will forgive me in time; for their sakes God will sustain me now."

Too feeble to rise, Abel groped for the food that always lay within his reach, and in the darkness and solitude of that memorable night ate and drank what was to him the bread and wine of a new communion, a new dedication of heart and life to the duties that were left him when the dreams fled.

In the early dawn, when that sad wife crept fearfully to see what change had come to the patient face on the pillow, she found it smiling at her, saw a wasted hand outstretched to her, and heard a feeble cry say bravely: "Hope!"

What passed in that little room is not to be recorded except in the hearts of those who suffered and endured much for love's sake. Enough for us to know that soon the wan shadow of a man came forth, leaning on the arm that never failed him, to be welcomed and cherished by the children, who never forgot the experiences of that time.

"Hope" was the watchword now; and, while the last logs blazed on the hearth, the last bread and apples covered the table, the new commander, with recovered courage, said to her husband:

"Leave all to God and me. He has done his part; now I will do mine."

"But we have no money, dear."

"Yes, we have. I sold all we could spare, and have enough to take us away from this snowbank."

"Where can we go?"

"I have engaged four rooms at our good neighbor, Lovejoy's. There we can live cheaply till spring. Then for new plans and a home of our own, please God."

"But, Hope, your little store won't last long, and we have no friends."

"I can sew and you can chop wood. Lovejoy offers you the same pay as he gives his other men; my old friend, Mrs. True-man, will send me all the work I want; and my blessed brother stands by us to the end. Cheer up, dear heart, for while there is work and love in the world we shall not suffer."

"And while I have my good angel Hope I shall not despair, even if I wait another thirty years before I step beyond the circle of the sacred little world in which I still have a place to fill."

So one bleak December day, with their few possessions piled on an ox-sled, the rosy children perched atop, and the parents trudging arm in arm behind, the exiles left their Eden and faced the world again.

"Ah! me, my happy dream. How much I leave behind that never can be mine again," said Abel, looking back at the lost Paradise, lying white and chill in its shroud of snow.

"Yes, dear; but how much we bring away," answered brave-hearted Hope, glancing from husband to children.

"Poor Fruitlands! The name was as great a failure as the rest!" continued Abel, with a sigh, as a frost-bitten apple fell from a leafless bough at his feet.

But the sigh changed to a smile as his wife added, in a half-tender, half-satirical tone:

"Don't you think Apple Stump would be a better name for it, dear?"

THE OLD CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D.

THE third Congress of the Old Catholics, recently held over the ashes of martyr Huss, marks an epoch in their history. They no longer represent a mere movement, but a church. They have passed the stage of experiment, and are a recognized power in the German Empire and the Swiss Republic. By the election of a bishop and the adoption of a constitution they have become a regular ecclesiastical organization, and by the act of Emperor William and the Prussian Government they have acquired a legal status entitling them to the protection and support of the state.

The choice of a bishop was the best that could be made. Dr. Dollinger, the Nestor of the whole movement, would, of course, have had the first claim; but he is now seventy-four years of age, and has of late

taken no active part in the new reformation, although (as I happen to know from the best authority) he approves of all the steps which have been taken toward a distinct organization, as a necessity forced upon the party by the intolerance of the Infallibilists. A recent newspaper report that he has withdrawn from the Old Catholics, and intends to make his submission to the Pope, has no foundation. Professor Reinkens, formerly of the University of Breslau, now residing at Bonn (where he recently bought a house not far from the archiepiscopal palace used by the University), is in every way admirably qualified for the responsible position. He is a learned Church historian, an able writer, an eloquent speaker, and a most agreeable and amiable gentleman. His remarkable "Pastoral Letter" of last August reveals his spirit and aim. He disclaims all episcopal show and parade and proposes to return to the primitive simplicity of a shepherd of souls. At the Congress at Constance he delivered, before an enthusiastic audience, a very eloquent speech on Bible-reading, which was received with enthusiasm. He characterized the Papal prohibition of popular Bible-reading as a crime, and said that no such prohibition exists for Old Catholics. He exhorted them to read the Book of Life, not from idle curiosity, not for the sake of controversy; but to listen to the sweet voice of the Bridegroom (John iii, 29) and to get into direct communion with God. This is the vital principle of sound Protestantism, and a church standing on such foundation is certainly not built upon sand. The regularity of his election by clergy and people and the validity of his ordination by an Old Catholic Bishop of Deventer, in Holland, cannot be disputed. Consecration is usually performed by three bishops; but one is sufficient, even according to Roman Catholic law, the other two being only assistants. The venerable Archbishop Loos, of Utrecht, was to perform the consecration; but he died a few months before. Rome, of course, will never acknowledge the validity of this act, having excommunicated again and again the Jansenist clergy in Holland; but Rome cannot undo their ordination, which comes down in unbroken succession, and which, like baptism, confers a character *indelebilis*—once a bishop always a bishop.

As to the new parochial and synodical constitution adopted at Constance, it is one for which even the Protestant churches in Germany might envy the Old Catholics. It provides for an independent local and general church government, with full representation of the laity, which will prevent the growth of a new hierarchy and create in the people a more active and intelligent interest in ecclesiastical affairs. The Romish Church is a church of priests; the Protestant Church in Germany is too much under the control of the state; the Old Catholic Church aims to be a church of the people under episcopal supervision.

So far, then, Old Catholicism may be said to be a success. It is only three years old and had to face almost every difficulty short of literal martyrdom. It is true it has only fifty thousand members in Germany and perhaps ten or twenty thousand in Switzerland; but when once its support is secured by the Prussian Chambers it may soon count its followers by millions.

It is no small matter to found a new church and involve a tremendous responsibility. It cost the heroic, lion-like Luther years of agony before he came to the resolution to sever the sacred ties which united him to his mother Church, claiming universal jurisdiction and the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. It was not till about thirteen years after the beginning of the Reformation that Protestantism assumed the shape of a new ecclesiastical organization.

The ultimate success of the Old Catholics depends very much upon the issue of the new conflict of the Emperor and the Pope, which was provoked by the Papal Syllabus of 1866 and the Vatican decrees of 1870. But we shall be very much mistaken if an emperor of the House of Hohenzollern will ever follow the example of Henry IV and "go to Canossa." Certainly not under the lead of Bismarck and of the venerable Emperor who recently gave to an infallible Pope a piece of valuable religious information concerning Christ as the only Mediator

and Saviour of mankind. And as to the Pope's threat that a little stone from the mountain will break the Colossus of the new German Empire to pieces, it is not likely to add a proof to his infallibility. Empires are not founded for days or for years, but for centuries, unless they are the result of arbitrary power, like those of the first and third Napoleon. The Roman Empire lasted fourteen centuries, the German a thousand years, and the Russian has celebrated the first millennium of its existence.

Another and even a more serious question, on which the permanency of this new reformation depends, is whether it has power enough to control, revive, convert, and utilize the indifferent and rationalistic elements which are disposed to follow in its train. They enjoy everywhere the sympathies of educated Catholics; but these are to a very large extent on the Continent of Europe under the power of latent skepticism and unbelief, which in ordinary times hypocritically conforms to the outward observances of religion or makes a submission at last on the death-bed. The Rouge movement, which thirty years ago broke off from the Roman Church on account of the shameful imposture of the "Coat of Treves," was purely negative, and died away "leaving no wrack behind." Rationalism and skepticism can destroy, but not build up. A religious community must have a positive foundation of faith to rest upon. So far the leaders of the Old Catholics in Germany and Switzerland have shown excellent skill and tact in subduing this radical element without assuming a hostile attitude to free thought and modern progress. They are themselves men of serious religious convictions and aim to revive a life of devoted piety in the people. The conferences and sermons of Père Hyacinthe Loyson, in Geneva, are full of fire kindled on the altar of true devotion and prayer.

The doctrinal position of Old Catholicism so far is simply the Tridentine dogma *versus* the Vatican dogma, or the creed of Pius IV *versus* the creed of Pius IX. They have retained also the whole Latin mass, with an evangelical sermon in the vernacular appended or interspersed. But this position is untenable for any great length of time, although the Old Catholics in Holland have maintained the same for more than a century. The friendly attitude they have assumed toward their Protestant neighbors is incompatible with the anathemas hurled by the Council of Trent upon the doctrines of the Reformation. The logic of their protest against modern Popery must lead them to a number of reforms in dogma and discipline, which will bring them much nearer to the Evangelical churches.

It is, however, not necessary at all that they should become Protestants in the technical sense of the term or merge into any of the existing Evangelical denominations. By doing so they would at once lose all influence, all hold upon the Roman Catholic population. Protestantism has fulfilled its historic mission toward the Roman Church, and cannot expect to make such conquests in this direction as it did in the eighteenth century. It must for its future growth depend upon its own population and its missionary efforts in heathen lands. If the Romish Church is to be revived and reformed, it must be done by efforts and movements which spring from its own bosom. For this reason it is desirable that the Old Catholics should maintain an independent and separate existence. There is room for just such an organization that stands between the two great families into which Western Christendom is divided. The time may come when it will have to act as a mediator and materially facilitate the great work of reconciliation and reunion of divided Christendom. It has already openly expressed its purpose to labor for this aim, most clearly in the recent letter of greeting to the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance. The last two congresses of the Old Catholics were attended by honorary guests from the French and German Protestant, the English and American Episcopal churches, and even from the Orthodox Church of Russia. We do not believe in the possibility of an *organic* union except under the sole headship of Jesus Christ. Such a union already exists internally and spiritually among all true believers who are members of the same body and partakers of the

same life of their common Lord and Saviour. But this union must and will become manifest to the world and be perfected in God's own good time and manner. For this we have Christ's own promise and sacerdotal prayer.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

BY HIRSH HICH.

I.

Over the blue of the river,
Over the barren bay,
Over the empty islands
Cloudland reaches away.
Magical hues on the mountains
Flower and deepen and wane,
And ships come out of their harbors
That never go in again;
And the gates of the looming cities
Open, invite, and close,
While over the walls and through them
Blows every wind that blows.
Cloudland, mutable cloudland,
Lying so fair and low,
Over to thee by daylight
My feet in fancy go;
And I seem to roam thy cities,
Through many a peopled street,
But never to me familiar
Is a face of all I meet;
Never a window lifted,
Never a laugh to cheer,
Never a hand to beckon,
Never a song I hear.

II.

Baby and I in the garden
Gathered the sweets of May:
Out of the cloudland something
Beckoned the boy away.

III.

Cloudland, magical cloudland,
Lying so near and low,
Over to thee by dream-light
My feet unguided go;
And a little hand doth lead me
Through many a happy street,
And ever to me familiar
Are the faces all and sweet.
Out of the open casements
Many a song I hear,
Every hand doth beckon,
Every sight doth cheer;
City and sea and mountain,
Dear as the day to me,
Are full of a dearer meaning
And a deeper melody.
Over thee, love and labor,
Over the thrall of the day,
Over us, darling, cloudland
Isn't so far away.

THE MONEY OF THE WORLD.

BY SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

THAT is money in the practical sense which the people by common consent use as the medium of exchange in their trade transactions. That is money in the legal sense which the law declares to be such in the payment of debts. These two circumstances give to money its peculiar character, mark out its functions, constitute the ground of its convenience and utility, and make it a standard for the measurement of values. Commodities of all kinds acquire to each other the relation of easy exchangeableness through the instrumentality which is recognized as their common representative for the purposes of trade.

Both usage and law, especially in all the civilized and progressive nations, have for a long period fixed upon gold and silver as the two substances which, more than any others or than all others put together, combine the qualities and conditions most needful to perform the office of money. The durability of these metals, guarding them against waste by time and use; their divisibility without injury, fitting them by division to measure various degrees of value; their capacity to express and represent large values in a comparatively small bulk; their intrinsic value considered in reference to the labor cost of production; their uniformity of value, making them, of all substances, least liable to fluctuation; their characteristic qualities of color, hardness, and weight, rendering them easily distinguishable from all other metals, and, hence, least exposed to counterfeits and impurities; the natural sources of their

supply—on the one hand much less than those of most of the commodities whose value they are used to measure, and on the other not so limited as to make an adequate supply impracticable or involve great inconvenience in procuring it; their utility in the various arts, especially for the purposes of ornament—these are the general facts to which writers on political economy usually refer in explaining the unanimity of the world's choice of gold and silver for monetary use. A choice so widely extended is plainly not accidental. The truth is, the globe contains but few articles that are adapted to meet all the requirements of a good monetary medium; and among these gold and silver are unquestionably entitled to the pre-eminence. They are the very best that the earth can furnish. Such is and such has been the general judgment of mankind; and there is, moreover, no probability that it will ever change.

Nations that trade largely with each other, by buying and selling in each other's markets, are virtually a commercial confederacy. Their monetary connection and relations need some common standard in which to compute and express the value of the commodities they exchange. Gold and silver, by reason of their general use, furnish this standard; and no nation having extensive dealings with other nations can dispense with it, certainly not without serious loss and inconvenience to itself. The value of what it sells or buys abroad will be estimated by the standard money of the world, and this furnishes a very weighty reason why the same standard should be used in its own domestic exchanges. Its foreign commerce is subjected to much disadvantage unless the money which it uses is that of the nations with which it trades. It must be gold and silver as to the materials employed, in order to make its monetary connection with other nations the normal one. The effort to assimilate the coinage of the different commercial nations, by inducing them to adopt the same unit of value, is founded upon the recognition of this fact. Indeed, the general reasons for a common monetary standard among nations are essentially the same as those for such a standard among the people of the same country. They are based on the very nature and laws of trade.

A paper currency for local and domestic uses, convertible on demand into the money of the world, whether issued by the government or by banks, though possessing but little intrinsic value, is, nevertheless, a great convenience to trade. Its convertibility invests it, for commercial purposes, with all the properties of that which it represents. It circulates among the people as if it were money. It is simply the promise of the issuer to pay a given amount of coin on demand; and so long as this promise secures the public confidence it answers all the purposes of a direct use of the precious metals. While, on the one hand, it economizes and increases their power by a very important form of credit, its redeemability by them constitutes, on the other hand, a natural limit to the amount of such currency that can be safely issued. The market can never be flooded with it so long as it is redeemable in coin. Those who issue it must maintain its credit at par with coin by giving coin for it whenever demanded; and this, of necessity, limits the amount of the issue to the capacity of redemption. The moment paper currency passes this point it loses its convertible character and immediately begins to depreciate in its purchasing power. The issuers have then made more promises than they can fulfill, and this at once brings them into discredit.

No one will deny—certainly no one should—that a monetary system based on the precious metals, with a convertible paper currency for a supplement, is liable to evils. No system can be devised that will form a complete guaranty against all the evils to which trade and finance are subject. No system can protect the people against the occurrence of panics or the abuses of credit, or provide for all possible emergencies. The real question, however, is not whether this or that system is absolutely perfect in the sense of precluding all evils and guarding against all embarrassments; but rather what system, on the whole, according to the world's experience, combines the greatest number of advantages with the fewest evils.

The practice of the world clearly evinces its judgment that gold and silver, one or both, must be the basis. A convertible paper currency added thereto is as clearly a convenience, without impairing the power of the basis; and, hence, it has come into extensive use, especially in modern times. The two elements—the precious metals and a convertible paper currency—in combination constitute the best monetary system which it is possible to devise. Commercial nations have tried it for a long period, and they have occasionally, in special emergencies, tried other systems; and the results of experience abundantly confirm the above opinion. If there is anything better than gold and silver, supplemented by a convertible paper currency, the world is waiting to see it.

There may be peculiar circumstances in the history of nations, generally created by war, in which no alternative is left to them but a resort to the issue of inconvertible paper money. It is this or destruction; and, hence, whatever evils may be connected with such an issue, they are less than those of its omission. Such was the condition which compelled Congress during the Rebellion to issue the legal-tender notes of the United States. The measure was one of absolute necessity, and, hence, justified by the necessity, while it did not exceed the constitutional powers of Congress. The relief which it gave and the result to which it contributed abundantly demonstrate its wisdom. Congress did no wiser thing during the war than in passing the Legal-tender Act. In like circumstances it should repeat the act. Every nation has the right to save its own life.

And yet we are not the less convinced that an inconvertible paper currency is an evil which, when existing, should be removed as soon as possible. The plan should not be to perpetuate the evil; but rather to return back, at the earliest practicable moment, to the monetary standard in general use among commercial nations. The great difficulty with such a currency consists in the threefold fact that it has no intrinsic value, that it may be produced to any extent by simply running a printing-press, and that it is likely to be issued in excess of public wants. It is next to an impossibility to keep it at par with gold. The thing never has been done and we doubt whether it ever will be. Its results are a rise of prices in proportion to the quantity of such currency issued, sudden fluctuations in the movement of prices, embarrassment of debtors and creditors in their relation to each other by a disturbance of values, the demand for more money to do the same amount of business, the practical demonetization of gold and silver with their retirement from use and exportation into other countries, a great loss in the advantages and profits of foreign trade, increased liability to panics by an overworked credit, and a rampant and reckless system of speculation. These are among the stereotyped evils which associate themselves with inconvertible paper money. They always appear more or less wherever the experiment is tried. The people of this country have been and still are suffering from these evils.

Congress should, hence, set its face like a flint against any further increase of irredeemable paper money, and adopt a legislative policy, distinct and definite in its character, which contemplates and means the resumption of specie payment in the not distant future. Congress has talked about the thing and pledged the honor and faith of the country to it quite long enough. Every legal-tender note is the promise of the Government to pay so much coin upon the demand of the holder; and the time has fully come when the Government should address itself to the work of fulfilling this promise. Inflation of the currency, by making more promises of the same kind, would be a movement in exactly the wrong direction. Though it might furnish relief in a moment of stringency, it would perpetuate the evils which are created by an irredeemable paper currency. It would increase the difficulty of resuming specie payment. So far from being a remedy for existing evils, it would intensify them. One inflation would create the necessity for another; and, if we kept on in this line, the Government would ultimately become bankrupt. The history of irredeemable paper money, as shown by the experience of other nations,

ought to teach the American people the wisdom, yea, the stern necessity of going back to the solid foundation of gold and silver as the standard of value. Legislation to this end, fixing a time when the Government, preparing itself therefor, will undertake to redeem its promises, and notifying the people thereof, is what the country wants, and, hence, what Congress ought to give.

A BROKEN LIFE.

BY BELLE W. COOKE.

Mr little brother, fair, so fair,
With loving eyes and sun-touched hair,
Begged hard to go with me to school,
One summer morn'g, sweet and cool.

I brought his prettiest little suit,
And combed his hair, while he stood mute
And bore my pulls with patient mien,
For he was three and I fifteen.

"Now," said my mother, "he's so sweet,
From shining head to plump, bare feet,
Let's have his picture, if there's time
Before the school-bell rings its chime."

"Oh, yes! the artist is so near,
Come, darling brother, never fear;
You'll sit as still as anything,
And you shall wear my little ring."

The sunshine caught his smile and brow,
The picture lies before me now,
With four and twenty years between
Since he was three and I fifteen.

To us a day of parting came,
To many a heart has come the same—
A tearful, sad, yet hopeful day,
When I went out to win my way.

I found it by the sunset sea,
Where work in plenty welcomed me.
The years flew by with swiftest pace,
Nor brought again my brother's face.

The voice of war thrilled all the land
(How hard it was to understand),
And he, though still a boy, went forth
To join the armies of the North.

Three years of danger, years of strife,
Spared to his home the dear young life,
And, though the joy had far to come,
We felt the thrill of welcome home.

Then came of busy life his share,
His aged parents were his care,
And who shall know what was denied,
How much of love he set aside.

A month ago the tidings came—
An open card that bore his name;
Would that a covering e'er so slight
Had hid the cruel words from sight.

I scarce could see to walk the street
Or stand upon my pulseless feet,
The shock came on so suddenly,
The day grew all so dark to me.

The old, sad story. At his post
Still falls the one to save a host.
"Instantly killed!" These words tell all,
How like the valley clouds they fall!

Oh! brave young heart! Oh! broken life!
"Beyond the danger and the strife."
Could'st thou our mother's question see:
"Did some one kiss my boy for me?"

MOSES STUART AS A MAN.

BY NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D.D.

GOD makes some men unique, the better to answer his purposes. They are like nobody but themselves. As Burns has it of Bonnie Lesley,

"For Nature made her what she was,
And never made another."

They are uniformly consistent in their peculiarities. Among them are some rare and noble specimens of humanity. They illustrate God's handiwork in fitting instruments to ends, and show how he meets the exigencies of his providence, what his grace can do when a great nature is perverted—when much humanity, so to speak, is the material to be wrought—in reclaiming and adorning it; and specially in the very obvious use he makes of its idiosyncrasies.

Something like this seems to me to be true of Moses Stuart. What a different man he would have been without his signal peculiarities of constitutional structure.

He (Mr. Stuart) was a man of clear, powerful intellect, strong passions, and great strength of will. These existed in him in that degree which constitutes a great mind. They showed themselves in foibles and faults as well as in distinguished excellencies. His foibles and faults were so obviously the result of qualities which were necessary to his high virtues that they suggested