

A Waning Christianity and a Waxing Mammonism THE TWIN SPECTERS OF OUR AGE

By President Schurman of Cornell.

WHAT is the blight and malady of our time? Is it not the mean and sordid conception of human life which everywhere prevails? Among all classes and conditions of people do you not find a vitally active, if generally unexpressed, belief that the life of human beings, like the brute creatures about them, consists in the enjoyment of the material things which perish in the using?

To get and to have is the motto not only of the market, but of the altar and of the hearth. The energy of the nation pouring itself into production; we are coming to measure man—man with heart and mind and soul—in terms of mere acquisition and possession.

A waning Christianity and a waxing Mammonism are the twin specters of our age. And between them not only the natural idealism of the spirit, but the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule are disavowed or disregarded, and in their place, at least for the six active days of the week, is the ruthless struggle for life and the success of the strongest, the most cunning or the most highly favored, whether by powers supernatural or by powers infernal.

But the vast majority are fatally handicapped, and goaded either by the pangs of hunger or the pricks of envy or the stings of injustice, they bitterly pronounce a social order in which favored classes monopolize what they deem a good thing of the world.

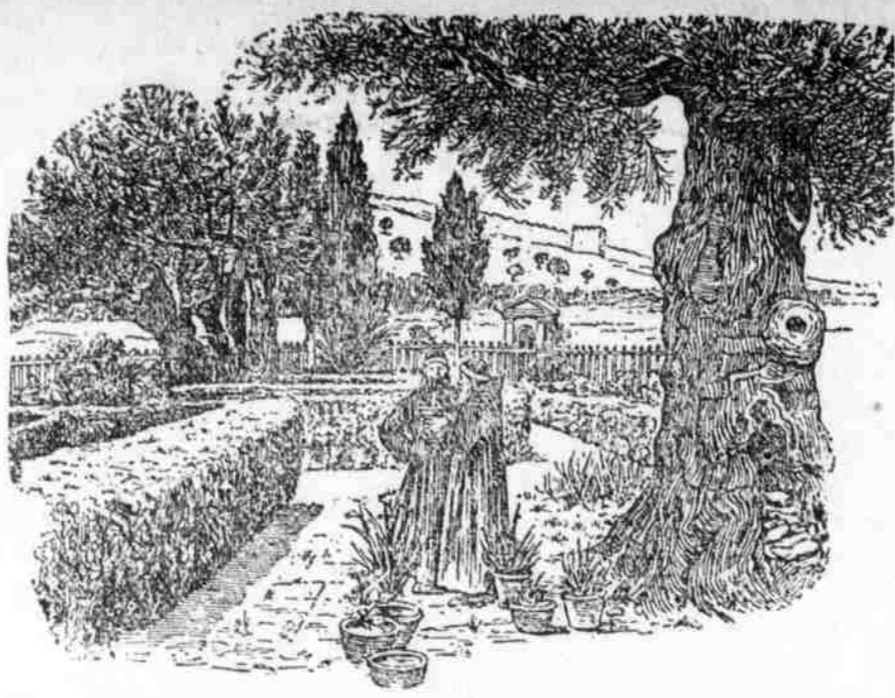
The call to earn a livelihood is two-fold. If you don't you become a parasite on the community and you stunt your own nature. The idle rich are an encumbrance in any properly organized community.

The vice of the age is that men want wealth without undergoing that toll which alone wealth is created. Among the rich and well-to-do business and professional classes "grafting" has been so common that the very idea of commercialism has become a by-word and a reproach.

Financiers, capitalists, corporations may be the most conspicuous sinners; but equally guilty is the merchant who cheats his customers, or the lawyer who shows his client how to circumvent the laws, or the scholar who glorifies in patron's success in business, irrespective of the method by which that success was achieved, or the preacher who transfigures the ruthless oppressor and robber of six days into the exemplary Christian of the seventh.

We are dealing with the virus of a universal infection. The whole nation needs a new baptism of the old virtue of honesty. The love of money and the reckless pursuit of it is undermining the national character.

But the nation, thank God, is beginning to perceive the fatal danger. The reaction caused by recent revelations testifies to a moral awakening. At heart the nation is still sound, though its moral sense has been too long hypnotized by national prosperity.



THE TRADITIONAL SITE OF THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.



WHEN Christ risen from the dead? If not, then the history of nineteen centuries is an insoluble problem, the Christian Church is a gigantic imposture, the creed of Christianity is a house built on the sand, the hope of the Christian soul is a fond imagination. The grip of sin has not been loosened, death is still the king of terrors, this present world is our master, innocence has suffered her irrevocable defeat, injustice is seated on the throne forever. The meek and the lowly, the holy and the faithful have been despised; the priests and the Pharisees, the tyrants and the traitors have conquered. And the most beneficent and most radiant vision that ever visited the human soul is only a mirage.

"Eat, drink and die, for we are souls bereaved.

Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope
We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,
And almost beliefless, that had most believed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
As of the unjust, also of the just—
Yea, of that Just One, too!
It is the one and gospel that is true—
Christ is not risen.

Once a year this question demands an answer, once a week it stands at the door, every day as we live and work, and suffer and trust it, it is in the background of our minds. We may go to a distant land for the answer to the tomb in Joseph's garden, said to have been open and empty on Easter morning. We may constitute a court of law to decide the question, and take the evidence of the holy women, of the eleven apostles of Christ, of Jewish enemies and a host of other disciples. We can appeal to the tradition of the church unbroken through the centuries and sealed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. We can cite the facts of history, the conversion of Saint Paul, the faith of the martyrs, and the miracle of Pentecost many times repeated. But this means a long journey and much reading and intricate argument.

Can we not change the form of the question, and ask it again—not has Christ risen? but is Christ alive? Let us turn from the centuries and take the date of this morning's letter; let us forget Palestine and be content with our own land; let us close the books and look at life. Let the scholar come from his cloistered seclusion and the toiler from his workshop, and the mourner from his shadow, and meet where all are equal on the common platform of contemporary fact and human experience. Were one dropped from Mars upon this earth, could he discover that a certain person called Christ had once lived, and now was living, and was likely to live forever?

Come first to the church—it matters not whether it be St. Peter's at Rome, or "Mount Zion" Chapel of



Browning's poem. It is a place of worship, where the human soul making its journey from one world to the next in the midst of the sad mystery of life, unburdens itself of care and sorrow. So many hundreds or so many thousands are calling from the depths of their need unto God, whom no man hath seen or ever can see, and they are beseeching His mercy and His help through whom?

Through Christ Jesus our Lord. They lift up their voices in a song of victory between the battle of last week and the coming battle of this week, unto whom? Unto Him who so loving us and hath washed us from our sins.

The crowd pours through the door, but they are other people than when they entered. That beaten man has straightened himself, that widow has peace upon her face, that outcast has obtained a glimpse of hope—Christ is alive.

Come again to this other building which rivals a church. Within cool wards, fragrant with flowers and

society; it is the most practical philanthropy that ever has been invented; it is the redemption of the chief woe of life, the sorrow of the children. And the founder of this home of joy is the friend of little children.

Better than all the manuscripts, and all the theologies and all the histories are those three evidences of the living Christ. Here is the living Christ, whom no grave on earth and no throne in heaven can hold.

"Though dead, not dead;
Not gone, though fled;
Not lost, though vanished.
In the great gospel and true creed,
He is yet risen indeed;
Christ is yet risen."

—Jan Maclaren, in Youth's Companion.

EASTER.

With heart aflame and eyes in which
Yet glowed the wonder of a vision bright;
In eager haste she sped to comfort bring
To those who sorrowed for their Lord and King.

"He is not dead," she cried, her voice
Athrill with rapturous ecstasy,
"Our Lord is risen, empty is the tomb;
Our Lord is risen, past the night of gloom."

But they, too jealous of their grief
And blinding tears, believed her not. To them
The story of the Resurrection Morn
Seemed but an idle tale in fancy born.

They needs must see and touch and hear
Before their doubting hearts could certain be
That He for whom they mourned in anguish sore
Had triumphed over death forevermore.

O Faith that seeing not, believes,
How dear to Him who died and rose again!
His gift to us was Life, now grant we pray
Our gift to Him be Faith, in Easter Day.
—Josephine Robinson, in the Home Magazine.

Easter Novelties.

All sorts and conditions of rabbits of apparent; every age, from the tiniest bunny to the full-grown size with large startled eyes and long-pointed ears; chickens, roosters, ducks and pigeons come in the form

CHRIST IS RISEN.

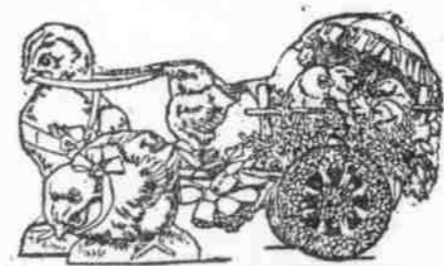


WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE EARLY IN THE MORNING.

adorned with pictures, the sick are lying. They are poor people, who can pay nothing for this kindness. Some of them have been useless people, who have deserved nothing from society; some of them are incurable people, of whom nothing can be made. Yet the finest science and the most skilful physicians and the most faithful women are waiting on them.

Why have they not been left to perish, as paganism would have left them? Why should this immense trouble be taken with them who can be no gain to any one? There is another Physician present whom no one sees; there is another Hand caring for the sick which no one feels; there was a Name on the subscription list which was never printed—Jesus Christ.

Once more let us visit a characteristic building of our modern city. It is an orphanage, and at its back door in some quiet street where none can



see, children of misery in rags, in squalor, marked with wounds, friendless, ill-used, hopeless, are being received. Within this friendly place are comfort, healing, teaching, training, peace and gladness. From the front door in a public place children are coming out to enter on the duties of life, healthy, intelligent, self-reliant and self-respecting. It is the utilization of the waste products of

of boxes, to be filled with dainty bonbons when the head is removed. One very novel candy box which gives no suggestion of the goodies within is a miniature well of cardboard papered to imitate wood, the top covered in a most realistic manner with ragged moss, and the tiny oaken bucket hung from a silken cord. The top of the box opens to reveal dozens of tiny candy eggs of every color and flavor, and when closed a small pompous rooster fastened to the lid keeps guard over the good things within.

AN EASTER DAY.

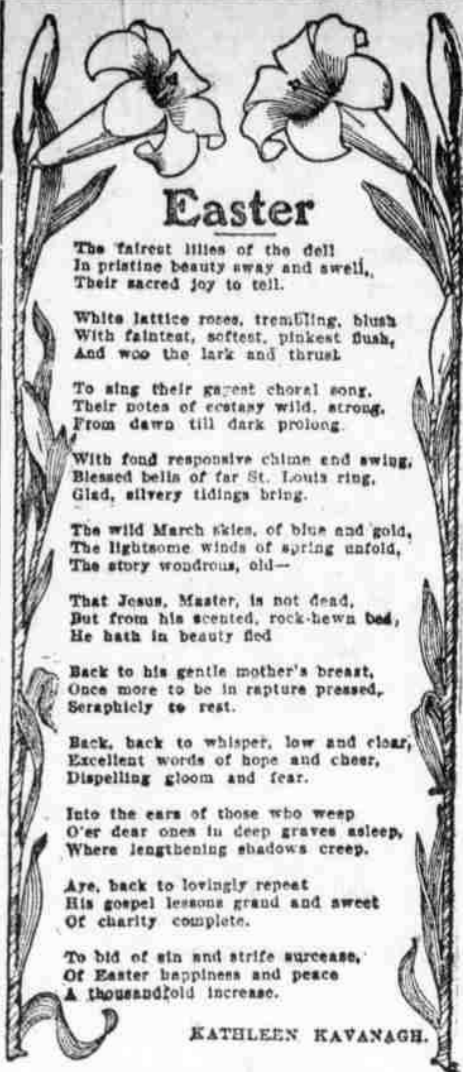
Stark garden shrubs, still half asleep,
In rising pools stand ankle-deep.
The strolling path beneath the gate
Has turned a river, stern and straight.
The Easter rain drives cold and swift;
The dark sky hints no mellow rift,
But stretches obstinate and harsh
Above a lifeless, leafless marsh.
Oh, joyously one living bit
Of all the greenness, hid in it,
Pours forth his resurrection strain
Across the rushing Easter rain.
His notes the old-time faith repeat:
He knows that earth is turning sweet,
Is turning warm and fair and kind.
Like miracle who cannot find
Within his heart—come to the pane.
Listen across the Eastern rain!
—Fannie B. Damon, Dexter, Me.

HE IS RISEN.

Sweet the chime the bells are ringing,
Sweet the carol angels singing;
"Risen is our Lord most glorious,
Over sin and death victorious."

He is risen—tell the story
Wafted from His throne of glory;
From the bonds of death set free—
O, grave, where is thy victory?

Angels, strike your harps of glory;
Waft, ye winds, the joyful story.
While with happy voice we sing,
Praises to our risen King.
—Emily Houseman Watson, in Home Herald.



Easter

The fairest lilies of the dell
In pristine beauty away and well,
Their sacred joy to tell.

White lattice roses, trembling, blush
With faintest, softest, pinkest flush,
And woo the lark and thrush
To sing their gayest choral song.
Their notes of ecstasy wild, strong,
From dawn till dark prolong.

With fond responsive chime and swing,
Blessed bells of far St. Louis ring,
Glad, silvery tidings bring.

The wild March skies, of blue and gold,
The lightsome winds of spring unfold,
The story wondrous, old—

That Jesus, Master, is not dead,
But from his scented, rock-heva bed,
He hath in beauty fled

Back to his gentle mother's breast,
Once more to be in rapture pressed,
Seraphically to rest.

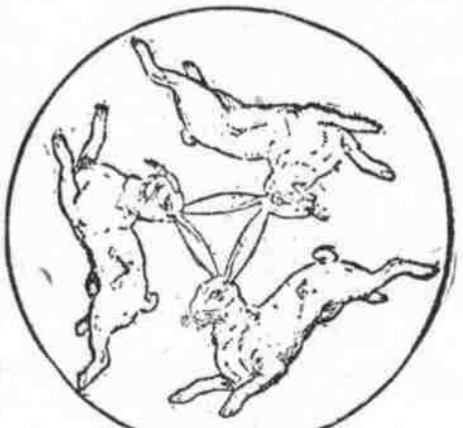
Back, back to whisper, low and clear,
Excellent words of hope and cheer,
Dispelling gloom and fear.

Into the ears of those who weep
O'er dear ones in deep graves asleep,
Where lengthening shadows creep.

Are, back to lovingly repeat
His gospel lessons grand and sweet
Of charity complete.

To bid of sin and strife success,
Of Easter happiness and peace
A thousandfold increase.

KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.



EASTER EGGS.

Humpty Dumpty has country cousins
Who come to the city in spring by dozens;
They make such a brilliant show in town
You'd think that a rainbow had tumbled
down—
Blue and yellow and pink and green,
The gayest gowns that ever were seen,
Purple and gold, and oh! such style,
They are all the rage for a little while;
But their visit is short, for no one stays
After the Easter holidays.

EASTER CLOTHES.

Alas, the time
Is drawing near,
And we won't have
A suit, we fear,
In which to join
The glad parade
Of those who'd put
Us in the shade
By showing off
The clothes they wear.
With studied, sup-
ercilious air,
The Easter time
Doth wring the heart
Of poor folk who
Dislike to part
With all they have
To trim their backs,
When each of them
Some comfort lacks—
Some comfort that
He needs, you know,
And's not put on
For empty show.
Ye gods, what fools
These mortals be,
Both great and small,
And you and me!
Appearances
We must maintain
At any cost,
And any pain.
That's why we'll sash
And pry around
Until some sort
Of way is found
To deck ourselves
In brave attire
And be right there
To hear the choir
Sing Easter hymns
In rhythmic flow,
While squinting at
The hats below.
—Paul Cook, in Birmingham Age-Herald.



All that springeth from the sod
Tendeth upwards unto God,
All that cometh from the skies
Urging it anon to rise.

Welcome, then, Time's thrashing pain,
And the furrows where each grain,
Like a Samson, blossom-shorn,
Waits the resurrection morn.

AN EASTER PRAYER.

So many eyes, tear-blinded, scarcely see
The gracious hope and promise of the
spring;
Though leaf and bud are rich in prophecy,
They have no vision of the blossoming.

Oh, God of pity! at this Eastertide,
May all the sweet, glad promise of the
day
Steal into troubled hearts, and there
abide—

Grant visions unto such as these, we
pray.

The Unlimited Power of The People

By Ex-Governor Frank S. Black,
of New York.

IT must be remembered that the people are all-powerful. They can do whatever they decide to do. They are now checked by their Constitution, but they made even the Constitution and they can unmake it. There are at least two methods of doing this—one by amendment and the other by revolution. But the prayer of every patriot in the land will be that the Constitution shall not now be changed. The ideas now most popular are also most dangerous. The clamor is for the limitation of fortunes, forgetting that that also means the limitation of industry; for the curtailment of the power of the courts, forgetting that that means death to the freedom of the individual; for the equality of men by arbitrary rule, forgetting that this means to clog the industrious and help the lazy. The spirit now abroad if given rein would make the incompetent equal by law to the skilled, the dissolute equal to the sober, the cheat and shirk equal to the honest man. The people, when they try, can raze everything to the ground. They may unmake or remake their Constitution. They may, if they like, abolish their courts and legislatures and take the reins of government directly in their own hands. This means revolution, but are there no precedents for revolution? Is there any prophet abroad in these days who can say how far the people would go in their present temper? Would the majority vote to limit private fortunes? Would they vote to redistribute private estates which were large enough to tempt their cupidity? Would they curtail the power of the courts? You can answer these questions as well as any body of men now living, and you can also answer whether the suggested changes would be wise.

∴ Sleeplessness ∴

By George Lincoln Walton, M. D.

NO one can acquire the habit of sleep who has not learned the habit of concentration, of devoting himself single-minded to the matter in hand. If we practice devoting our minds, as we do our bodies, to one object at a time, we shall not only accomplish more, but with less exhaustion. Training in this direction will help us, on retiring, to view sleep as our present duty, and a sufficient duty, without taking the opportunity at that time to adjust (or to try to adjust) all our tangles, to review our past sources of discomfort, and to speculate upon the ills of the future.

A walk, a bath, a few gymnastic exercises, will often serve a useful purpose before retiring, but if they are undertaken in a fretful and impatient spirit, and are accompanied by doubts of their effectiveness and the insistent thought that sleep will not follow these or any other procedure, they are likely to accomplish little.

The best immediate preparation for sleep is the confidence that one will sleep, and indifference if one does not.

This frame of mind is best attained by the habitual adoption of the same attitude toward all the affairs of life. It is an aid in its adoption as regards sleep to learn that many have for years slept only a few hours a night, without noticeable impairment of their health or comfort.—From Lippincott's.

Society's Responsibility for Crime

By Deputy Commissioner Woods, of the New York
Police Department.

HERE is no such thing as a criminal class. Any statement with reference to the so-called criminal class makes the prosperous feel entirely too comfortable, sitting at the club with their after-dinner cigars. It removes the feeling of responsibility from that section of society where it properly belongs, and places it on heredity and circumstances over which we have no control. In a large proportion of cases the criminal is society, and not the poor fellow who has gone wrong from lack of work, poverty, strangeness to the cus-

oms and language of the country, or the sudden flash of passion common to all of us. Economic pressure and social maladjustment, well within the scope of our power to remedy, all explain very much of the crime and the making of very many of our criminals. And a great evil in our present social system is that it too often makes a criminal of the first offender—the citizen who has slipped over into wrongdoing once. It makes him hardened instead of dealing with him as a human being.

It is a place of worship, where the human soul making its journey from one world to the next in the midst of the sad mystery of life, unburdens itself of care and sorrow. So many hundreds or so many thousands are calling from the depths of their need unto God, whom no man hath seen or ever can see, and they are beseeching His mercy and His help through whom?