

us a share of investments toward which we could not spare a dollar, and it is adaptable to our present condition of ignorance (most of us with no knowledge or tact whatever) in the manipulation of money and the management of business. We look upon profit-sharing as a step on the line of progress, and as indicating on the part of employers a wise and manly intent to make our lot better than it is. Our chance lies in being equal to our duties, and not abusing our privileges. In these things there is no room for demagogues or dead-heads; the lazy and the shiftless, the drunken and the dishonest, must rub their elbow-joints somewhere else. We want no such sand in our sugar; and to my fellow-toilers I would say: Let us be as deserving of our rights as we have been noisy over our wrongs. We have no faith in any nonsense that thinks it can make the world so flat that there will be no hills to

climb and no holes to tumble into, and life in general so easy that we can go to heaven on padded chairs. There will always be some of us who will spend all they get, as if it was a hot coal in their jeans or a pot of butter in their hats. Men will lie, and cheat, and be tyrants, so long as this old planet throws a round shadow on the silent moon; but for such as are not of that kind the outlook is clear and the future full of hope. The chances are in our favor if we are but wise enough so to see them, and are not so loose-fingered as to let them slip.

We workmen have, as a class, our faults and follies; we have had our backsets, and we have some excuses for our ignorance: but the past all it has been of wrongs, tyrannies, rags, tears, and bare bones, we can even the better for that stern discipline—if we do not come short of our duty.

Fred Woodrow.

SOME EXPOSITION USES OF SUNDAY.



FOREIGNER, sitting beside a Vermont stage-driver, after observing for some time the rugged and barren aspect of the region through which he was passing, is said to have exclaimed, "What do they

raise in this country, anyhow?" To which the driver replied, with sententious brevity, "They raise men."

It was an answer which had the preëminent merit of being true. The somewhat austere and discouraging conditions under which in many parts of a new country men have wrought and built have issued in certain substantial qualities of character which have had not a little to do with the virtue of communities and the greatness of a state; and thus it was, at any rate in the earlier stages of its existence, that the nation which is soon to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America may be said to have vindicated the wisdom of the American experiment.

Since those earlier days, with their stern experiences, the situation has greatly changed. The emergencies which challenged those who laid the foundations of a new civilization amid the wildernesses of North America have developed an energy, and stimulated an ingenuity, of which, next year in Chicago, we are to see the latest and richest fruits. There can be little doubt of the splendor of the Exposition, or of the impressive variety of its various

features. Quick as is our western mind to recognize and appropriate almost everything that is excellent in older civilizations, it has been quicker still to develop the forces, and to create the instruments, by means of which tasks hitherto regarded as almost impossible have been swiftly and triumphantly achieved; and in whatever else the Exposition of 1893 may be wanting, it will not be lacking in bewildering illustrations of human ingenuity and of mechanic and artistic skill.

The tendency of the lavish production of these things is noticeable wherever we turn. Life is fuller, we are told, in these days than it was in the days of our fathers, and in more than one sense this is not to be disputed. It is fuller of conveniences, it is fuller of luxuries, it is fuller of a kind of restlessness which is not necessarily unwholesome, since out of it has come so much benevolent and beneficent activity in many forms. But whether life is really fuller in the sense that it is richer, and more worthily intelligent, and more generously aspiring, is a very different question. I shall not undertake to answer it, but it would seem as if, just now, it were in many ways, and for the highest reasons, worth answering. A people may be great in one sense by virtue of what it has. Extent of territory, variety of resources, felicity of situation (a very unique characteristic of our American community), may go far toward making it great in a sense in which nations are often so estimated. Again, a nation may be great because of what it has done; the territory it has subdued, the

railroads it has built, the towns it has planted, the institutions it has created, the feebler peoples whom it has conquered, the vast immigration which it has more or less perfectly assimilated. But it will hardly be denied that a nation is truly great not so much because of what it has, or has done, as because of what it is—the virtue of its citizens, the equity of its laws, the justice and purity of their enactment and their administration; the worthy use of its wealth, if it has wealth; if it has power, the righteous and scrupulous use of its power. And if at any time, in connection with any memorable anniversary in its history, it undertakes at once to commemorate and illustrate its achievements, it would seem as if it might wisely and worthily associate with such commemoration some serious and resolute endeavor to take account of its resources in their higher aspect, and to consider the relation of material progress to that other progress which is intellectual and moral.

It is this consideration which has suggested the title which is prefixed to this paper. A very just jealousy has already disclosed itself lest the approaching Columbian Exposition should become indirectly the means of obscuring the American ideal of the Day of Rest, and it has been affirmed that to open the Exposition for any purpose whatever on Sundays would go a long way toward precipitating this result.

In other pages than these¹ I have ventured to submit some considerations why some modification of these views might wisely be entertained. Of the danger of any substantial surrender of them I am as profoundly persuaded as any one can be; and if it is to be a question between the complete closing of the Exposition, and such surrender of it to secular uses on Sundays as makes no discrimination between Sundays and week-days, then, for one, I should be in favor of the most rigorous closing of every door. But the question which I have ventured elsewhere to raise is the question whether there might not be some uses of it which are not incongruous with our American traditions of the essential sanctity of Sunday, and whether these uses are impossible in Chicago. Says Macaulay, in his essay on Mitford's "Greece": "The history of nations, in the sense in which I use the word, is often best studied in works not professedly historical." But it is not alone its history that a people needs to study, but the tendencies and the significance of its history; and, above all, the substantial worth and helpful relations, in the highest aspect of them, of the things which it has achieved. And so it would seem that if we could enlarge and emphasize the teaching

power of a great Exposition, we would be doing the best kind of service to those whom it will attract. It is not, surely, merely for the gratification of our national vanity, or for the exhibition of our national complacency, that we are heaping together our material achievements, and inviting the rest of the world to compete with us!

But if there is to be serviceable teaching, it may reasonably be demanded that there should be competent teachers. In one sense, certainly, a dumb and motionless construction may be an eloquent teacher. But it will be a much more eloquent teacher if it has some one to explain and interpret it. And it will be eloquent most of all if it has some one who is competent to show its significance, and to point out its relations to those higher aspects of our civilization which have to do with its highest aims. It is here, as I think, that some uses of Sunday suggest themselves which certainly are not incongruous with its sanctity, and which are as certainly far better than to dismiss great numbers of people to a day spent largely, if not wholly, in mere idleness. For the moment we may leave out of sight the eminent probability that very few people will consent to spend it in this way. We may assume, if we will, that a large majority of them will devote at least a part of it to acts of religious worship and a part of it to absolute rest. We may dismiss from our minds the apprehension that many persons will find in the enforced idleness of Sunday in a strange city temptations to some evil uses of idle hours. All this, I say, we may for the moment leave wholly out of account. The question still remains whether there may not be uses for Sunday, in connection with an anniversary so exceptional, which may be not unworthy of association with a very sacred day and of those whose aims and interests are not exclusively material.

For in what, after all, does the true wealth of nations consist? Adam Smith to the contrary, it may safely be said that it consists in the possession of noble ideals. It is the maintenance of these that gives us a State which "raises men"; it is the quickening of these which gives us a character which achieves enduring results. But it is the misfortune of a national or international exposition that it is an illustration mainly of the achievements of human handiwork. Whether it be in tools or machinery, or even in pictures and sculpture, it is mainly an exhibition of what has been wrought in material elements. But suppose that one whose good fortune it will be to see all this marvelous assemblage of what machinery and the handicrafts have wrought, could enjoy the greater good fortune of seeing them in the company of one who was wise and able and clever enough to com-

¹ See "Sunday and the Columbian Exposition," in "The Forum," October, 1892.

prehend them in their relations to other things, and in their larger relations to that complex thing which we call modern life. Suppose that as one came into the presence of this great object-lesson there moved beside him one who knew how, adequately, to interpret it. This, at any rate, would be to bring us into contact with something nobler and more interesting than matter, because it would be the mind that wrought in and triumphed by means of it. And, to go a step further, suppose that there were some one who could gather up for us the larger lessons of this or that or the other department of a great exposition, and make us sensible of its significance as a part of the onward march of modern civilization. This surely would be not alone to see something, but to learn something; and so, in the loftiest sense, a great exposition would become not merely a colossal show, but a mighty and ennobling educator.

Is such a thing impossible? Are there not men in our American universities and colleges, in public life, in the full tide of successful professional activity, scores and hundreds of whom could render luminous and edifying a whole range of themes which a great international exposition would easily and immediately suggest? There are men scattered all over the continent whom many of us know through their pens, but whom it would be an inestimable privilege to know through the living voices. In every department of science, of art, of letters, there are teachers competent to turn Chicago into a glorious school in which all that one saw there was but the prelude to what one heard and learned with the ear and the mind. And does anybody who recalls the names and the gifts of these teachers doubt that, if opportunity were given them, they could speak to the multitudes who would gladly hear them of the higher significance of the intellectual and material achievements of the last four hundred years—not in the dry tones of merely scientific or technical analysis, but with that larger and finer vision which sees in things material the sign and emblem of truths and forces which are part of a higher realm? We talk of civilization, and of the mechanism of it, but can we go even a little way in its study without discovering how closely it is related to the moral history of nations and the progress of ideas? Somebody has said that gunpowder has had almost as much to do with the spread of truth as printing; and though the phrase may sound paradoxical, it is not difficult to see how the expulsion of the old barbarisms, whether of peace or of war, like the retreat of ignorance before the onward march of knowledge, has borne no insignificant part in lifting the life of nations to a cleaner and more righteous level.

But the value of such suggestions, if they have any at all, lies chiefly in this, that they open the way for others that are at once more obviously and appropriately connected with all our traditional conceptions of the American Sunday. To most of us that day stands supremely as an institution of religion. But for what is religion, if it be not for the revelation and the inculcation of moral ideals? It may have, most surely it has, other uses, but this, no less surely, is pre-eminent among them. And so if, when Sunday came to the Exposition in Chicago, it could be assumed that in some great hall in the midst of it there would be some worthy and impressive presentation of these—if the nation should summon its ablest and most eloquent teachers and bid them do for us the prophet's work amid such profoundly interesting and suggestive surroundings, it would hardly summon them in vain. For *Hamlet* was right:

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused.¹

And no appeal made to that faculty will be made wholly in vain.

AND if, then, in connection with such occasions, or as included in the scheme of which they were a part, it could be so ordered that the mighty forces of music could be invoked,—if on Sunday afternoons or evenings the multitudes assembled in Chicago from hamlet and village and prairie that rarely or never hear the great works of the great masters, Mozart and Beethoven, Handel, Haydn, Bach, Wagner, and their compeers, could be lifted for a little on the mighty wings of grand and majestic harmonies, and made conscious of that subtle transfusion of the sensible into the spiritual, which, in some aspects of it, seems to be the sole province of music,—surely that, too, would be no unworthy use of a day consecrated to lofty visions and unuttered aspirations. And then, finally, if, in addition to all this, there could be, not alone in immediate connection with the Exposition itself, but in every sanctuary and pulpit of the great city, thronged and vibrant with a great and keen curiosity, some elect and chosen voices to speak for God and Duty and Patriotism and Self-sacrifice and the Eternal Verities, that, too, would be an undertaking worthy of the best energies of those who might give themselves to it, and worthy no less of the great religious ideals of a great people. Already we are hearing much of the "religious exhibits"—Sunday-school furniture, ecclesiastical vessels and vestments, the paraphernalia of ceremonial, or the machinery of Church work. It

¹ "Hamlet," act iv. sc. 4.

will be well enough to have such things; but it will be better to have some living incarnations of the office of religion as a teacher, a guide to men in dark places, a Voice of courage and of hope amid the sorrow and burden of life.

And so may the Exposition realize its noblest result—to help men to know, to think, to com-

pare, to remember, and to aspire. It may be that the dream which I have thus far sketched will seem to many impossible of realization; but if the same energy and ability and organized endeavor which have already shown themselves in other directions shall attempt to make it so, I am persuaded that it may become an ennobling reality.

Henry C. Potter.

REMINISCENCES OF BROOK FARM.¹

BY A MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY.²



JOINED the Brook Farm, of which George Ripley may be held the founder, on the last day of May, 1841. Part of the company had already begun work there about the first of April. Some

engagements prevented my joining them until the last of May, although I had enrolled myself among them some time before. Among those I found there were Mr. and Mrs. Ripley; Miss Marianne Ripley, a sister of Mr. Ripley; Nathaniel Hawthorne; and Warren Burton, who had been a Unitarian clergyman, and was the author of several little books, among them "The District School as it was."

Mr. Ripley, who had been for some time the minister of a Unitarian congregation in Boston, was a scholar of much metaphysical and theological acuteness and learning, of a sanguine temperament, and with a remarkable power of rapid acquisition and perception—perhaps a little hasty in his conclusions, and with other characteristics of a sanguine temperament. His mind was filled and possessed with the idea of some form of communism or coöperation, and some mode of life that seemed to produce better conditions for humanity; and was informed to some extent of what had been said and written on these subjects. Whether he was at this time acquainted with the ideas and works of Fourier, I cannot say; my own impression is that he was, but others, who are perhaps better informed than myself, tell me that he did not become acquainted with them till later, after he had been some time at Brook Farm. I think he must, at least, have known

something of them through the writing of Albert Brisbane. When he became acquainted with them he was at first certainly not disposed to adopt them fully; but later he and other members tried to arrange the institution on principles of Fourier's theories. Finding many disposed to sympathize practically or theoretically with his views and plans, he went forward with an ardor and zeal that were inspiring to those who came in contact with him, with a genuine and warm interest in the idea of association, and faith in the benefits it promised to humanity. Full of enthusiasm for his hopes and schemes, he threw himself into them with disinterested zeal, and worked long and earnestly and with much self-denial for their accomplishment. Mrs. Ripley, too, who was of an energetic and enthusiastic temperament, entered into his views very heartily, and was always a prominent and important person in the conduct of the enterprise, and entered with zeal and efficiency into all the departments in which she could take part. There appeared a just and favorable notice of her in some pleasing papers on Brook Farm, in the "Atlantic Monthly," written by one of our zealous and very useful co-workers.³

With them came Miss Marianne Ripley, who had had a school for young children in Boston, several of whom she brought with her. She lived in a small house close by the farm,—which we called the Nest,—and had a warm interest in the enterprise.

Charles A. Dana, now editor of the "New York Sun," was an important member, and for a long time,—I think till the close of the institution. He came to us from Harvard College, which he had been obliged to leave, I think,

¹ The association continued in existence and operation until some time in 1847, after the loss by fire of a very extensive building (called phalanstery) before it was finished. The whole enterprise was abandoned mainly, I think, from financial troubles and embarrassments.

² The author of this paper died recently, at an ad-

vanced age. He was a man somewhat of the Emersonian type, of singular purity and loveliness of character. He was a teacher by nature as well as by profession, and one whose influence was as elevating as it has been abiding in many lives.—THE EDITOR.

³ Miss Amelia Russell, formerly of Milton, not now living.