

at least know something; that the otherwise Unknowable has been made known to us by an intelligible revelation; that this revealed knowledge has been built up for us within the region of facts, through ages of experience, before science was born; that it not only comes to us with scientific evidence, but itself supports each science, and throughout the sciences yields material without which they would fall, like falling stars, into a chaos and void—in a word, that the inspired Bible is a radiant source of divine knowledge, chiefly within the psychical sciences, but also within the physical, and therefore essential to the completion of philosophy itself as the crowning science of the sciences. Such a philosophy will see no scientific errors flecking that sun of truth, which thus lights up its domain, but only paradoxes to dazzle it, should it too rashly gaze, and mysteries to blind it with tears.

It is more than half a century since this discussion began in the schools of Germany, and less than half that time since it passed into the Church of England. In our own country it seems destined to become popular in its course, as well as academic and ecclesiastical. The daily press already reflects a growing interest in questions of biblical criticism which hitherto have been kept within the province of scholars and divines. Parties are forming, as if some great battle for the truth of Holy Writ were

at hand. Its defenders, it is to be feared, are as yet but poorly equipped and marshaled. Their opponents boast of the highest culture of the time; have the exultant sympathy of the whole unbelieving class; and even claim, however unwarrantably, some orthodox allies. In the first onset, doubtless, they will win a brilliant victory. Then may come a great uprising of the Christian masses, as moved by that Holy Spirit who first inspired his Holy Scripture. Whoever shall stand apart from them in such a crisis will not be shunning a religious question alone. In his place he will be deserting some other related interest of humanity. The thinker will be deserting that which for ages has set the problems of philosophy. The scholar will be deserting that which has built up the universities of Christendom. The artist will be deserting that which has yielded the purest ideals of genius. The man of letters will be deserting that which has molded our English speech and literature. The man of the world will be deserting that which has lent to society refinement, and purity, and grace. The merchant, the lawyer, the doctor will be deserting that which is the ethical basis of their callings. The patriot and the statesman will be deserting that which has given us our freedom and our laws. And the philanthropist will be deserting that which is the very keystone of civilization.

Charles W. Shields.

PLAIN WORDS TO WORKINGMEN.

BY ONE OF THEM.



THE cause of labor is the issue of the hour. What it ought to have, but has not got; what it might be, but is not; and what it may be, if it goes the right way to get there, are questions that fill the newspapers,

occupy platforms and pulpits, and cause not a little headache in monopolistic and society nightcaps. We are in fact being turned inside out like a meal-bag, and scientifically gaged like a barrel of high wines. Without doubt, we shall be a disappointment to some in what we are, and a surprise to most in what we are not, being, after all, much the same as the rest of folks, the difference resting mostly in our boots and pockets. This change in events has come about for two reasons: the world is getting wiser, and we are getting troublesome.

Now that the world is rubbing its eyes to look at us, that fact will do us no small good, if we so far follow it as to take a good look at ourselves, and with our expectations and claims discover and make note of our faults.

SOME OF OUR FAULTS.

WE have made some considerable to-do about what we ought to have. Do we ever stop to think of how much we throw away? We think of our thin slice of beef, our pat of sausage-meat, and our red herring—never too much and sometimes not enough; but how often is it that we scratch our heads over the dimes and dollars we drop in our mugs of beer? We object to a cut in our wages, and have hard words for such employers as, from greed or necessity, reduce a worker's weekly pay; but do we not do the same thing when we

beat a shoemaker out of a quarter for soling our shoes, and underpay the teamster that hauls our coal and wood? We complain of being left off the slate by statesmen and politicians, and of having to pay taxes to bribe aldermen and make millionaires of contractors; but do we see to it that when we deposit a ballot we cast it for a good man, and not for a rogue? And are there not more time and thought given as to what horse will win a race than as to what kind of man we want at Washington? We find fault with corporations for depressing labor-values when the market is full of idle hands; but do we not crack the same kind of whip when we compel a contractor in the middle of an important contract to give us higher wages, or find himself left out in the cold? We have something to say about being left out of some classes of society, by reason of blue jeans and thick shoes; but do we not do the same thing with our poorer neighbor who has a room less in his house than there is in ours, and more patches in his coat than we can show. Soberly speaking, would there not be fewer paupers in the poorhouse had they taken care of what they once had, and fewer insolvent grocers if we paid our debts, fewer fools and more wise men in our city councils and our congresses, had we spent more time with our ballots and books than with billiards and ninepins?

We are sufferers, it is true, from wrongs, abuses, economic crimes, and corporate despotisms; but we can add to our hardships, and get a life-lease to any one of them, if we go on making mud faster than we sweep it away. We are on the door-step of better days and better homes, if we do not come down again. If we do, the slip will be on our own heels. No condition of society, no government, and no change in the labor situation, can do us the good it might, if we let our faults outrun their several virtues. Nor can we well complain of wet feet if we keep the faucet running, or of fire if we smoke our pipes in dry straw. Our societies and combinations have their force in the right-doing of their individual constituents. Their composition is the condition on which they exist, for good or for evil—putty or granite, according to their atoms.

OUR FOLLIES.

THERE is no time in any history, no parish in any country, or family in any house, in which there is not to be found some one or some thing that is off its base at times, and plays the fool, if only for fun. On that score there is a pretty wide crack of folly in both the china and the earthenware of human life. We are no exception. Our follies are as natural as our teeth

or our fingers; and as with them, if one is decayed we can pull it out, and if the other is dirty we can wash it, so with what is crooked or cross-grained in our ways and doctrines—we can straighten it out if we wish. As things are with us to-day, the misfortune is that if we make a break it is a big one, and in making a mistake we are not sitting down on one egg, but on a basketful. We have grown into societies and combinations, and are no longer thumbs, but a handful of fingers. Organization has run us into lumps, and when we move, things have to give way or crack up. These combinations are right enough, and good enough, and some of them big enough. We can do with them what we could never do without them. We are in the position of a sheriff who can back a subpoena with a stout posse, or a government that can enforce its claims with gunners and grenadiers. With this lump of muscle in our sleeve, we can do some big work for good or for evil. With these conditions, our follies are something more than nonsense, and in speaking of them let us remember that it is always better to stop a fool than to hang him, and to pick the barnacles off a boat than to bore a hole in its bottom.

Now we are not without a crowd of friends, who always side with the biggest dog in a fight, and who are full of congratulations and flatteries; but the kind of friend that taps our knuckles when we do what is foolish is somewhat scarce, and perhaps not always so welcome as he should be. We have always found that the boy who praises another for stealing an apple wants half of it; and it is about the same with the older boys with whiskers and gray hairs, who have no objection to stray sheep if therefrom come their wool and mutton. In these plain words we have no such pap, and we are quite sure that there is no man among us, with the average weight of common sense in his head, but will thank any one for telling us of a wasp on our collar, or a chalk-mark on our back.

So far understood, we proceed to consider some of our follies.

It is common sense to suppose that where two men dispute, say on the length of a pine board, or the diameter of a wheel, they call in some man with a tape-line to find out the dimensions, and to decide the dispute; this is a good old-fashioned and square-footed way of settling the whole matter. This plain and practical sense is just as handy and useful in a dispute with our employers. But is it not a fact with too many of us that we are sticklers for one side of the argument, and will neither consider nor examine the other? It is just this one-eyed kind of business that makes us lopsided, and cross-grained, and as troublesome as a

blind mule or a deaf dog. In many cases we run ourselves into such reprisals as strikes and boycotts, when a little sense and some fair investigation would have made such an action as ridiculous as trying to stop a round hole with a square peg. We are not talking now of justifiable strikes, nor are we teaching the soft nonsense that we are in duty bound to lie still and be skinned alive, but only (and let us here be clearly understood) of such strikes as are hot-headed, blind, foolish, and downright iniquities. Take this for a sample:

We draw up a schedule of wages—fixed and unalterable, till officially acted upon. In that tariff we place a second-class man on the same footing as we do the first-class. A can lay 1000 bricks in a certain time; B, for the life of him, cannot place over 500. We insist on equal pay, though we would kick mightily, on our own behalf, at having to pay for a dozen eggs when we got but six. The contractor cannot see that this demand is fair. He has his contract to fill, his bread to earn, and his family to keep, just the same as we have. He cannot afford to pay for work that is not done, and if he could, he would be unjust to himself to do so. He objects to put his head into the mouth of a wolf, and refuses to pay the wage as fixed on our schedule. We lay trowels down and quit work, and in nine cases out of ten brace up on a glass of lager, and go home, to eat a dinner which perhaps is not yet paid for, and with a very thin prospect of having as much meat on our plate in a month's time. We hang out; the single men pack up and go elsewhere, and the older folks look around for stray jobs, being sometimes glad to cut wood and shovel gravel: the whole thing, simmered down to a fine point, being just this, that we are suffering what we need not have suffered if we had been as fair to another man as he was willing to be to us. Pray, gentlemen, what fun is there in this business of getting into debt, running to the pawnshop, and accepting a weekly contribution from men who have little enough for themselves? What of comfort is there in seeing our children losing the calves off their legs, and the flesh off their bones, wanting school-books, and soles on their shoes, because their fathers are not heroes, but a pack of fools?

Strikes are common, and they make notoriety and money for some, but we know well enough that there is something painful and tragical behind the painted scenes. They are wet with children's tears, and rattle with bare bones, and are resonant with regrets and curses. Strike when striking is absolutely necessary, if you will, but for the sake of common sense, a patch on your coat, and a potato for dinner, never so consent on a wrong basis, or till the

whole system of conciliation and arbitration has been exhausted. To suffer for what is right is manful, and sometimes necessary, but there is neither glory nor buttermilk in breaking stones for a larceny on our neighbor's pay-roll and rights.

We may measure a boycott in the same bushel. It is a mighty means of bringing some bad men down to their marrow-bones, and of choking some such burglars of human rights as need it; but how often it is but simply the policy of wrecking a train to run over a stray cow, or, as we think, to punish a man sitting in an easy-chair a thousand miles away. We may shut the factory of a single sinner, and shrink his bank-account, and reduce his railway stock; but what of the five hundred hands that made their bread and butter in his employ? Where are they, now that the gates are locked, and what are they eating, when the grocer and the butcher refuse them credit? Is it right to starve a baker because we have a case against a miller; or to break up a butcher's trade because he buys his beeves of a cattle king? These men have their rights as we have ours, to buy or sell as they choose, and the same right to live and get along as we have. More than that, it is well to remember that the boycott knife is very apt to cut the fingers that open it, and thus to cut the wrong way. As before said, there is the virtue of power in a boycott, as there is in a double-headed switch-engine, and it is practically almighty in the right direction; but it can run both ways, and generally leaves some innocent and broken bones under its wheels.

Such disasters are reactionary, and when the outside public have once burned their fingers in the matter, it is a dead-sure thing that they will turn the waterworks on the fire till it is but an ash-heap and a cold cinder. Of one thing we may be certain: that two wrongs can never make a right, and now that we have the means of a peaceful settlement of disputes in arbitration, it is a folly and a crime to resort to any reprisal till all fair and judicial methods have been exhausted. Taking down one tyranny to put up another is bad policy. The iron rod is not an inch shorter nor a pennyweight less on the scale for passing from one class to another; and it will be just as easy to make five out of twice two, as to make the industrial world better and happier by any such process of doing wrong that right may come. Compelling unwilling men, under a threat of non-employment, to join unions, and insisting on employees discharging such as refuse,—with the threat of a strike or a boycott,—is not a whit less a sin against social freedom than is the black-list of a railway, or the lockout of a manufactory. We have our rights—let us press them; we have our follies

— let us throw them away with our old shoes and broken plates.

OUR CHANCES.

WE have come to a point in labor progress where we see not only the fence-rails that shut us in to small pudding and poor pay, but have the means, and the public consent, to take them down. We can get out of the woods into the road, and out of darkness into daylight, if we choose to do so. We wanted good laws, and we have come at last under the dome of Washington, and up the stairways of Congress. By civilization and progress, we are no longer the serfs of society, but the sovereigns. What we think, and say, and do, is not now a mere matter of club-rooms, third floors, and back basements, but a national concern. We are in the reading-desk; have we mastered the alphabet? We are at the helm of the ship; do we know the chart? Have we the necessary wisdom to see our chances and to use them? The bag of flour is on the table; can we make a decent loaf of bread?

These are grave questions, and it is well to think them over, and where we find a shortage in weight, to make it up, and when we find unfitness, to set ourselves to the task of wiping it off the slate. It is on this line, and in this new position, that the necessity of more knowledge, and the value of education, are as plain as a pikestaff. We may have common sense and the average half-ounce of good intentions. These are good in their place, and are absolutely indispensable in all the details of life; but they cannot clean a clock, run a train, or lead labor up the ladder of its chances. Good intentions may fail at setting a broken leg, and a lump of muscle may not make up for a spoonful of brain; and the time has come for us to study as much as we smoke, and to think as much as we talk. We have the chance of getting books as easy as we do tobacco, and newspapers as cheap as a pair of shoe-strings. More than that, with our organizations we can connect lyceums and lectures, and start systematic programs of lodge studies, and thus, by our shouting less and thinking more, we can be able, in an educational sense, to utilize our opportunities. We have also in sight the direct way of being better off in our stock of eatables, clothes, and dollar-bills, by such a process as that of coöperation.

A WORD FOR COÖPERATION.

JUST remember that file of twenty-eight poor weavers, tramping over the cobblestones of Toad Lane in Rochdale, taking down the shutters of an old factory-room, and stocking it with

groceries, with the shoeblacks throwing mud at them, and the policeman uncertain whether they were tramps or lunatics. They went on, however, in the way of weaving by day and running their store at night, buying out of their investment what they wanted of tea, sugar, matches, and bacon. In 1844 they started with just 28 members and a capital of £28. In 1867 they had 6,823 members, £128,435 in funds, had done business to the amount of £284,910, and had accumulated the round sum of £41,619 as clear profit. There is no reason why we should not add to our little store by such enterprise and good sense. It is a grand idea; there is no such like it in any scheme for our industrial well-being. We are grumbling, and very rightly too, about the way the money runs; most of it, like the rain on a roof, into a few big tubs, and sparing only some chance pailfuls for the rest of us. By coöperation we can change this system of big water-pipes, and do some good plumbing on our own account. There are some men in the world who would persuade us that the inequalities of wealth can be removed by anarchy and revolution—by upsetting the farmer's wagon and having a general good time in eating his watermelons. They teach us the doctrine of a forcible division of all things, so that no man's share of gold and silver, beef, mutton, cake, and pie, shall be more than any other's. It never was, never can, and never will be done. A given amount of work or investment has its legitimate results. We may not get it in every case, but, when we do, no man has the right to the eggs, so long as we own the hens, or to the crop, so long as we paid for the seed and did our own plowing. What we want is not a division, but a system of coöperation and profit-sharing that is distributive without being unjust. To bring about such a system is one of our aims, and, like all other things worth having, it will be on the line of hard work, common sense, and fair play. The principle of coöperation goes to show that the wrongs of industrial life at which we kick are most of them removable by judicious methods, and not by any other means that we know of.

PROFIT-SHARING.

THE idea of profit-sharing is in the same direction, though not so far advanced, as coöperation. It is not a move from the labor side, but from that of capital toward labor, by giving it a share in the profits of its investment. It is a step up-stairs, and its application and benefits depend on ourselves. It is a matter of much promise to us workers, as recognizing faithful service, energy, and well-doing. It meets us in our want of capital by giving

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