

posed to American thinkers and students. They remind us of the plain, direct language of Isaiah: "The nation and kingdom which will not serve thee shall perish," and they constrain us to consider whether those words be not deserving of a larger and a more modern application than we have been wont to give them.

But this inquiry also brings us face to face with another grave question. If we should be led, eventually, to admit that Christianity is a necessary factor in the settlement of our labor troubles, in the solution of the most perplexing problems which now present themselves in sociology and even in public politics, how is it possible to bring this factor into effective action, so long as Christianity presents itself to the public embodied only in a number of wholly distinct and at least supposedly antagonistic sects and churches? Even were the community to be persuaded of the necessity of taking counsel, in its extremity, of the church of Christ,—who shall or who can decide for the community, from which one of all these several Christian bodies, each claiming to be at least the nearest approximation to the ideal of that church and most faithfully to teach Christian doctrine?—society is to ask and receive instruction in the oracles of God. Even were the business community ready to accept a new Christian social economy or the nation to conform its public policy to Christian principles, is not Christian reunion a condition precedent of the power of the Church to give such guidance or to teach such principles?

National Christianity, where it still exists, has come down from a period which antedates these divisions among Christians. In a pure monarchy, so long as the ruling family—in an aristocracy, so long as the ruling class, continues to be identified with one organic form of Christianity, so long can that national Christianity be maintained, even after Christian unity, among the people, had been broken up. But, in proportion, as the actual power of government passes into the hands of those who are themselves divided on organic religious issues, in that proportion must such divisions prove fatal to anything like a national Christianity. The exclusion of Christianity from all but purely personal and private interests is, therefore, the inevitable corollary of Christian divisions in a democracy.

Conversely, then, among us, must the restoration of such a lost Christian unity precede all hope of anything like a real social or economic or national recognition of Christianity; and any one who honestly believes that a non-Christian social economy and a non-Christian political philosophy have been failures; every one who is convinced that the great issues which have been raised by the conflicting interests of labor and capital can only be adjusted stably on Christian principles; every one who is now ready to confess that a public-school system, in accordance with which the intellect only is educated, while the conscience is left undisciplined, is worse than a failure; every one who believes that the attempt to ignore the laws of Christ in national politics is fatal to all national prosperity and stability;—all these must, of necessity, therefore, whatever their personal or private religious convictions or character, sooner or later seek the restoration of some effective Christian unity.

That the social disturbances of these times and the present state of party politics have brought many to

consider these questions as never before, is not to be denied. That they will awaken and stimulate discussion, in the drawing-room and at the table, in the religious press, the magazine and the review, on the platform and in the pulpit, is equally beyond a doubt.

In the presence of such considerations and questions the wide distinction, heretofore so generally accepted and so steadily maintained on both sides,—between the domain of public interests and duties and that of private and personal Christianity,—fades away and utterly disappears. The Christian finds himself called upon to consider his relations, as such, to every social question and to every political issue of his times. The economist, the publicist, and the statesman find themselves equally called upon to ask what Christianity has to say upon the question in hand, and what modifications are introduced into the problems of the hour, by that which, at all events potentially, if not in actuality, is the overruling factor—the law of Christ.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

ST. JAMES' RECTORY, BEDFORD, PA.

Secret Societies in College.

THE time has arrived again when the classes are gathering in our various institutions of learning over the land, and many young men are just beginning the new and strange life embraced within those eventful four years which mold and in a great measure fix their after career among scholars and professional associates in the real world outside.

I should like to say a few words about one matter concerning the societies which have place, rightly or wrongly, in most colleges. The process of what used to be called "electioneering" commences almost at once when the freshmen come on. The secret and the anti-secret associations alike select their members; and so most of the new students are compelled to take sides on a question which grows more and more intricate as they advance in years, and are able to mark the workings of an experience thoroughly unique and prodigiously influential, upon themselves and upon others. The least that can be said at the beginning, and the least that can be urged to the end, is that men should be conscientious at the beginning and consistent to the end of their course.

Let me tell an old true story: When I was in college, it was an admitted custom for the secret-society students to attend at pleasure the regular meetings of the anti-secret association, then called there the Social Fraternity. On one occasion the news went around that the delegates of a number of affiliated institutions had assembled in some central city during the vacation, and formed a *quasi* national consociation, embracing all the local ones, which hereafter were to be understood to have become auxiliaries. Curiosity was at its height, and the assembly convened to accept the report was visited by a large number of outsiders also, and the small chapel was nearly full. Even the "neutrals" doffed their dignity in order to witness the novelty.

The committee proceeded to read their preamble and constitution for a formal adoption. It was in the regular form. It began by saying that the name of the new organization should be the "Anti-Secret Society

of the United States." It then rehearsed the purposes, the aims, and the hopes of the members in thus banding themselves together. The officers were fixed, their duties prescribed, and all that. By and by an article was reached which specified and described, somewhat particularly, the way in which it should be known. Of course I am not going even to try to quote anything more than the substance of the language. It was like this: "The badge of this Society shall, consist of a bosom-pin about six-tenths of an inch in diameter, circular, a black disk of jet surrounded by a wreath of gold, bearing in the center the initials of the Society's name in raised letters of gold in the enamel."

Thereupon there was an instant explosion of laughter from one of the visitors—the unfortunate writer of this article. He meant no derision, and indeed was as innocent in his indiscretion as he was mortified by such a disclosure of it. The usual shout, with all its precipitation of student-wrath, was started for his comfort: "Put him out!" He replied with the usual Greek: "Strike, but hear!" Then the ordinary amount of intellect was invoked to perceive that really there was some incongruity in such noble and scholarly men wearing on their bosoms the great golden letters "A S S" before all the college. Anger gave place to fun; and ultimately the convention did their work better by changing the name of the society to Anti-Secret Confederation; and through the rest of our course members were labeled "A S C."

Such a discomfiture would have been fatal in most cases, and inevitably would have given a most unphilosophical advantage to the other side of the question. But the fact was, those men were the chiefs of the college. They had among them some of the maturest and best the classes loved to honor. They managed the rest of the meeting skillfully. Before we retired, they forced in a splendid chance for an appeal to all that was decent and generous in our minds; they stood up in the power of real manhood, and told us the meanness of cliques and the injustice of exclusiveness, and the wickedness of oaths. Some of the Social Fraternity men of that year have done magnificent work in this old world since then; and I speak simple justice when I own they shook many of us that night with their arguments and their truths.

For one, I like conscience when I see it; I always did; and more than that, I like outspoken words for what is right and good and true. But I like consis-

tency also; and now I must tell the rest of my story. On the day we graduated, sobered and thoughtful, gentle and pensive in the backward look and the forward dread, a new secret society, running through all the four classes, "swung out" before the eyes of us all in complete organization. Among the men who spoke their commencement orations in our class were three or four wearing the badge of that association. They were the men who argued and pleaded two years previous to that day in the small chapel. They repudiated their principles and defied their former record, when it was too late for an apology or for an explanation. The Social Fraternity was wounded and betrayed by its leaders in the whole four classes; the secret-society men were not inclined to feel complimented; and the conversation was worried and perplexed, when the young fellows asked and wondered what it meant. Some said that these men had always been shamming because they had not for themselves been taken, and so were spiteful instead of conscientious.

Simply and earnestly I say again, as I close the tale, let those who take ground on this unsettled question of secret societies in college put conscience and consistency together. If any one changes his mind, because of fresh convictions, let him own it frankly, and take a clear stand early enough to retain the respect of those who have loved and trusted him in the days gone by. For I soberly declare that it is my pain to this day to recall how my confidence was broken then.

Charles S. Robinson.

Henry Clay, the Slashes, and Ashland again.

HENRY CLAY was born within three miles of Hanover Court House, south, and some four or five miles eastward of the present pretty little summer town of Ashland. His birthplace was known locally as "The old Clay place," or "The place where Henry Clay was born," and as long ago as 1832, and many years earlier, I believe, had passed into other hands.

The first name of the railway station where Ashland stands was called, in 1836, "Tayler's Sawmill"; then the name was appropriately changed to "Slash Cottage," being in the heart of the Slashes of Hanover. That name held till after 1850, when Mr. Edwin Robinson, of Richmond City, conceived the project of building a town at "Slash Cottage," and formally christened it "Ashland," after Mr. Clay's residence in Kentucky.

W. A. W.



the schools of Paris long enough to see that the system corrupts and makes abortive by far the greater number of those who try it. Its curriculum is too narrow for the intellectual life — too corrupt for the moral. Few men survive its influences, and how can we entertain the idea of exposing to its dangers our daughters who now must learn?

We want an art university in which the purely technical facility of hand and eye, which must be attained in youth, and generally in extreme youth, as in music, is cared for as the speciality of the course; where the intellectual enlargement shall be never lost sight of; where the theory of art, its science, its history, all that is known of its spirit and manipulation, must be carefully studied and appropriated, and at the same time the general influence of the literary life in its subjective aspect — philosophy, poetry, history, all that widens and deepens the character and gives it dignity and that purpose which is one of the most important elements of morality. The deeper in the character art is rooted, and the wider the range of its roots in their reach for sustenance and support, the greater and more durable its fruits. The purely scientific studies I do not believe to be necessary to the artist. Art has to deal with the subjective side of nature, science with its objective. The former sees only what the heart wishes to see, the latter determines to see and know all that is and every phase of it. The highest use of any created thing to the one is its beauty; to the other, its function; and these have nothing in common so far as art is concerned. Pure science, even geology and anatomy, I believe to have a hardening and blinding tendency on the artistic perceptions. All other branches of mental culture have their place in our university course, and even the positive sciences in their moral and greater intellectual relations as part of its supreme philosophy, though not as special study.

I believe too that the importance of masters is greatly overrated. To catch little tricks of execution, methods which shall enable us to begin sooner the manufacture of pictures, the lessons of men who have already developed convenient and expensive conventionalisms may be very useful; and for the learning to draw correctly, an experienced eye and a trained example certainly render great services, which may be, however, exaggerated, as may all employment of methods originated by others. The true style and method for any painter are those which his own thought and mental conformation evolve, and the acquirement of any other is only the retarding of the full use of his proper language. There are no longer any secrets of the studio, to be acquired only of specialists. Hard work and straightforward use of our common materials, as they have always sufficed for the great painters who originated the great schools, so they will suffice for us. I believe that there is more virtue in the association of a number of sympathetic and purposeful students determined to learn, and profiting by the common stock of their knowledge and experience, — helping, criticising, and encouraging each other, — than in the teaching of the cleverest master living; while a merely clever master offers the greatest of dangers — that of injuring or absorbing the individuality of his pupil without imparting any compensating force. The individuality of the artist is the most delicate of all intellectual growths, and can only be perfectly developed in a free all-round light: the shadow of

any protecting greatness makes it one-sided, while the help of associates on an equal footing stimulates a healthy and symmetrical growth. I would not, therefore, put a great painter at the head of the university, but rather a good drawing-master, without great individuality, for the drawing; a good modeler for the school of sculpture; and a sound and careful painter, not a genius or a brilliant specialist, for the instruction in painting — leaving every student free, after acquiring a safe and correct style, in his or her branch, to go on and modify that, and to evolve from it the style or manner which suits his or her social character. Then a supervising faculty of teachers for general intellectual training should hold the reins of the collective government.

A school organized on such a plan would certainly arrive at the highest results our material permits and would not be subject to the fate of all the great schools hitherto — the overshadowing influence of a great master, who absorbs his or her magnetic attractions all the artistic life of his followers and reduces them to an assimilated school of imitators, pursuing a vein of art which is not their own. If any future is to be found for American art as opposed to the characterless repetition of foreign thought, I am convinced that it must be got at through this path, followed unflinchingly and as long as need be. Such a school should be established far away from the social attractions and distractions of a great city, and if possible under the shadow of a literary university, where the lectures, library, and general intellectual tone of life may aid in strengthening and keeping up the purpose of life and activity, and where the true purpose of education shall not be interfered with by the premature rushing into notoriety, and where the plaudits of an ignorant public shall not seduce the young artist from the grave and laborious pursuit of excellence founded on the basis of a complete and general education. The people who hope to become artists with a dozen lessons in oils or water color, who want to learn to paint before they know how to draw, whose ambition rests on chair-backs, crewel-work, and the hundred and one forms of amateur art which flood the country to-day, will not profit by our university, nor will they to whom art is but a minister to their vanity; but every one to whom art is a serious thing, something worth giving one's life to in unflinching endeavor, will find my scheme more or less accordant to his or her aspirations.

W. J. Stillman.

College Fraternities.

OTHERS can give a more accurate opinion than I upon college fraternities elsewhere; but so far as Amherst is concerned, there can be only a favorable judgment concerning them by any one well informed. Without a doubt they exercise here a wholesome energy, both upon their individual members and upon the college. Combination is strength, whether with young men or old; and where men combine for good ends better results may, of course, be looked for than where the same ends are sought by individuals alone.

Now the aim of these societies is certainly good. They are not formed for pleasure simply, though they are one of the most fruitful sources of pleasure in a

student's college life. Their first aim is the improvement of their members — improvement in literary culture and in manly character. They are all of them literary societies. An effort was made not long since to introduce among us a new society, with prominently social rather than literary aims; but it not only failed to receive the requisite assent of the president of the college, but was not favored by any considerable number of the students, many of whom stoutly opposed it.

One of the happiest features of society life at Amherst is connected with the chapter-houses. There are no better residences in the villages than these, and none are better kept. They are not extravagant, but they are neat and tasteful; they have pleasant grounds surrounding them, the cost of rooms in them is not greater than the average cost in other houses, and they not only furnish the students occupying them a pleasant home, but the care of the home and its surroundings is itself a culture.

There need be no objection to these societies on account of their secrecy. The secrecy is largely in name; is, in fact, little more than the privacy proper to the most familiar intercourse of families and friends. Treated as the societies are among us, and occupying the ground they do, no mischief comes from their secrecy. Instead of promoting cliques and cabals, in point of fact we find less of these than the history of the college shows before the societies came. The rivalry between them is a healthy one, and is conducted openly and in a manly way.

The societies must give back to the college the tone they have first received. I am persuaded that in any college where the prevailing life is true and earnest the societies fed by its fountain will send back bright

and quickening streams. They certainly give gladness and refreshment to our whole college life at Amherst.

AMHERST COLLEGE, June, 1888.

Julius H. Seelye.

Notes on "We-uns" and "You-uns."

IN THE CENTURY for July I notice an article from the pen of L. C. Catlett of Virginia, denying that the people of his State ever made use of the expressions "we-uns" or "you-uns."

During the years 1862 and 1865 I heard these expressions used in almost every section.

At the surrender of General Lee's army, the Fifth Corps was designated by General Grant to receive the arms, flags, etc., and we were the last of the army to fall back to Petersburg, as our regiment (the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry) was detailed to act as provost-guard in Appomattox Court-House.

As we were passing one of the houses on the outskirts of the town, a woman who was standing at the gate made use of the following expression:

"It is no wonder you-uns whipped we-uns. I have been yer three days, and you-uns ain't all gone yet."

QUAKERTOWN, PA.

George S. Scyfes.

IF Mr. Catlett will come to Georgia and go among the "po' whites" and "piney-wood tackeys," he will hear the terms "we-uns" and "you-uns" in every-day use. I have heard them, too, in the Cumberland Valley and other parts of Tennessee, and, unless my memory fails me, in South Carolina. Also, two somewhat similar corruptions, namely, "your-all" and "our-all," implying possession; as, "Your-all's house is better than our-all's."

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

Val. W. Starnes.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

His Mother.

SHE thought about him days and nights,—
Her only son,—her sleep oft losing;
She viewed him in so many lights
The mingled beams became confusing.
His budding powers each hour enhanced
The fears, her heart forever paining,
Lest on mistaken lines advanced
His mental and his moral training.

With prescience of his growing need,
She pored o'er every scheme presented,
And tried, in teaching him to read,
Seven several systems late invented.
Each game he learned was but a veil
For information's introduction;
Each seeming-simple fairy-tale
She barbed with ethical instruction.

And oft she said, her dear brown eyes
With tender terror wide-expanded,
"Oh, I must strive to grow more wise!
Think, think, what care is here demanded!
How dreadful, should my teaching's flaws,
My unguessed errors subtly harm him,
Or Fortune's arrows wound because
His mother failed in proof to arm him!"

And yet, when that young boy,— whose look
Was like some fair boy-prince, as painted
By rare Vandyke,— his soul a book
By blot of falsehood quite untainted,
Inquired, "Mamma, what 's veal?" with mild
Untroubled smile, in accents clearest,
She told that little, trusting child,
"The woolly, baby sheep, my dearest!"

Helen Gray Cone.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

MY friend, if you are happy, don't try to prove it.

THE man who deserves a monument never needs one, while the man who needs one never deserves it.

HE who undertakes to live by his wits will find the best chances already taken.

WIT inclines naturally towards satire, and humor towards pathos.

MUCH as we deplore our condition in life, nothing would make us more satisfied with it than the changing of places, for a few days, with our neighbors.