

and right relations. The archæological painter forgets nothing, and his picture leaves us cold; the poetic painter forgets everything, save the two or three significant things, and his picture sets our imagination aflame. There is entertainment in old Burton, because the man sometimes gets the better of his memory; there is inspiration in Emerson, because the man speaks habitually as if all things were new-created, and there was nothing to remember. The past is a delightful friend if one can live without it, but to the man who lives in it there is no greater tyrant.

As the world grows older, the power to forget must grow with it, or mankind will bend, like Atlas, under a weight which will make movement out of the question. That only which illumines, enlarges, or cheers men ought to be remembered; everything else ought to be forgotten. The rose in bloom has no need of the calyx whose thorny shielding it has outgrown. When the recollection of the past stimulates and inspires, it has immense value; when its splendors make us content to rest on ancestral achievements, it is a sore hindrance. Filial piety holds the names of the fathers sacred; but we are living our lives, not theirs, and it is far more important that we should do brave and just deeds than that we should remember that others have done them. The burning of the Alexandrian Library was not without its compensations, and the rate at which books are now multiplied may some day compel such burnings at stated intervals, for the protection of an oppressed race. The books of power are always few and precious, and long life is decreed for them by reason of the very vitality which gives them their place; but the books of information must be subjected to a principle of selection, more and more rigorously applied as the years go by. Our posterity must conscientiously forget most of the books we have written.

For the characteristic of art—the thing that survives—is not memory, but insight. Our chief concern is to know ourselves, not our forbears; and to master this modern world, not the world of Cæsar or that of Columbus. The great writer speaks out of a personal contact with life, and while he may enrich his report by apt and constant reference to the things that have been, his authority rests on his own clarity of vision and directness of insight. "Our age," says Emerson, "is retrospective. It builds the sepulchers of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy our original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not tradition, and a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs? Embosomed for a season in nature, whose floods of life stream around and through us, and invite us, by the powers they supply, to action proportioned to nature, why should we grope among the dry bones of the past, or put the living generation into masquerade out of its faded wardrobe? The sun shines to-day also. There is more wool and flax in the fields. There are new lands, new men, new thoughts. Let us demand our own works and laws and worship."

Progress is largely conditioned on the ability to forget the views and conclusions which have become authoritative. It took nearly a century of adventurous sailing and perilous adventure to persuade Europe that there was an undiscovered continent between China and its own shores; so possessed was the European mind with the consistent blunders of the past about this Western hemisphere. In the history of art, what are called the classical epochs—the periods of precision, accuracy, and conventional restraint—are inspired by memory; but the creative moments are moments of forgetfulness. The Renaissance was a moment of rediscovery, not of memory; the literary movement of this century involved a determined forgetting of the standards and methods of the last century. The age that lives in its memory of other times and men is always timid and imitative; the age that trusts its own insight is always audacious and creative. If we are to be ourselves, we must forget a good deal more than we remember.

There is a real grace of character in forgetting the

things that disturb the harmony of life. A keen remembrance of injustice or suffering breeds cynicism; the power to forget that we have been wronged, or that life has pressed heavily upon us, develops sweetness, ripeness, and harmonious strength. On the threshold of any future life, one must pass through a great wave of forgetfulness; it were better for us all if heaven were nearer to us by reason of the swift oblivion to which we consigned the wrongs we suffer in this brief burning of the candle of life.



One of the Problems of a Country Church

By the Rev. E. A. George

Is it not a fault of our seminaries, one commonly felt though not often discussed, that they do not prepare a young man more specifically for that kind of work which is generally first open to him? He graduates with glowing dreams of the Institutional Church, of Toynbee Hall, Andover House, and the People's Palace, to find himself, strangely enough, not in New York with its East Side, nor in Boston with its North End, but in a country town. He looks about in vain for the destitute and criminal whom he would reach. The quiet community may seem almost exasperatingly respectable. He may open a reading-room, but only to find that, as all the young men have comfortable homes well supplied with current literature, such an institution is not in demand. He then begins to realize that in an ordinary village the institutional enterprises which have stirred his enthusiasm are absurdly out of place, and that, if any such work is possible, it must be of a kind to which no attention has been directed in his preparation. He is on the alert for the cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us!" He longs to go over into Macedonia and help some one, but he does not know where Macedonia is. Yet here are the love and power of Christ in many hearts, and in the sequestered village, as well as in the crowded city, there must be opportunity for such love and power to express themselves in Christlike service. The meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society especially suggests a potential energy which needs to become kinetic. But how is it to be utilized? The devotional is present. How shall it express itself in and be stimulated by the practical? The devotional meeting, indeed, is like the association of the disciples with Christ on the mountain and in desert places; but, then, that was only half, for the "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile," was immediately followed by the feeding of the five thousand. And where are the five thousand to be ministered unto by the village Christian Endeavor Society? The power is present. Where is the task?

The cry for help from one district of Macedonia certainly comes into the village with the rattling of wheels. The majority of our country towns are centers of trade, and the problem states itself thus: Given a center of trade, to make it a center of religion; or, more concretely, Given one hundred wagons lined in front of the stores on Saturday afternoon, to bring the same one hundred wagons into church sheds on Sunday morning. The solution may be one of the very opportunities for applied Christianity for which the young minister has been longing.

There is no problem more strongly suggested by present tendencies. The movement towards centralization is not confined to the massing of population in cities; it is felt also along the country roads, and is materially changing the manner of life. The roads themselves are rapidly being improved; the road-machine is working in the spring on every byway; good roads are reaching out from the villages, like arteries from the heart, communicating with outlying districts once remote, carrying to these something of the vitality of the center, and making the finger-tips of the county tingle with life. Farmers commonly drive from ten to twenty miles to trade. The village lecture-course is patronized by many from remote corners and nooks, who thus come for an hour at least into touch with the thought

and music of the great world. The town system of schools, already introduced into many parts of New England, is an interesting evidence of this tendency. Instead of the ten or twelve barren district school-houses in a township, a central Academy is being substituted. Carriages make regular trips from the extremities of the town, picking up the children along the way, and carrying them to and from school. The children come to the school, while in the old system the school went to the children. The academy is well ventilated, lighted, and heated. The old school-house had its box-stove and meandering stove-pipe. The academy has well-equipped, high-salaried teachers. The school-house too often was under incompetent instructors. The academy is graded in large classes, stimulating a healthy rivalry, ambition, and measuring of one's self with others. Many a country school has existed for only three or four pupils, while in more than one instance a teacher has sat all day long with one solitary child before her.

Now, this movement of concentration brings to the village church the most vital suggestion. If the township is becoming a tension-wheel, like that of Ferris, the power of the church should be felt along the radiating spokes to the very circumference. Not only should the store, the lecture-hall, and the academy attract to the center, but in the total centripetal force a large element should be the attractive power of Him who is drawing all men unto him. In the old Puritan days the families on scattered farms attended church regularly. In many districts to-day they do not. In one town of 1,500 inhabitants, with a tributary country of 3,000, one church has in its parish but twelve farmers. This may be an extreme case, but probably there are many like it. Districts several miles from a center are liable to be non-church-going. On Sunday the horses are tired, the men and women are tired, the children must be dressed, and then there are the "chores" and the dinner. It requires a decided effort for a farmer's family to attend church, but this only emphasizes the problem. The slums of New England are not confined to Boston. They are in part out on the hills. In some cases these places have suffered from a progressive degeneration, the most energetic and ambitious in each generation having left the old home for the city. When the city "has the pick" of the rural population, the law for the country is too often the survival of the unfittest.

In one village church, among the most regular attendants, present sometimes at the mid-week meeting, are three families, one driving in four miles from the north-east, the second four miles from the northwest, the third four miles from the west. In one of the families are five small children, and no one to help at home. Now, if these three families could pick up the net at these three corners and draw it in as they come in on Sunday, what a draught there would be! Our churches need to box the compass.

It is something, perhaps, simply to state the problem, for such statement always suggests the first steps of the solution. The "Lady Evangelists," the slum sisters of the country, are doing much to solve the problem with their house-to-house visitation. The school-house meeting, inaugurated and conducted by the village Christian Endeavor Society, carries out the cordiality and invitation of the central church. From a certain society more than ten sometimes drive out to forward such a meeting, for in Vermont there are Christian Endeavor horses. The deacon who sells dry goods on Saturday ought to be able to draw some of his customers into his pew on Sunday. Especially is there need of Christian cordiality on the part of the village people toward the farmers. Perhaps it is enough simply to state the problem, for, after all, the first problem of a country church is to find what its problems are. "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."



Do not drudge like a galley-slave, nor do business in such a laborious manner as if you had a mind to be pitied or wondered at.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

What Shall We Do with the Unemployed?

By Wilton Tournier

As long as we live in a competitive society poverty will be the lot of the many, who will have to toil hard to find the means to buy the necessities of life. The working classes, being dependent on the capitalist for a chance to earn a living, have little freedom, for the supply certainly exceeds the demand in the labor market. There are some who will question this; indeed, I have heard the Secretary of one of the large charitable organizations of New York City say that all honest, sober men can find employment; but Mr. George Gunton, editor of the "Social Economist," says, "There has not been a time for more than four hundred years that the supply of labor has not been in excess of the demand;" and Professor John R. Commons, Professor of Political Economy at the University of Indiana, says, "In our best of times there are more men to work than places to work." The wage of the unskilled employed at the best of times is barely sufficient to provide them with the necessities of life, and a large number are compelled to work for starvation wages. This is bad enough, but when depression takes place the wage-earner is reduced to a deplorable condition. Fluctuations in the labor market are constantly plunging thousands into extreme poverty.

The charitably disposed (and especially those connected with societies) often lose sight of the fact that there are in our cities mighty armies of employed human beings bordering on destitution, owing to precarious employment, who, when sickness, bad trade, or unforeseen loss comes, oftentimes sink to extreme poverty, never to rise again. Some parade our streets seeking work, and many, having lost all hope and self-respect, beg for the means to keep body and soul together. What becomes of these "vanquished combatants in the struggle of life" under existing arrangements? Of the respectable poor who will not beg, a few die of actual starvation, and many of the ills brought about by semi-starvation, while the remainder drag out a miserable existence until death releases them from their trials. The other class, made up of occasional laborers, loafers, and semi-criminals, eke out an existence in poorhouses and on the streets of our cities or lanes of the country. Is this picture too highly colored? I think not. Professor Huxley, speaking of the misery of the masses, says: "Any one who is acquainted with the state of the population of all great industrial centers, whether in this [England] or other countries, is aware that amidst a large and increasing population there reigns supreme . . . that condition which the French call *la misère*, a word for which I do not think there is any exact English equivalent. It is a condition in which the food, warmth, and clothing which are necessary for the mere maintenance of the functions of the body in their normal state cannot be obtained."

Duty and self-interest call upon the well-to-do members of society to face the problem of the destitute unemployed ere it is too late. Can nothing be done for the mighty army of respectable poor out of work who are destitute or bordering on destitution? Is it not possible to establish industrial institutions where single and married persons can be employed, and earn at least the means to purchase the necessities of life? Public and private poor-relief is not acceptable to the self-respecting poor, and many suffer the pangs of hunger rather than seek alms. Those who have lost hope, and are consequently weak and despondent, easily drift into beggary and degradation. Indeed, the number is so large that the Charity Organization Societies of several cities are up in arms to suppress begging and provide labor tests for the tramp element of society. In many of our cities lodging-houses are provided for tramps, where they receive food and a bed for a given quantity of work in a wood-yard. In Washington and Boston municipal lodging-houses have been established. Those who seek admission to these houses have, ere they receive food and a bed, to saw wood for some