

in brief, optionalism without orthodoxy. But by preaching things new and old, he avoids defective, one-sided teaching, blending the nobility of progress with the stability of basis. Thus preaching, our minister will surely reach men's hearts and lives.

II. "How ought the Church to carry out its work—with what methods and forms of organization—so as to promote that spiritual life?"

Here again I cannot answer so well as in the words of our Master:

No man putteth new wine into old skins, else the new wine will burst the skins, and the wine will be spilled, and the skins will perish: but new wine must be put into fresh skins, and both are preserved.

Homely as the parable is, it hints profound lessons.

First, there is such a thing as "new wine." In other words, we live under the law of evolution, which is but another name for God's law of progress. Accordingly, each age of the Church has had its own mission, and therefore its own method. For example (in way of rough characterization), the first age was the age of missions, the second an age of theology, the third an age of churchism, the fourth an age of scholasticism, the fifth an age of protestantism, the sixth an age of denominationalism. We are now entering on a new age—the age of unification along the practical line of the whole man, spirit and soul and body. Woe to traditionalists who fail to discern the signs of God's advancing times! There is such a thing as new wine.

Secondly, we must put the new wine into fresh skins. That is to say, Christianity being a living, ever-growing thing, we must ever keep adjusting forms to life. For example, we must adjust methods to providences—discerning the signs of the times. We must adjust dress to growth—the pinafore does not become the adolescent. We must adjust creeds to truth—the mediæval casket is too small for our modern jewels. We must adjust institutions to man—the Hebrew Sabbath is too rigid for Christian society. We must adjust organizations to the organism—no sect can comprise the Kingdom. We must adjust architecture to purpose—worship involves the service of the body as well as of the spirit. In short, we must adjust the Church to Christ, growing up in all things into him who is the head, even Christ. If we fail to do this, the wine of Christianity will be spilled, and the skins of the churches will perish. But if we do as our Master bids, adjusting form to life, method to progress, environment to evolution, both the new wine of Christianity and the skins of the churches will be preserved.

To sum up. If the ministry will constantly bring forth out of God's treasury things new and old, and if the Church will constantly put new wine into fresh skins, Christianity will ever tell "the old, old story," and therefore will ever sing "the new, new song."



Bronson Alcott's Career¹

By the Rev. J. H. Ward

It would be hard to single out any individual in this country, since the discovery of America by Columbus, who lived a life so unique, at once so foolish and so wise, so impractical and so serene and perfectly pure, as that which was led by Amos Bronson Alcott during more than eighty years, in the eyes of all New England and in the face of the whole country. As Byron said in his "Monody on the Death of Sheridan,"

Nature ne'er made but one such man,
And broke the die in molding Sheridan.

Mr. Alcott was a Connecticut boy, born November 29, in the rural town of Woolcot, in the last year of the last century, and lived until 1887 in this. He was born as a Connecticut Yankee, and had all the sins of omission and commission that this creature is supposed to indulge in

during the period of youth. His father was too poor to send him to college at New Haven, and when he was old enough to be teaching school in the rural districts he went down to Virginia and the Carolinas in order to peddle Connecticut nutmegs and other notions among the slaveholders and the poor whites, and to learn good manners, and to break his shell and come into contact with the wide world. When he had served this kind of apprenticeship for several years, and was over the period of sowing his wild oats, which were principally a display of his vanity, and went no further than venial sins, he began his career as a Cheshire schoolmaster, teaching for a mere pittance, but introducing into that school such notions of health and moral probity and high character that he left an impression upon the minds of his pupils that followed them through life. Had Mr. Alcott no other claim to the gratitude of posterity, he could be called the great American schoolmaster.

It was his school-keeping that gave him a wife. The news of his reformatory ideas in conducting district schools reached the Rev. Samuel J. May, who was then the Unitarian pastor in Brooklyn, Connecticut, and whose sister Mary lent a ready ear to the news concerning this young schoolmaster who was to make her brother a visit, and whose purity and elevation of thought and exalted unworldliness completely won the heart of the young maiden, who was a scion of one of the best families of Boston. Mr. Sanborn, in this biography, which is a good deal spun out, has not erred in supplying some of the correspondence that passed while Miss May was making preparations in mind and heart to become Mrs. Alcott. It was in September, 1828, that Mr. Alcott also came in contact for the first time with his friend Emerson; and thus the two greatest influences that wrought upon his career and did most to determine its course began almost simultaneously. While Mr. Sanborn has undoubtedly gratified a right curiosity in giving one-half of the first volume to the earlier career of Mr. Alcott, it seems as if all that is really valuable in his earlier life might have been compressed into a much smaller space. In 1838 Emerson wrote thus: "Alcott is a ray of the oldest light. They say that the light of some stars that parted from the orb at the deluge of Noah has only now reached our earth." In 1861 Emerson again wrote: "Our Alcott has only just missed being a seraph. A little English finish and articulation to his potencies, and he would have compared with the greatest." It was a piece of great good fortune that Mr. Alcott exchanged Miss May's friendship for the close relation of wife, and it was a rare blessing that came to him in the friendship of Emerson. Perhaps he was the only person in North America who could have understood him rightly, who could have looked beyond the foibles which lay upon the surface, and have seen the sterling strength of the man that was behind them. Certain it is that from the year 1834, when Mr. Alcott began to attain notoriety, on to the day of his death, he knew no kinder, truer, nobler, more disinterested friend. The writer of this article well remembers the anxiety which Mr. Alcott had about what Emerson thought of him, and whether, if Emerson survived him, he would do justice to his memory. One day Mr. Alcott ventured to speak to Emerson about the matter, and he was assured that in every respect this friend would be true to the knowledge of his higher and better character. Mr. Alcott had a certain amount of vanity which was undisguised, and which often lowered one's estimate of the man because it seemed to be so much below his style of being and the great thoughts amid which his mind habitually seemed to dwell.

The first steps which led to his notoriety in New England grew out of his select school, in which he undertook to teach the pupils of some of the first families in Boston according to a rationalistic method, in which the Gospels were handled by Mr. Alcott and his youthful friends as if they were qualified to take out the highest meanings which our Lord expressed in them. Emerson never believed much in this system, but with Mr. Alcott it was one of those well-meaning hallucinations which nearly always accompanied his grand thinking, and led him into absurdities that became a matter of ridicule with the public at large.

¹ *A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy.* By F. B. Sanborn and William T. Harris. 2 Vols. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

There was a great idea behind the little school which Mr. Alcott kept in Masonic Temple, next door to St. Paul's Church, in Boston. The venerable Elizabeth Peabody, now almost the only survivor of the Transcendental period, was his associate in this enterprise, and she daily recorded what his pupils said and the questions that Mr. Alcott put to them. The exercises were shortly afterwards published in two volumes entitled "Conversations on the Gospels." They were criticised severely in the Boston "Advertiser," the mother of Dr. Edward Everett Hale making fun of them and starting an opposition to him which, without her intention, soon broke up his school. This reduced Mr. Alcott to a great financial strait, from which Emerson, who then resided in Concord, relieved him by liberal gifts of money and finally by domiciling him in one of his own homes at Concord. This was the beginning of the cordial intimacy between the two men, and it is in the records of their intimacy that the interest of these two volumes chiefly abides. It could not be said that Alcott was the complement of Emerson, but Emerson was the complement of Alcott. During the years from 1834 to 1840 the Transcendental movement was making steady progress in New England, and particularly around Boston, and Emerson was in the center of that movement. Margaret Fuller was its priestess, and Alcott was its wise man, its Plato, and at times its Socrates. It is impossible to go much into detail concerning the materials which are here for the first time furnished in full, because it would lead one far beyond the space that is allowed for this article; but, aside from the personal details concerning the Alcott household, the interest of this story for the rest of the memoir lies in the revelations which come from Mr. Alcott and Mr. Emerson concerning the literary and philosophical and religious ideas which were put forth by Alcott and Emerson and Margaret Fuller. Mr. Sanborn cannot be too warmly thanked for what he has here brought together in the form of new information. Unless Miss Peabody shall have left an autobiography that can be depended upon, all the information concerning this movement has now been collected and published, and the time is ripe for a work like that which a friend of the writer of this article has long been preparing, and which will be the history of the higher life of this century in New England.

It is a fascinating subject to enter upon, and for one who has been just outside of this movement, too young to have been an actor in it, and yet old enough to have been inspired by it, and educated so as to see it and understand it from a wider point of view than was taken by those who were in it, it is perhaps the most interesting subject that has been left untouched by any American writer. Mr. Alcott stood in a peculiar relation to Emerson. Emerson did not need him, but it helped Emerson to feel that God was nearer to him when Alcott was close at hand. No man whom the writer has ever known had so much of the divine in him at certain great moments as Mr. Alcott had. When he was in the right mood, as was often the case in the last years of his life, at the Concord School of Philosophy, no man in America ever said such magnificent things as he did. You find the same things in his "Table-Talk," his "Concord Days," and his "Tablets," but here you miss the wonderful presence of the man himself. His height, his unworldly air, his attitude of dignity and nobleness, his willingness to speak for the Almighty, made his words on the highest subjects more weighty, more inspiring, and more like the utterance of a divine voice than anything that has ever been known on this continent. Coleridge, when Emerson went to see him first in England, and when Carlyle paid his first pilgrimage to Highgate, was another such man, and his writings even to-day in certain portions are instinct with that divine power which he at times revealed to his fellow-men. Laugh as one may because Mr. Alcott lived on beans and onions and cabbages, and because he was so unpractical and unworldly that he could not earn his daily bread, it is impossible not to feel a thrill of satisfaction at the nobleness of the two women, his wife and his daughter Louisa, upon whom the burden of the support of the family fell in the years of their later life, and who gave up their own enjoyment in order that

this grand old man, whom the one called husband and the other called father, could round out his ideas and come up to the great satisfactions of life. Few women ever realized in a career of fifty years the same nobleness and elevation and strength that were manifested in the life of Louisa Alcott, and the writer of this article well remembers a conversation with her in which the wealth of soul which she had in reserve as the spring of her affection for her father and mother were shown with an emotion and a thrill of feeling that indicated how deeply reverence and devotion to them had absorbed all the other activities of her being. That Mr. Alcott, with all his vagaries, should have had the truest affection and the highest regard of Emerson, and that he should have had the most loyal devotion of both wife and daughter—the three persons who knew him best in life—is as true a testimony to his greatness of soul as if the whole world had spoken his praises.

There is one more person who may be said to have been made by Mr. Alcott, so far as a strong and original mind can be influenced by another mind, and this is Dr. William T. Harris, who in this volume tells how Mr. Alcott came to him as a teacher and awakened his dormant philosophical powers and helped him in the studies which have already controlled and inspired his life. It has been reserved for this distinguished writer and thinker to pay a final tribute to Mr. Alcott in an analysis of his philosophy which is a closer and truer appreciation of his thinking than has ever been made by any one else. Dr. Harris had an instinct for the higher thinking, which at an early period sent him to the original authorities from whom Mr. Alcott had drawn his "Orphic Sayings," and he gives his great friend the distinction which he deserves as the foremost expounder of the Neoplatonists in New England or in America. Even Emerson was not quite up to Mr. Alcott's elevation of thought and insight. Dr. Harris says: "For a long time I was puzzled at this refusal of Mr. Emerson to recognize the greatness of Mr. Alcott's books, especially of 'Tablets,' published in 1868. For my own part, I had found all the great doctrines of Gnosticism and Neoplatonism there stated with great felicity. I had found that wonderful idea of correspondence between man and his colossal image, built by him as demiurgus: the idea celebrated by the 'Orphic poet' in 'Nature.' It contains also the Swedenborgian idea regarding the correspondence of the two sides of the dualism, spirit and matter. This was given in its germ by Alcott, and wonderfully expanded by Emerson into the best theory of æsthetics extant, next after Aristotle's 'Poetics' and Hegel's all-including 'Æsthetik,' in his essay on 'Poetry and Imagination' in 'Social Aims.'" Dr. Harris is not able to make a very clear statement of Mr. Alcott's philosophy, and it is truth to say that it was not his philosophy so much as his method of thinking up to the sources of being that attracted Dr. Harris to Mr. Alcott and caused him to be a help in his own philosophical conclusions. Persons go to Mr. Alcott, not for a system of philosophy, but for those pregnant "Orphic Sayings" which lighten up the whole universe and make one feel that "God is, and that he is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him." Dr. Harris has been the first among persons of this generation to give Mr. Alcott a fair amount of credit for his philosophical work. Neither Emerson nor Alcott nor Coleridge nor Maurice has given us a full philosophical system, but their optimism, like that of Bishop Brooks, has lifted up thousands of our fellow-men to see the truth on its positive side, and to walk in the light because it is more comforting than to walk in the darkness. It is an immense satisfaction to one who cannot see his way far ahead in philosophy or in spiritual things, and who does not believe in the old clothes with which spiritual truth is often wrapped up, to come across a man like Mr. Alcott, who is positive in his great affirmations, who dares to look God in the face with a reverent eye, and whom no fears can frighten from his audacious attempt to reach out to the immensities which are beyond him.

Mr. Sanborn is not an ideal biographer. He is not a literary artist. He paints in where others would paint out. He has given us a trustworthy account of Mr. Alcott, but

it is not until one comes to the part written by Dr. Harris that he finds any soul in it. It is a collection of materials about Mr. Alcott, rather than a story that shows true insight into his life and a sympathy with or intelligent appreciation of his aims and plans.

The Lyceum League

By Francis Bellamy

The recent placing of our flag, for the first time, at Sandy Hook Light, which is the first spot of American land meeting the eye on shipboard, gave a National prominence to the Lyceum League of America, which led in this movement, and presented the set of monster flags to the Government.

One of the significant marks of the times is the multitude of organizations for the promotion of patriotism. Of these, perhaps none shows more practical sense and a keener appreciation of the right way to stir the thoughts and purposes of young men than the Lyceum League of America. This is a National federation of lyceums, debating societies, or congresses of young men, which are devoted to the promotion of good citizenship by means of discussion of American problems. It is a revival of the old American lyceum, which did so much, a generation or two ago, to train a race of statesmen and political leaders. It is more than this, however; these modern lyceums are constituted into an affiliated brotherhood, with a constitution and a simple but dignified ritual, both of which set forth the aim of the organization to be the cultivation of good citizenship among the young men of America, by training them to think for themselves, by making them intelligent on American issues, by impressing them with the duties of citizenship.

Not the least remarkable feature of this movement is that it was started and is now maintained and directed by a well-known journal. The "Youth's Companion," which started the School-house Flag movement some four years ago, and then originated and carried out the general public school celebration of Columbus Day last year, also undertook this present educational movement among young men, with the view of giving intelligent shape and direction to the patriotic sentiments which the other movements were awakening. Other organizations for the promotion of patriotism among young men have depended upon reading classes and drills and lectures to accomplish their end; but the originators of this movement chose debate as a practical means for arousing interest in American questions and for stimulating purposes of good citizenship. This has the advantage of making careful reading a necessity by way of preparation; while it is difficult to induce most young men to read books requiring thought, they will take to hard reading when training for a contest of intellectual agility as naturally as to physical hard work when training for a muscular struggle.

This movement was started in October, 1891, and the door was thrown open to all young men who might organize a debating society in this League. A charter was granted to each Lyceum, and an equipment consisting of various books, manuals, and other belongings essential to such organizations was supplied for a nominal sum. Within a few months over a thousand Lyceums had been chartered. The work of developing this movement has been going on steadily. One of the features of this development is that the average age of membership has been raised from that of mere lads to upwards of twenty years.

The League is now extending itself into various fields—the Church Lyceum, the School Lyceum, the Y. M. C. A. Lyceum, the Sons of Veterans Lyceum, being among its types. One of the first things which each Lyceum is encouraged to do is to gather a library of a few well-selected books bearing upon American history and statesmanship and the pressing problems of the present. Each Lyceum is also encouraged to maintain within itself a magazine circle in which such weeklies as *The Outlook*, the "Nation," "Public Opinion," and the "Youth's Companion;" such monthlies as the "Review of Reviews," the "North Amer-

ican Review," the "Forum," the "Century," the "Chautauquan," are circulated.

The Greater Glory¹

By Maarten Maartens

Author of "God's Fool," "Joost Avelingh," "An Old Maid's Love," etc. (Begun in *The Outlook* for July 1.)

CHAPTER III.

DEYNUM

On the evening which brought the Marquis to Deynum, Baron Rexelaer had been down to the village. "Good-evening, Landheer,"² said a peasant, touching his cap.

The old Baron did not hear. He walked slowly, stooping forward, and his hands, which held a paper, were folded behind his back. He was a man nearer sixty than fifty, old-fashioned in appearance and apparel, a man of clear-cut features, which had been still further sharpened by the delicate chisel of Care.

The peasant, an old man also, turned to stare after his master with leisurely surprise. Then he shook his head lengthily as he resumed his slouching way.

The road was a long one. It came creeping down, white and thin, from the wooded hillocks against the dim horizon, and stretched itself, as one that takes possession, right across many miles of purple heath; then it broadened out, straight and hard, past the village, and curled away into nothing among the distant trees of the park.

The village lay, trim and prosperous, red-roofed and green-shuttered, in two rows, behind equal strips of narrow garden, on each side of the road. These patches of ground, though chiefly devoted to cabbages and cauliflowers, shone bright here and there in great splotches of crimson and violet. The gardens were silent. The cottages were silent. Only, occasionally, some humble figure, in white cap and print gown, would come running out from a half-open door, and hurry round to the back with a pail or a platter. On a small green, over which the church rose gaunt and bare, a little knot of urchins cowered, chatting sedately. They stumbled to their feet, in a languid manner, as the lord of the land went by, and jerked their caps in half a dozen varied postures of clumsiness.

He had not noticed them. Yet, at this point, he paused, and, slowly turning, took a deliberate survey of the village, from the windmill which stands at the entrance, like a towering sentinel, its great brown sails becalmed upon the pale-blue air, to the little low-thatched cottage, asleep at the further end, against the park inclosure—the lame cobbler's cottage, which looks, in its deep-sunk humility, as if it had pulled the roof over its eyes for shame.

It was very short and thin, this village. And around it heath and woods spread very far and wide. An ashen dullness fell slowly settling upon all things, such as follows when the shadows lengthen over the deep gold of a sunlit autumn day. A chill little wind from nowhere began flattening out the soft air.

"My village," said the old lord's thoughts; and the paper crackled between his nervous hands. All Deynum was his. It was little Deynum. To him it was neither big nor little. It was all Deynum.

Beyond the village, as has been already said, the road led away into the castle grounds. You found yourself suddenly among the tall trees, on both sides, in the half-light shaded and solemn. A moment ago you could still have seen them rising, from the flat fields all around, in a great bouquet of rounded verdure, like an offering from earth to her Maker. The park was not large, compared to many others, but its wide-spreading oaks and beeches were reckoned among the oldest in Holland. It was open to the public road, excepting for a deep, dry ditch alongside, and presently you hopped upon the avenue, which, without lodge or gate or even stone of warning, stretched broad

¹ Copyright, 1893, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

² Lord of the Soil, equivalent to Laird.