

human and hearty and happy, and I have always remembered it affectionately."

Mrs. Stowe was then a woman of world-wide fame, but living a quiet domestic life, deeply religious in tone, profoundly sympathetic with moral movements, and with personal experiences simple, unaffected, and pervaded throughout by an incorruptible integrity.

The anti-slavery agitation was at its height when the Stowes left Cincinnati for Maine. Mrs. Stowe had been near enough to the frontier line between slavery and freedom to enter personally into the great struggle then going on. It has been said, and with entire truth, that the Dred Scott decision made slavery a National institution, and did more to organize the whole North against it than any other single incident or fact. There were many men who were reluctant to disturb slavery so long as it remained on Southern soil, but they were incapable of becoming parties to the system by assisting in the return of fugitive slaves. Mrs. Stowe lived on the border-line over which such slaves were constantly making their escape. She came into contact with the problem at first hand in many ways, and it took possession of her heart and soul. In Brunswick she conceived of the idea of writing a series of sketches which should portray a slaveholding society as she understood it. A magazine article containing the account of the escape of a slave woman and her child over the ice of the Ohio River suggested the first incident in the story, but the death of Uncle Tom was the initial point. When she had put this scene on paper, the book rapidly assumed shape in her mind, and was written with a running pen. It appeared first in weekly installments in "The National Era" of Washington. On March 20, 1852, it was given to the world in book form. Ten thousand copies were sold in a few days, and the book soon attained a circulation of not less than 300,000 copies. Its influence was instantaneous and almost incalculable, and no one can read the story to-day, when all the passions which raged about it are dead, without understanding the secret of that influence.

It has been said, and with a degree of truth, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was not an entirely accurate description of a slaveholding community. There were hosts of considerate and merciful slave-owners. It was not Mrs. Stowe's purpose to describe this class. She was not attempting to portray dispassionately a social institution in all its phases; she was attempting to portray, and she succeeded in portraying, with passionate power, possible conditions of life under the system of slavery. It was a fair thing to do, because a system ought to be held responsible for the worst conditions which naturally arise under it. The only other book in modern literature which has produced an effect at all commensurate with that produced by "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is Tourguéneff's "Sketches of a Sportsman." In these sketches the great Russian novelist, with an artistic skill and poise which were beyond the command of Mrs. Stowe, set down with dispassionate accuracy the condition of things as he saw it among the Russian serfs. The book is a series of studies done by one of the greatest masters of fiction from a literary standpoint. Its power lay, not in the dramatic intensity with which the institution of serfdom was thrown into bold relief, but in the almost judicial calmness with which it was pictured. When the book fell into the hands of the Czar, Alexander II., it brought home to him for the first time the full meaning of serfdom, and it bore its fruit in the emancipation of the serf. Mrs. Stowe's method was different, and was more immediately effective. Tourguéneff reached the mind and convinced the reason of an absolute sovereign; Mrs. Stowe awoke the conscience of a whole people. In the light of this supreme achieve-

ment, an estimate of Mrs. Stowe's later work may for the moment be postponed. From a literary point of view her studies of New England character and life are distinctly her best work; but it must not be assumed that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" owed its success entirely to the theme and the hour; it discloses literary power of a very high order. Defective as it is in construction and style, it has, nevertheless, elements of greatness in it. Mrs. Stowe was first and foremost the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the most influential woman of her time in this country, and in all probability one of the marked women of the century in the eyes of the future.

The Pope on Christian Unity

Generous quotations from Pope Leo's Encyclical Letter on Christian Unity will be found in the Religious World in The Outlook of this week. Like all communications of the kind which the present Pope has made to the world, it is eminently courteous, moderate, and kindly in tone. The immediate occasion for its preparation was probably the publication of Mr. Gladstone's letter, which has already been commented upon in The Outlook. It is needless to say that while Pope Leo is in thoroughgoing and honest antagonism to the reactionary tendencies within the Roman Catholic Church, and is in more senses than one a leader of its progressive element, in hearty sympathy with his times and with the democratic movement, and to a certain extent open-minded to the discoveries of truth and fact along scientific lines, he is also an uncompromising exponent of the Roman Catholic doctrine of the exclusive and supreme authority of the Church. He is eager to bring the Church into closer relations with modern life, but he abandons no whit of the claims of his most reactionary predecessors. His argument for the authority of the Church is clear, definite, and convincing, provided one accepts the premises on which it rests. That, however, is, as Matthew Arnold said of Cardinal Newman's solution of the problem of life, simply impossible to the Protestant world. The humorous aspect of the Christian unity proposed by various religious bodies, which is embodied in the suggestion on the part of each body that all other communions shall come to its point of view, has more than once been pointed out. The kindly and courteous Encyclical of a Pope whom all Protestants respect throws the humor of that proposition into still bolder relief. There can never be a reunion of Christendom on ground held exclusively by any one body of Christians. When such a reunion comes about, it will be because an inward and spiritual conviction and faith draws each body away from its particular position to the central point where truth in its highest aspects is one. Organic unity can never be effected on the basis of an infallible authority vested either in a line of Popes or in a succession of councils. The spiritual conception of the nature of the Christian religion and of the functions of the Christian Church has sunk so deeply into the heart of a large part of the world that a consensus of opinion which would rest the authority of that religion and of that Church upon an external tradition of any kind can never be obtained.

This does not mean, however, that the hope of a union of Christians throughout the world large enough to include not only all Protestants, but all Roman Catholics and members of the Greek Church as well, is a pure illusion. The constant discussion of the subject shows how much the divisions of the Church weigh upon the noblest spirits among religious people; and the marked change in the temper and character of the discussion evidences in

another way the growing consciousness of the real community of interest and faith between Christians of every race, creed, and Church. Sir Thomas Browne urged that the use of good language was due to the Pope as a temporal prince; the time has come when it is not only accorded to him as a Christian, but is also expected from him, and that expectation the present Pope has never disappointed. Christians are clearly learning to live together in the bonds of brotherly love, and that in itself marks a great forward step.



Suggestion and Hint

Nothing is more characteristic of fruitful men than their ability to take suggestions from every quarter and to perceive almost at a glance their possibilities of development and use. A man of this temper is constantly fed by casual remarks, incidents, stories, and experiences. Things which would have no interest beyond the moment to a man lacking this quality of appropriation become wonderfully rich and stimulating. Some men develop this faculty to such a degree that they become largely dependent upon it, and find it necessary to keep themselves in constant contact with other men in order to receive the necessary intellectual stimulus. In rare cases the faculty may be over-developed. In the cases of most men its development is rudimentary. In such a development, however, two ends are served. First, life is made infinitely more interesting. A man who forms the habit of getting at the inner significance of things, of detecting their resemblances, of seeing their illustrative power, finds himself constantly entertained by what goes on within his hearing and before his eyes. The spectacle of appearances and the procession of experiences are not isolated. They suggest a thousand interesting points of contact; they throw side-lights on a thousand obscure or difficult problems. Second, life is made very much richer by the development of this habit. It takes on a definitely educational character. A man is fed by nearly everything which comes in his way; his thought is stimulated, his imagination awakened, his speech enriched. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of the man whom Mr. Lincoln once pronounced the most fruitful mind in the history of America—the man who literally found sermons in stones, who drew from other men the secrets of their craft, who saw the resemblances between the processes of all industries and the processes of life, who detected the large and subtle analogies between human life and the life of nature. To him, therefore, all experiences and observation became a kind of Pactolian stream which left a deposit of gold in its channel. It lies within the power of few men to make such use of this faculty of appropriation as the great preacher and orator of whom Mr. Lincoln spoke, but it lies within the power of all men to develop it to such a degree as to get an immense addition of pleasure and power from it.



The Outlook Vacation Fund

A Letter from Santa Clara

Most of us long for the unsung songs of the poets, but only those who live close to the working-girls of New York know the untold tragedies of daily life in this great city. Twelve years ago a gentlewoman by birth and education was left a widow with one child in the city of New York, without a dollar. She faced the future conscious of her limited physical powers, and very conscious that she was totally unfitted by training to support herself and her little girl of four years. It is doubtful whether she would have made the effort to live if it had not been for the trusting affection of her little girl. Mother love gave her

courage, and she went to work. She was a fine needlewoman, slow, but able to do exquisite work. She managed to keep a home for herself and child by unremitting toil, working day and night. Her little daughter attended the public school, and the mother made use of her limited knowledge of music for her girl's benefit. The child showed a decided talent for music, and it then became the mother's ambition to educate her for a music-teacher, little realizing that the teaching of music as she knew it, when every girl was satisfied if she could play the "Shepherd Boy" and a few other thrilling and popular ditties on the piano, and music lessons as they are given to-day represent a great growth in the knowledge of music by the people of this country. Utterly unconscious that the education that she could give her child in music would be very inadequate to the work that she intended her to do, the mother persisted, and the girl secured a few music pupils when she was fourteen years old. She had a very good voice, which she used in a volunteer choir for practice, and she soon found herself teaching girls with no voices to imitate her, believing she was training their voices. A year ago last winter she developed throat trouble. It finally became so serious that a physician (that dread of the poor) had to be consulted. Terror seized the mother's heart when she was told that the girl had the incipient seeds of consumption. The singing lessons were given up, but the piano lessons continued until the girl could not sit on the piano-stool from exhaustion. Then the mother took the child to the Working-Girls' Vacation Society, asking that she be given a vacation. The Society's physician decided that two months in the Adirondacks might cure the girl. This decision was almost as hard for the mother to bear as was the first declaration of the physician that her child was threatened with death. The mother and daughter had never been separated in their lives; as the mother expressed it, "For twelve years she has gone to sleep with her hand in mine. How can I let her go!" They parted, and this is the letter that came to the mother:

Dear Mamma:

We arrived at Tupper junction at 5.30 this morning. Got coffee & rolls & each paid 25 cts. Arrived at Santa Clara at 9.30. Got eggs, coffee, milk & bread. Took a nap & now I write. Paid 25 cts for my trunk, paid Dr. 10 cts & now have 40 cts. left.

The house surprised me, it takes up 3 city blocks; has 36 single rooms, 9 hammocks, & 2 cots out of doors. The dining-room has 4 long tables covered with ferns. Blue and white dishes. You can use all the fancy pillows, of which they have about 20, & there are 12 reclining chairs on the veranda. I have a room on the ground floor; a wardrobe with 2 shelves & all is new, for I am in the new part of the house. I have a Turkish rug. Fancy oak dresser with a swinging mirror & 4 drawers—a center table with a handsome linen hemstitched cover, wicker rocker, & one chair; a white iron bedstead, white spread, & even a nice new scrap basket; a blue and white china toilet set. They have glass candle-sticks & candles here, they do not allow lamps. I sit next to the Dr. & the nurse at the Table. I wish you was here, you would not believe it. We have a library & two handsome parlors furnished all new in oak, desk, rockers, couches, pictures, etc. I slept at night & feel all right. Am not homesick. All the girls (12) so far seem all right. Don't worry about me, look out for *yourself* & eat. I feel I will get along *fine*. We are right in the village. I wrote with lead pencil because I could not find a pen & did not want to keep you in anxiety. Answer as soon as you can.

Ever your loving daunt—

Roast lamb	} Dinner To-day.
Stewed corn	
Mashed potatoes	
Made gravy	
Custard	
Milk	
Tea	
Onion salad.	

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,973 88
Two Friends, Kingston, N. Y.....	25 00
E. C. B., Boston, Mass.....	5 00
Oldtown.....	1 00
G. M., Stanford University, Cal.....	5 00
Mrs. L. T., London, England.....	25 00
M. G., Exeter, N. H.....	3 00
B. F. G., Chicago, Ill.....	2 00
E. H. B.....	5 00
Barnard, '96.....	5 00
M., Keene, N. H.....	5 00
A Friend.....	5 00
Cash, Plainfield, N. J.....	5 00
Mrs. A. M. A.....	3 00
Part of the proceeds of a Fair held by the following children:	
Margaret Hubbell, Georgiana Silcox, Margarite Robinson, Gladys M. Lord, Edith Harmon, Ruth Furniss, George S. Scofield, Jr., Edna Baldwin, Margarite Harmon, Ettie Scofield, Margery Baldwin, Anita Silcox, Francis Jenkins, Stafford Hubbell.....	17 00
A Friend.....	2 00
A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2 00
A. E. D., Newington, Conn.....	8 00
The Mission Circle of the United Church, New Haven, Conn.....	10 00
Mrs. H. M. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	5 00
A Teacher.....	2 00
M., Washington, Ind.....	2 00
Thankful.....	10 00
A. K. H.....	10 00
E. M. G., Springfield, Mass.....	3 35
M. N. S., Williamsburg, Va.....	2 00
E. B. P., New Haven, Conn.....	10 00
M. L. O., Syracuse, N. Y.....	5 00
Wage-Earner, Washington, D. C.....	2 00
In Memory of J. L., Nazareth, Pa.....	11 00
Total.....	\$2,169 23