

age right doing and right thinking. No advocacy of a public nature, however, could have more lasting power than the private example he gave of scrupulous honor. He voluntarily bore for years the burden of financial liability incurred in his name through the publishing business in which he had been unwise enough to become a partner. Refusing to accept the legal benefits of bankruptcy, he set to work, like Walter Scott, to pay his debtors by his pen; and that he not only succeeded, but re-established his own fortunes, was a general cause for felicitation and rejoicing.

Mark Twain's humor had not only the element of exaggeration which is said to be more especially characteristic of American writers of this class; it had also drollery and unexpected turns, as unlike Artemus Ward on the one hand as they were distant from Thackeray on the other. In common with most other professed humorists, his flint did not always strike fire; there were undoubtedly commonplace and even tedious passages; he did not often deal successfully with plot, and sometimes he mistook the melodramatic for the dramatic. But his best was so very good that his popularity has become fixed and general, and there is no doubt that he will continue to be read both here and abroad for many years to come.

That Mark Twain more often than not had a serious purpose in his writing could easily be shown; sometimes that purpose was to hold up to contempt despicable or sordid actions or traits of character; sometimes it was to teach affirmatively and aggressively principles of fairness, truth, kindness, and generosity. Mark Twain's influence never tended toward meanness, snobbery, or ostentation. More also than most writers with a popular following, he established in his books and sketches a feeling of personal friendliness, almost intimacy, with men of all sorts; his works are on the shelf of professor and mechanic. The fact that thousands with whom "Mark Twain" is a household word, as the name not only of a writer but of an individual, might have to think twice before recalling the name Samuel L. Clemens is perhaps unique in the history of pseudonyms, and has a significance of its own.

THE HABIT OF IMMORTALITY

Faith in immortality is not an opinion founded on argument; it is a habit of mind: the habit of looking on the things that are invisible, for the things that are invisible are immortal.

We live in two worlds: a world that we can see and hear and touch, and a world that is invisible, inaudible, intangible. The invisible world is the important world, the real world, the enduring world.

The invisible makes the home. It is made not by stone or brick or wood, but by faith and hope and love binding together husband and wife, parents and children. The cynic sneers at love in a cottage. But love in a cottage makes a home, which hate in a palace can never make.

The invisible makes the school. Laboratories, libraries, dormitories, refectories, do not make a school. A millionaire can never make a school. One of the greatest schools the world has ever seen, one whose influence outlasts the centuries, had neither laboratory, library, nor dormitory. It was the school which Plato taught in the grove at Athens.

The invisible makes the nation. The nation is not made great, it is not made rich, it is not made at all, by mines and forests and prairies and water powers. These all existed in America four centuries ago, and America was not a great nation. Great men make a nation great; and the qualities that make men great are invisible. We see their effects; but the qualities we do not see.

The invisible makes commercial prosperity possible. For commercial prosperity is built upon credit; and credit is faith in the honesty of our fellow-men; and honesty is invisible. It has neither form, nor color, nor odor, nor sound. We cannot see it, nor hear it, nor smell it, nor touch it. There are to-day men serving out their allotted terms in State's prison who a few months ago owned a railway or a bank or a factory, who had money invested, employees at their beck and call, and friends subservient to them, men of energy and enterprise and financial shrewdness, but who lacked honesty. And for lack of that invisible honesty they are

bankrupt alike in property, in reputation, and in character.

We are apt to think that the real is material and the immaterial is unreal. But that is not true. The reverse is true. The invisible is the real; the visible is valuable only as it is either the symbol or the instrument of the invisible.

The school-boy writes these figures on his slate: $\frac{2}{2}$ and says two and two make four. But the two and the two which he has written on the slate do not make the four which he has written on the slate. For both the twos are there unchanged, and the four also. The two and two that make four are in his head—invisible. The figures on the slate are not the realities, they are only symbols which interpret the realities, and the realities are invisible.

The orchestra does not make music; it is only an instrument for conveying music from one spirit to other spirits. The orchestra no more makes the music which it conveys than the telegraphic wire makes the message which it conveys. Music is not a volume of sound; it is an experience which sound transmits from one soul to another soul. The composer creates in himself the symphony. He translates this creation into symbolic language upon a sheet of paper. The orchestra translates this translation into chords. These chords received through the ear awaken in the hearer an experience similar to that which was in the soul of the original composer.

"Consider it well: each tone of a scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud,
soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in
my thought,
And there! Ye have heard and seen:
consider and bow the head!"

What has the hearer heard and seen? He has heard and seen the invisible, inaudible experience that was in the soul of the composer.

A library is not literature. It is only a series of symbols through which literature, which is an invisible life, passes from author to reader. When Macaulay refreshed himself by repeating to himself the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice," which he had committed to memory, he was

enjoying literature, though he had no printed page before him. The symbols change, but the reality which the symbols reveal remains the same. The Lord's Prayer is still the same Lord's Prayer, whether one says Our Father or *Pater Noster* or ~~Unser Vater~~. The Bible is still the Bible, whether we read it in the King James Version or in the Revised Version or in the Twentieth Century New Testament. For the Bible is not the bound and printed book. That is only the instrument by which the experience of faith and hope and love, of doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God, which was in the hearts of the sacred writers, is conveyed to our hearts.

The invisible world is the enduring world. The material is ever subject to decay, disintegration, death; the immaterial lives on. Disease cannot infect it; decay cannot disintegrate it; death cannot destroy it. This is what Isaiah means in his dramatic dialogue between the celestial Voice and the Prophet.

The Voice: Cry!

The Prophet: What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the breath of Jehovah bloweth upon it; surely the people is grass.

The Voice: True! The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. But—the word of our God shall stand forever.

The material decays; the immaterial of which the material is the symbol and the instrument does not decay. It dies not; it cannot die. The temples and statues of Greece are in ruins; but the beauty which they interpreted to the world the world has never lost and never will lose. The palaces and roadways and aqueducts of Rome are in ruin; but the sense of law and order which Rome gave to the world the world still possesses. Of the ancient Temple at Jerusalem it is almost literally true that not one stone is left upon another, and its splendid if somewhat barbaric ritual has no analogy in any modern service; but the reverence paid to the God of justice and of love in its sacred psalmody and its sacrificial offerings is uttered in other forms of expression by Jew and Gentile, in synagogue,

cathedral, and meeting-house. The material dies; the immaterial is immortal.

We live in a world of invisible personalities bound together by invisible bonds. For we do not truly see each other; we only see each other's habitations. What makes an athlete? Bone? Sinew? Muscle? Nerve? No! If the possessor of bone, sinew, muscle, nerve, is lazy, logy, inert, a coward, is he an athlete? One of the greatest of collegiate high jumpers was a lame man. A spirit energetic, alert, courageous, using the bone and sinew and muscle, makes the athlete. And these qualities of the spirit are invisible. There are no scales delicate enough to weigh them; no microscope will make them visible; no tape line can give their measure.

Half a century has intervened to separate me from my college mate. When we meet, we do not recognize each other's features. But five minutes of intercourse have not passed before we recognize each the other's spirit. All that is visible has changed. The invisible remains essentially the same. How often, after five or ten years of acquaintance, we say of some friend at some unsuspected disclosure of power, "I did not know that was in him." But it was in him, though unseen; a part of his invisible, his real, his unknown self. "Neither race nor tradition," says Professor Hugo Münsterberg, "nor the actual past, binds the American to his countrymen, but rather the future which together they are building." What is this but saying that America is a nation of invisible personalities bound together by what Mr. Herbert Croly well calls a "vision of a better future"? It is this invisible vision of a better future which makes out of all these heterogeneous elements a true nation.

It cannot be doubted that our old-time form of faith in immortality is growing dim; in some of us it has wholly disappeared.

Science has made the ancient images unreal. We cannot picture to ourselves beneath our feet an awful pit in which

"A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace, flamed; yet from
those flames
No light but rather darkness visible."

We know too well the interior of the earth beneath our feet to believe the vision. We cannot picture to ourselves above the starry dome a celestial city whose foundations are adorned with precious stones, whose gates are pearl, and whose pavements are gold. For we know there is no starry dome, but only illimitable space.

The ancient images no longer appeal even to our emotions. When mankind believed in the deterrent power of fear and deemed it just to flay alive, boil alive, and break upon the wheel the common criminal, it was easy to imagine a torture-chamber as the instrument of God's justice. But now that we have learned that the inspiring power of hope and love are the true remedial agents, and that justice and mercy are handmaidens, we can no longer attribute to a just God a wrath which is unjust in man. Hell-fire has disappeared from the other world as torture has disappeared from this. Nor does the vision of singing endless psalms in an eternal praise-service appeal to men who have learned to find greater joy in service and sacrifice than in ceaseless song.

Religious faith is taking on a new direction. We are becoming more interested in banishing hell from earth than in escaping from hell hereafter; more interested in bringing the kingdom of heaven on the earth than in preparing on the earth for a kingdom in a future heaven.

We must frankly recognize the change. We cannot recover the lost vision, rebuild the celestial city, go back to the mediæval theology or the mediæval images. We must go forward, not back. Our faith in a future immortality must grow out of our experience of a present immortality. It must be more Christian, less apocalyptic; less like that of John the Seer, more like that of Jesus the Worker. We must get our faith in immortality by living the immortal life.

For faith is more than an opinion; it is an experience. Faith in God is not an opinion that God exists; it is the habit of living with him. Faith in Christ is not an opinion that he is divine; it is the habit of following him. Faith in immortality is not an opinion that the soul lives after death; it is the habit of looking, not at the things

which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, and realizing that the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. To practice the habit of immortality is to live in this invisible world. It is to realize that the things that are not seen are the immortal things, the real things, the important things. It is to see in their true proportions the visible and the invisible, the temporal and the eternal. It is to see that art is more than pictures, music is more than orchestras, literature is more than libraries, the school is more than the lecture-room, religion is more than the ritual, the home is more than the house, the person is more than the tabernacle he inhabits.

He who maintains this habit, he who lives this life, will not find his faith in immortality fail him when that which is visible proves also to be temporal. If financial misfortune overtakes him and sweeps away a fortune which was acquired by patient industry and might have been saved by one act of dishonor which he scorned to commit, he will look on the fallen house of cards and say to himself, "Thank God, I have not failed. My character is not bankrupt; my honor is intact." If accident or the incendiary's torch sets his house aflame, and books, pictures, furniture, roof, walls, all are left at his feet a heap of smoking ashes, he will gather his children and his wife about him, in a tent if need be, and say, "Thank God, my home is unharmed." And when the angel of death knocks at his door, and his child or his life companion slips out from his detaining arms, and the lips are silent, and the eyes are soulless, and the heart is still, he will rise from his knees at the bedside, and, while his eyes are dimmed with tears of a strangely commingled joy and sorrow, he will say, "Thank God, she is not dead." For she could not die. She looked out through the eyes; but the eyes were not her. She spoke through the lips; but the lips were not her. She was faith and hope and love. Was? Is! For faith and hope and love cannot die. And the bonds which bound us together, invisible and immortal children of the invisible and immortal Father, are not dissolved. Disease does not infect; decay

does not disintegrate; death does not destroy.

"They think me daft, who nightly meet
My face turned starward, while my feet
Stumble along the unseen street;

But should man's thoughts have only room
For earth, his cradle and his tomb,
Not for his Temple's grander gloom?

And must the prisoner all his days
Learn but his dungeon's narrow ways,
And never through its grating gaze?"

Immortality is a present possession. We are now immortal and living with the immortals. And he who forms the habit of looking on the invisible realities veiled behind the visible symbols will not lose the vision when the veil is taken away.

LYMAN ABBOTT.



SAVE THE NATION'S PROPERTY

The men who will control the water power of the United States will control American industry. The fuel that makes the steam that drives the machinery of manufacture and transportation can be exhausted. The water which can be used to drive such machinery need never be exhausted, for it is continuously renewed. Whoever, therefore, gets control of water power will possess the future substitute for fuel which will be of permanent and undiminshable value.

At present the American people have in their own possession a controlling proportion, whatever the percentage, of this vast source of energy. Do they wish to surrender that possession? Do they wish to hand it over as a free gift to they know not whom? Of course not.

Yet that is just what Senator Smoot proposes that they do. He has introduced a bill into Congress which, if passed, would deprive the United States of the control of all water power on the public domain. No one knows how vast is the wealth which this bill proposes to convey. No one can imagine the power over the destiny of the Nation that this bill proposes to surrender. And yet it is believed that there is danger of its passage.

If once this wealth, this power, passes out of the hands of the people of the United States, it can never in any peace-