

# DELIVER US FROM—

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Is there no greater good than health and ease?  
Is there no deadlier enemy than death?  
Is God a dream to deal with as we please,  
And life only the drawing of our breath?  
Duty a fever phantom that misleads  
The sick confusion of a straying brain?  
Let the King's Highroad choke with tangled weeds  
If they but barricade our paths from pain!  
"Give us this day our daily bread"—that prayer  
We all remember! What comes next? The cry,  
"Deliver us from sorrow and from loss,  
Who were not made to suffer and to bear."  
How strangely beat those words against the sky  
Where stands unchanging a forgotten cross!

## AMERICA

BY EMERY MAY HOLDEN

The distinguished English poet John Masefield recently offered some prizes for literary work done by students of Westover, the well-known girls' school at Middlebury, Connecticut. There were three prizes, one for the best poem of not more than thirty-five lines, one for the best short story, sketch, study, or impression of not more than five hundred words of prose, and one for the best brief essay, collect, or ordered piece of thought upon a subject of not more than two hundred and fifty words. In offering these prizes Mr. Masefield said that his purpose was to stimulate interest in writing, since the art of writing had given him many great pleasures which he should like to have others know and feel. The poem here printed won the prize for poetry.—THE EDITORS.

She goes and listens thrilled. She thinks it fine  
That men should give their lives for honor sweet.  
She tells her friend, "The lecture was divine,—  
I loved it so!" and all the time her feet  
Are beating out the measures of a dance.  
The music teems with cries of dying men,  
And still she dances on. She casts a glance  
Outside. Good God! A moment only pauses, then  
She dances on, that light and froth-like thing.  
Ah, to those feet that lightly tread this floor  
Soon may the whirling years their sorrow bring,  
And leave there mark of misery evermore;  
That her great luxury and vice forgiven  
She may at last stand with all Europe shriven.

# KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

## "AND"

"AND" is a little word. A wedding-ring is a little thing. But both are of great significance. Like the wedding-ring, "and" marries piety and humanity.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; *and* thy neighbor as thyself."

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." But man has put them asunder, with grievous consequences to the human race.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries piety was divorced from humanity. In the service of God the Church established the Inquisition in Spain and fought to establish it in the Netherlands. In the service of God the Roman Catholics burned Cranmer in England and the Protestants burned Servetus in Switzerland. In the service of God Madame Guyon left her family to devote herself to religion. Inhumanity was not accounted inconsistent with piety. An ancient chronicle describes Cardinal Lorraine as "far from truthful, naturally deceitful and covetous, but full of religion."

The twentieth century reverses the seventeenth. Some one has said that the race moves forward as the individual does—first one foot, then the other. Three hundred years ago we had piety without humanity; now we have humanity without piety.

If we must choose between the two, I prefer the twentieth century to the seventeenth—the age which establishes and maintains a public school system to the age which establishes and maintains an inquisition, the age which fights to emancipate the Negro to the age which fights to enslave the Dutch.

But why choose?

This is pre-eminently the age of humanity. Never before were there so many agencies active in the service of man. There are, I believe, upwards of two hundred benevolent societies which have appealed to me for contributions—all of them praiseworthy, all of them societies to which I would gladly contribute if I had the means. There have been great wars before; but when has there been such a campaign for the relief of the wounded, the impoverished, those orphaned and those

widowed by war? I wonder how often we realize that practically all the great humanitarian movements of our time were born in the last century; scarce one is over a hundred and twenty-five years old. Organized charity, social settlements, temperance reform, anti-slavery reform, prison reform, Young Men's Christian Associations, foreign missions, home missions, city missions—all of them are children of the nineteenth century. It is difficult for us to realize that there ever was a time when the Church was so busy thinking about a future life that it had no time to think of the life that now is, and so busy in thinking about God that it had no time to think about his children.

But if humanity characterizes the age, piety does not. There are few atheists, few infidels. Thomas Paine and Voltaire have few followers. But there are a large number of agnostics and a larger number of indifferentists. They do not disbelieve in a future life, but their attention is focused on the life that now is. They are more interested to know what kind of a country the United States will be a hundred years from now than where and what they will be. They do not disbelieve in God. But they do not believe in the sixteenth-century definitions of God, and they are so absorbed in the affairs of their fellow-men that they give no thought to God's affairs. It does not occur to them that the welfare of the children is the affair of their Father. They are interested in asylums, hospitals, public and private charities, schools, social settlements, reform movements, but not in churches. It does not occur to them that we who are interested in churches unite every Sunday in the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and find in our devout fellowship with those like-minded with ourselves an inspiration to do what we can to bring about an answer to our prayer.

We need piety for an understanding of life—if not piety, at least vision. "A brute," says Herbert Spencer, "thinks only of things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, etc.; and the like is true of the untaught child, the deaf-mute, and the lowest savage. But the developing man has thoughts about existences which he regards as usually intan-