

low your colonel. Keep your one purpose steadily and alone in view, and you may promise yourself the attainment of your sole desire, which is to hasten the chariot wheels of redeeming love!

## GOOD LUCK TO ALL.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

"WANTED: an amanuensis—must be well educated, and capable of correcting manuscript. To a young man who fulfils these requirements a permanent position and good salary is offered. Apply in person, at 7 P. M. sharp, to Dan'l Dexter, No. 6 West Oddth street."

This advertisement appeared in the *New York Daily Era*, and was read early in the morning by two men, to both of whom it presented a strong attraction—by Willett Beekman, young, of olive, Latin complexion, brown hair and eyes, journalist, up town over his modest breakfast, and by Johann Geldstein, grizzled and gray, forty-five and an immigrant, at a news-stand in the Bowery.

Poor, hungry Geldstein, only half a year in the savage city, almost penniless, weary of ransacking the streets for work, seized the chance like a drowning man, and at five—his well worn clothes and hat furnished up as best he could—appeared at Mr. Dexter's door.

Early as the hour was, Beekman was there before him. By six a dozen more applicants were on hand, but on the stroke of seven the brown stone steps of Mr. Dexter's house were cluttered with fifty or more, all, it is safe to say, ravenous for a chance to work.

It seems a pity, does it not, in a great, half civilised land that some call Christian, so many cultured men should find it hard work to get work?

Something of this sort Geldstein said to Beekman, and in the two hours together the men got friendly and compassionate, each after his own fashion. At last the time came, the door opened, and the American went in.

Twenty minutes later he came out.

"I can't say I'm sorry," said he to Geldstein and the rest, "but Mr. Dexter has engaged me, it's no use for you to wait."

A few, perhaps incredulous, or very, very hungry, stayed on, still hoping for a chance, but the German took his new acquaintance's word as final.

"Would you tink it impertinent to ask vot he pay for dot work?" he asked as they walked towards the avenue.

"It's no impertinence," answered Beekman good humoredly, "the pay is twenty dollars a week, ten hours a day."

"Twenty dollars," muttered Geldstein, "zo mooch as dot. Vell—glück auf!"

So he was about to turn away when a thought occurred to him.

"Bote it may be you vill not vant to stay. Something better may durn up vor you. Here—here is my address. Vill you not gif me vord?"

Beekman promised, and they parted at the corner.

This was Thursday. On Saturday evening Geldstein received a postal card:

"I am going to quit. Couldn't stand it. If you would like the place meet me in the park Sunday, at six P. M."

At the time appointed the German came.

"Don't be in too big a hurry to thank me," said Beekman gloomily, "wait till I tell you the sort of man you'll have to deal with. I doubt if you can stand it either."

"I assure you," replied the other, "I am not particular; I dink I could stand anyding, yes, anyding—" Beekman shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, perhaps. For one thing, I suppose you do not mind working on the Sabbath—"

"On Sunday! No, vy should I?"

"I suppose not," continued Beekman; "most Germans are, I believe, indifferent. Well, that was one thing I couldn't do. I was brought up by a Christian mother. I have always kept the day holy, and I always will. Mr. Dexter insisted upon my coming to work to-day. I declined, and that was the end of it. I spoke of you though before I left. You asked me to, and I did. But that wasn't all, nor the worst, as I look at it, for you; the man is rich, but he is a low, illiterate blackguard. He did not want help in what he called his literary work,—he wanted a flatterer. He was profane, coarse, and vulgar. I need employment, but not badly enough to sink my manhood or forget that I am a gentleman."

"I respect you for dot," said Geldstein.

"You say you respect me; I suppose you intend to apply for the place, and yet you, too, are a gentleman."

"Yes," responded Geldstein slowly, "I am, or perhaps I better zay—I vos."

"And could you stand to be cursed and sworn at?"

"Could I?" Geldstein smiled. "Oh yes, I dink so; I would like to dry it vonce."

"Then you'll have the opportunity; Dexter said he saw you out of the window last Thursday and liked your looks—"

"He did—he did zay dot?"

"Yes, and he told me to tell you he'd keep the place open till to-morrow at ten."

"I dank you," exclaimed Geldstein earnestly; "Gott knows I dank you. I vill be dare, be sure I vill be dare. I dink I can serve dis man's purpose. I am a university graduate—Bonn."

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## WHAT IS CHRISTIAN FAITH?

BY CHARLES S. PEIRCE.

It is easy to chop logic about matters of which you have no experience whatever. Men color-blind have more than once learnedly discussed the laws of color-sensation, and have made interesting deductions from those laws. But when it comes to positive knowledge, such knowledge as a lawyer has of the practice of the courts, that can only rest on long experience, direct or indirect. So, a man may be an accomplished theologian without ever having felt the stirring of the spirit; but he cannot answer the simple question at the head of this article except out of his own religious experience.

There is in the dictionary a word, *solipsism*, meaning the belief that the believer is the only existing person. Were anybody to adopt such a belief, it might be difficult to argue him out of it. But when a person finds himself in the society of others, he is just as sure of their existence as of his own, though he may entertain a metaphysical theory that they are all hypostatized the same *ego*. In like manner, when a man has that experience with which religion sets out, he has as good reason,—putting aside metaphysical subtleties,—to believe in the living personality of God, as he has to believe in his own. Indeed, *belief* is a word inappropriate to such direct perception.

Seldom do we pass a single hour of our waking lives away from the companionship of men (including books); and even the thoughts of that solitary hour are filled with ideas which have grown in society. Prayer, on the other hand, occupies but little of our time; and, of course, if solemnity and ceremony are to be made indispensable to it (though why observe manners toward the Heavenly Father, that an earthly father would resent as priggish?) nothing more is practicable. Consequently, religious ideas never come to form the warp and woof of our mental constitution, as do social ideas. They are easily doubted, and are open to various reasons for doubt, which reasons may all be comprehended under one, namely, that the religious phenomenon is sporadic, not incessant.

This causes a degeneration in religion from a perception to a trust, from a trust to a belief, and a belief

continually becoming more and more abstract. Then, after a religion has become a public affair, quarrels arise, to settle which watchwords are drawn up. This business gets into the hands of theologians: and the ideas of theologians always appreciably differ from those of the universal church. They swamp religion in fallacious logical disputations. Titus, the natural tendency is to the continual drawing tighter and tighter of the narrowing bounds of doctrine, with less and less attention to the living essence of religion, until after some *symbolum quicunque* has declared that the salvation of each individual absolutely and almost exclusively depends upon his entertaining a correct metaphysics of the godhead, the vital spark of inspiration becomes finally quite extinct.

Yet it is absurd to say that religion is a mere belief. You might as well call society a belief, or politics a belief, or civilisation a belief. Religion is a life, and can be identified with a belief only provided that belief be a living belief,—a thing to be lived rather than said or thought.

The Christian religion, if it has anything distinctive,—and must not aspire to be the necessary ultimate outcome of every path of religious progress,—is distinguished from other religions by its precept about the Way of Life. I appeal to the typical Christian to answer out of the abundance of his spirit, without dictation from priests, whether this be not so. In the recently discovered book, "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,"\* which dates from about A. D. 100, we see that long before the Apostles' or any other creed was insisted upon, or at all used, the teaching of the Lord was considered to consist in the doctrine of the Two Ways,—the Way of Life and the Way of Death. This it was that at that date was regarded as the saving faith,—not a lot of metaphysical propositions. This is what Jesus Christ taught; and to believe in Christ is to believe what he taught.

Now what is this way of life? Again I appeal to the universal Christian conscience to testify that it is simply love. As far as it is contracted to a rule of

\* Edited with translation and notes by Roswell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown. New York: Scribners, 1884. Also, by Philip Schan. 3d Edition. New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1890.

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guage." It is necessary, however, to bear in mind the distinction between will and volition. The former may be regarded as the external expression of the latter, and as language is audible presentation, through an act of will, my view may not differ in this respect from that of Noire. My chief point, however, is that the act of naming "did not spring from the action of the will in relation to the object, but in the perception of a quality possessed by the object, whether as the result of human activity, or of the activity of nature." It appears to me to be one of the chief merits of the English philosopher Lewes, that he insisted on the fact that what the psychologist calls an "object" is strictly a mental abstraction, and is thus to be distinguished from the external reality cognised through the feelings. Yours,

C. STANILAND WAKE.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

FROEBEL LETTERS. Edited with explanatory notes and additional matter by Arnold H. Heinemann. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk st. 1893.

In this little book there are gathered together, without much pretense of orderly sequence, some new and interesting data connected with the life and teachings of Friedrich Froebel, the father of the Kindergarten. Fourteen letters from his correspondence with Col. Hermann von Arnswald, who, after having been his pupil, had in mature years become his confidential friend, constitute its central feature. But this is not all. These letters are furnished with copious notes, and several short chapters of biographical and pedagogic matter swell the volume to one hundred and eighty-two pages. Some interesting reminiscences of the second Frau Froebel—his best pupil as well as the companion of his later years and the continuator of his work,—are furnished by Marie Heinemann. A particularly interesting chapter is formed of passages marked in the books of his library, with accompanying annotations from his own hand.

Its publication was undertaken, it is stated, at the desire of Frau Froebel, in pursuance of her husband's often-repeated request, renewed upon his death-bed, to have his correspondence given to the world, "as in it he had expressed his ideas with greater clearness than in his works." On account of his involved and difficult style it was forty years before the lady could find any one to undertake the task of translating and editing them.

It cannot be said that the volume is a perfect compliance with the wish of the great educator. His letters to Von Arnswald are but a small fraction of his whole correspondence, and probably by no means the most valuable portion. Froebel's many disciples, and especially those of them who are professional Kindergartners, would doubtless give a warm welcome to a volume or series of volumes containing all of his extant letters, including those exceptionally important ones addressed to Dr. Mai and other fellow-educators, at least so far as they throw light upon his own character and teachings.

The book before us, although somewhat sketchy and desultory, will have to the student of the Kindergarten system the value of throwing a little additional light upon the spirit and aims of its founder, and upon his system, which, on account of the oft-lamented lack of a complete and authoritative handbook, such as had been planned by Froebel himself, must be gathered piecemeal from the numerous disconnected sources in which it is recorded. To the miscellaneous public, and the student of the higher aspects of human life, these glimpses of the inner and outer experience of the patient and heroic enthusiast enforce the moral that "obstacles and difficulties are the means by which Providence seeks to strengthen and elevate man" (p. 161).

M. M. S.

## NOTES.

Mr. Peirce in his article on the "Christian Faith" sets forth most vigorously his views of the policy of the churches and, in connection with his subject, speaks of "those who, in the passionate intensity of their religious desire, are talking of setting up a church for the scientifically educated." Should Mr. Peirce allude in this passage to the endeavors of *The Open Court*, we have to tell him that he misunderstands our enterprise. When we speak of the Religion of Science we do not mean to set up a church for the "scientifically educated." We only intend to make prominent a principle which must sooner or later be recognised in all the churches, viz., that religious truth rests upon the same basis as scientific truth; and that the same methods of inquiry must be applied in religion as in science. Mr. Peirce says: "He who would wash it [the grime upon the venerable pavement of the sacred edifice] must get down on his knees to his work inside the church." We have less confidence than he in the efficacy of genuflections. The work must be accomplished with reverend devotion but not by reverend devotion. It cannot be accomplished, inside or outside of the church, by piety, but by that spirit of scientific research alone, against which the churches have sinned so seriously.

INSTRUCTION given by correspondence to students of Plato, Aristotle, and other philosophers. Write for Circular. Editor *Bibliotheca Platonica*, Osceola, Mo.

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