

PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Independent.

"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WITH OUR HEARTS."

VOL. XLIX

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1897

No. 2515

Beyond the Tops of Time.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

How long it was I did not know,
That I had waited, watched and feared;
It seemed a thousand years ago
The last pale lights had disappeared.
I knew the place was a narrow room
Up, up beyond the reach of doom.

Then came a light more red than flame;—
No sun-down, but the soul laid bare
Of earth and sky and sea became
A presence burning everywhere;
And I was glad my narrow room
Was high above the reach of doom.

Windows there were in either wall,
Deep cleft, and set with radiant glass,
Wherethrough I watched the mountains fall,
The ages wither up and pass.
I knew their doom could never climb
My tower beyond the tops of Time.

A sea of faces then I saw,
Of men who had been, men long dead.
Figured with dreams of joy and awe
The heavens unrolled in lambent red;
While far below the faces cried:
"Give us the dream for which we died!"

Ever the woven shapes rolled by
Above the faces hungering,
With quiet and incurious eye
I noted many a wondrous thing,—
Seas of clear glass, and singing streams,
In that high pageantry of dreams;

Cities of sard and chrysoprase
Where choired hosannas never cease;
Valhallas of celestial frays;
And lotus-pools of endless peace;
But still the faces gaped, and cried:
"Give us the dream for which we died!"

At length my quiet heart was stirred,
Hearing them cry so long in vain;
But while I listened for a word
That should translate them from their pain,
I saw that here and there a face
Shone, and was lifted from its place,

And flashed into the moving dome
An ecstasy of prisms fire.
And then, said I: "A soul has come
To the deep zenith of desire!"
But still I wondered if it knew
The dream for which it died was true.

I wondered—who shall say how long?
(One heartbeat?—thrice ten thousand years?)
Till suddenly there was no throng
Of faces to arraign the spheres,—
No more white faces there to cry
To those great pageants of the sky.

Then quietly I grew aware
Of one who came with eyes of bliss
And brow of calm and lips of prayer.
Said I: "How wonderful is this!
Where are the faces once that cried:
'Give us the dream for which we died?'"

The answer fell as soft as sleep:
"I am of those who, having cried
So long in that tumultuous deep,
Have won the dream for which we died."
And then said I: "Which dream was true?
For many were revealed to you!"

He answered: "To the soul made wise
All true, all beautiful they seem;
But the white peace that fills our eyes
Outdoes desire, outreaches dream.
For we are come unto the place
Where always we behold God's face!"

FREDRICKSON, N. B.

More About Jonah.

BY DWIGHT L. MOODY.

I AM not gladder for having said anything in a long while than I am for my recent words about Jonah. They have been quoted far and wide and stirred up as great a tempest as that in the Mediterranean Sea. But I never said what is charged against me, that if you throw the story of Jonah out of the Bible you throw God out of it. What I did say was that if you deny the story of Jonah and the whale you must deny the resurrection of Jesus Christ, because he said: "As Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." If you make the one to be a parable or a myth, I don't see how you can claim anything more for the other. And I believe the great and overwhelming majority of the common people with their English Bible in their hands will stand with me in that judgment.

But my critics keep talking about the scholars, the great men who make a business of criticising the Bible, and who think differently from me. Well, all the scholars don't think differently by any means. There are lots of scholars on my side, or rather on the side of the old Bible. I suppose that Dr. Philip Schaff would be classed as a scholar, but he stands by the story of Jonah on the same ground that I do. So does Professor Townsend who has been connected with the Boston University for twenty-five years, and so does President Harper, of the Chicago University, who said at Northfield, in the presence of five or six hundred students: "I believe that the whale swallowed Jonah." Hundreds of the best and ablest preachers in this country and Great Britain stand on this question just where our fathers stood, and its present agitation is bringing their testimony to the front in a way that is strengthening faith in the Word of God.

But I shouldn't care so very much if scholars were not on my side. There's a false notion of authority associated with much that we hear in these days about the science of biblical criticism, as it is called. A man may have great knowledge of the languages and literature of the Bible; but does that prove that he has great judgment, or great spiritual sense in drawing conclusions from his knowledge? Are those words of Jesus Christ about Jonah correctly translated? Is there any doubt of the historical accuracy of that text? I am willing to listen to the science of biblical criticism on either of those questions, because it can teach me there. But do I, or does any one of average common sense, need its help after that? Can't we read our mother tongue, and aren't we as well able to form a judgment as to the sense of our Savior's words in such a case as the most learned man on earth? Come, if we deny that, then we must go a step further and take the Bible away from the common people altogether. I believe there are a good many scholars in these days, as there were when Paul lived, "who professing themselves to be wise, have become fools"; but I don't think they are those who hold to the inspiration and infallibility of the whole Bible.

I have said that ministers of the Gospel who are cutting up the Bible in this way, denying Moses to-day and Isaiah to-morrow, and Daniel the next day and Jonah the next, are doing the Devil's work; and I stand by what I have said. I don't say they are devils; I don't say they are bad men; they may be good men, but that makes the results of their work all the worse. Do they think they will recommend the Bible to the finite and fallen reason of men by taking the supernatural out of it? They are doing just the opposite to that. They are emptying their churches and driving the young men of this generation into infidelity. Here is an extract from the letter of a pastor that I received yesterday; it is only one of scores and

even hundreds of the same kind that I am receiving right along, and it tells what this treatment of God's Word is doing for our land:

"Dear Mr. Moody:—This is one of the most wicked cities I know of, and we have the coldest, most worldly churches I have ever seen. I have labored and prayed for a revival and for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, and it seems to do but little good. Can't you come and help us, provided our ministers and churches will unite? This is a Macedonian call if ever you had one."

I tell you, my friends, Christian ministers and laymen, the cause of this state of things is in neglecting and apologizing to the natural man for the Word of God. Hear Jehovah as he himself testifies of the work of such prophets, in Jeremiah 23: 22:

"But if they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings."

I pray God we may end controversy now, and go to work in earnest for souls. All over this country there are seekers after Christ, and we can't afford to lose time and strength in disputing about the sword of the Spirit. What we want to do is to thrust it into men in such a way that by the power of God it may slay the old and give life to the new nature in Christ Jesus.

NEW YORK CITY.

Exalt the Cross of Jesus Christ!

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

A CERTAIN creed has recently been promulgated by an eminent and genial minister who is more distinguished for his brilliant and fascinating Scotch stories than for the depth and clearness of his theology. This amorphous production is presented as an ethical creed for the promotion of Christian living; it is very good as far as it goes; but its author should bear in mind that true Christian living comes from a Christian heart that has been renewed by the Holy Spirit. While his new creed affirms the Fatherhood of God, it utterly ignores the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, and does not even mention the Holy Spirit; worst of all, it maintains a deadly silence in regard to the glorious central truth of revelation, the cross of Calvary! Brief as is the so-called "Apostles' Creed," it is dear to all Christendom, because it contains the core-truths which this new formula strangely ignores.

The New Testament does present a beautiful and sublime system of ethics, it also presents a beautiful and heaven-born fabric of theology; and they are interdependent. The Christ is a perfect model for pure and holy living; he is the divine Teacher who reveals the thoughts of God to us. But he is more than our model, he is more than our Master; he is our Savior. "Thou shalt call his name JESUS, for he shall save his people from their sins." He came to earth to seek and to save the lost, and this only could be accomplished by the Cross of Calvary. No example that he has set for us, however faultless, no teachings that fall from his lips, however sublime, could save the meanest soul that lies under the condemnation of sin. As I am a sinner, I must suffer as a sinner the punishment due to my guilt. But my compassionate Savior—all glory to his name! took my place, and suffered for me. He was bruised for my iniquities. He satisfied the claims of God's broken law. He made it possible that God might be just, and yet justify us when we lay our hands in faith on the head of our atoning Redeemer, and there confess our sins. He made it certain that we can be saved when our guilt is hidden in his wounds, and our souls are cleansed by His blood. The creed of all true Christians, of whatever name, was condensed by our own Dr. Ray Palmer into just three lines:

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary
Savior divine!"

ing worshipers over whom there still seemed to brood some vast, solemn awe, and came outside into the little square and drew in a delicious breath of fresh air, his eyes blinking at the sudden glare of sunlight and blue sky. But the sense of awe was still with him; for the Ghetto was deserted, the shops were shut, and a sacred hush of silence was over the stones and the houses, only accentuated by the thunder of ceaseless prayer from the synagogues. He walked toward the tall house with the nine stories; then a great shame came over him. Surely he had given in too early. He was already better, the air had revived him. No, he would not break his fast; he would while away a little time by walking, and then he would go back to the synagog. Yes; a brisk walk would complete his recovery. There was no warder at the gate; the keepers of the Ghetto had taken a surreptitious holiday, aware that on this day of days no watching was needed. The guardian barca lay moored to a post, unmanned. All was in keeping with the boy's sense of solemn strangeness. But as he walked along the Cannaregio canal bank, and further and further into the unknown city, a curious uneasiness and surprise began to invade his soul. Everywhere, despite the vast awe over-brooding the world, shops were open and people were going about unconcernedly in the quaint alleys; babies laughed in their nurses' arms, the gondoliers were poised as usual on the stern of their beautiful black boats, rowing imperturbably. The water sparkled and danced in the afternoon sun. In the marketplace the tanned old women chattered briskly with their customers. He wandered on and on in growing wonder and perturbation. Suddenly his trouble ceased; a burst of wonderful melody came to him, there was not only a joyful tune, but other tunes seemed to blend with it, melting his heart with unimaginable rapture; he gave chase to the strange sounds, drawing nearer and nearer, and at last he emerged unexpectedly upon an immense square bordered by colonnades, under which beautifully dressed signori and signore sat drinking at little tables and listening to men in red with great black cockades in their hats who were ranged on a central platform, blowing large shining horns; a square so vast and so crowded with happy chattering people and fluttering pigeons that he gazed about in blinking bewilderment. And then, uplifting his eyes, he saw a sight that took his breath away—a glorious building like his dream of the Temple of Zion, glowing with gold and rising in marvelous domes and spires, and crowned by four bronze animals which he felt sure must be the creatures called horses with which Pharaoh had pursued the Israelites to the Red Sea. And hard by rose a gigantic tower, like the Tower of Babel, leading the eye up and up. His breast filled with a strange pleasure that was almost pain. The enchanted temple drew him across the square; he saw a poor bareheaded woman going in, and he followed her. Then a wonderful golden gloom fell upon him, and a sense of arches and pillars and soaring roofs and curved walls beautiful with many-colored pictures, and the pleasure, that was almost pain, swelled at his heart till it seemed as if it must burst his breast. Then he saw the poor bareheaded woman kneel down, and in a flash he understood that she was praying—ay, and in the men's quarter—and that this was no temple, but one of those forbidden places called churches, into which the abhorred deserters went who were spoken of on that marble slab in the Ghetto. And, while he was wrestling with the confusion of his thoughts, a splendid glittering being, with a cocked hat and a sword, marched terrifyingly toward him, and sternly bade him take off his hat. He ran out of the wonderful building in a great fright, jostling against the innumerable promenaders in the square, and not pausing till the merry music of the big shining horns had died away behind him. And even then he walked quickly, as if pursued by the strange, vast world into which he had penetrated for the first time. And suddenly he found himself in a blind alley, and knew that he could not find his way back to the Ghetto. He was about to ask of a woman who looked kind, when he remembered, with a chill down his spine, that he was not wearing a yellow O, as a man should, and that, being now a "Son of the Commandment," the Venetians would consider him a man. For one forlorn moment it seemed to him that he would never find himself back in the Ghetto again; but at last he bethought himself of asking for the Cannaregio Canal, and so gradually, cold at heart and trembling, he reached the familiar iron gate and slipped in. All

was as before in the Ghetto. The same sacred hush in court and square, accentuated by the rumble of prayer from the synagogues, the gathering dusk lending a touch of added solemnity.

"Well, have you eaten?" asked the father. The boy nodded "Yes." A faint flush of exultation leaped in his breast. He would see the fast out, after all. The men were beating their breasts at the confession of sin. "For the sin we have committed by lying," chimed in the boy. But altho in his attention to the wailful melody of the words he scarcely noticed the meaning, something of the old passion and fervor had gone out of his voice. Twilight fell, the shadows deepened, the white figures, wailing and weeping in their graveclothes, grew mystic; the time for sealing the Books of Judgment drew nigh. The figures threw themselves forward full length, their foreheads to the floor, proclaiming passionately again and again, "the Lord, our God, is One; the Lord, our God, is One!" It was the hour in which the boy's sense of over-brooding awe had always been tensest. But he could not shake off the thought of the gay piazza and the wonderful church where other people prayed other prayers; for something larger had come into his life, a sense of a vaster universe without, and its spaciousness and strangeness filled his soul with a nameless trouble and a vague unrest. He was no longer a child of the Ghetto.

Philip Melanchthon.

BY ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

FOUR hundred years ago, in the little town of Bretten, in the Palatinate, was born Philip Schwartz-erd, whom the modern world delights to honor as Melanchthon, the gentlest and sweetest tempered of the great reformers. February 16th, 1497, may well be looked back to as a day of happy augury. The new learning had already come to Germany. The little Philip's own kinsman, the famous Reuchlin, had made Greek, and even Hebrew, known in his native land; and the work of Erasmus was already winning for him a large place in the esteem of scholars. Spiritual light, too, had begun to shine into the hearts of reverent scholars, and to arouse the indignation of those who daily saw sacred things made a source of unlawful traffic. Ten days before, Savonarola, who was holding sway in the fair city of Florence, brought the carnival to a close with his famous holocaust of "the vanities." But it was in the quiet peasant home in Germany, and the towns of Switzerland, where the youthful Luther and Zwingli and Farel, already sturdy lads, were growing up that the hope of the future was really being nourished.

The Schwartzerd family was of good burgher stock. The father, George Schwartzerd, was of the honorable craft of the armorers, and enjoyed quite a reputation for skill, so, that attached directly to the Palatine court of the Elector Philip, he enjoyed the privilege on one occasion of making a suit of armor for the Emperor. The mother, Barbara Reuter, was the niece of Reuchlin, the "instructor of Germany," as his own age delighted to call him. Fortunately for her child, when his father died, Reuchlin undertook personally for him what he had done at large for his country. When he was only ten years old he went to Reuchlin at Pforzheim and entered the Latin school there. Under wise direction and stirring example the boy's vigorous mind expanded rapidly. The aged humanist, delighted with his budding promise, conferred upon him a Greek equivalent of his name, the symbol of knighthood in the age of those who had sat at the feet of the exile scholars driven out of Constantinople by the Turks. Thenceforth he traces his descent no more from the black earth of some German forest whence his house had drawn their name, but from the pure springs of learning opened afresh by the Renaissance, but flowing from the olive-crowned hills of Greece. The homely Schwartzerd gives place to the mellow dignity of Melanchthon.

From Pforzheim he was sent, in 1509, to lovely Heidelberg and its young university. Here he took his bachelor's degree in 1511, and the next year, pursuing the migratory custom of the age, he proceeded to Tübingen and there took his master's degree, January 25th, 1514, a few weeks before the completion of his seventeenth year. The master's degree carried with it in that age a license to teach, and he began at once to lecture in the university on ancient literature and to prepare editions of the classics. Before the invention of printing all lectures upon the classic

authors were in the nature of an annotated edition, the lecturer, in the absence of text-books, dictating text and comment to his hearers. The invention of printing led to the publication of the more popular of such texts and then to authoritative editions. Hence it was almost inevitable that a lecturer should prepare editions with notes and commentary. Publication and circulation alone mark the master. It is, however, a double honor to rise to eminence from so great a company of fellow-workers. Such eminence Melanchthon began immediately to attain. His early studies led him to Aristotle, in common with his contemporaries. He published an edition of Terence, of Virgil, of Plutarch, and a translation of Aratus in these early years. As early as 1516 Erasmus, the prince of Northern humanists, pronounces an encomium upon him in his "Annotations of the New Testament," in which he praises his style, his scholarship, his breadth of reading and his elevation of thought.

In 1518, having attained his majority, his kinsman seems to have sought a suitable position for his permanent work. Ingolstadt and Leipsic opened their doors to him, but the Elector Frederick's new university of Wittenberg, founded in 1502, was chosen. Here Melanchthon was inducted into the professorship of Greek on the twenty-ninth of August, 1518. His inaugural address was upon "The Improvement of the Studies of Youth." Despite his small stature and delicate physique he won immediate applause. His presence was winning, and his Latin style in purity and vigor was equal to the best of the day, while the subject matter of the address was in the very van of contemporary thought. It was, indeed, a powerful instrument in the introduction of the new learning; for while Luther was to bend his great energies to the service of primary instruction, Melanchthon was destined to develop higher education in the service of the Reformation. Beginning with this address, he labored for the high schools; he prepared Greek (1518) and Latin grammars upon new principles, elementary treatises upon rhetoric, dialectic, physical science, psychology and ethics; he labored with schools and schoolmasters; he combated evil, and opened the way to good usages; and won for himself, in a not less lofty and far more popular sense than Reuchlin, the title of *preceptor Germanie*. In doing this he practiced no small self-denial, as one who

"Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,
Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,
Makes a strange art of an art familiar."

He valued justly a sound pedagogy, and knew its necessity in order to rear a generation of students capable of pursuing the finer and profounder studies of his beloved philology and philosophy. He knew, too, the value to the teacher of the pedagogical practice, and, doubtless, rightly estimated the attractiveness of the skill as a teacher which he thus acquired, and its service in bringing students to feel his full charm as a lecturer on his more recondite and best-loved subjects.

The precocious, impressionable student was introduced to the University of Wittenberg just at the moment that it had become the focus of European interest. He must have already been in sympathy with Luther's denunciation of indulgences. But no one could foresee the course which events followed in the next three years. No man dreamed in 1518 of a revolt from Rome. Reformation of the Church was the most that Wyclif or Huss or Savonarola had preached. No one aspired to the fate of Lollards or Hussites. But honest men, learned and unlearned, prayed for the end of such popes as the Borgia and the Medici, and of such practices in the churches and monastic orders as were a shame to Christendom. As a humanist of the Northern type of Colet, Erasmus and Reuchlin, Melanchthon would naturally approve Luther's attack on the scandal of indulgences and the papal traffic in men's sins. The association of the two men bred, however, a deeper union, and knit soul with soul. They were complementary natures. Luther, bred in the peasant home and the monastic cell, passionate and fervid in nature, bold and honest in purpose, resolute and inflexible of will, large of mind, tender of heart, free of speech and manner, gave the flexible mind of the young scholar strength and purpose, and gained from him counsel and moderation. The service of the great stores of learning which he accumulated, and a more gentle speech when it was needed in diet and churchly conference. We have many instances of such union of opposite yet kindred natures, knit not merely by love, as were David and Jonathan, but by the demands of their united effort

for a great cause. Who can mention John Colet without recalling Thomas More, or Pym without the thought of Hampden, or Jefferson without Madison? So Luther and Melancthon, unlike in gifts and graces, one in the love of God and the service of the Reformation, are inseparably wedded in our speech.

Under the influence of Luther, doubtless—perhaps only of the atmosphere of Wittenberg—Melancthon devoted his leisure time to the study of divinity, and took his degree in 1519. He did not either then or subsequently take clerical orders, but continued as a layman to labor for Christ and the Church. Soon after, in 1520, he married Katherine Krapp, daughter of the burgomaster, and settled down to a happy domestic life in a little house in the College Street. His garden communicated with Luther's; and doubtless the two friends often met there in the homely German way, and talked in simple comradeship of the upheavals which their labors were working in the earth, and of the great things of eternal life.

It was not till 1520 that the storm broke. In the summer the Pope condemned Luther, in the winter Luther burnt the bull, in the spring of 1521 Luther made his defense before the diet at Worms, and on May 8th was condemned. While Luther lay in friendly confinement in the Wartburg he translated the New Testament, and Melancthon wrote the first theological statement of the reformers. Unhappily, at the same time the more radical spirits among the reformers broke out in the first of the radical social movements which from time to time have brought discredit on the name of liberty. The limitations of Melancthon's powers and his dependence on Luther for public leadership at once became apparent. Melancthon could not put down Carlstadt, Münzer and the Zwickau prophets, as afterward he could not resist the pressure brought to bear on him to yield in the cause of concord to the articles of Smalkald and the Leipsic interim. He was, however, no time-server, nor fair weather friend. He had true courage and thorough consecration. He accepted the fundamental positions of the Reformation, and clung to them: justification by faith, the Bible as the only rule of faith, the right of private judgment. Such a position cut him off from the retreat of his fellow-humanists under the shelter of the Papal Church, and led him to trust in the free grace of God as the only hope of salvation.

The revolt of the friendly knights was crushed, the peasant rebellions were put down in blood, the empire waged war and sacked Rome in the interest of the King of Spain, and at last, at Augsburg, in 1530, summoned the reformers to give an account of their conduct. The "apology" was presented by the princes and magistrates in a document drawn by Melancthon and known to posterity as the Augsburg Confession. In his clear and concise style it sets forth the Lutheran position in twenty-one articles, and then in seven articles gives the changes that had been made and their justification. As the first Protestant Confession this is a document of the first importance. As a statement of Protestant theology it is conservative and broad, and with the changes made by Melancthon, in 1540, chiefly in the article on the Lord's Supper, was accepted by many of the leaders of the Reformed churches, notably Calvin, Farel and Beza. It is written in a non-polemic spirit, firmly, but kindly, stating the points of departure from Rome, points of difference with the Anabaptists and Zwingli, and declaring the Protestant opposition to Manichæism, Donatism, Arianism and Pelagianism, and vindicating its adherence to an historical Augustinianism. This Confession, with its apology, drawn up in reply to a Romish "confutation" adopted by the diet, is Melancthon's greatest work.

Melancthon was now thirty-three years old, and at the summit of his fame. The remaining thirty years of his life were spent in unwearied labors in the service of reformed religion. His more irenic spirit made him, rather than Luther, who avoided public conferences, the representative of the reformed party in the diets, councils and conferences, which were of almost annual occurrence. It must be remembered that the Reformation was not merely a religious movement, but political and social as well. The task that was laid upon Melancthon was, therefore, of the highest character, demanding the widest knowledge, the calmest judgment, the nicest tact, and the most strenuous devotion to truth. If he was sometimes too ready to surrender what others deemed essential principles, it cannot be shown that any loss ever followed such concessions. They did weaken his hold on his own party, however, proving him a

better statesman, perhaps, than party or religious leader.

In his theology he experienced two great difficulties. In his doctrine of grace he drifted away from Luther's view of the total inability of the human will, and attributed to it an active reciprocity similar to the semi-Pelagian view; and while attributing no saving merit to "good works" he could not give a satisfactory statement of their relation to justification. In his view of the sacrament he abandoned Luther's view of the real presence and accepted that of Calvin as most nearly expressing the Bible teaching.

His collected works fill twenty-eight large volumes in the *corpus reformatorum*, a magnificent monument to his learning and industry as a man of letters and theologian. But his best monument is the esteem in which he is held in all the Protestant Churches for his spirit of true Christian brotherhood. Melchior Adam says of his last days:

"He frequently bewailed the discords of the Reformed Churches, and implored in ardent prayers that God would heal these divisions. When his physician visited him, and expressed his fears that with his feeble and reduced frame he would ill sustain the attacks of his disease, he replied, with a smile: 'I desire to depart and to be with Christ.' To Pencer, his son-in-law, he said, the day before his death: 'My illness does not disturb me; I have no anxiety or care but one—that the Churches may be at peace in Christ Jesus.' He frequently before his death repeated the Savior's prayer, 'That they may be one in us,' and the words of St. Paul, 'Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.'"

Under such conditions of spiritual longings died Philip Melancthon, April 19th, 1560, aged sixty-three years. Sought after by universities at home and abroad, by Heidelberg, Nuremberg and Tübingen, by England, France and Denmark, he preferred the quiet of his own little house, in the simple provincial town. There he lived and there he died, and his body was laid beside the grave of his beloved friend, the mighty leader of the greatest movement of modern times.

Our Washington Letter.

BY JANET JENNINGS.

THE Tariff bill, on which the Committee on Ways and Means is spending its time this session, has a promising outlook. It is now generally conceded that there will be no difficulty in passing the measure early in the new Administration. Of the ninety Senators in the Fifty-fifth Congress, eighty-five are now known, and tho the re-election of Senator Mitchell is still pending in Oregon, if Senator Mitchell does not succeed himself it is certain that some other Republican will be elected. Including the hold-overs, there will be forty-four Republican Senators who will vote in favor of the Tariff bill, two less than the required majority. But in the half score or more of other Senators, including Senator Cannon, Senator Stewart and Senator Jones, of Nevada; Senator Mantle, Senator Teller, Senator Pettigrew, and the new Senators, Mr. Heitfeld, of Idaho; Mr. Turner, of Washington, and Mr. Harris, of Kansas, it will be easy to obtain a very safe majority. Tho among the silver men, a number will vote for the tariff, if for no other reason than to prove from their point of view that the remedy for hard times is not to be found in the tariff, but in a change of financial policy; therefore they will give the Republicans all the leeway desired to push revenue measures into operation. When it comes to a free silver bill, however, it will be quite the other way—forty-six for free coinage and forty-four against it; so there will be no necessity to embarrass the Tariff bill with the silver question.

The reorganization of the Senate in the Fifty-fifth Congress is likely to be troublesome. There will be but forty-three votes as at present depended on for Republican reorganization, thirty-nine against it, and eight doubtful. The latter, Independents and Populists, hold the balance of power; six Populists now hold the balance of power. The change in the personnel of the Senate will be very marked, older men giving place to younger, some of them young and active enough to bring into the Senate a decidedly breezy atmosphere, but none the less much ability and industry. Perhaps no change will be more conspicuous in any State representation than Illinois, when Mr. Palmer, the dignified and somewhat solemn Democrat of eighty, goes out, and Mr. Mason, a Republican of forty-six, comes in—ex-Representative "Billy" Mason, as he is sometimes called. It need

not be inferred from this that Senator Mason will not be equal to the proprieties and etiquet of the Senate, or that he will be out of place as a member of that august body. After all, the Senate is not so far removed, in point of decorum, from the easy-going House, the real difference being that the Senate numbers less than one hundred members and the House something above three hundred and fifty. It is true that men who attain prominence in the House are more or less repressed and held back by the environments of the Senate, where it takes a long time for them to reach equal prominence, if, in fact, some ever do so. Even Mr. Blaine was apparently less sure of himself after going into the Senate from the House, where he had been so long the leading spirit and foremost figure. Mr. Mason was one of the young men in the House, just turned thirty-five, and at once took his place as a man of ability in committee work, and in debate a brilliant offhand speaker. His genial, sunny nature and ready gift for telling a good story, made him companionable, and few men were more generally liked by men of all parties than Mr. Mason. Perhaps the best to be said of Senator Mason is that his devotion to his wife and children goes far to make the beautiful family life of the Mason home; for it is an ideal home, attractive and refined, and where the every-day duties have the harmony of thoughtful consideration and gentle courtesy one to another. It was quite the same in their Washington boarding house, while Mr. Mason was in Congress. Tho restricted to limited accommodations, in the family of six children, all under fifteen, there was the same spirit of gentleness and forbearance, and so far as one could see, the discipline was altogether in Mrs. Mason's low sweet voice—that admirable thing in woman—and firm, but general direction of family affairs. It was often remarked of the Mason children: "Nobody would know there were children in the house."

Time is speeding on, and signs of the inauguration are at every turn, and preparations for the ball well under way. Not the least interesting thing to many people, tho not all women, is the published account describing in detail Mrs. McKinley's inaugural ball gown. We are informed that it is a "Paris fabric," made up in Chicago. This recalls the gowns worn by Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton at the ball when Mr. Harrison was inaugurated. The material was not a "Paris fabric," but brocaded satin of American manufacture. The patterns were designed by an American woman, Mrs. Harrison's having the golden-rod brocaded in pale yellow on the silver-gray satin ground. Every article in the gowns was of American manufacture, even to hooks and eyes, and the silk for the loom was grown and spun in America. The idea of protection thus carried out was, of course, premeditated, and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton were extremely proud of their ball gowns, which were quite as rich and elegant as the finest gown of "French creation" seen at the ball. They were unique; for the pattern of each was destroyed, and no more of the brocades were ever manufactured, as they were designed and woven expressly for the inaugural ball. Mrs. Harrison had a small piece left after her gown was completed, and about a year later she used it for dressing a doll, which she sent over to New York to a charity bazar, and the doll was sold for one hundred dollars. The little girl who got it was not only the happy possessor of a lovely doll, but a historic doll as well.

The former etiquet carried out on inauguration day, of the out-going President entertaining the incoming at luncheon, has been of late observed by a dinner instead, given on the evening preceding the inauguration. This, of course, gives more time, and is more satisfactory, for it is far more convenient. I think the change was made at the close of President Cleveland's first term, when the President and Mrs. Cleveland entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harrison at dinner on the evening before inauguration day. President and Mrs. Cleveland will give a dinner to Mr. and Mrs. McKinley and Mr. and Mrs. Hobart on the evening of the third of March. It has been the custom for not only the new President and his Cabinet to attend the inaugural ball, but the ex-President and his Cabinet also, bringing together the two Administrations on this occasion. At the ball given on Mr. Cleveland's first inauguration, ex-President Arthur attended with his Cabinet, presenting each member with a ball ticket, that included the ladies of his family, Mr. Arthur, of course, buying the tickets, so none were complimentary, except to the new President. This had not been done before, and was simply personal on Mr. Arthur's part, who