

how many, and say, "He is not good; he has not the stripe,"—well, He can afford to let us. He shines on into our crevice. His breath is our life. We blink with our beetle eyes, and say, "He must be very bad."

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Goodness does not spring into the world like Minerva from the forehead of Jove. It comes like the lily through centuries of struggle with the weeds and slimy things of the earth—through ages of darkness when no eye saw the lives that went down. Out of the throttling clasp of fierce stinging thorns, out of the clutch of winding, twisting roots where lilies and lilies were crushed to death, comes the strong white fragrance of the Easter morn. Out of the slimy coils of asps and adders—and the claws of the jungle monsters, rises the strong fair head of man. Out of evil and wrong and anguish, still struggling in the everlasting war, comes good.

It is a law stern and terrible, the survival of the fittest. It is everywhere. Truth comes by fire and sword, by the rack and by the cross. Ideals struggle forever with the coarse creatures that clutch them down. Love, the holiest thing of earth rises from the deepest anguish of earth. Truth and beauty grow in the world, but the price is tremendous.

It might not have been so. We might have been angels. Earth might have been an Eden always. Some men would have it so.

Perhaps lilies would be as fragrant, if the stench of the fennel had never come to our nostrils. Perhaps we could love Truth as well if a lie had never burned our lips. Perhaps justice would be as fair, if we had never seen the innocent foully wronged. Perhaps right would mean as much, if we had never smitten the slimy head of injustice.

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That is men's quarrel with God. It is a cry for the lamb whose blood sprinkles the door-post. It is not a cry that need frighten the orthodox. It might well frighten them, if men had arrived at a satisfactory explana-

tion of God's ways and character—if they had no higher ideal to reach. If we could understand Him now, what would be left for the next century men?

It is a holy cry. It is not to be stilled by scowls or maledictions. It is to be answered

It is not answered yet. The men who cry shame upon the unbeliever would do well to hold their peace. Men are no longer satisfied with their conception of a God who lets the innocent suffer. The very existence of such a demand for higher ideals is a stirring of the power that works for righteousness in the earth. It is not a menace.

It takes for granted too much when it says, "God is bad." It may be wiser than it knows when it says, "Our old conception of Him is bad." M.

Alumni and Former Students.

The following letter from Prof. A. G. Warner of Leland Stanford Jr. University, was read by Will Owen Jones at the Palladian alumni program, December 13:

MANITOU, COLO., Dec. 9, 1895.

MY DEAR SOCIETY.—Somewhat less than two years ago the students of the Stanford University were having lively times, and interest in college politics ran high. Some of the offices which students there give to students carry with them salaries or perquisites which enable the holder to pay all his expenses for the year and sometimes more than this. The competition for such places is consequently acute. In the campaign to which reference is now made there had been charges of fraud, the misuse of proxies, and possibly their forgery. Certainly a large number of students believed that the "will of the people" had been defeated. While the smoke of battle still hung on the college atmosphere I was asked to speak at a Sunday evening meeting of the Christian Association and undertook to defend the proposition that an active participation in college politics may be the means of a growth in righteousness. The Stanford audience was a good deal more astonished by such doctrine than you will probably be,