

man's generous summary of his virtues, will turn back disappointed, and search in vain through the pages of history and biography for any hint of that peculiar strength or sweetness or symmetry to which he owed his place in the hearts of his friends and of his countrymen.

A confirmed atheist must be an insane person. We may call ourselves atheists, but as long as we are human, our atheism is but a protest against another's idea of the Supreme and the Divine. We spurn the conventional and received doctrine, but our objections are based upon some idea of worth and excellence which we have conceived, and which in our opinion does not exist in the theory which opposes. There is no denying it,—the real core of every man is his idea of God. Was not Cicero right when he said "No man should be so madly presumptuous as to suppose that he has either reason or intelligence, if he does not believe that the heavens and the world possess them likewise; in other words, if he believes that there is no supreme mind which keeps the universe in motion."

We are too prone to admit the charge of atheism against our fellow beings without noting the status of the accuser. Perchance the accusation may have proceeded from a mind of narrowness and superstition, that he who brought it was incapable of rising to the higher level and purer view, and so condemned what he himself was unable to apprehend. It did not comprehend his ideal, hence his condemnation. It is better then to notice what the condemning tribunal is composed of; see who sits in judgment. Socrates say, that "if a pastry cook were accused before a tribunal composed of children of having prohibited the eating of pies and tarts, he would certainly be condemned." It is thus with accusations of atheism. We must feel that when a man condemns a sincere and earnest statement because it differs from his own idea of the case, he condemns himself, he proclaims his own limitations and lays bare his own superficial state. When one can talk fluently about his God and the inner divine experiences, we have reason to doubt the depth and vitality of his apprehension of divine realities, for it is a sacred reticence which the soul maintains and the inner sanctuary is not to be laid open to the vulgar gaze.

HERO WORSHIP.

It has come to be almost a passion with the American people to laud to the skies the deeds of its great men, those who have particularly distinguished themselves by some great achievement, or in some line of public duty. But this tribute strange to say, does not take any practical form, nor does it find expression during the lifetime of the person to whom it is paid. On the contrary, it is allowed to lie dormant while the man is living; but no sooner is he dead than the news is telegraphed to all parts of the land, and for days, nay, months, our papers are filled with long accounts of his deeds, extolling his manifold virtues and reminding his bereaved countrymen of the irreparable loss they have sustained in his death. Now this, carried to a certain length, is very right and proper, and we should justly be censured for our ingratitude and want of patriotic sentiment were we to regard his death as a matter of little importance. Unfortunately, however, we go precisely to the other extreme and allow ourselves to be treated to long and tiresome disquisitions upon this subject till we are compelled to wish, not that the illustrious hero had not seen fit to depart this life, but that he had never been born. But even this we would be willing to forgive were it not aggravated by being carried beyond the province of the press.

The recent death of Gen. John A. Logan has again deluged the land with a torrent of articles relating to his career as a citizen, soldier, and statesman, and we may confidently expect to be furnished for a long time to come with essays, biographies, sketches, anecdotes and personal reminiscences pertaining to the deceased. Now this seems to us a most absurd and silly course to pursue, more especially as it is in such striking contrast to our treatment of the General while in the flesh. There seems to be a vague idea among the newspaper writers that, however uninteresting the life of a public man may have been, the general public will, after his death, be eager for any news, no matter of what description, having a bearing upon his career. This is just where a great mistake is made.

Later, after we have become the recipients of a voluminous collection of obituary literature (if we may be allowed the expression), the malady assumes another and more formidable appearance—formidable in that it indirectly concerns our private interests. For fear that all that has been written will not be sufficient to perpetuate the name and keep green the memory of our departed heroes, we must needs erect grand and elaborate monuments to their memory. An instance in point is in the recent attempt of several enterprising and zealous citizens of New York to raise the modest sum of one million dollars for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of General Grant. Without questioning the propriety of such a movement in this particular instance, it does seem to us that a much less outlay of money would answer the purpose equally well, and that the body of the dead General would not have cause to turn in his grave at the indignity offered to his name. As this noble project, however, was entirely unsuccessful, we have perhaps allowed ourselves to make too much of it. One thing may be added in favor of this sort of worship. It is a well known fact that during the past year more distinguished men have died than in any other period of our existence as a nation. And if monuments are to be built as memorials to those who have not already been tendered that honor, we will hold out a much more enticing inducement to our typical small boy for him to attain to eminence than the shadowy outlines of the president's chair.

A great many complaints have been made against a somewhat similar course pursued of late by the Century Magazine. We refer to the series of war papers which have been published by that monthly for some months past. Its editor, realizing that some explanation was necessary, has written a communication to his readers, setting forth the reasons which have induced him to continue the publication of the papers. It is unnecessary to recount them all, but his chief reason will be sufficient to illustrate the point.

He tells us that each separate article is not intended to please all classes of readers, nor that it is at all expected they should. The object aimed at is that among the various kinds of literary productions presented, every one will find something to his taste, and that if he so desires he may pass the others by. Now granting that this may be true, the question arises as to whether in subscribing for such a well known magazine as the Century, the subscriber does not expect to be furnished with more than but a small part suited to his taste. Of course we cannot take our own inclinations as an index of the general feeling, but if such a thing were possible we would confidently assert that, were the publication of the series of war papers discontinued it would be a source of general satisfaction to all its readers.

You can find J. H. Hooper at the University. Give him your number and he will call for your laundrying.