

England, so far, any sign of any decline in social efficiency through diminishing faith in religion. On the contrary, our social efficiency appears to me to be unmistakably showing a steady and undeniable increase."

"What is your view of the social conditions of the next century?"

"There are two great events which will, in all probability, fill a great part in the history of the twentieth century. The first will be the accomplishment among the Western peoples of the last stage of that social development which tends to bring all people into the rivalry of life on conditions of social equality. The other will be the final filling up by these peoples of all those tracts in the temperate regions of the earth which are suitable for permanent occupation. As both these processes tend toward completion, we must expect our present relations toward the colored races occupying territories outside the temperate zones to undergo further development. The day is probably not far distant when, with the advance which science is making, we shall recognize that it is in the tropics and not in the temperate zones that we have the greatest food-producing and material-producing regions upon the earth; that the natural highways of commerce in the world are those which run north and south, and that we have the highest possible interest in the proper development and efficient administration of the tropical regions, and in an exchange of products therewith on a far larger scale than has been attempted or imagined. The question that will, therefore, present itself for solution will be: How are the development and efficient administration of these regions to be secured? The ethical development which has taken place in our civilization has rendered the experiment once made to develop their resources by forced native labor—by slavery—impossible. We have already abandoned, under pressure of experience, the idea that once prevailed that the tropical regions might be occupied and permanently colonized by European races, as vast regions in the temperate climes have been. Within a measurable period in the future we shall probably also have to abandon the idea that the colored races, left to themselves, possess the qualities necessary to the development of the rich resources of the lands they have inherited. It seems to me that, while the rights of the colored races in the tropical regions will be increasingly respected, the solution which must nevertheless develop itself is that the tropics must be administered from the temperate regions. I have treated of the lessons of Egypt and India in 'Social Evolution.' They can scarcely fail to have their effect upon the United States in determining its attitude towards the tropical regions of America. The necessity of the future predominance of the influence of English-speaking peoples over the American continents is, indeed, already recognized by a kind of national instinct which may be expected to find clearer expression as time goes on."



## The Institutional Village Church

By the Rev. E. A. George

The village church in a certain sense has a wider sphere than that of the city, it stands so much more alone. Side by side with the city church are lecture courses, concerts, Young Men's Christian Associations, public libraries, entertainments of varied character, the stimulating reaction of association with large numbers of men and women, countless influences which tend to keep persons thinking, to rest them after work, to call out the best in them. From this point of view the city church might almost be excused if it contented itself with the old-fashioned lines of specifically religious work, leaving wider philanthropic and educational influences to the many agencies which surround it. Yet it is this very city church, with all its humanitarian allies, which is branching out from the conventional channels and contributing to the general physical, social, and intellectual well-being of the community.

Directly opposite is the situation of the village church. It stands alone. What allies has it, to which it may intrust general humanizing influences? What place is there open

every night, except the saloon, if there be one, and the store, that club-house of the country town? Beside the occasional lecture and concert and theatrical performance (which is generally of a character to justify the historic opposition of the stricter sects), what is there to call men and women out of themselves, to stimulate them to be anything but drudges? There is a certain barrenness of life in the ordinary village, due to this very lack of inspiration. The atmosphere is close with local interests which stifle, and petty scandals which poison. The average town needs airing, needs to have its windows thrown wide open, that breezes from the great outside world may blow in to purify and invigorate. There are not a few who long for this fresh air. There are tired women who have hardly opened a book since their marriage, except the well-worn cook-book, and who look upon the shelf of school-books as a dream of the past. As they dust them, they think with a sigh of the intellectual interests which housework and the care of children have crippled, and there is nothing to stimulate a return to the old studies. There are men who wish to check the inroads upon time and life of business, and to give their higher selves a chance, but there is little to help them. Business hours in a "center of trade" are much longer than in the city. In many towns the stores are open from six in the morning till ten at night, and this every day in the week. If early closing be proposed, the objection is raised that there is nothing else to do, nowhere to go. The village needs to be shown things to do in the evening, and places to go to—things and places so attractive that the stores will close of themselves. This is just the business of the village church; it ought to offer the community something more than Sunday services, a prayer and conference meeting, an occasional "sociable," strangely misnamed, as stiff and cold as the ice-cream served. It stands alone with a wide field; it rests upon it to quicken not only moral and religious life, but also domestic, social, intellectual, æsthetic, every kind of life that is genuinely human. If there is any church which cannot be forgiven for not being in some sense "institutional," it is this same village church.

An account of a recent attempt in this direction may be of interest, and offer some definite suggestion. It is simply an application of the University Extension idea. One hundred miles from the town is a good college, from which a professor was invited to deliver a lecture on modern history and to suggest books and outlines of work for a class. A simple church announcement brought together in a preliminary meeting over thirty desiring to join such a movement. There were about a hundred present at the introductory lecture, to which a small admission was charged in order to pay expenses. Each member of the class had Muller's "Political History of Recent Times" as a text-book, and there was purchased for general use, from a common fund, a reference library consisting of Fyffe's three volumes on modern Europe, Murdock's "Reconstruction of Europe," McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," and Lowell's "Eve of the French Revolution." For more than four months bi-weekly meetings of the class were held, at which a definite period was discussed and short papers read, each member reading several papers during the course. A committee presented at each meeting a printed outline of the reading for the next, with appointments of essays. The ladies, with characteristic ambition, met by themselves in the intervening week, to make special preparation for the next meeting. One of the programmes was as follows:

*Crimean War.*—Causes. Attitude of Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, France, and England. Measures taken by the Sultan. Siege of Sebastopol. Peace of Paris.

*Unification of Italy, 1848-71.*—Power of Austria in Italy. Victor Emmanuel. Alliance of Napoleon. Solferino. Garibaldi. Addition of Sicily, Naples, and Venetia to the kingdom. Rome made the capital.

*Topics for Papers.*—Siege of Sebastopol. Victor Emmanuel. Garibaldi. Cavour.

The books and outlines were in more than twenty families. Many not members of the class became interested and wished to attend the meetings. Toward the close of the

course the professor made a second visit, and gave an interesting lecture on the whole period. Memories of school-days were revived; fresh ambition came to not a few; tired mothers found a new rest from housework and care of the children in studying about Florence Nightingale and Empress Eugénie. Business men read the foreign items in the papers with new appreciation; the Irish problem, the European balance of power, the relations between France and Germany, the work of Bismarck, stood out as never before; a larger view of the labor problem, with suggestions for to-day, developed.

There are few towns in New England which have not a college within one hundred miles. These colleges are Christian institutions, conducted by Christian men, and would doubtless respond with all gladness to calls from neighboring villages. Education and Christianity have been always closely linked in New England, and perhaps they may find in such work a new bond.

Ten years of such courses, and what a large education would be won! Men and women would be looking out from our New England hills and valleys over the whole world, scandals and petty localisms would lose their charm, stores would be closed at night because there would be so much to do elsewhere, spirituality would be enriched, preaching from the pulpit would appeal to a greater sensitiveness, the kingdom of God would be advanced; for it is not only in the spectacular movements of metropolitan Christianity, but as certainly in the quiet work of the village church, "not with observation," that the kingdom comes.



## A Colorado Outing

By Mary Wickham Roe

The Dominie and I don't enjoy hot weather, and when for a week the thermometer in the front hall stood at from 100° to 110°, life in sunny Texas began to grow monotonous, and both the Dominie and I began to look forward eagerly to our trip to the Rockies. So we just bundled our old tramping clothes, our botanies and bird-books, into our trunk, and, not knowing our destination, set forth in search of cooler climes. On through the waving corn-fields, tall enough to hide a man on horseback, and the magnificent wheat-fields, now covered with the golden sheaves, through northern Texas, across "the Nation" and the treeless plains of the Cherokee Strip—last year an idle wilderness, now literally dotted over with new houses, dugouts, and all kinds of tents for temporary homes—all day long through Kansas, with its wearisome sameness of scenery; and the second morning, away off there over the plains, arose the pink outlines of the Rockies. They seemed right at hand, so clear is this wonderful atmosphere, but hour after hour we wound about the swells of the prairie, always climbing and coquetting with those jewel-like hills, until, at half-past seven, we were in Colorado Springs. The Dominie, of course, had picked up acquaintance with nearly every one on the car—a way we Western folks have which you Easterners have not; what we miss in style we gain in interest and comfortable good-fellowship. We hunted up a buggy and took a ride through this beautiful city, with its homes of luxury and refinement and avenues of trees kept green by the streams of water rushing along each street, from which irrigating-pipes enter each yard. Such a profusion of water! The Dominie thought sadly of our barrel of artesian water daily, for which we pay by the month, and our poor little roses so thirsty for the streams here running away in such profusion. That afternoon we boarded the electric car running out to Cheyenne Cañon.

Now, some of our friends, who know our proclivities for birds, trees, and flowers, had warned us that Colorado was barren, and we must not expect mountains like those of the East, with their forests and ferns; so when our car passed the great Casino, which we thought was the destination, and, rounding the shoulder of the hill, plunged apparently into the very mouth of the Cheyenne Cañon, we

greeted with a joy which only a dweller upon the prairie can understand, the sound of rushing streams and the odors of pines and flowers. We left the crowd of irresistibly funny little burros, saddled and ready to convey us up either of the two yawning cañons which meet here, with a "see you later," to which they replied in those melodious tones which have earned for them the title of "Rocky Mountain canaries."

As we sauntered along a wood-road, reminding us of loved spots in far-off Maine, we spied an old stile. The Dominie was over it with a spring which assured me that we are still young folks, and soon excitedly called me to follow. I climbed up the tiny rocky footpath to a little gate hung between trees, and, pushing it open, we found ourselves in a secluded garden, sweet with old-fashioned flowers and fruit-trees, and before us was an ideal farm-house under big trees, and with its "mesa," or upland pasture, stretching up to the grand old mountain-side. We knocked, and were met by a sweet-faced woman. "Yes, we can take you if you want simple farm fare," and she showed us into a clean little white-curtained room, whose window looked off across the forest up to those everlasting hills. Here we settled down with delight in a spot which could not have suited us better if made to order. Daily climbs through those wonderful gorges, going to sleep with the birds and getting up with the sun, soon rested the tired brains and braced the weak muscles, until we felt ready for anything. Now, from our window we could see a road climbing dizzily around the jagged breast of old Cheyenne. When the Dominie found that it led thirty-two miles over the mountain to Cripple Creek, the gold-mining camp made famous by the recent excitements, I knew what lay before me. We decided to see something of that wild life, and to see it from the beginning; so the Dominie engaged seats for us in the stage which runs daily from Colorado Springs.

Slowly the four powerful horses lifted us from the valley, rounding dizzy curves, with few inches to spare on either side, over slopes on precipices of hundreds of feet. Somehow the leaders did seem so "loose" to me! I did not see how, with all the lines, the driver could guide those horses, so far in front, so that they would take just the right curve to prevent our hubs from locking into this projecting crag on one side, or our wheels from pushing only an inch or so beyond the track over that fearful height on the other. Yes, and half-way down this slope to the right, caught on a cruel needle of rock, the driver pointed out the remains of a wagon, shattered into fragments, which went over there so recently that the very paint was still fresh. Two other such wrecks were pointed out to us; but, fortunately, a camping trip of ours in the Texas Panhandle had accustomed us to rough riding, so, with a *sang-froid* which the Dominie says does credit to a woman reared in the old Empire State, I left those sturdy leaders and that experienced driver to their duty, and gave my whole attention to the glorious views, the carpet of new and varied flowers, and the irresistible fun and interest of the conversation of our fellow-travelers, who by this time were all old friends. Except ourselves and the driver, all were mine-owners or miners, full of stories, which thrilled my blood, of adventure, disaster, and success. Our driver was the ideal of his kind, abounding in unasked information, breaking in at certain turns in the road with time-honored descriptions of points of interest, or indulging in quotations ranging from the Bible to Mother Goose. His remarks were invariably met with shouts of derision from the men behind, to whom this route was quite as familiar as to him. Presently they fell to discussing the recent "war" between the miners and the militia, and we had an account far more vivid and picturesque than we had heard before of the now famous miners' fort on Bull Hill, which a general on the ground said could not be taken in months, but which turned out to be manned with stovepipes instead of cannon!

Our burly driver plaintively asked, "What do you think ought to be done to a man who would point a rifle at a fellow with a bore big enough for me to crawl down and get the bullet?" (which was quite an orifice, in view of his