

children without being led to stronger efforts towards reconciliation with those of their own generation. The Church at home is not without a growing conviction that denominationalism is, if a "luxury," then a pernicious one, whether on the foreign field or at home. The conscience of the churches in the United States is being quickened, and there is a deepening of the realization that denominationalism is a sin—a deepening of realization which is due, among many causes, not least to the observation of its manifestly evil effects on its offspring in the foreign field. No effort, then, small or great, to remedy the evil as it affects foreign missions can fail of its reflex influence in more and more deepening the sense of sin in the home Church which finds expression in its own "unhappy divisions," and in awakening a greater desire to rid itself of those bands of wickedness with which it has been so long bound. But, more, not only would consciousness and desire be intensified, but an additional means working to the desired end would be provided. While it would seem scarcely open to question that the Church, when united in spirit, must express that union in its formal organization, yet those who most deeply believe in such organic unity are much divided as to the basis and essential character of that unity. Almost all, however, would agree, we believe, that there is nothing which is practically bringing about that unity of spirit which must precede and be the creator of any organic unity, so thoroughly as co-operation in common work. The great social and moral evils which confront the Church have not only revealed the practical weakness of denominationalism, and, as it were, forced Christians of different names to co-operate in common reform and philanthropic work, but that co-operation has been the most potent factor in breaking down pride and prejudice and in drawing together in sympathy and unity of spirit members and leaders of the different and separated ecclesiastical organizations. Surely, then, such practical co-operation in the essential, expansive work of the Church as is here suggested would not only quicken the consciousness of the evil of denominationalism and increase the desire for unity, but would also be a great power in bringing about that complete unity of spirit which must in time find expression in a united, though not uniform, body.

The above is presented, not as a carefully worked out plan, but as the suggestive outline of an idea. In carrying out this idea in the organization of such a Commission as suggested, many practical difficulties would doubtless be met, but none, we believe, which would prove insuperable, or which would require more expenditure of effort in their overcoming than would be fully justified by the results which would be attained.



"Follow the Drum"

By Condit Crane

In 1804 the rolling country back from Weehawken Heights was dotted with fine plantations where wealthy gentlemen lived like barons, finding in forest and stream all that sport which now they might go a thousand miles to seek.

Within sight of the river were the extensive grounds and the broad, irregular mansion of Major Egbert Prevost, a Revolutionary veteran with face and temper as fiery as the redcoats of the British. On his western border was the trim villa of the widow Schuyler, by a good mile his nearest neighbor.

The Major was a widower, well adapted in health, fortune, and reputation to be again deemed eligible. The widow was young, fair, and richly endowed. But a few years since it had been the gossip of the countryside that the pair would surely "make a match of it;" and yet now when they met on the church porch, or their clumsy carriages jostled together on the road, though Prevost bared his head, he frowned, and the lady was either unconscious or all disdain.

It was one June morning that Philip Schuyler, the widow's only child, strolled along the heights overlooking the river. Though there was many a rustle through bush and grass, he showed such a lack of sportsmanlike interest as to break out roundly in martial strains to these words:

'Twas in the merry month of May,
When bees from flower to flower did hum,
Soldiers through the town marched gay,
The village flew to the sound of the drum.

From windows lasses looked a score,
Neighbors met at every door,
Sergeant twirled his sash and story,
And talked of wounds, honor, and glory.

Barely had he finished this first verse when he heard, as in echo, a clear, ringing laugh, derisive yet merry. He sprang to the edge of the ledge and looked down; there an out-jutting spur, moss-covered, and shaded by short, gnarly trees, formed a natural bower; and within, weaving flowers, like a fairy, sat a little girl with sharp black eyes and dark, expressive face. In an instant Philip swung this way and that, and was beside his friend.

"I thought I might find you here, Margary," said the lad, eagerly.

"Then why did you sing that detestable song?" asked the girl.

"Detestable! Oh, no! 'Follow the Drum' is a very good song. Why, I taught it to you myself when I first knew you."

"Yes, but that was before I knew or cared that General Hamilton always sung it."

"Margary, you are not so foolish because your father is Colonel Burr's connection?"

"So foolish!" exclaimed Margary Prevost, hotly. "How about your mother, Philip? Should she have quarreled with an old friend simply because he remained loyal in politics to his kinsman and companion-in-arms?"

"My mother is a Hamilton," replied Philip, slowly, "and the General is my godfather and guardian. She has naturally been incensed against the Burrrites and—"

"The Burrrites! I'm one of them, and I'm proud of it! I wonder what she would say if she saw you now?"

Philip laughed merrily. "Mother would say," he protested, "that I had selected the most beautiful spot on the river for the one who is destined to become the toast of the countryside."

"When I do become the toast of the countryside," said Margary, "I won't respond by singing 'Follow the Drum,' as your great idol, Alexander Hamilton, always does. Girls are more sensible than that."

"All men are so," explained Philip, sententiously. "At the Turtle Club, where even Washington used to go, each gentleman was associated with a certain song which was respected as his peculiar property."

"Then why don't you respect 'Follow the Drum'?"

"Oh, I suppose I inherit a share in it, just as I do in our family pew."

"I hate politics," cried Margary, suddenly; "they make men so selfish, so cruel. If your Hamilton is a great soldier and lawyer and statesman, isn't my cousin Aaron his peer? Didn't he fight in the Revolution? doesn't he win every case he tries? isn't he Vice-President of the United States?"

"My mother says he is a very dangerous man."

"And my father says that he is persecuted by the stuffy old families through jealousy. Oh, Philip, if you could only see him once you would know him to be a king among men. He is so gallant, so witty, with such a sweet smile, and such wondrous black eyes."

"Well, I like General Hamilton for my own sake, and I'll like Colonel Burr for yours, if you'll promise to do the same."

"I'll try," said Margary, dubiously.

"Then let us sing together 'Follow the Drum;'" and the two voices ascended along the cliff and descended to the shore, where there was a small clearing, and thence rippled over the mighty river.

It was a beautiful spot which the children had selected for their innocent meetings, rendered secret through the estrangement of their parents. As if from an eyrie, they could view the flow of the waters and the sweep of the further shore, with the little city to the south, and the smart villas strung along opposite. Philip would point out the country-seat of his godfather at Washington Heights, and Margary would indicate where Burr's beautiful grounds at Richmond Hill ran down to the brink.

From this conversation both Philip and Margary took away the determination not to be affected by that political feud of which their relatives chanced to be the representatives, and of the virulence of which, of course, neither could judge. Each hoped, too, as children do without troubling over probabilities, that the two great men might become friends, and that then their parents would be as intimate as they had been in those dear old days when the two homes had seemed one, and that one their very own. What if in some small way they could help to bring all this about? Ah, how proud, how happy they would be!

And yet, day by day, both children heard enough to show them, what indeed was in the air over in the city, that the bitterness between Burr and Hamilton was nearing the danger point.

Major Prevost fumed over the wrongs of his hero to guests, to servants, to the blank walls themselves; while the widow Schuyler shed many a tear of tender apprehension for the safety of her distinguished connection, Alexander Hamilton.

On the evening of July 1, when Philip was loitering through the lanes, singing his favorite air in the hope that it might bring Margary to him, a slight, straight gentleman, dressed in black and walking briskly along, stopped short, and, grasping the lad under the chin, looked down quizzically into the upturned face.

"I like your voice, my little man, better than your song," the stranger said. "Pray, what is your name?"

"Philip Schuyler, sir."

"Ah, a Schuyler would naturally get his minstrelsy from Alexander Hamilton."

"He is my godfather, sir," replied Philip, sturdily, "and a very great man."

At this instant Margary glided through the hedge, and, springing as if in alarm between the two, cried:

"Cousin Aaron, Cousin Aaron, Philip is my best friend."

"Thou art lucky to have one, little lass," said Cousin Aaron. "In sooth, 'tis not a common commodity. But why such burning cheeks and blazing eyes? Dost think that I shall eat him?"

"No, no; but his mother and my father—"

"Oh, ho," laughed Cousin Aaron, "I see. Montague and Capulet again, and not even an old nurse to bring you together."

"I am quite too old for a nurse, please you!" retorted Margary, with dignity.

"Gramercy, and so you be, fair mistress!"

"And I often sing 'Follow the Drum' with Philip in token that we are not so foolish as our elders."

"Yes," interposed Philip, eagerly, "and if you, sir, are Colonel Burr, as I think you must be, it would be a very great favor to us both if you and General Hamilton would shake hands. You see, our homes are near by, and there are no other children in the neighborhood. We used to have such times together, and would again if her father and my mother—"

"Would also adopt such a laudable course, hey? Why not? I'm sure I'm ready to meet the General half-way"—here the Colonel smiled sarcastically as he thought of a protracted correspondence and a hostile message sent and accepted. "So hope on, young people. I shall always think of mutual forgiveness when I hear that song."

"There, didn't I tell you!" cried Margary, as the two watched the dapper form disappearing through the gloom. "Cousin Aaron is as good as good can be. Now if we can only get your General to say as much—"

"Why not?" responded Philip, in unconscious imitation of Aaron Burr's manner. "General Hamilton dines with us to-morrow midday, and must pass down the road to his barge."

And so the following afternoon, as Alexander Hamilton walked soberly down the shaded path to the river-brink, he was roused from his melancholy by the sound of youthful voices singing his favorite melody:

'Twas in the merry month of May,

"What, Philip!" he exclaimed, as he saw his godson; "thou hast a bonny little companion there, and blithe of song!"

"Mistress Margary Prevost," said Philip, with much stateliness.

"First cousin once removed by marriage to his Excellency Vice-President Aaron Burr," added Margary, courtesying low.

"And as partisan as pretty, I'm bound," rejoined the General, smiling gravely. "The Colonel has ever had the fair sex on his side. Don't you know, my child, that you are guilty of treason to him by singing that song?"

"La, no, sir. But yestere'en he heard us singing 'Follow the Drum,' and said that in the future it should turn his thoughts towards mutual forgiveness. Now if you only would—"

"Yes, if you only would—" pleaded Philip.

"So our feud makes even you young folks miserable, does it?" asked Hamilton, gently. "God knows 'tis not of my raising. But not on that account would I hold back from possible reconciliation. I say likewise: whenever I sing that song, my thoughts shall turn to mutual forgiveness. There is yet a chance. Perhaps out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He shall ordain praise." And during his journey across the shining river the General pondered deeply as to whether he could in honor seek, through the voice of the song, to avoid the duel which Burr was forcing on him.

On the evening of July 4th, amid a glow of flags and a glitter of steel, the Cincinnati held their annual banquet in the city of New York. The tall candelabra shed soft light on the long oaken table along which were seated in easy posture men renowned from past and present achievement. At its head sat Alexander Hamilton, soldier, lawyer, orator, financier, and statesman. Though he announced the toasts with due ceremony, it was noticeable that his manner was more than usually grave,

and that his words were few to the admiring coterie on either side. In marked contrast was the gay, almost wild demeanor of Colonel Aaron Burr, who, half-way down the board, was em-purpling the sanguine face of his kinsman, Major Prevost, with incessant drolleries.

When the cheers following the last regular response had died away, there were raps on table and glassware, and cries of "A song!" "A song!" "Follow the Drum!" "Follow the Drum!"

Hamilton shook his head, first decidedly, and then with hesitation. As if from a sudden thought he glanced smilingly down the line. "I will yield," he said, "purely from a spirit of charity;" and in a high, sweet voice he began:

'Twas in the merry month of May,

When bees from flower to flower did hum—

The tones were familiar to all, but to one alone they seemed strangely significant. Was there not a faint touch of pleading in them? What, then, had Hamilton meant by his seemingly careless remark? Could it be that those idiotic children had repeated his irony in sober earnestness, and that this was an indirect proffer of reconciliation? Burr's face grew livid as he reflected. To have been beaten was bad enough; but to be forgiven would be insupportable. Oh, yes, Hamilton could now afford to be condescending; he was on top, his star was steadily advancing, not manifestly on the wane! After he had injured, then he was willing to let bygones be bygones, hey? Well, well, the challenge had been sent and accepted; the duel should be fought, or in every coffee-house from New York to Albany the name of Hamilton would be posted as that of a dastard!

"I'm not so great as to be generous," sneered Aaron Burr to himself. "That is, not so great a fool."

So, while Hamilton sang, Burr sat glowering with malice, and when the song was finished he deliberately turned his back and in jesting words related to Major Prevost his meeting with the children, and its evident consequence. "Ha, ha!" he concluded, "I'm sorry to blight their hopes of a family reunion, but when I meet him half-way it will be in two days' time, with my gold-mounted dueling-pistol firmly in hand. Now what do you think of that?"

"I think, sir," said the Major, sternly, "that when a gentleman repudiates an honorable arrangement, there is murder in his heart. Good may come of those children's innocent hopes, notwithstanding your blighting. At all events, I beg to renounce you and all your works;" and, bowing low, he marched to the head of the table and offered his hand to General Hamilton.

Early on the second morning after the banquet, two barges swept across the river to the little clearing which the children's bower overlooked. The occupants landed and approached with courtly salutation. Off at one side a physician took his station with case of instruments under his arm. The seconds deftly measured off ten full paces and then placed their principals, Hamilton facing and Burr with his back to the river. Then followed the terse words, "Are you ready? One, two, three." The gold-mounted pistols were leveled; the true flints clicked and sent forth their fatal sparks; there were two sharp reports, two curls of smoke, and Hamilton lay bleeding on the ground, while his antagonist, unharmed, advanced toward him, with compunction in his wondrous black eyes.

Ah, in that vindictive meeting half-way there was an abrupt parting of ways for Aaron Burr! Thenceforth his path was a descent, through intrigues, failures, trials, disgrace, and poverty, to an ignoble end!

Meanwhile the children had met for a stroll in the fresh morning air. As they neared their eyrie, they heard the sharp reports. "Come," cried Philip; "they're after birds along the shore," and hand in hand they ran. A step here, a step there, and they looked down on a tragic scene. It required no interpretation. Burr, with foot on gunwale of the barge, was waving his hand in mournful farewell; while from an anxious, despairing little group Hamilton's white face gleamed, in awful contrast with the dewy verdure, the shining waters, the clear, fathomless azure.

The children gazed at each other in affright.

"Wounds, honor, and glory!" murmured Philip.

"Oh, how I hate those dreadful words!" cried Margary, bursting into tears.

Hand in hand they hopelessly retraced their steps. An end had come to their simple plan. Since blood had cemented hatred, what chance now was there that their parents might forgive and forget? And yet, as they turned into the main roadway, there, approaching arm in arm, and as happy as you please, were the gallant Major and the blushing and clinging widow. Though the news which the children brought cast a gloom over the joys of reunion, it could not permanently affect the light of domestic happiness. When the two homes were one, and the trim villa had become a lodge for the broad, irregular mansion, then only sweet and tender memories recurred while Philip and Margary sang "Follow the Drum."