

of the two is that of a perfect universe, or in the better degree reflects the image of a perfect God, it is for the reader to determine.

A word only upon his labor of practical reform, and I shall have done. That labor was the offspring and exemplification of his religion. The tree bore the fruit, and the fruit shows the quality of the tree. He believed in a Divine Righteousness that, from within men's hearts, and by the work of their hands, would make righteousness on earth; and his religion enlisted him to be its soldier. He believed that God intends the overcoming of evil; and he religiously made that intention his own. He believed that the providential design lies for us, first of all, in human conscience; and his religion engaged him to do heroically the work of conscience. The great battle had come. Heaven called him; he left all, and marched; and few can know how much he left to do his duty. Into the imminent deadly breach, foremost among the foremost, he threw himself, and his clarion voice rang out above the din, till at last he fell stricken, and was borne forth from the smoke to die. And I, above his grave, deem it not too bold to say: Brave soldier of God! if thine were not true religion, then it is from religion itself, and not from thy brow, that a laurel falls.

D. A. WASSON.

## THE DISCOVERER.

I HAVE a little kinsman  
Whose earthly summers are but three,  
And yet a voyager is he  
Greater than Drake or Frobisher,  
Than all their peers together!  
He is a brave discoverer,  
And, far beyond the tether  
Of them who seek the frozen Pole,  
Has sailed where the noiseless surges roll.  
Ay, he has traveled whither  
A winged pilot steered his bark  
Through the portals of the dark,  
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,  
Across the unknown sea.

Suddenly, in his fair young hour,  
Came one who bore a flower  
And laid it in his dimpled hand  
With this command:  
"Henceforth thou art a rover!  
Thou must make a voyage far,  
Sail beneath the evening star,  
And a wondrous land discover."  
—With his sweet smile innocent  
Our little kinsman went.

Since that time no word  
From the absent has been heard.  
Who can tell  
How he fares, or answer well  
What the little one has found

Since he left us, onward-bound?  
Would that he might return!  
Then should we learn  
From the pricking of his chart  
How the skyey roadways part.  
Hush! does not the baby this way bring,  
To lay beside this severed curl,  
    some starry offering  
    Of chrysolite or pearl?

    Ah, no! not so!  
We may follow on his track,  
    But he comes not back.  
    And yet I dare aver  
He is a brave discoverer  
Of climes his elders do not know.  
He has more learning than appears  
On the scroll of twice three thousand years,  
More than in the groves is taught  
Or from furthest Indies brought;  
He knows, perchance, how spirits fare,—  
What shapes the angels wear,  
What is their guise and speech  
In those lands beyond our reach,—  
    And his eyes behold  
Things that shall never, never be to mortal hearers told.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

SYSTEM OF  
ECONOMICAL CONTRADICTIONS:

OR,

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MISERY.

By P. J. PROUDHON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE entering upon the subject-matter of these new memoirs, I must explain an hypothesis which will undoubtedly seem strange, but in the absence of which it is impossible for me to proceed intelligibly: I mean the hypothesis of a God.

To suppose God, it will be said, is to deny him. Why do you not affirm him?

Is it my fault if belief in Divinity has become a suspected opinion; if the bare suspicion of a Supreme Being is already noted as evidence of a weak mind; and if, of all philosophical Utopias, this is the only one which the world no longer tolerates? Is it my fault if hypocrisy and imbecility everywhere hide behind this holy formula?

Let a public teacher suppose the existence, in the universe, of an unknown force governing suns and atoms, and keeping the whole machine in motion. With him this supposition, wholly gratuitous, is perfectly natural; it is received, encouraged: witness attraction—an hypothesis which will never be verified, and which, nevertheless, is the glory of its originator. But when, to explain the course of human events, I suppose, with all imaginable caution, the intervention of a God, I am sure to shock scien-