

"He teaches such of us as will hear him that the Right is the sum of all men's poor little personal effort to do right, and that the success of this effort means daily, hourly self-renunciation, self-abasement, the sinking of one's pride in absolute squalor before duty. This is not pleasant ; the heroic ideal of righteousness is more picturesque, more attractive : but is this not the truth ? Let any one try, and see ! I can not think of any service which imaginative literature has done the race so great as that which Tolstoi has done in his conception of Karenima at that crucial moment when the cruelly outraged man sees that he can not be good with dignity. This leaves all tricks of fancy, all effects of art, immeasurably behind. In fact, Tolstoi brings us back in his fiction, as in his life, to the Christ ideal. 'Except ye become as little children'—that is what he says in every part of his work ; and this work, so incomparably good æsthetically, to my thinking, is still greater ethically. You will not find its lessons put at you, any more than you will those of life. No little traps are sprung for your surprise ; no calcium-light is thrown upon this climax or that ; no virtue or vice is posed for you ;

but if you have ears to hear or eyes to see, listen and look, and you will have the sense of inexhaustible significance.

"I happened to begin with *The Cosacks*—the epic of nature, and of a young man's sorrowful, wandering desire to get into harmony with the divine scheme of beneficence ; then I read *Anna Karenina*—that most tragical history of loss and ruin to brilliancy and loveliness, out of which the good can alone save itself ; then I came to *Peace and War*—that great assertion of the sufficiency of common men in all crises, and the insufficiency of heroes ; I found some chapters of the *Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol*, and I read them with a yet keener sense of this truth ; *Childhood, Boyhood and Youth* made me acquainted for the first time in literature with the real heart of the young of our species ; *The Death of Ivan Ilitch* expressed the horror and the stress of mortality, with its final bliss, and made it a part of nature as I never had realized it before ; *Poli-kouchka*, slight, broken, almost uncompleted, was perfect and powerful and infinite in its scope of mercy and sympathy."

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#### "KNOW THYSELF."

**F**EW of us are so happily constituted that we are

"Creatures without reproach or blot,  
Who do God's will and know it not,"

for most of us are weak ; earth-children, who lean upon others ; taxing the forbearance of all around us ; fretful, crying children, who take the best life of others and return nothing ; or what is worse, we are black spots upon the sunshine, depraved, sensual, drunken, devilish. What shall we do, and how shall we square our lives is the great question that concerns us. We must have a scheme, a system, an aim in life, or we have no security that we shall not make it an entire wreck. We must start with

a something that will be to us what ballast is to the ship, and the magnet to the pilot, and this must be faith in a supreme, beneficent and benevolent power resulting in law ; faith in the supremacy of the soul, and faith in ourselves, or, in other words, a sense of duty growing out of these relations.

There is something which man is to do himself. He is not the victim of arbitrary law, nor the victim of an overwhelming fate. Within himself is the law, and it is his place to study it out and learn the end and aim of life. There is no such thing as misfortune—the struggle of a good man against envy, hatred and malice, persecution and

death, which the ancients declared was a sight pleasing to the gods, deserves a nobler name than misfortune, which implies only the mishaps pertaining to worldly relations of success or defeat, and which are subject to worldly wisdom.

If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness. In the soul of every man is placed the vice-regent of God, the conscience, which is the interpreter of law; the perpetual voice uttered within us, that says, *do right*. This is the voice that stays the hand on the verge of crime; the voice that whispers through the darkness, and peoples it with images of dread wherever man is concocting measures destructive to his own peace or the good of others. This is the light within the soul penetrating to all its recesses; showing up its dark spots, and indicating the possibility that it may become at some time a scorpion whip to punish, a burning flame of retribution, bringing slowly but surely its penalty for evil doing. This conscience is the light of the soul, and our great Teacher has implied that this light may be extinguished, this blessed ray coming down from the Father of light may sink down into darkness, as the Shekinah that illumined the ancient temple of Jerusalem, shining over the holy of holies, went out at the desecrating touch, and a low wail, a melancholy cry, "Let us depart," was the last sound that preceded destruction.

Our life, each one, is a little kingdom, the administration of which is left to its owner. If he neglect it, evil will spring up in every department, sensuality and passion will prevail, and license and corruption bring about a state of moral anarchy that will end in total eclipse of, or subversion of all good. In this sense we are our own keepers, and if we fail to avail ourselves of such helps and conditions as are a part of our moral safety, if we rush on blindly with a headlong disregard to consequences, we

have no right to indulge in maudlin complaints, and declare the world is against us, when it is only we who have been against ourselves.

We all have burdens to bear, but if we are accounted worthy to suffer, our trials will be proportioned to our strength; a life of all sunshine and prosperity is intrinsically a mean life, most likely compounded of entire selfishness; but we have most of us a habit of leaning upon each other, and thus compelling others, not only to bear their own burdens, but ours also. We spread out before them our aches and pains, our trials and disappointments, our regrets, lost hopes, petty cares, and weaknesses, just as if all these were not the common lot, and thus we weaken ourselves and distress others, and the common stock of magnanimity is impoverished. We challenge sympathy on trifles; we defraud our friends out of most sacred sensibilities by this imbecility. We must, if we would be true to what is best in our manhood, learn to stand alone—this everlasting cry for sympathy, and appreciation is the ultimate of selfishness and infirmity, to say nothing of vanity. When we stand thus alone in the completeness of our moral sense, and the fulness of our faith in the divine spiritual, we begin to live, and are worthy of confidence, and can go among our fellows imparting a glow and kingliness, sunshine in a shady spot, clearness, hopefulness, all the armory of the spiritual life, and this does not require great gifts, but it does require manliness in the use of them.

We Americans, as a people, are vain and ostentatious—this is the abuse of our real idealism; we like completeness in everything. We dress better, build better, row and swim, and eat better than other peoples, and in all this we are in danger of losing the spiritual side of our being. We are proud of ourselves as a handsome people, proud of our country, so vast, so majestic: proud of our institutions, the best in the world-

holding out unlimited promises, affording infinite possibilities to the race; but it behooves us on these very grounds to be the more circumspect, and not content ourselves with any superficial good which we may have attained, lest the national light become darkness. Our system of education, our habits of thought are such that our old men are young, and our young men old. Let us beware lest by a neglect of moral training we become unworthy of our beautiful heritage, and incur the woe of the Persian sage upon that nation, "in which the young have the vices of old age, and the old retain the follies of youth."

Some will not incur the responsibilities of marriage and paternity from this cause alone, and they impoverish their own souls by this means; others will not commit themselves to measures of public interest, for fear of being called upon to perform some onerous duty; and in many ways responsibilities are shirked which it is better to meet manfully. In accepting anything outside of ourselves we run the hazard of encountering disappointment, what then? shall we live like a snail in its shell lest we find ourselves eating bitter herbs of grace? Shall we refuse to do good to our kind lest we be met with obloquy? shall we

quench the living lamp of the soul, because some have mistaken the way? shall we fear to entertain angels because devil's have sometimes appeared like angels of light? Better, ten thousand times better, seize upon some beneficent good even at the risk of all suffering, than live an irresponsible, selfish life, with only self for its centre. The old myth of Prometheus, who snatched a coal from the gods by which he animated his clay man, and for this godlike act was condemned to ages of suffering, has its counterpart in every heart that will go out of self into benign endeavors.

Our lot in this world is a mingled web of joy and sorrow, but if we square it by the laws of immutable truth and justice, which the conscience within us is forever calling upon us to do, we shall at least find peace, and safety; but if we would find joy as well as peace we must make our faith a living vital faith, covetous of good works, but covetous also of heavenly manifestations; so fall of internal light, so glowing with the Shekinah of the holy of holies that we shall feel and know that heaven is within us, and even grief and trial, and the cruelty or sordidness of others will not disturb our perfect faith that to live, to be, is of itself a blessedness.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

## THE NATIVES OF NORTH AMERICA.—PART 2.

### RELIGION OF THE INDIANS.

**T**HE Indians are a very religious people. The belief in the supernatural is universal among them. The medicine men are their prophets and priests. They profess to hold communion with spirits, and to possess prophetic gifts and magical powers, and the people believe that they do. They rely chiefly upon magic as a remedy for disease, though they sometimes use roots, herbs, and other means. A belief in a Great Spirit or *Supreme Mystery*, and numerous inferior spirits, is general, if not uni-

versa' among the Indians. Some tribes believe in two Great Spirits, good and bad, while others believe that there is but one Great Spirit, who is sometimes in a benevolent mood and at other times angry. The first, credit all the good things they receive to the good Great Spirit, and the evils which come upon them are charged to the account of the evil Great Spirit. The last, when misfortune comes to them, accept it as proof that the Great Spirit is angry, and when they are successful, prosperous and