

are the symptoms of a culture that nowhere appears to better advantage than in the life of a busy man of the world.

The Association is mainly composed of young men. One very sprightly twenty-two-year-old hailed from Riverside and represented the defunct *Tribune*. This is the young men's empire. And the force of the editorial work done in Southern California finds not its least root in the youth of the men who do it.

During the afternoon session, Col. Otis of the Los Angeles Times, accompanied by a short, red-faced man with a head as big as a Santa Ana pumpkin dropped in on the proceedings during the afternoon.

ROBERT ELSMERE.

The world is indebted, as it has not often been to any body, to Mrs. Humphrey Ward, for her book, Robert Elsmere. Orthodox Christianity will never be the same that it was before that book was widely read. An epoch in the religious history of man is marked (by no means created), by the publication of this book. We rise from reading it profoundly gratified that a great and reverent enough hand has been found to say to the world that the lights of the greatest religion it has seen are flickering, and unless something is substituted, the world will be walking a faithless way. Men may wrap themselves in the invincibility of their own faith, and nurse the delusion that Christianity is growing. The tremendous fact is that Christianity is crumbling. Where are the intellectual converts to Christianity? Cardinal Newman stands out as the Paradox of this century. The drift is toward agnosticism. Herbert Spencer is the new priest. There is no virtue in stubbornly denying that this century disbelieves the miracles and the Resurrection. The need of this hour is men like Robert Elsmere, who have minds to define that orthodox Christianity, based on the miraculous, will not prevail, and hearts to contrive how to save from its ruin, the essentials that are its life, and rehabilitate them in some shape for men to accept. The book is full of types embodying the great tendencies of the day. In Langham, all the colors of life fade before the cynical "Why" that is forever on his lips, like flowers wither in a desert blast. Mr. Wendover kept lighted the beacon of intellect in the cupola of his life, and left all the living apartments, where perforce he had to live, cheerless as the grave. Cathrine's father had moulded her life into cast iron forms, which no human love was strong enough to fuse, and no word of reason hard enough to break. Poor Cathrine. She was almost denied the comfort of sympathizing. She was the slave of an unbending creed, that tyrannized over her life and assassinated her wifeliness. The pathos of that struggle, where love sought to harmonize belief and unbelief, is infinite. Mr. Grey was in stronger and more commanding proportions. In him, Emerson's uncreed and abiding faith, found a mighty apostle. Rose was human nature—a very captivating and bright piece of it, darting in and out among serious things, like a bird at church. But the great figure of the book is Elsmere; the great message of the book

is Elsmere's life. He was a young English clergyman. He was full of enthusiasm, of humanity, and richly endowed in mind. His historical studies and reflections and intercourse with Squire Wendover, undermined his faith. He was a religious man. Beyond the expression of any creed was the soul-deep religion of the man. When Christianity was gone, religion was left. God was left, and his ardent soul sought to formulate his limitless faith, so that it could be accepted of all men, inspire all men, and be the organ of their humanity, analogous to the church. He got but to begin his great work when consumption claimed him. In distant Algiers he died in his wife's arms. We could not resist a passionate longing, as we saw him fail day by day, to bring him to the balm of our own Banning air. We close the book with the query on our lips—what next? Great questions face this generation. The greatest of all is, what is to be done with the world's growing unbelief? While faith in the beneficent outcome of all things is rooted in us, we cannot suppress an anxiety at the situation of Christendom, so graphically typified in the life of Robert Elsmere.

Mr. M. G. Kelly went to San Bernardino on Thursday. There isn't a tiled floor in San Bernardino that is too good for our friend Kelly to walk his lithe length over. The smell of loneliness will be about us till he returns.

The weather this week was superb. A glance at our report will see the thermometer ranging through the sixties and the days clear. On Sunday we galloped into the mountains. The atmosphere was one long caress. The sunshine lay softly on the slopes, and the mellowness of a perfect autumn was in the landscape.

A tragedy is reported from the school grounds. A blonde young gentleman from the foot hills was a little too agile after a ball and parted his habiliments. A handy needle and thread furnished by merchant Ingelow rectified the lapse, and school kept on.

Mr. Jno. Hanna betook his genial efflorescence down to Los Angeles on Tuesday. As we parted from him on Spring street, he had buttonholed a susceptible, and was pouring into his thirsty ear the latest story he was reminded of. It was an Irish legend.

The immortal Charles Murchison has turned up. His name is George Osgoodby; he is a young Englishman, and got projected into history the suddenest of any other man in his generation. We move that Pomona pay him his advertising bill by re-christening itself Murchisonville.

Judge W. K. Dunlap returned on Wednesday night from a trip into Santa Clara county. The Judge has a ranch up there, but has the exquisite taste to make his residence in this sun-kissed vale. We are glad to welcome the Judge back. We are always lost if two days pass without our seeing the familiar spectacle of Mr. Dunlap wheeling into town behind that sorrel degree of longitude that does his locomoting for him.

We saw Mr. Ollie Smith, known among the romance loving ladies of Banning as "The King of the Desert", on our streets last Wednesday.

OUR LAY SERMON.

So long as there is no resident minister in Banning, the HERALD's movement toward that good end being yet under consideration, we are impelled to erect a pulpit of our own, and therefrom to launch upon the bosom of a restless humanity, some of the rich cargoes of wisdom that are stored away in our capacious intellectual warehouse. In sermonizing, it is a good plan to aim your remarks at some particular head. You will likely reach it, and the remaining unhit will enjoy the discomfiture of the hit. You thus affect everybody one way or the other. We purpose in successive issues, directing a few remarks to various classes of people, whom we see typified in the life about us. If anybody is so conceited as to think we are talking of them individually, we trust they will only the more ponder on what we say. What we have to say this week is addressed

TO THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS SELF-CONSCIOUS:

If you are passing comely, you may be the richest creature on the globe. Your body is the most beautiful thing the eye of art hath ever seen. Your heart and mind are the seats of all the graces that charm the human soul. Your position gives you the opportunity of dispensing more joy to others, and therefore gathering more for yourself, than is allowed to any body else. The dearest conception of the human race is its ideal of woman, and in proportion as you approach to that, do you command the affectionate reverence of all men. You are rich, because you hold the keys to the omnipotent and unstinted revenues of the human heart.

But you have a disease. You go about enveloped in discomfort. Your mind, like the compass needle, points only in one direction, and that is toward yourself. You have lost the charm of unconsciousness. You see everybody who looks at you, and imagine everybody else is looking at you. Your notion of yourself has become magnified till it fills your whole head. You are constantly regulating yourself to make a good impression. You succeed in making yourself look ridiculous.

The baby, who has no idea of self, is beautifully unconscious. The man who is so absorbed in a task as to have forgotten himself, is clothed in a dignified unconsciousness. From either of these you are a hemisphere apart. To recover from your disease, you must reduce your estimate of other people's regard for you, and then forget that in occupation. Ponder in this wise: "There are millions of beings now in the world as worthy as I, and similarly situated—millions of them. I am but one in a multitude. Many of them are transcendently my superiors. In this immense herd I cannot be very considerable. My death would be of small account; much less the small particulars of my life. Every body else has himself to look after. The small margin that is left after attending to himself, is divided among all his fellows: The share that falls to me, therefore must be very small. So that as I walk along the street, the great probability is that very few people notice me at all, and if any do, they accord to me no more than a passing glance. If I enter a crowded room I may be assured that I at-

tract the smallest amount of attention. I need to be scarcely less at ease than if I were in my own room."

Having thus punctured this balloon of self-importance, which is not entirely conceit, you will have made room in your head for other matters. Make no delay in getting other matters in. Your brain is a marvellous loom; all things about are materials to feed it; you have only to put in what you see, turn the crank of your brain, and there will come out fabrics of use and beauty, as infinite in variety as the resources of nature and the suggestions of fancy.

We are sorry for your affliction. The symptoms of your trouble are as distressing to your friends as they are unnecessary for you. If there is anything in you, you will recover. You will see the time when you can move among men with the composure that comes from thinking more of other things than yourself; that comes indeed from thinking at all.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

It has taken President Cleveland over three months to formally accept his nomination. Now, occupying the office, it would seem that when tendered it the second time by his party, he would make a prompt and positive answer. The delay indicates either that he didn't know what to say, or was afraid to say it.

The letter is Grover Cleveland's production. Nobody can mistake the turgid and flabby rhetoric. In writing, he travels as if his legs were tangled up in a bolt of cheesecloth. The letter opens with this stirring epigram: "In addressing to you my formal acceptance of the nomination to the Presidency of the United States, my thoughts persistently dwell upon the impressive relation of such action to the American people, whose confidence is invited, and to the political party to which I belong, just entering upon the contest for continued supremacy." The spirit of Abe Lincoln would say, "For God's sake, Grover, take the gingerbread out of your mouth, and speak up like a man."

The letter of acceptance is one that forgets to accept. It thanks nobody for the honor. It expresses no direct and personal sense of responsibility in the premises. It is the fitting response of an autocrat to the homage of a slave—as void of gratitude or generous sentiment as the growl of a sullen beast when his daily ration is thrown him through the bars of his cage. Thirty million people select him as their standard bearer—in answer where to, he utterly ignores the confidence, the loyalty, and the unparalleled distinction implied in that selection. The HERALD trusts never again to be called to witness the spectacle of half the American people marshalled under the leadership of so unresponsive and stolid a block as Grover Cleveland. The letter is fatiguingly long, and is mainly devoted to the tariff. It says:

"Under these circumstances, and in view of this necessary effect of the operation of our plan for raising revenue, the absolute duty of limiting the rate of tariff charges to the necessities of a frugal and economical administration of the government, seems to be perfectly plain." That means a tariff for revenue only. And a tariff for revenue only ignores the

idea of protection. Though he says the propriety of a tariff for revenue only seems perfectly plain, he goes on to make it perfectly obscure.

Of trusts he says, "Under various names they have been fostered by the common law for hundreds of years," yet he charges their existence to our Protective policy. The climax of rhetoric and emotion is reached, when he declares that he has an "unutterable hatred" of trusts. Heaven pity the country, whose Chief Magistrate, to

express his opposition to a form of commercial tyranny, must betake himself to such a hysterical, school girl superlative as "unutterable hatred." After that expression a faint would be in order. The letter ends with a whine that the Republicans misrepresent the Democratic position on the tariff. If anybody but the President had written the letter, nobody would read it. As a letter of acceptance, it is like primeval chaos, "without form and void." Part of it is hackneyed, part puerile, and all commonplace. Our deepest regret is that we could not see the spasm of disgust with which that graceful writer, Henry Watterson was attacked on reading his chief's letter.

On Saturday afternoon the ladies were dispensing ice cream in the Lucas House. The sun was in fine form and his pitiless shafts sank clear to the bowels of an impoverished Editor of our acquaintance, who was patrolling our streets for a glint of news. He came across a group of generous young Banningites, lounging in front of the Postoffice, and meekly joined them, after running the gauntlet of their satire. He was an object for mercy. His eyelids limply flapped in the breeze; his sorrel shoes were warped, like the boots of a Turk, and his whole form had the limp consistency of a centenary squaw. From the P. O. corner the tinkle of silver and china over at the Ice Cream Parlor could be distinctly heard, and at their sound there welled up, from the very seat of nutrition, into the eyes of that pensive pender, a yearning, appealing look that set flowing the fountains of charity in every heart in sight. The hat went round and the tinkling silver across the street was echoed by the tinkling silver in the hat. There was a transfiguration. That Editor's spine sprung into shape, his limbs became clothed with grace, and it wasn't ten minutes till he was heading a procession of ladies on the way to the Cream Parlor. He looked the Nabob, every inch, and the proceeds of that collection on the corner were blown in with quite as much sang froid as Freddy Gebhart ever opened a bottle for "The Lily" with.

Miss Ina R. Pickering has come to Banning with the intention of opening a dressmaking establishment. THE HERALD has some delightful acquaintances among Miss Pickering's relatives in the East, and can, and does, most cordially recommend her not only to the patronage but to the association of the ladies of Banning. Until further notice, Miss Pickering can be found at the residence of Mr. Mackey.

Miss Virgie Van Arsdale spent two days in Colton this week, but resumed her vacation at Banning on Thursday. In this bracing climate a new rose blossoms in her cheek every other day.