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**MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH.**

In connection with the work of the Salvation Army, in France, the name of Maud Charlesworth will always be linked with that of the "Marechale." On this side of the water as Mrs. Ballington Booth, her success, though among a very different class of people, has been none the less marked. She has long been known outside of the Salvation Army as well as in it, as one of the most useful women and powerful speakers of her time. She is the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Charlesworth and niece of Miss Charlesworth, whose stories for girls are so well known. She was born a few miles from London in the same year that the Rev. William Booth separated himself from the Methodist church and went alone to preach to the outcasts of Whitechapel. Shortly after her birth her father moved to the east end of London, and just opposite his church was the little hall in which the Army—then known as the Christian Mission—first met.

"Mrs. Charlesworth, says a recent writer, was a woman with very wide views and a large heart, and was a sort of "good angel" to the whole parish, which was a very poor one. She fully sympathized with the little mission across the way, and more than once attended its meetings. Then, too, when the Mission bands were forbidden to hold street meetings, Mr. Charlesworth opened his large grounds to them.

It was in 1881 that Maud Charlesworth first connected herself with the Salvation Army movement, becoming a soldier, and a year later entering the Training Home to go through the regular training of an officer. Her first appointment was for foreign service, and her father accompanied her to Paris, where she was to begin her warfare as aid to Miss Catherine Booth, by whose side she was to stand through many a desperate fight, and with whom she was to bear both persecution and imprisonment. They opened the work in Switzerland, and after much hardship and harsh treatment were expelled as "dangerous to the peace of the Republic;" but they left behind them a devoted little band which has since grown greatly. After two years in France and Switzerland, Miss Charlesworth returned to England, and the following year was spent in travelling through England, Scotland, Ireland, and Sweden, where she held large meetings with great success. In this year Miss Charlesworth, with five helpers, opened in London the slum-work which has since developed so wonderfully.

In 1886, Miss Charlesworth was married to Ballington Booth, the General's second son, and five months later they were ordered to America to take charge of the Salvation Army work there.

In addition to all her public speaking and work of organization, Mrs. Booth has found time to write two little books, "Wanted, Antiseptic Christians," and "The Curse of Septic Soul-Treatment."

**WHAT IS LIFE?**

It is my belief, said Thomas A. Edison in a recent interview with a representative of the New York Herald, that every atom of matter is intelligent, deriving energy from the primordial germ. The intelligence of man is, I take it, the sum of the intelligences of the atoms of which he is composed. Every atom has an intelligent power of selection and is always striving to get into harmonious relation with other atoms. The human body, I think, is main-

tained in its integrity by the intelligent persistence of its atoms, or rather by an agreement between the atoms so to persist. When the harmonious adjustment is destroyed, the man dies, and the atoms seek other relations. I cannot regard the odor of decay but as the result of the efforts of the atoms to dissociate themselves; they want to get away and make new combinations. Man, therefore, may be regarded in some sort as a microcosm of atoms agreeing to constitute his life as long as order and discipline can be maintained. But, of

course, there is disaffection, rebellion, and anarchy, leading eventually to death, and through death to new forms of life; for life I regard as indestructible—that is, if matter is indestructible. All matter lives, and everything that lives possesses intelligence. Consider growing corn, for example. An atom of oxygen comes flying along the air. It seeks combination with other atoms and goes to the corn not by chance but by intention. It is seized by other atoms that need oxygen and is packed away in the corn where it can do its work.

Now, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen enter into the composition of every organic substance in one form of arrangement or another. The formula CHO, in fact, is almost universal. Very well, then, why does a free atom of carbon select any particular one out of fifty thousand or more possible positions unless it wants to? I cannot see how we can deny intelligence to this act of volition on the part of the atom. To say that one atom has an affinity for another is simply to use a big word.

The atom is conscious if man is conscious, is intelligent if man is intelligent, exercises will power if man does—is, in its own little way, all that man is. We are told by geologists that in the earliest periods no form of life could exist on the earth. How do they know that? A crystal is devoid of this vital principle, they say, and yet certain kinds of atoms invariably arrange themselves in a particular way to form a crystal. They did that in geological periods antedating the appearance of any form of life, and have been doing it ever since in pre-

cisely the same way. Some crystals form in branches like a fern. Why is there not life in the growth of a crystal? Was the vital principle specially created at some particular period of the earth's history, or did it exist and control every atom of matter when the earth was molten? I cannot avoid the conclusion that all matter is composed of intelligent atoms, and that life and mind are merely synonyms for the aggregation of atomic intelligence. Of course there is a source of energy. Nature is a perpetual-motion machine, and perpetual

motion implies a sustaining and impelling force. When I was in Berlin I met Du Bois Reymond, and, wagging the end of my finger I said to him, "What is that? What moves that finger?" He said he didn't know; that investigators have for twenty-five years been trying to find out. If anybody could tell him what wagged this finger, the problem of life would be solved. Electricity, by the way, is properly merely a form of energy, and not a fluid. As for the ether which speculative science supposes to exist, I don't know anything about it. Nobody has discovered anything of the kind. In order to make their theories hold together, they have, it seems to me, created the ether. But the ether imagined by them is unthinkable to me. I don't say I disagree with them, because I don't pretend to have any theories of that kind, and am not competent to dispute with speculative scientists. All I can say is, my mind is unable to accept the theory. The ether, they say, is as rigid as steel and as soft as butter. I can't catch on to that idea. I believe that there are only two things in the universe—matter and energy. Matter I can understand to be intelligent; for man himself I regard as so much matter. Energy, I know, can take various forms and manifest itself in different ways. I can understand also that it works not only upon but through matter. What this matter is, what this energy is, I do not know.

**AN IMPRESSIVE STATEMENT.**

The Bishop of Minnesota recently said:—"Many years ago, the late Rev. Lord Charles Hervey paid a visit to my missions, and after service, the head chief, turning to him, said, 'Do you know the history of the North American red men? Shall I tell you it? Before the white man came, the rivers and lakes were full of fish, and the prairie and forest were full of game; and hunger and thirst never came to the wigwam of the Indian. Would you care to see one of my braves such as he was before the coming of the white man?' He clapped his hands, and the door of the tent opened, and there appeared an Indian, proud and erect, in all the finery and feathers of a young warrior, with his squaw by his side. 'That,' said the chief, 'represented my people before the white man came. Now, shall I show you what the white man has done for us?' He clapped his hands again, and there appeared before them a squalid, miserable-looking wretch, and by his side an equally degraded woman. 'O great Spirit,' exclaimed the chief, 'is this an Indian? How came he to this pass?' He produced from beneath his blanket a black bottle. 'That,' said he, 'is the gift of the white man.' But if that were all that the white man had done for us, you would not be my guests to-day. Many years ago a pale-faced man came to us, and at last we listened to what he had to tell us. Would you like to know what that story has done for us? Again he clapped his hands. The



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