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SEGULAR THOUGHT

A JOURNAL OF LIBERAL OPINION AND PROGRESS

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"Agnosticism simply means that a man shall not say he knows or believes that for which he has no scientific grounds for professing to know or believe."—T. H. HUXLEY.

"Assent to no proposition the matter of which is not so clear and distinct that it cannot be doubted."—DESCARTES.

Notes and Comments.

THE SUSPENSION OF "SEGULAR THOUGHT."

OUR readers will have been somewhat startled at the action of the Postmaster-General, in refusing to allow **SEGULAR THOUGHT** to go through the Canadian mails; though it must be confessed that the continuation by the present Postmaster-General of the ban placed upon the *New York Truth Seeker* by his predecessor in office was not a circumstance to justify the roseate views of many of our friends as to the advent in Canadian officialdom of more liberal views regarding the rights of individuals to Free Thought and Free Speech. Well, the incident is over, as the appearance of the present number of the paper will make manifest, and all that is left to us is to "mend our ways,"—as far, that is, as printing matter which may be peculiarly offensive to our theological adversaries is concerned, and for which our journal was excluded from the Canadian mails,—and set ourselves seriously to the task of endeavoring to obtain the abolition of the tyrannical power at present possessed by the Government, represented by the Postmaster-General, of violently suppressing opinions to which they may be opposed. Meanwhile, we shall endeavor to act in good faith with our friend at Ottawa. It will, of course, be impossible for us to bow down to his idols, or to respect them any the more because he has power to "squench" us by a stroke of his pen; in truth, they only appear to us in a more ridiculous and helpless plight when their champion endeavors to protect them. The height of absurdity is reached when a business man takes up the role of a Pope, either on his own initiative or at the instigation of priests. Readers of the correspondence

Look up error and file this with it

which we publish to-day will see that Freethinkers are themselves by no means a unit in this matter; and it would probably have been better for the cause of the Postmaster-General had he left us to the tender mercies of our own friends. As it is, in deference to their opinions as well as to the obligations entered into with the Postmaster-General, we shall "roar like a sucking-dove" when in future we contemplate the outrageously absurd situations involved in the current Christian theogony and its prophetic and ecclesiastical accessories. The last official letter in the correspondence calls attention to the condition of the Canadian law in regard to the ecclesiastical offence known as "blasphemous libel." The Postmaster-General will probably know more about that mythical offence than he appears to know at present if he ever enters an action under the statute relating to it, but, whatever might be the decision of a prejudiced judge and jury in such a case, it is our clear opinion that **SEGULAR THOUGHT** has never published anything to bring it within the scope of the terms recited by the Postmaster. We put the correspondence on record in full:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, CANADA,
OTTAWA, 30th March, 1899.

SIR,—I am directed to inform you that, the attention of the Postmaster-General having been called to the issue of 'Secular Thought' hearing date the 25th inst., and particularly to a contribution which appears therein under the title of 'An Easter Hymn,' he has considered it proper to issue an order excluding the journal in question from the mails of this country.

Instructions to this effect have to-day been given to the Postmaster of Toronto.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
W. D. LESUEUR, Secretary.

C. M. Ellis, Esq., Proprietor and Publisher,
185½ Queen St. West, Toronto."

This communication was supplemented on Saturday morning by another from the Toronto Postmaster, informing us that the papers which had been mailed on Thursday, and for the carriage and delivery of which we had paid, were still in the Post-office, and would not be forwarded. This we looked upon as a most unwarrantable proceeding, as the mail bags were at the Union Station, and should have been sent off before the Postmaster-General's order was received. One bag, indeed, was so sent. Under these circumstances, we at first felt like making the strongest possible protest against what we conceived to be a most unjust piece of tyranny. Our legal adviser thought a fair ground existed under the statutes for an action against the official, but our readers can appreciate the difficulties that would be encountered in fighting the Government, which an action would practically amount to; and after due consideration and consultation with friends, we addressed the following letter to the Postmaster-General:

" 185 1/2 Queen St. West, Toronto, April 3, 1899.
To the Hon. the Postmaster-General,
Ottawa, Ont.

" SIR,—I have received a notification from you that my journal, SECULAR THOUGHT, will not be allowed to pass through the Canadian mails, the ground of your order being the appearance in it of an article entitled 'An Easter Hymn.'

" In asking you to rescind your order, I beg to submit these considerations :

" You must be well aware that the editor of a paper cannot always exercise full supervision over all the matter which appears in it. If every journal were to be suppressed in which an objectionable item might occasionally appear, probably few journals would continue to be published.

" My journal is subscribed to by many prominent men in Canada, and I have received many letters approving of its general conduct and its clean and moderate tone. I greatly regret that any item should have appeared to which you could take exception.

" To carry out your order will involve me in very serious loss, and this is a punishment which I think your sense of justice will show you should not be inflicted without my being heard in my own defence.

" Should you favor me by rescinding your order, I will endeavor to see that no such objectionable matter shall appear in future.

" I would beg also to mention that our papers of last week, which were mailed on Thursday, and on which postage had been paid, have been stopped and returned to us.

" Very respectfully yours,
" J. SPENCER ELLIS."

The Postmaster-General returned this reply :

" POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, CANADA,
OTTAWA, 6th April, 1899.

" J. Spencer Ellis, Esq.,
185 1/2 Queen St. West, Toronto.

" Sir,—I am directed to acknowledge your letter of the 3rd instant, on the subject of the notification conveyed to you in my letter of the 30th ultimo, that the journal entitled SECULAR THOUGHT, published at Toronto and edited by you, would in future be excluded from the mails on account of the objectionable character of a portion of the contents of the issue of the 25th ultimo.

" You add that this order should be rescinded, observing that 'the editor of a paper cannot always exercise full supervision over all the matter which appears in it;' that the general character of the paper has been 'clean and moderate;' and that you 'much regret that any item should have appeared in it to which objection could reasonably be taken.'

" You add that should the order be rescinded you will endeavor to see that no such objectionable matter shall appear in future.

" In reply, I am to say that section 170 of the Criminal Code (1892) makes it an indictable offence to publish 'any blasphemous libel' (the word 'libel' in this case being used in its general legal sense of any writing) while the Post Office Act 49 Vic. Chap. 35, Sec. 103 declares that 'every one who posts for transmission or delivery by or through the post any . . . matter or thing of an indecent, immoral, seditious, disloyal, scurrilous or libellous character . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor.'

" The contribution entitled 'An Easter Hymn,' which appeared in the issue of your paper above referred to, is in the opinion of the Postmaster-General of a class of publications prohibited by law and therefore not entitled to the privileges of the Post Office.

" He infers from your letter that it was so published without your knowledge.

" In view of the statement you make that you will 'endeavor to see that no such objectionable matter shall appear in future,' I am to say that if you can undertake to exercise such a care that no prohibited publications shall hereafter appear in the columns of the paper the privilege of the mails will be restored.

" It must be very clearly understood, however, that such supervision shall be efficiently and regularly performed, so that

the Department may not be under the necessity of calling in question subsequent issues of the paper. If such matter appeared in future issues, the Department would have to conclude that the paper was not one to which the privilege of the mails should be granted.

" If you are prepared to accept this arrangement, and will telegraph me to that effect to-morrow, the Postmaster at Toronto will be instructed by telegraph to allow the paper to go forward.

" I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
" W. D. LESUEUR.
" Secretary."

In accordance with the conditions thus laid down, we sent this message by telegraph :

" TORONTO, April 7, 1899.

" W. D. LeSueur, Esq.,
Secretary Postmaster-General, Ottawa.
" RE SECULAR THOUGHT.

" Sir,—I accept arrangement proposed in your letter of yesterday, and will observe conditions named in good faith.

" J. SPENCER ELLIS."

Now, although we are once again on deck, and are fully prepared to keep our engagement with the Postmaster-General to keep strictly within the law according to his interpretation of it, and until it is made both less doubtful and more in accord with present day notions of liberty and justice, the situation is not without grave difficulties for us. Some of our friends would perhaps be pleased to see all matter excluded from our columns except solid argumentative articles; others demand a larger attention to scientific matters; and others, including many of our best supporters, like to see some relief from the heavier mental food that satisfies the more phlegmatic sections. On the whole, we think we have fairly satisfied our subscribers, and especially those of the last class, though, as one of our correspondents hints, we can hardly expect to readily find a modern rival to Voltaire. But our difficulty arises in drawing the line between what the Postmaster-General may consider objectionable and what he may think allowable in the way of religious humor. With "An Easter Hymn" as an example, we may mark certain ideas as coming within the range of subjects to be kept out of the sacrilegious clutches of "A. Cede," though we presume that official etiquette may be satisfied if they are dealt with by our more sober friend Cattell. On these subjects we shall have to exercise our risible faculties in private, and not as if we were in a circus gazing at Barnum's mermaid, and looking at the yokels wondering at—and believing in—the marvellous freak of nature before them. We presume it will be allowable to laugh a little at drunken old Noah, or Balaam's talking ass, or Samson's foxes: but possibly it will not be wise to laugh too loud, for fear that some future Postmaster-General, possibly more bigoted and more autocratic than the present one, may make out a case against us of constructive blasphemy, and send us off to jail as well as stop the paper. For our own part, we cannot see where to draw the line, for, just as there is no quality in miracle—all miracles are equally wonderful,—so divinity does not admit of any qualification. To doubt the truth or "sacredness" of the words of a "divine man" is logically no more blasphemous

than to doubt his existence or to laugh at his extravagant and fabulous performances. But with what ability we possess we shall endeavor to keep faith with our friend at Ottawa,—not exactly trying, indeed, to serve both God and Mammon, but keeping our powder as “dry” as possible while expending it upon the fetishes which the discriminating official mind may deem of less importance than others more familiar to it; and taking advantage of that logical degeneracy which fails to see with the Founder of Methodism that the Christian theology hangs together as a consistent whole, given its fundamental postulates, and that the chain would be broken just as effectually by giving up witchcraft as by giving up the Bible or the Trinity.

FROM A. CEDE.

Editor SECULAR THOUGHT.

Dear Sir,—I was very considerably surprised when I found that my little Easter Hymn (first and probably last hymn ever composed by me) had been received in such an unfriendly spirit by the great P. M. G. of Ottawa. Of course he must have known that the poem was not written especially for him, and having read it for the sole purpose of criticising it, he should, as a fair judge, free from bias, have dwelt somewhat upon the merits of the poem while condemning it as unworthy on the whole to share the mail bag with the *War Cry* and other godly publications of the day. A little favorable criticism on his part would have made the blow fall lighter on one whom, for all he knows, may be an aspiring David or a budding Dr. Watts, now lying crushed beneath his ponderous, overwhelming condemnation. Leaving him to the torments of his accusing conscience, I will now try and relieve my own conscience by begging the kind forgiveness of the readers of your valuable paper for having been the cause of their being deprived of the last issue of S. T.

Pepitently yours,

A. CEDE.

TORONTO SECULAR SOCIETY.

ON Sunday, the 2nd inst., our friend Mr. Gordon paid us a visit after his lengthened tour in the States, and gave a piano solo. Mr. H. Pierce then gave a short address and recited a poem of his own composition. Mr. Risser was the speaker of the evening, and read some very interesting extracts from Mr. Ed. Carpenter's essay on “Art and Democracy.” Mr. Ellis then made a statement in regard to the suspension of SECULAR THOUGHT, after which there was a lively discussion, in which Messrs. Hickerson (the chairman), Hurst, Weaver, and Ellis took part.

On Sunday, the 9th inst., Mr. Firth in the chair, after a statement by Mr. Ellis in reference to the trouble with the Postmaster-General and some remarks thereon by the chairman, Mr. Weaver, of Haliiax, Eng., gave the address of the evening on “The Churches and Social Reform.” Mr. Weaver spoke forcibly and pleasingly, and his many good points were heartily appreciated. He very strongly denounced the Archbishop of Canterbury for praying for the success of the murderous expedition in Egypt. The churches had made some progress, and if they were urged sufficiently bishops and priests would soon find it advisable to make a good deal more. He approved of ridicule as an argument. The fact that the churches were fighting among themselves was sufficient to prove the falsity of their claims as teachers of brotherly love. The great churches amid squalid poverty were a direct lie to their pretensions. At present the churches refused to aid any efficient social reform. Some discussion followed, the speakers generally approving the lecture heartily.

Mr. Ellis will give an address next Sunday evening, and Messrs. Edward Meek and Phillips Thompson will give addresses on the subject of the powers of the Postmaster-General and the law of blasphemous libel.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

The *Evening Post*, of this city, which has not neglected an opportunity to flagellate the howling dervishes of Protestantism, who were let loose by the righteous man who at present rules this country by the grace of the millionaires, at the time he declared the unnecessary war against Spain, had two editorial notes last Friday which I give in full. In the first it says:

“We are getting new ideas out of our Philippine experiences on a great many subjects nowadays. For one thing, we are learning what wretchedly inefficient old fogies the managers of our missionary enterprises have always been. The approved modern system, which we are substituting for the slow-going methods of the “back number” societies, is thus set forth by one of its champions, the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt of Philadelphia:

“Christ is the solution for the difficulty regarding national expansion. There never was a more manifest providence than the waving of Old Glory over the Philippines. The only thing we can do is to thrash the natives until they understand who we are. I believe every bullet sent, every cannon shot, every flag waved means righteousness. When we have conquered anarchy, then is the time to send Christ there.”

“A graphic picture of the way we are making the natives ‘understand who we are’ is drawn in the report published this morning from F. A. Blake, of California, who is in charge of the Red Cross work at Manila. He wrote just a week after the fighting actually commenced last month, and he thus describes the scene at the end of the first day's operations:

“I never saw such execution in my life, and hope never again to see such sights as met me on all sides as our little corps passed over the field, dressing wounded—legs and arms nearly demolished, total decapitation, horrible wounds in chest and abdomen, showing the determination of our soldiers to kill every native in sight. The Filipinos did stand their ground heroically, contesting every inch, but proved themselves unable to stand the deadly fire of our well-trained and eager boys in blue. I counted seventy nine dead natives in one small field, and learn that on the other side of the river their bodies were stacked up for breastworks.”

* * *

In the second it goes on:

“How ridiculously slow and weak does the old system of sending the Christ to the heathen appear compared with such quick and effective work as this! Under the antediluvian methods pursued by the missionary of the Judson school, the representative of Christianity must win the confidence and love of the heathen before he could get a hearing for the Gospel. As the *Portland (Me.) Press* points out, ‘that was always an arduous and unpleasant task, and frequently was attended with great physical discomfort and sometimes personal danger,’ while ‘Mr. Hoyt's discovery greatly simplifies the work of spreading the Gospel.’ The press thus elucidates the modern method:

“Every missionary hereafter should go to his field with a body of troops well provided with Gatling and Hotchkiss guns and abundant ammunition. If his field is near the coast, a battleship or two will improve the chances of success in his chosen work. To render the natives more receptive, several hundred or thousand, if there are many, of them should be treated with bullets and shells—or in the language of Mr. Hoyt, should be ‘thrashed’ until they understand who the missionaries are and the benevolent object of their mission. After the natives have been made sufficiently receptive by this

kind of treatment then the Gospel can be preached with assurance that the seed will fall on good ground.'

"It is perhaps not surprising that our oldest missionary organizations have not yet caught up with the procession, and that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is utterly opposed to the new system. But this need be no obstacle. A modern missionary society can be quickly organized and 'financed' by the expansionists—say, the McKinly-Hanna Syndicate Board for Thrashing Savages into Accepting Christianity."

* * *

The Torquemada-like savagery of this follower of "the meek and lowly Jesus," Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, is only surpassed by the cowardice of the men of his caste in the other sects who dare not denounce him because, probably, their salaries depend upon the millionaire and other republicans who form the bulk of their congregations, and would not approve of their antagonizing "the policy of the President." The preaching of religion in this country is therefore largely a question of politics and money. But what else can be expected? Dr. Wayland Hoyt is only a Christian, after all, from whom nothing else can be expected. Is not his god the great Jehovah, the awful one named Jah? The same who taught his chosen one Jacob how to cheat his father-in-law by the cross-breeding of stock of a particular kind; and who incited and commanded the descendants of his chosen one to plunder, kill, and utterly destroy, to hew in pieces, "to thrash the natives" *a la* Wayland Hoyt. It would be difficult to find in history expressions of more devilish ferocity than those of the Philadelphian Rev. Doctor. What would good old William Penn say could he return to the scene of his labors among the Indians, since wiped out by Christians of the stamp of Wayland Hoyt? But still more what would "the Christ" whom this reverend savage wants to send out over the field strewn with the victims of American Christian brutality, say?

* * *

But, after all, what has one to expect? Is not the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt one of the extreme productions of our capitalistic Christian civilization, and the righteous man at Washington another? Discussing this subject last night with a former supporter of President McKinley, my friend said that he was "a man of weak moral fibre." To this I assented, and ventured to remark that perhaps he might more properly be described as a man without any fibre at all, moral or otherwise, but simply a man of putty moulded to the will of those whose tool he is; and they are men without moral fibre or consciousness. To this has the great American republic come at last. As Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, says in his ode to Columbia,

"She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime."

* * *

Clerical literature runs into some curious veins on occasions. Here is a sample from a Parish Magazine written by a Southampton (Eng.) vicar:

"Primitive and Apostolic Christianity was a cross-bearing, suffering, troublesome, self-denying, enduring, costly thing.

For instance, one could scarcely imagine Jesus Christ smoking a pipe with His friend Lazarus, or St. Paul and Lydia dancing a waltz together, or St. John and St. Peter spending hours over 'three-penny nap!' But how many so-called Christians of to-day would rather abandon Christianity altogether than abandon these 'innocent indulgences!' This means that the 'innocent indulgences' are our master."

The vicar is deficient both in logic and a sense of humor. The sacrifice should not be all on one side. If his parishioners are to give up their harmless dances, soothing smokes, three-penny nap, and other innocent amusements, he too should be ready to follow the example of his master and give up his comfortable parsonage, his cosy fireside, and take to the road preaching the gospel to those who would listen to him, and, when he could get nothing better to eat, living on the ears of corn picked in the fields and sleeping with a stone for a pillow. But this would be asking too much, besides that, in Christian England, he would be hauled up by a pompous police-constable before the bench of country justices and sent to prison to pick oakum for vagrancy and petty larceny.

* * *

From a circular sent to me from England I learn that there are now no less than 180,000 Jews in London, and that a fund has been started to convert them to Christianity. Of all wasted money I do not believe there is greater waste than in using it in trying to convert the race of Israel to the general application of the ethical principles on which theoretical Christianity is founded. It is repugnant to them in every sense, and they are as refractory as adamant to the principles it inculcates. It is time and money wasted to try and convert a Jew; he only becomes a bad Christian and a worse Jew. If the object, however, of the raisers of the fund is to furnish some loafing Christians with occupations justifying the payment of salaries, why then I say, let it go on if there are fools ready to shell out the money. But I cannot understand a Jew acting as a decoy-duck or stool-pigeon to bring his co-religionists into the Christian net. The ethics of the Jewish faith are, as I understand them, the same as those of other religions, therefore a good Jew is as good as a good Christian, neither better nor worse; it is in the practice of them that the Jew fails as do other religionists. The Jew in addition commits the fatal error of reserving his practical ethics for his own race, and letting himself out on the Gentile in compensation, and this is as true of the members of the race who have been domiciled in so-called civilized countries for generations as of the newly arrived refugee from Jew-baiting Austria or Russia. It is only a few years ago that there were only some 50,000 Jews in the United Kingdom, now according to latest statements there are over 300,000, with constant additions from Russia; and in London anti-Semitism has manifested itself on several occasions. The Christians had better take the beam out of their own eye before trying to take the motes out of those of their Jewish brethren.

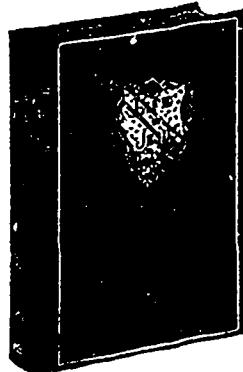
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OUTIS.



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Although educated
as a Catholic priest,
Renan, from study
and observation, be-
came a philosopher.
From his religious
training he had
learned to admire
and respect the char-
acter and teaching of
Jesus of Nazareth,
but his good sense
and reason led him
to disbelieve in the
supernatural origin
of the "Son of
Mary." His reasons
for this disbelief—

this want of faith—are as follows, and are given
in his own words:

"None of the miracles with which the old histories are
filled took place under scientific conditions. Observation,
which has never once been falsified, teaches us that
miracles never happen but in times and countries in
which they are believed, and before physicians disposed
to believe them. No miracle ever occurred in the presence
of men capable of testing its miraculous character.
Neither common people nor men of the world are able
to do this. It requires great precautions and long habits
of scientific research. In our days, have we not seen
almost all respectable people dupes of the grossest frauds
or of puerile illusions? Marvellous facts, attested by
the whole population of small towns, have, thanks to a
severe scrutiny, been exploded. If it is proved that no
contemporary miracle will bear inquiry, is it not prob-
able that the miracles of the past, which have all been
performed in popular gatherings, would equally present
their share of illusion, if it were possible to criticise
them in detail?"

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DYNAMIC SOCIOLOGY.

BY PROF. WARD.

V.

It is thus clear how wholly different must be both the nature and the plan of operation of a truly progressive system from those of any of the non-progressive systems which have divided up the energies of the world in the past.

It may be asked, "Where can this knowledge be obtained? Must we go to nature for it and dig it out of the bowels of the earth before we can scatter it among men?" This is now happily unnecessary. Unaided nature, operating upon man as upon animals and plants, has impelled him to seek this knowledge for himself, and obeying this strictly biological law, he has brought to light a vast mass of truth, sufficient, if properly distributed, to place society on the highway to permanent prosperity. But, as the movement, being a purely natural one, has been strictly egoistic, this mass of knowledge has remained locked up in the minds of a few persons, and has only been allowed to exert an indirect influence on the state of society, and scarcely any on the great majority of its individual members. Further, society at large, which has come into the possession of the greater part of this knowledge, has taken no pains to secure its diffusion among its members. The only means of obtaining this knowledge is for each individual to seek it out for himself—an effort which not one in a thousand could afford to make, even should he chance to have a desire. The great majority never even learn the fact that any such fund of knowledge exists in the world. Comparatively few have any idea of its value.

It is customary in our day to recommend in the strongest terms the extension to all our higher institutions of the facilities for increasing knowledge, for independent original research. This is well, but the fact is that not one-hundredth part of the facts which original research has already brought forth are to-day obtainable by the one-hundredth part of the members of society, so that not one truth in ten thousand is fully utilized. Why go on bringing forth new truth, when in the existing state of society it is impossible to make a proper use of what we already have? It would not be difficult to demonstrate that this constant accumulation of materials for progress so far beyond the capacity of society to utilize them, or even to become conscious of their existence, exerts along with some direct benefits a large amount of indirect evil to society itself. It is like gorging the stomach to repletion in the hope that thereby nutrition may be increased. And, just as this may with some safety be done by lowly-organized creatures, while its practice by highly-organized ones is certain to end in reaction and disease, so the early and lowly organized societies of the world may without danger have accumulated great masses of facts for the later and more delicately-constituted ones to apply, while the same policy pursued by the latter makes a dangerous chasm between the intelligent few and the ignorant many, which cannot fail to accomplish the aggrandisement of the former at the expense of the latter. To this influence, if I mistake not, is to be ascribed the greater part of the evils of which modern society complains. Every cultivated man has often wondered at the extraordinary degree of refinement to which many branches of knowledge have been carried. Considered independently of each other, nearly every so-called science, not to speak of the arts both useful and æsthetic, has been pursued to the most astonishing heights of specialization, and carried out through the most delicate and multiplied ramifications. I need but refer to the great and useful sciences of mathematics, of astronomy, of physics, and of chemistry. Still better illustrations, however, are to be found in the less practical sciences of zoology and botany. The incentive in these latter seems to have chiefly been mere fondness for the acquisition of facts. There is scarcely an animal or a plant in Europe, in America, or even in Australia, that has not been collected, studied, described, named, and classified. Volumes have been written and profusely illustrated with elegant plates to describe the species of certain plants and animals whose practical use to mankind is not appreciable, and is not in the slightest degree increased by such accurate knowledge on the part of a few specialists. Considering the number of important and fundamental problems which every science always presents, and the manner in which these are neglected, while such abstruse and useless niceties are spun out by specialists, I have been led to believe that, except as goaded on by personal want, the human intellect prefers trifles and hair-breadth subtleties to the serious investigation of truth. This tendency, so manifest in science, has, as all know, been still more pronounced

in philosophy, and every human effort is constantly in danger of degenerating into a gymnastic.

But not only is all the knowledge in the world confined to a few, but each different kind of knowledge is in the exclusive possession of a small class of those few; not only is the mass excluded from knowledge, but those who have any possess only a minute fraction of the useful knowledge extant. It is all chance work; there is no system, no general scheme for the dissemination of truth. This is of course the worst feature, but second to it stands the unorganized state of knowledge itself. If knowledge could be diffused, there is probably causality enough in the world to co-ordinate and arrange it. But, unfortunately, those who possess it have obtained it through the mere love of facts, and belong to the class who see only relations of co-existence and not of dependence, and hence, as they hold on to their facts and are incompetent to classify them, these are never generalized, and therefore never utilized; or else they come at their knowledge through the force of necessity, like the breeders and gardeners, and have no time or desire to inquire after principles. In either case, their knowledge remains useless, or exerts its beneficial influence only within a very limited circle. Unorganized knowledge cannot be utilized.

The two prime elements, therefore, of any system that aspires really to benefit the race must be, first, the diffusion of existing knowledge universally throughout society; and, secondly, its organization or synthesis, with a view to the establishment of the true relations of dependence which exist among all known truths. The first of these processes is *education*, the second is *philosophy*; but, as the former could not but result in the latter, this may for present purposes be neglected.

The whole philosophy of human progress, or *dynamic sociology*, may, therefore, be briefly epitomized in a few words: The desire to be happy is the fundamental stimulus which underlies all social movements, and has carried on all past moral and religious systems. These have been established in obedience to the deepest conviction and belief that they were able to accomplish the amelioration of the condition of mankind. They failed because misdirected, owing to the ignorance of man respecting nature, upon which alone all successful effort must be expended. The only real progress has resulted from such effort. Some progress has been made in spite of these badly-directed and superficial systems, but it has been the result of the secular forces which have evolved man out of the animal state. The problem is, to guide these vast and acknowledged forces in a progressive instead of in a non-progressive direction. To do this, something analogous to these past non-progressive systems must be established. There must be a set of principles, doctrines, or articles, to which, as a creed, the world shall give in its adhesion. These principles must be *true*, and be founded on the *natural*, and not false, as in previous systems, and founded on the supernatural.

The fundamental principle, or first article, of this new creed is—that *all progress is the result of the utilization of the materials and the forces which exist in nature*. The second is, that the true and only way of carrying out the first lies in the universal diffusion and thorough co-ordination of the knowledge now existing in the world respecting the materials and forces of nature—in short, the scientific education of all the members of society. But, as the second tenet is but the means of realizing, through the first and deeper truth, the immediate object of human desire, it would be sufficient if the latter alone could be made the direct and special object of popular *faith*. Before progress can be achieved, a public sentiment must exist in favor of scientific education as strong as it has ever existed in favor of religious education. If, by the term *education*, there can be constantly implied the two adjuncts, *scientific* and *popular*, if the word can be made to embrace the notion of imparting a knowledge of the materials and forces of nature to all the members of society, there can be no objection to the employment of this word "education" as the embodiment of all that is progressive.

Education thus defined is the available means of setting the progressive wheels of society in motion; it is, as it were, the lever to which the power must be applied. Give society education, strictly held within the assigned limits, and all things else will be added. Even the philosophy required to co-ordinate existing knowledge would be certain to come in time. Continuing, for the sake of comparison alone, the analogy of the supposed system with the systems of the past and present, we may imagine the creeds of the world supplanted by a similar faith in the progressive principle here formulated. The energies heretofore so powerfully directed to ecclesiastical work would then be directed to educational work. The school would fill the place now occupied by the church. The scientific lecture would supersede the sermon,



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and the study of natural objects and of standard scientific works would form a substitute for the study of "sacred" writings.

This, I must repeat, is a purely ideal scheme, and one which may never be actually realized, but it will help us to conceive of something more practical. For its realization would certainly accelerate the rate of social advancement in some such way as the artificial development of domesticated animals and cultivated vegetables, through human foresight and intelligence, has accelerated their natural development due to the blind struggle for existence. For it is just this blind struggle for existence that society, as a great organism, has been thus far making, and is still making, while the proposed system is nothing more than the application to society of that foresight and intelligence which artificial selection applies to organic nature.

THE RELATIONS OF LANGUAGE TO THE THINKING PROCESS.

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THOUGH we may accept Hume's conclusion that speechless animals think, believe, and reason, yet it must be borne in mind that there is an important difference between the signification of the terms when applied to them and when applied to those animals which possess language. The thoughts of the former are trains of mere feelings; those of the latter are, in addition, trains of the ideas of the signs which represent feelings, and which are called "words."

A word, in fact, is a spoken or written sign, the idea of which is, by repetition, so closely associated with the idea of the simple or complex feeling which it represents, that the association becomes indissoluble. No Englishman, for example, can think of the word "dog" without immediately having the idea of the group of impressions to which that name is given; and, conversely, the group of impressions immediately calls up the idea of the word "dog."

The association of words with impressions and ideas is the process of naming; and language approaches perfection in proportion as the shades of difference between various ideas and impressions are represented by differences in their names. The names of simple impressions and ideas, or of groups of co-existent or successive complex impressions and ideas, considered *per se*, are substantives; as redness, dog, silver, month; while the names of impressions or ideas considered as parts or attributes of a complex whole, are adjectives. Thus redness, considered as a part of the complex idea of a rose, becomes "red;" flesh-eater, as part of the idea of a dog, is represented by "carnivorous;" whiteness, as part of the idea of silver, is "white," and so on.

The linguistic machinery for the expression of belief is called *predication*; and, as all beliefs express ideas of relation, we may say that the sign of predication is the verbal symbol of a feeling of relation. The words which serve to indicate predication are verbs. If I say "silver" and then "white," I merely utter two names; but if I interpose between them the verb "is," I express a belief in the co-existence of the feeling of whiteness with the other feelings which constitute the totality of the complex idea of silver; in other words, I predicate "whiteness" of silver.

In such a case as this, the verb expresses predication and nothing else, and is called a "copula." But, in the great majority of verbs, the word is the sign of a complex idea, and the predication is expressed only by its form. Thus, in "silver shines," the verb "to shine" is the sign for the feeling of brightness, and the mark of predication lies in the form "shine-s."

Another result is brought about by the forms of verbs. By slight modifications they are made to indicate that a belief, or predication, is a memory, or is an expectation. Thus "silver *shone*" expresses a memory; "silver *will shine*" an expectation.

The form of words which expresses a predication is a proposition. Hence, every predication is the verbal equivalent of a belief; and as every belief is either an immediate consciousness, a memory, or an expectation, and as every expectation is traceable to a memory, it follows that, in the long run, all propositions express either immediate states of consciousness or memories. The proposition which predicates A of X must mean, either that the fact is testified by my present consciousness, as when I say that two colors, visible at this moment, resemble one another; or that A is indissolubly associated with X in memory; or that A is indissolubly associated with X in expectation. But it has already been shown that expectation is only an expression of memory.—*Life of Hume.*

LOVE AND LABOR.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE, OF THE BAR OF ILLINOIS,

Author of "Upon This Rock," "Song of the Ages," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE world may well be grateful to Chryssippus the Stoic, who seems to have been the first to recognize an occult wisdom beneath the apparently monstrous fables of the poets. Who shall say that certain of the more modern among the *genus irritabile vatum*, who have, in the judgment of their contemporaries, seemed to despise rhyme and reason, have not,—loftily contemning alike this utilitarian age and its mercenary vitiligators,—derived their inspiration from the conviction that future ages will see sweetness and light where to-day even American Browning-societies are wandering in Egyptian darkness? It is surely re-assuring to know on high authority that on the subject of love there was, among the ancient fabulists, a "confusion of persons," something like that which obtained among theologians prior to the Council of Nice, when the salvation of mankind was, as Gibbon puts it, dependent on a single diphthong. The Eros, offspring of the egg deposited on Chaos, must be carefully distinguished from Cupid the Venus-born, a saucy imp whose malice toward mankind but too often leads to chaos or something worse. It was the latter who, blindly and heedless of consequences, shot the keenest bolt in his quiver into the bosom of Dorothy Teulon, to the lasting perturbation of the maiden's heart. Something inclined to waywardness from her childhood Dorothy, under this new influence, was at times even wilful in her moods and,—fatal symptom this,—became a lover of solitude. Like her father, who took pride in one or two good hunters and whose known wealth was a sufficient passport to the best county society, Dorothy rode well, an accomplishment which during the winter threw her much into the society of Gilbert and other Nimrods of the district. On the other hand, her sister seldom ventured on horseback, so that it frequently came to pass that, while Eliza Teulon and Amy Varcoe were spending many hours together over books and music, Dorothy, her dark cheek and eyes aglow with health and excitement, was galloping over ploughed land, fallow, and common to the music of "Stole Away!" Being an undeniably good match,—for the whole county knew that the doctor had added to rather than diminished the large fortune he had inherited,—and of a family which, to say the least, was quite equal to that of the ordinary East Anglian squire, Dorothy was by no means without beaux, and being a trifle coquetish she generally, at halls and elsewhere, had half-a-dozen or more victims dangling in her train. Nay, more than this, Sir George Croyland, a Lincolnshire baronet a year or so younger than her own father, was known to have made a formal proposal during a late visit at Drayton Hall, and, on being rejected, to have

made an exile of himself somewhere among the Norway fjords.

Generally speaking, the home life at the Priory was very quiet; but of course there were times when Gilbert Arderne was compelled to exercise the hospitality due from a person in his position. On all such occasions Mrs. Arderne insisted that Amy should share in the gaieties and amusements provided for the guests, and when Amy herself would have,—modestly conscious that she was being lifted out of her native sphere,—protested her protectress invariably chided her.

"I did not take you from Cornwall, my dear," she would say, "to be my dependent, or to have you occupy some such equivocal position as that of a poor governess in a house of parvenus. Among my son's guests you will never, I am sure, meet with any superciliousness or arrogant assumption of superiority. I will say this much for them, country-bred though many of them are, that Gilbert's friends are all gentlemen. Now and then, my dear, you may perhaps find some of our own sex to envy your beauty and, I will add, your accomplishments, but even then your modesty and retiring nature will disarm them."

Thus encouraged, Amy rapidly conformed herself to the new life, her progress being facilitated by her friendship with Eliza Teulon. When at length it was determined that the family should move to town Amy, who knew nothing of London and its attractions, heard the news with regret, mainly because she saw in it a prospect of some months' separation from her friend. At their next meeting she could not help expressing this, and she was delighted when Eliza said:

"We are going to London too, Amy; Dorothy has persuaded papa to do so: it will be the first time for, I think, five years. Your people have a fine house in Eaton Square, we shall be content with humbler lodging in Wimpole Street. Dorothy is already in anticipation enjoying herself in the way she likes best,—I believe Mr. Arderne owns what they call a house-boat somewhere up the Thames where there is to be much junketting; I have thought that you and I might manage to escape this part of the affair and take our own quieter pleasure together."

"That would be delightful," said Amy, "we could then spend whole days in the Abbey, the Tower, the British Museum, and—"

"And the wax-works, my dear," interrupted Eliza with a laugh, "in the Chamber of Horrors, where all the rustics go, I am told. Yes, I told Mrs. Arderne the other day that we two, you and I, must be allowed to 'do' London,—I think that is the proper phrase,—after our own manner, and she consented at once, stipulating that now and then she must be allowed to ac-

company us. From something she said I have an idea she is somewhat interested in this new fad called Theosophy, and as there are certain priests and priestesses of occultism in town she will probably put herself into communication with them. Who knows? she may possibly take us to some of their meetings? Fancy yourself learning how to transcend the limits of material nature to which, in our present state, we are in some sort bond slaves!"

"Such studies have been regarded as unlawful in the past," replied Amy, "and nothing would induce me to take part in them. Surely, Eliza, that which in ancient times was known as magic is inconsistent with the Christian religion?"

"Really I do not know," said Eliza, "Mrs. Arderne is a good Christian, as even Mr. Summerford allows, but I remember that, soon after her son's return, she had quite a discussion with the rector in this very room on the subject of reconciling the doctrine of re-incarnation with Catholic faith, and, do you know, I think she almost had the best of it? However, Amy, you and I need not fear being led astray into the wilderness of the esoteric philosophy; you being too good a church-woman, and I being too practical, as pa says."

One afternoon about the middle of April Amy was returning to the Priory from a visit to Eliza, the last before leaving for London. The day was unusually warm for so early a season, and Amy, having been kept at home by nearly a week of almost incessant rain, made up her mind to go by way of the Copse, as the wood that lay south of the Priory park was called. This would make her journey at least twice as long, but the prospect of a good walk tempted her to leave the high road just as she reached the foot of the hill by the lych gate of the old churchyard. Across the road a sort of swing-gate, known in Withington as the Kissing Gate, led into the plantation. She had just passed through when Abel Pilgrim came down the hill and made a respectful salutation. This in some respects churlish man was always polite and goodnatured to Amy, being always ready and even eager to render her any little service in his power. Shortly after passing the lych gate Pilgrim encountered his master, also on his way home from Withington.

"Abel," said Gilbert, "was not that Miss Varcoe who went up the hill just now? did you meet her?"

"Miss Varcoe has been to the doctor's, Master Gilbert," replied Pilgrim; "she has not gone up the hill but through the woods. The young lady is a good walker, sir, but you may soon overtake her. The black mare you rode to the meet on Monday has barked her knee, Master Gilbert, and Hobbs came up from the stable to ask for some liniment. I told him that five oils was the best thing in life for it; but he says no, that the master was to order some doctor stuff at the chemist's."

"You will find it there, Abel," said Gilbert, "some bottles of embrocation. Bring

them with you, and let Hobbs have them as soon as you get back."

Looking back, Abel Pilgrim saw his master stand in apparent hesitation beside the Kissing Gate, but only for a moment.

"Ah!" ejaculated the major domo, "I thought he would follow her: I knew he would; I have seen it in his eyes for months. He is, whatever others may be, a true branch of the old stock. It seems a pity, a great pity, but it cannot be helped now."

Whatever skill Abel had as a physiognomist, it was evident that Gilbert Arderne had made up his mind to overtake Amy. The footpath between the road and the plantation was divided from the park by a low bank-hedge, out of which grew black-budded ash trees and a few dwarf elms. The path itself followed the bend of this hedge, so that, although the trees were as yet leafless, Amy was not visible from where Gilbert was standing. He overtook her, however, almost immediately just as she entered the Copse, and his keen eyes were quick to observe that she flushed slightly at his approach.

"Good afternoon, Miss Varcoe," he said, raising his hat, "this is a fortunate meeting for me. I could almost wish that your old enemy Bruno were here to afford me another opportunity to pose as a rescuer of distressed beauty."

"You must excuse me for not echoing that wish, Mr. Arderne," Amy replied. "I fear I appear at a great disadvantage where savage dogs are concerned."

"You appear as you always do, Miss Varcoe, as your mirror no doubt has long ago taught you; for I cannot believe that so much beauty is wholly unconscious of its own existence."

"We are both speaking like the characters in a book," she said with a smile; "but I think we neither of us can maintain the stilted style very successfully. I scarcely know why I chose to come through the Copse; I supposed I should have a quiet walk to the Priory this way."

"Which is tantamount to saying that you could well dispense with company, Amy," returned Gilbert. "Do not think that I have not seen all your reserve towards me since we have lived together. I have seen it."

"Mr. Arderne," she said, "if you have seen this you ought, as a gentleman, to understand it and to refrain from noticing it. You know my position: I am not a lady born, but, in some sort, a dependent, kindly, considerately treated, but still a dependent. Knowing this, you must also know, you do know, that even the most innocent presumption on my part would be perilous to me."

"Perilous to you?" he asked. "I confess that I know nothing of the sort. Are you not my mother's chosen friend and companion? have we not met before? have we not the right to love if our destiny points that way?"

"To love?" she said. "Surely the lord of all the broad lands around us here, of that old house there before us, cannot love beneath him?"

"Listen to me a moment, Amy. You are fond of Tennyson. I have seen you reading him a hundred times. Does he not say that

"A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms?"

Well, Amy, I am of his mind in that respect, and I have followed you here to tell you that I love you, love you dearly: that I have, as I am an honest man, loved you from the day of our first meeting in the Bodrigan woods."

The fateful words were uttered,—the declaration he had longed to make, the avowal he had muttered even in his dreams time and again since his return. Amy Varcoe, turning, looked him steadily, searchingly in the face.

"You love me, Gilbert Arderne," she said softly, "with the love of an honest man? Is that so? Wait a moment, and then answer me. You love me so dearly that when we reach the Priory you will go to your mother and repeat those same words to her? How, think you, will she receive them? What will she say to me for having heard them? What will she think of the adventurers who has repaid her kindness with such ingratitude?"

In his eagerness Gilbert noted only the tear which glittered in those lovely eyes when Amy alluded to his mother. Perhaps he misconstrued this sign of maiden weakness, for seizing her hand he carried it to his lips.

"She need not know it," he exclaimed, "that is, not at once. Let us plight our troth here in the sight of God, pledging ourselves to be all in all to each other until the happy day when the prejudice of a sanctimonious world can be satisfied. Amy, such love as I have towards you is higher and holier than all the altars and the mummery practised before them in the name of religion."

Heaven forgive him if he meant basely! While speaking he had drawn her towards himself, and had bent his head as though to kiss her lips. If such were his intention, he did not execute it, for at that instant a mocking laugh sounded in his ears, and starting back he saw Dorothy Teulon galloping through the Park towards the Priory. As she sped past the Copse she waved a handkerchief gaily in her left hand, and in the present state of the trees, which were all deciduous, Gilbert knew that Dorothy's sharp eyes had taken in the situation. For an instant he felt little of a lover's ardor, but quickly recovering he looked anxiously into Amy's face.

"She, Mrs. Arderne, will soon know it now, at all events," said Amy, very calmly. "Dorothy is watchful of your every action, and I have long seen that she is jealous of me, for, Mr. Arderne, your looks, aye, even your words, have long told me something like that I have just heard from your lips. Now hear what I have to say,—it will perhaps keep you from disgracing your manhood by proposing that I should become your light-of-love, your mistress, for that is what you mean when you profess to disregard altars

and rites. Gilbert Arderne, I can never become your wife,—any other connection between us is impossible. Were you willing, as others have done, to disregard the social gulf between us, still I would not become your wife."

The vision of Dorothy, and still more her mocking laugh, had sorely disconcerted the young man. No longer inclined to heroics he said:

"You would not become my wife? and why not, Amy? I am my own master, with no one to dispute my will,—why not?"

"Because I think I love you too well to draw you down to my lower plane. Yes, Gilbert, I have long known that were you of my own rank in life I should choose you for my husband. Yes, I would have chosen you, perhaps even have wooed you, if you were slow to answer my love. I tell you this because I foresee that the time of our parting is at hand; I tell you this that you may know that I, too, know what honor means. The time will come when you will be thankful that I have spared you the horror of having either to blush or to apologize for your wife."

It took but a few steps to carry Amy from the edge of the little plantation into the park, within full view of the Priory. Pausing a minute to collect his thoughts, Gilbert resolved to forestall any resolution which his mother might make by openly confessing that he had in some sort made love to Amy and had been rejected. He was too well acquainted with the wilful, capricious nature of Dorothy Teulon to doubt for an instant that she had told Mrs. Arderne what she had seen, and he had every reason to dread that his mother, absurdly proud of her son and of his family pretensions, might summarily dismiss her companion. Thus determining, he hastened to overtake the singular woman who had, while acknowledging her love, rejected the lover, and side by side they entered the old gateway under the tower in time to see Abel Pilgrim, whose journey from the village by the shorter road had been impeded by no lovemaking, coming back from the stables.

Outwardly composed, at any rate, Mrs. Arderne was found awaiting her son in the hall. An old escutcheon, with crossed sword and lance, erst the arms of another Gilbert Arderne, who bore them in his last fight at Lewes in 1264, surmounted the high mantel upon the spandrel of which was carved the proud crest of the family,—a dexter arm embowed wielding a dagger, with the motto *Vulneratus non victus*. Nodding her head, with a smile of evident good will, to Amy as the latter went up the broad staircase to her own rooms, Mrs. Arderne motioned to her son to approach.

"Gilbert," she said, tracing the aforesaid motto with her finger, "your ancestor's quarrel with Simon De Montfort arose from his marrying a vintner's daughter of Norwich. During the siege of Rochester Guy De Montfort, vexed with Sir Gilbert Arderne for having counselled the Earl of Leicester to moderate the demands made

of the king, twitted him with having married a low-born girl, and Sir Gilbert is said to have thrown his gauntlet in Guy's face. The following day he with his retainers went over to the camp of Prince Edward, just in time to share the fate of many other gallant gentlemen who fell at Lewes."

"I have heard the story many times, mother," returned Gilbert. "The stout old knight lived long enough, however, to retrieve his honor; I would rather be a defeated, dying loyalist than a successful traitor. And Amy Varcoe, mother, is not low-born, as the Bodrugans can tell you if you care to ask them. There are peasants in England to-day some of whom own names that once figured in history."

"That may be so, Gilbert," she said, "but nevertheless they are peasants and clowns to-day, not to be saved by the names they have inherited. Think better of this matter, while there is time for thinking. Whatever it might have been in the past, such unions now are followed by regret, misery, and the scorn of the world. Young people sometimes profess to ridicule and despise the opinion of what is called society. Talk is cheap, Gilbert, and seldom does harm, at least in such things; but when one defies society by what he does his absolution is never complete and even his children have to bear the stain."

"That may be so, mother; but if all this seriousness is the result of Dorothy Teulon's watching, let me tell you that you have no cause to be anxious."

"Indeed, Gilbert," said his mother, "then Dorothy was mistaken when she thought she saw some love—?"

"I did not say that," he interrupted; "no doubt the mischievous little puss told only what was true. Mother, I made love to Amy Varcoe, and was rejected."

"Rejected!" she said, "do you mean that you offered to marry her and was refused?"

"Something like that, if you will know all about it, mother, with just a little *reservatio mentalis*, as the Jesuits say, perhaps. I have loved her, I think, since the day I first met her down in Cornwall,—a sort of natural love it may be, that might, I thought, have had its fruition without benison or formulary. But the dream is over, mother. I have a taint of hereditary vice in my nature which sometimes gets the better of my reason and my manliness, but Amy Varcoe and impurity cannot live together. It is over, I assure you: do not let my evil thoughts be visited on her head. And now, let me go, you see I am wounded, not conquered; you shall see that I am able to conquer myself."

He went off to the library with a step jaunty enough, but his mother shook her head while listening to his footsteps. "I see how it is," she said to herself, "she has only made him ten times more ardent. It may be that the mirror in this, too, reflected the decree of Destiny; if so, I cannot avert it, but at least I can try, and

I will, though I have learned to love the girl almost like a daughter."

Mrs. Arderne and her companion were closeted together quite late that evening. After dinner Gilbert had left the Priory to attend the petty sessions, so the time was favorable to his mother's purpose. She did not ask Amy to reveal what had transpired in the Copse, but she spoke gently but firmly her mind on the subject of what she termed Gilbert's infatuation, assuring her that such unequal matches seldom resulted in anything but life-long misery. When, at the close of her homily, Amy ventured to hint that it would be better for her to return to Cornwall, Mrs. Arderne reluctantly consented to her going, "at least for a time, until Gilbert's waywardness should take another turn." In the meantime, she proposed that financially and in respect to the feeling between her and Amy, they should stand on an unchanged footing, so that Amy might regard herself as being on a vacation-visit to her home, at least during the Ardernes' stay in town. For the time Amy, resolved to minimize the pain that her protectress so evidently felt, assented to this, knowing that she could subsequently free herself by letter.

With great forethought Mrs. Arderne, the next day, drove to the village and returned with Eliza Teulon, thus enabling the two friends to part,—as Eliza thought only for a few weeks,—without Dorothy's animadversions or affected regrets. This last day at the Priory was therefore passed very happily by Amy, whose regret at having to leave her benefactress was counterbalanced by the proud thought that never before had Mrs. Arderne loved and respected her so much. This assurance grew out of a statement made by her to Amy in which she acknowledged that Gilbert himself had told her of his rejection. And so the day, albeit sad, was not at all depressing, although in her heart Amy Varcoe never thought to see Eliza again. With this conviction, she gladly assented to the latter's proposal for a weekly interchange of letters. When, however, she found herself within the seclusion of her room that night Amy could not help shedding a few tears while mentally reviewing the events of the past half-year. It was characteristic of her gentle nature that she did not blame Gilbert. If he loved her unwisely, was it not also true that her affection was placed beyond hope of fruition? To such a noble spirit there could be no better anodyne in trouble than the consciousness that she had been true to herself, true even to him whom she loved so well by refusing to encourage a passion that might tend to his disadvantage.

Abel Pilgrim himself drove her to the station at Watton early next morning. The old man scarcely spoke to her until he saw her seated safely in a first-class carriage of the express. Taking her hand to say goodbye he almost whispered in her ear:

"Keep a good heart, Miss Varcoe, there's only rank and riches in your way,

and these sometimes take wings. Keep a good heart, and goodbye!"

Only rank and riches: yes, old man, but these things sometimes sunder hearts and make this world a hell.

(To be continued.)

EVANGELISTIC "WORK."

"Yes," said the gaunt, seedy-looking man as he seated himself in one of the Rev. Jacob Goodman's plush-covered chairs and calmly lighted a cigarette, "I have worked hard for the cause, but I have failed. It was due to no fault of my own. I started out full of hope, with my heart set on converting hundreds of the poor sinners who have gone astray. I had planned to hold a series of evangelistic meetings in every city and town from the Atlantic to the Pacific. After I had finished there would be no excuse for any unconverted sinner in the country. I would teach them all."

"And you say this beautiful plan fell through?" the Rev. Mr. Goodman interrupted.

"Alas! yes," said the man, dropping the ashes from his cigarette on the carpet, "the competition proved to be too fierce. The very first town I visited was covered all over with big red ads. of the celebrated evangelist, 'Billy the Kid, the reformed prizefighter.' It was no use competing with that man. There were only ten people in the hall where I spoke, and the people who went to hear the reformed pugilist were turned away by the hundred."

"In the next town I found the Rev. Blowhard, reformed gambler, was there ahead of me. Same experience. They all flocked to him, and there were only three people in my audience, and one of them was deaf at that. Next town and who should I discover but Esmond Booth, reformed actor. Same experience there, too. I tried still another town, and I found the field clear. I got along first rate. But I hadn't been there more than three days when along came Sam Sharp, the reformed New York police captain, with a lot of big posters that covered the sides of half the buildings, and the next night my audience had dwindled down to one."

"I gave it up. I found I wasn't fitted to be an up to date evangelist. There was one great fault with me I couldn't overcome. I had no past. I had always been a Christian."

"I sympathize with you," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, clapping his hands.

"Sympathy goes a long way," said the caller, as he carefully laid the butt of his cigarette on the arm of the plush-covered chair, "but—er—I—I was going to suggest that if you have \$2 about you you might assist a brother in need with a small loan."—N.Y. Journal

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The only sacred thing under the sun is man. Speculation about other worlds is only waste of time while there is still so much to be rectified in this one.

Parties who wish to encourage me in this work will please send me in their names and addresses.

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NORMAN MURRAY,

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NORMAN MURRAY
21 BEAVER HALL HILL,
MONTREAL.

A REMARKABLE MUMMY.

Two most extraordinary Egyptian mummies were exhibited by E. Dufaur at the rooms of the Marylebone Antiquarian Society, London. They had been discovered in Lower Egypt in the course of the recent campaign, and one of them was remarkable for its size and extraordinary weight. On its head was a crown composed of copper, with a gold covering shaped in pieces resembling plates and buttons, having decorations of leaves and fruits. On the base containing the body were painted figures resembling those of the zodiac. A nearly undecipherable Greek inscription was also on it. Between the folds of the dress was found a piece of papyrus, with an inscription which gave the name of the dead monarch as Pentemenon.

The mummy in its wrappers weighed 160lbs. Its length was 6 feet 1 inch, the head was abnormally large, and the shoulders very broad. Next the dress was found an outer cloth covered with paintings and hieroglyphics which denoted that the original was one of the royal house of Egypt some 2,000 n.c. Next came more wrappings, and then a close garment of semite, fastened around the neck by a sailor's knot. Beneath this again were some finer bandages, like napkins. Next came four Egyptian tunics, of a kind of linen, with sleeves, and woven without any seams. These were fixed to the body at the neck and the ankles by some stuff of a bituminous nature.

Next came bandages placed lengthwise, from the head to the feet, with cross bands. Four large pieces of linen came next, rolled around the body. The sixth envelope was formed of transversal bands of a yellow color, from the bitumen with which they had been soaked. After this came fifteen similar wrappers; next an envelope saturated in black bitumen; and, finally, next to the skin, a thin shirt of the finest linen. The toes were wrapped up separately; the arms and hands were laid straight down alongside the body.

The legs had been covered in black balsam. The hands were long and perfect, the fingers well shaped, with "filbert" nails, the ears entire, and the nose, which had been cut open when the body was embalmed in order to extract the brain, was a little deformed. The face seemed almost alive, and the hair was perfectly preserved, very fine, and—what is unusual in Egyptians of the pure breed—a little curled. On the left side, below the ribs, was an opening by which the balsam had been introduced into the body. Under the cloth which covered the face below each eye, and on the ball of the cheek, a gold plate was found, with the representation of an eye and its lids. Over the mouth, and fastened by a gold wire run through and behind the teeth, was another plate with the representation of a tongue placed perpendicularly to the closing of the lips, which were closely shut and fastened by wires.

The mummy was a male, and appeared to be about forty-five years old. The length was 5 feet 9 inches. The breast and part of the abdomen were gilt over. No MS. was found. The unrolling of the body took three hours, and no less than 2,800 square feet of linen were taken off it.

IN NATURE'S REALM.

BY ALONZO LEORA RICE, RAY'S CROSSING, IND.

THE blackbirds, when the day declines,
In countless numbers sweetly throng,
And seek the covert of yon pines
To sing their vesper song.

Against yon dark and solemn hill
The blackbirds come in straggling lines,
And with their noisy echoes fill
The quiet brooding pines.

When daylight dies, I love to stroll
In those recesses, cool and dim,
And seated on some grassy knoll,
Drink in their lovely hymn.

And to that fair, secluded spot
I go in meditation sweet,
Where turmoil of the day comes not,
Nor idle footsteps beat.

See! now the sun is urging down
The rosy west his glowing way,
And twilight shadows gather brown
Around the steps of day.

Their sweetest songs the blackbirds sing
Beneath the clouds of fading light;
While falling shadows softly bring
The holy balm of night.

I rest where velvet mosses grow,
And dream beneath the starlit sky:
No king on cygnet down, I know,
Is happier than I!

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ORGAN OF THE

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We trust our friends all over Canada will make an effort to greatly extend this work, which cannot fail, we think, to do a substantial service to the cause.

SECULAR WAR TACTICS.

SOME years ago I heard Captain Adams, who is one of my Secular godfathers, give a lecture entitled "Truth in Error." I was then an active member of the Y.M.C.A. and the Presbyterian Church, and he was preaching Secularism. From my point of view then as a church member, that was the hardest of all his lectures to contradict. He went over several good features in the Bible, and showed the good and the bad side by side. There are certain ways of advocating Freethought that no church member will listen to, and there are other ways that are quite interesting to them.

When Prof. Robertson Smith, Prof. Briggs, and lastly Prof. Campbell, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, were tried for heresy, I was quite surprised to find that their views, which were then to me very extraordinary for any clergyman to advocate, were held by a large number within the churches.

I have known some very able men going to a great deal of pains to prove that the very existence of Christ was a pure myth. Now, from my point of view, it does not make the least difference whether there ever was such a man as Christ or not. One quite clear fact is, that there is a very large num-

ber of Bibles circulated every year, and that the churches and the clergymen are very expensive to the country. We know also that a great many of the people are in want, and others are overworked, while some others have more than they know what to do with and don't do any work at all.

For long centuries Freethinkers have been conducting a kind of guerilla warfare, without leaders, methods, or organization. We had a large and influential society in Montreal some years ago, and now no one hears about them. What we need is an organized society of men and women of good moral character all over the world. One black sheep will bring discredit upon the whole organization. The names of Thomas Paine, Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, David Hume, John Stuart Mill, Renan, Strauss, Carlyle, etc., will go down to posterity, and there is enough material in their writings on which to base some definite system.

There is no use denying the fact that the people must have some mental playthings, and if Secularists will not make some efforts to supply that want the religious fakirs will do it.

I think we might with advantage appeal to the patriotic disposition of the people. It is a most extraordinary state of affairs that the Anglo-Celtic races, who largely control the affairs of the world at present, should submit to the oft-repeated insult that our civilization is derived from inferior Semitic and Latin races.

I heard a good story once about an Irish foreman who had a gang of Italians and Irishmen working for him. He told the Italians to go and move a stick of timber, but they could not budge it; then he sent the Irishmen to do it, and they moved it without any trouble. Then the foreman scornfully pointed to the Italians and said: "That's the kind of sons of — that they make Popes of."

For my own part, I am not in the least afraid of the results of comparing the character of my forefathers before they ever heard the name of Christ, to the character of any of the church members of to-day. Character, after all, will come out all right in the washing.

Montreal.

NORMAN MURRAY.

Correspondence.

Office of *Freethought Magazine*,

Chicago, Ill., April 9, 1899.

My Dear Brother Ellis,—I have just read in the DOMINION REVIEW of the suppression of SECULAR THOUGHT. It is a great outrage. I heartily sympathize with you. I consider SECULAR THOUGHT one of the cleanest weekly reform journals published in America.

We want a good Freethought weekly journal published in Chicago. Here you can get your work done for about half what it costs you there.

Come to Chicago and I will aid you all in my power.

Your friend,

H. L. GREEN.

Warren, Ohio, April 10, 1899.

Dear Mr. Ellis,—I can hardly express my astonishment and indignation that such a thing could have occurred in my native land—in Canada. It is a shame and blot upon her fair fame. Who is the ignorant and intolerant bigot that has disgraced his country and done this injustice? He may live to rue it sadly. But this is just what is needed to stir up the Liberals of Canada to leave no stone unturned nor weary in the struggle until this

power of censorship is taken out of the hands of such one-horse politicians.

Of course I am well pleased to take the DOMINION REVIEW in place of SECULAR THOUGHT, and I have no doubt that every subscriber will be also willing. Speaking for myself I would prefer the monthly at two or three dollars per annum, as I have limited time for reading, and the monthly is most convenient for preservation.

I have many friends and connections in eastern Ontario, and though most of them are orthodox I know that they will resent this method of strangling Freethought and a free press, and I shall keep them stirred up on this issue. Such a thing could hardly be conceived of in poor old Spain. Canada must be reclaimed, and thou, Mr. Ellis, art the man for the occasion. In the morning I will mail some "sinews of war."

Faithfully for the cause,

D. McLAREN.

Bracebridge, April 11th, 1899.

J. Spencer Ellis, Esq.

My dear Sir,—Your announcement of government interference with the circulation of SECULAR THOUGHT caused me more regret than surprise. We are aware that our Government exists by the will of the majority, and is much more subservient to the clamor of the public than to the principles of right and of true freedom. And we must recognize that the sentiments of this majority are still steeped in superstition.

Personally, I recognize good sarcasm such as I find in the "Easter Hymn," still I recognize that, judging from my own feelings in the past, when I was already awakened to the glaring inconsistencies of the Bible, but yet looked with feelings of regretful sympathy on the highly respectable religion of the past, that I would have then considered such a hymn as a vulgar and disgraceful treatment of time-honored institutions. So if our organ is to be such as we can pass around to such of our orthodox friends as may show themselves to be not quite blind to the reason of modern truth, it will be no loss to the cause to keep out the strong meat fit only for our more mature digestion, and I, for one, shall be quite willing to accept the DOMINION REVIEW in place of SECULAR THOUGHT.

It would be well, I think, to stir up some talk and opposition to the departmental decree; especially if you can do so over the signature of some of Mr. Mulock's political supporters. But I would not make very much effort to reinstate SECULAR THOUGHT under its distinctive name, as it will doubtless be closely watched. But if its work is to a great extent carried on by enlarging the scope of the DOMINION REVIEW, and a good racket has been raised on the present tyrannical exercise of censorship, they would probably hesitate before suspending another long-established publication; and the good work can be carried on with undiminished usefulness.

The meat will be just as nourishing to the intellect although served without the Secular mustard.

Yours truly,

HENRY J. BIRD.

Ridgetown, April 9, 1899.

Dear Mr. Ellis,—I exceedingly regret to learn that SECULAR THOUGHT has been prohibited from circulation in the mails of this country. I feared, however, that some such a fate was in store for you. "An Easter Hymn," a somewhat crude production, by the way, should not be offensive to any one in this age of the world. It represents, I think, what might reasonably take place if the gospel account is true, and the Apostles' Creed

is worthy of credit. Under that supposition Christ was certainly crucified and deserted by his father. He was likewise a guest, and, no doubt, an honored one, of Satan's for at least three days, and what happened after he returned home—and something must assuredly have happened—may after all be fairly depicted in this innocent poem. I suppose, however, it is a trifle too strong for the orthodox mind—a class who just now are fighting strongly to preserve their bread and butter. I consider this entire business is an outrage on the rights of the people of this country, and I am glad to see that you are determined if possible to obtain redress. I believe I am just as good a living man as the Postmaster General; I do not think, at any rate, that what I shall read should be left to his dictation, and I am persuaded that when proper representations are made to the Government at Ottawa the matter will be set right. If not, then an agitation should be set on foot in this country to curb the power of the priesthood, which is certainly becoming too great. I wish you every success in the fight which is evidently about to begin, and in the meantime will cheerfully accept the DOMINION REVIEW in the place of SECULAR THOUGHT.

Yours sincerely,

B. L. CHIPMAN.

Kingston, April 8th, 1899.

Dear Mr. Ellis,—I am quite willing to accept the DOMINION REVIEW in lieu of SECULAR THOUGHT in the meantime, and hope that no subscriber will object. I think too much power is given to the Postmaster-General. As a reformer, I do not believe in giving any one man absolute power, for there are few men who would not abuse it. I hope the order will be only temporary.

Yours truly,

J. GEORGE.

Cardinal, April 11, 1899.

Dear Editor,—I am much pleased to receive SECULAR THOUGHT this evening. I was afraid that superstition had gobbled it up. If they succeed in suppressing the best edited paper in Canada I shall expect to see the Inquisition established, and our boasted freedom have to be fought for over again. May all the gods forbid it. I will enclose an order for \$4, hoping that you will be able to send me SECULAR THOUGHT for the remainder of this year (ending July 1st), and also to continue it for another year. A friend sends 50 cents for Sustaining Fund.

Yours truly,

T. B. SMITH.

Lindsay, April 10, 1899.

Dear Mr. Ellis,—I received on Saturday a few sheets of the DOMINION REVIEW. I am sorry the Postmaster-General saw fit to prevent the circulation of SECULAR THOUGHT through the mails. I do not admire the Easter Hymn. I think any article that hurts the feelings of the majority of those we have to mingle with has the wrong effect to command respect in any journal. I must confess you made a great mistake in publishing the article referred to, but I hope you will be able to get out of the difficulty in some way.

Yours truly,

R. TOUCHBURN.

Lindsay, Ont., Sept. 9th, '99.

J. Spencer Ellis, Toronto,—Dear Sir,—I have just read of the suppression of SECULAR THOUGHT and must say I feel astonished that a man like Mr. Mulock could be so unduly influenced by the fear of hell and the insinuations of the cowardly representatives of the church party as to dare to use

his position to forbid without a fair trial of the case, the circulation of your too truthful SECULAR THOUGHT in Ontario.

When we see by the church papers that church people are jealous of the growing independence of their adherents, and condemn the rising generation for paying more attention to athletics and a reasonable use of their Sunday leisure than to their creeds and superstition.

We may not be surprised at the action taken, and of the rotten condition of the churches, and of their immoral but strictly religious system of doing justice to their fellow-men. Did you ever hear of a Postmaster General suppressing a genuinely religious paper for advertising fairs, bazars, and lottery schemes, which the law admits are a fraud and a delusion on the public

What do religionists care for justice and equity? Why should they pay taxes on their God's houses and their millions of other property as long as their dupes are made to believe they are too poor and too holy to be taxed?

Well the world moves and the school house will yet banish the church, from this priest-ridden country. In regard to the REVIEW I shall be pleased to receive it if you can send it in place of SECULAR THOUGHT.

I still enjoy the noble old *Investigator* and hope you will not be discouraged by the treatment your subscribers have received throughout the Dominion by the unjust piece of Russianism they have been subjected to.

Yours truly,
WM. A. GOODWIN.

Truro, N. S., April 11th, 1899.

J. S. Ellis, Esq.

Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed two dollars subscription for DOMINION REVIEW, which I accept as a substitute for SECULAR THOUGHT. Please acknowledge and oblige. I am very sorry the Postmaster-General has seen fit to issue an order stopping the paper coming through the mails. I always considered your paper one of the cleanest papers published. But orthodox believers, you know, cannot tolerate the truth. It has always been so wherever that stamp of bigotry exists: honest doubt of their opinions will not be tolerated when they are in the majority. If they tell a story and you burlesque it, it is blasphemy, and is immediately put under the ban. The poem in question is only a burlesque on an old story. Why the opinions of an advanced thinker should be suppressed I know not, but a time will surely come when we can resent it. Trusting that all will join in sympathy with you, and that you will continue the REVIEW in place of SECULAR THOUGHT, I am, yours truly,
WILLIAM CRAIG,

Montreal, April 10.

TO MULOCK.

Hail! mail-clad knight of governmental truth!
Stamp out perverters of our Christian youth;
The mails are yours, you needn't mind the Queen,
We hold a mightier "bigot" than has been.

BRUNO.

P.S.—I notice abortion medicines advertized in some of the chaste dailies Mr. Mulock tolerates.

Montreal, April 4th.

Mgr. SECULAR THOUGHT.

Enclosed please find \$2 for renewal of subscription and \$5 to assist in keeping the paper before the people. In looking back twenty-five years, I am more than surprised with the progress that has been made towards the removal of superstition and the upbuilding of rationalism. It is becoming the fashion to demand proof in matters of religion as in all other matters, and well may one ask, why not? Deception has had its day,

like tyranny and arrogance. May we hope the day of freedom has dawned, the day of light and reason, the exercise of which will lead to the practice of justice and all the higher qualities to which the mind of man is capable of attaining, and without being in any way trammelled by the crude notions which we are told were the utterances of a being perfect in holiness, etc. I like the words of Tennyson, "A god of love and of hate cannot be thought." Harmony of principle must be preserved if we are to admire any one. With kind regards,
J. L.

In a second letter "J. L." says:

"Dear Friend Ellis,—I feel deeply the cut the Hon. the P.M. General has given to you and the friends of SECULAR THOUGHT in stopping its circulation as far as he could. The act shows the deep-seated feelings of those who differ with us on the question of the resurrection of Christ. This question was the last I had to deal with in loosing myself from orthodoxy. I believe it to be utterly false, yet I cannot say I approve of the composition or poem, and more especially of the tune attached. The great musical authors of the past immortalized themselves in their glorification of the event and of the man Christ Jesus. People pay very dear to hear the reproduction of those musical compositions and go into ecstasies over them, bowing themselves in awe at the allusions to the great event without which, millions think, man would have ceased at death, and on the truth of which the salvation of the race depends; for, as Paul says, "If Christ be not risen, our faith is vain." With feelings such as this question begets, I cannot wonder that some devotee has suggested the suppression of the whole paper to the P.M. General, and he, to please them, exercises his power, forgetting that there are a great many liberals whom he may displease. The question how far ridicule is justifiable, even if true, requires a very delicate pen, and I hope, if you resurrect S. T., it will be wielded with caution and regard to the feelings of those who differ from us. For my part, I am willing to take the DOMINION REVIEW if you cannot get the other going soon. Yours truly,

J. L.

Montreal, April 6th, 1899.

Dear Mr. Ellis,—We have quite an excitement here since your letter reached here this morning announcing the refusal of the Post-office magnates to allow the paper to go through the mails. You need not be the least scared about the result. It is not law we want. We will make it a political issue. I wrote the Postmaster-General as soon as I got your telegram, and I told him if the Liberal Government had not enough trouble on hand yet, they would soon have more. We will have the matter thrashed out on the floor of the House of Commons and the Senate, just the same as the Custom-house affair. I made them take back water before, and I will do it this time also. The Government have made a stupid blunder, and will lose a good many votes if they persist. Do not cave in to them on any consideration. In any case, in future I would be careful how I ridiculed Jesus. The people will stand all the tearing to pieces you like to give the Old Testament, but the story of Jesus appeals to the best side of their natures on account of the persecution he suffered at the hands of the priests. If we can only convince them that the Old Testament teaches slavery, polygamy, persecution, and all sorts of crimes, the parsons can soon preach to empty pews, as many of them are doing to-day.

Yours truly,
NORMAN MURRAY.

P.S.—I saw Mr. M—— a little while ago, and he suggests trying milder methods first.

A large number of letters must stand over till next week.

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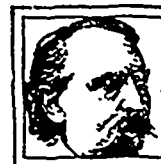
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9. We demand that, in the practical administration of the Government, no privilege or advantage shall be conceded to Christianity or any other special religion; that our entire political system shall be founded and administered on a purely secular basis; and that whatever changes are necessary to this end shall be consistently and promptly made.

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SEASON 1899.

LECTURE APPOINTMENTS.

Sunday, April 16—Messrs. Meek and Phillips Thompson will give addresses on Free Speech and the Law of Blasphemous Libel. Mr. Ellis will speak on the Postmaster-General's recent action.

Sunday, April 23—Mr. Firth. Subject, "The Life and Character of Thomas Paine."

Sunday, April 30—Mr. Risser.

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