

# The Dominion Review.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1899.

NO. 6.

## WHAT DO YOU OFFER IN PLACE OF CHRISTIANITY ?

*A Lecture delivered before the FreeThought Association of Denver, Colorado,*

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“WHAT do you Offer in the Place of Christianity?” This question, on which your association has asked me to speak to-day, is very often asked, and it is supposed by many to be one which, from the inherent weakness, inefficiency, and entirely negative character of Liberal thought, admits of no satisfactory answer.

The question, as usually propounded, involves several fallacies. The first is the implication that Liberalism aims to destroy, arbitrarily and suddenly, the whole Christian system, and to substitute, as arbitrarily and suddenly, something in its place, when, in fact, any such change were utterly impossible, the facts of history attesting that no religion has ever been destroyed at once and immediately replaced by another.

All religions are gradual formations. In their growth they have necessarily assimilated much that is of value. Suddenly swept away, the effects upon society would be disastrous. No rational man expects the immediate destruction of that which is interwoven with the habits, the thoughts, the literature of a people, and the sudden replacement of it by something else. The change that we expect is, rather, the gradual disappearance of that which has lost or is losing its hold upon the people, and the gradual incorporation of our Liberal principles into so much of the old system as must be retained. No doubt the sudden destruction of any religion—Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, any old faith that has become intimately associated in the minds of the people with the principles of morality, with social order, with the foundation of the fabric of society and government—would be injurious in its consequences, because the people, deprived of the old motives by which they had been actuated to a considerable extent, and unable to adjust themselves to the new order of things, would for a time be in a state of intellectual and moral disorder.

Even the Protestant Reformation, which was by no means a sudden religious revolution, but one the beginning of which dated centuries back of Luther, was attended in some places by a temporary loosening of social and moral restraints; and it was one of the complaints of the Roman Catholic writers, when they commented on that great movement, that in France, especially, it led to a vast amount of immorality, vice and crime.

There are few, if any, here, I presume, who would maintain there was anything in the doctrines taught by the reformers more inimical to virtue than were the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. It was the destruction, or partial destruction, of old beliefs and authorities to which the people had been accustomed, and which had been connected with their ideas of right and duty, and it was their inability to harmonize their thoughts and feelings of right and duty with the absence of the old familiar beliefs and authorities, that were the cause of the social and moral disturbances which were appealed to in proof of the wickedness of Protestant teachings.

The intelligent Liberal desires the destruction only of the false, the absurd, the injurious, which is connected with, or a part of, the old system. There is a great deal of the system, especially as defined and interpreted by the more advanced and enlightened Christians, that is true and good, which the Liberal not only has no desire to destroy, but would use all his efforts to maintain and perpetuate, strengthen and intensify. All the old religions have in them a general element that no reasonable iconoclast wishes to see destroyed. I speak now particularly of the ethical element which, although not dependent upon any religious faith, is claimed by the advocates of each as an essential part of their system.

The advocates of orthodox Christianity must not define their religion as one which includes all the principles and precepts of virtue and then expect to reason with us on the assumption that we desire and aim to sweep the whole thing out of existence.

Morality depends not on any system of faith; it requires no miraculous evidence; it is independent of theological dogma; no supernatural halo can heighten its beauty; no ecclesiastical influence can strengthen its obligations; it is confined to no one country, limited to no one age, restricted to no one form of faith, the exclusive possession of no one class, sect, order, nation or race of men; it requires no written decalogue; it needs no single individual authority; theology cannot add to it, neither can it take from it. It has its indestructible basis in the nature of man, as a feeling, thinking, acting being, and in society as an aggregation of such beings, with the manifold relations and the acknowledged rights and duties that spring therefrom. Empires rise and perish; religions grow and decay; special forms of civilization appear and give way to other types; but as, amid all the mutations of human existence, the nature of man remains essentially the same, and as through all these changes the social condition everlastingly persists, morality can never be without a foundation as broad and deep and enduring as humanity itself. It changes not in its essential principles, but, as Cicero says, it is "the same at Rome and Athens, to-day and to-morrow; alone, eternal and invariable, it binds all nations and all times." Its highest standard is the enlightened reason of man. The better man understands his nature, and the more he is capable, by reason of his intelligence and culture, of comprehending the object of society and his relations thereto, the better understanding will he have of the principles of morality.

Theologians could have no ideas of moral qualities unless they had dis-

covered them in humanity. They are observed in man, and as in him they are admired in contrast to the opposite qualities, they are ascribed to God; and then theologians, having invested God with human qualities and denied to man what they have borrowed from him with which to invest this God before they could form any conception of God as a moral being, most ungratefully as well as inconsistently declare there can be no morality independently of their theological system and book revelation.

Of course, it is nothing to ignore the fact that before either the one or the other appeared, society existed and nations flourished essentially the same as they do to-day!

One would suppose from the claims which are frequently made, that there was no morality before the Christian era; that men were entirely wanting in knowledge of what is right, and the disposition to do it; in short, that all men were thieves, robbers and murderers, before they heard of Jesus Christ. I do not wonder that a system which through its representatives gives currency to such a falsehood as this wants the aid of civil power to enforce its teachings.

The morality of the advanced nations of to-day is commonly called Christian morality, but only with the same disregard of truth which is implied in denying the existence of virtue and goodness before Christ and outside of Christendom. The morality of this age does not owe its existence to any religion, to any book, to any historic character, however much or little any of these has influenced mankind. Our present conception of morality has grown through many centuries of human experience, and exists now only because by many mistakes and much suffering man has learned its adaptedness to his wants. It is the result of our natural character and education. To ascribe it to the dominant religion were as absurd as to attribute the enlightenment of the ancient Greeks to their mythology, or the enlightenment of the Saracens of Spain in the ninth and tenth centuries, when darkness enveloped Christian Europe, to the Koran.

The fact is, that with the advancement of the human mind, with the discoveries in science and progress in morality, believers in all systems of religion modify their views so as to adjust them to the new order of things, always claiming, in ancient and in modern times, in Egypt, India, Rome, Turkey, England, America, that they find authority for their new ideas or reforms in their sacred books or religious systems. Soon they claim that these religions are entitled to the exclusive credit of having produced the beneficent changes which they have been powerless to prevent.

Thus, while the Bible teaches the subordination of woman in plain and unequivocal language, sanctions and authorizes human slavery, and consigns to unresisting submission to their condition the subjects of oppressive governments, to-day in this country the orthodox believers deny the plain signification of the Bible on these points and claim that it has been effective in the destruction of all kinds of political and social bondage; this, too, in spite of the fact that its most zealous advocates, within the memory of men who are yet living—of whom I am one—were quoting its

texts to show the wickedness of the reforms which they now have the hardihood to claim as the outgrowths of that book!

Those portions of a religious system or book revelation which are shown to be false, or which come to be repudiated by the enlightened moral sense of the age, are either absolutely ignored or twisted out of their obvious and natural meaning. By keeping in the background the teachings of the Bible which have been outgrown, by giving prominence to the precepts of morality which are attached to all systems of religion, by *stamping them all as Christian*, although they were known and practised before Christianity was ever heard of, theologians impress the masses with the conviction that the Bible and the Christian religion are the foundation of all virtue, and the only hope of the world. It then presents theological dogmas—which have nothing whatever in common with morality, which indeed have been the faith, the sincere unquestioning faith of multitudes of the most cruel and vicious men of all ages since they have been taught—and demand their acceptance from purely moral considerations!

Right here I am led to inquire what is really to be understood by Christianity. If you ask what I will give in its place, I have a right to a definition of the system which shall be marked by clearness and definiteness of statement. There is great confusion of ideas and looseness of language on this point. One says that the essence of Christianity is love; another quotes a list of beautiful precepts that the enlightened minds of all ages have taught, and he will tell you that they constitute the essential principles of Christianity. A Christian who is more theologically inclined tells you that Christianity consists in certain great doctrines and alleged facts, chief among which is that Jesus Christ is the savior of the world. Another declares that "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" are the essence and spirit of Christianity. Thus we can hardly get the same definition from two persons who call themselves Christians.

How shall we ascertain what is meant by Christianity? We may be directed to the New Testament, wherein, it may be thought, we can find for ourselves what Christianity really is. But I reply that hundreds and thousands, distinguished for their learning, have studied this subject not only with great care, but with all the assistance which is supposed to come from prayer; and these hundreds and thousands have failed to arrive at anything like sameness of belief as to the meaning of the New Testament; nay, in many cases, and on important points, they have come to conclusions diametrically opposite. We see the Roman Catholic consigning to everlasting punishment the different Protestant denominations; the Protestants almost a unit in denouncing the Roman Catholic church as the harlot of the world; while all the evangelical denominations are more or less hostile one to another. Yet, I doubt not, all are equally sincere, and all, or nearly all, have for representatives men learned, pious and desirous of teaching the true faith. Thus is illustrated the utter inability of the human mind, accepting the Bible as the word of God, to come to any uniformity of belief as to what Christianity really is. We find denominations founded upon different contradictory doctrines, all claimed to form an important part of Christianity by their respective adherents.

(To be continued.)

## NATURAL RELIGION FOR WORKERS.

BY J. M. R., MONTREAL.

MEN'S actions and mode of life are governed by their instincts, necessities, surroundings and beliefs.

The primary instincts and necessities of life are very much the same among all the races of men, and their modes of life depend greatly on the geographical position, the climate, and the natural productions of the countries they live in.

Beliefs are thoughts or opinions derived from experience and observation, it may be from our own experience and observation or from the observation and experience of others.

An opinion, thought or belief may also be arrived at by reasoning from known facts. "A belief is an induction from the consideration of evidence." If the evidence be sufficient, and sufficiently considered, belief naturally follows to all competent, honest, rational men.

But the word belief is often used in a less precise sense to denote what we accept or trust in as true—what we assent to or acquiesce in, believing it to be true, without rational investigation.

The influence of men's beliefs on their conduct is very powerful, for it may be said that almost everything we do depends on some belief or other.

The great majority of people may be said to inherit their beliefs from their parents, or from the community in which they were brought up.

As conduct and success in life depend largely on our knowledge and beliefs, great care should be taken in training and instructing the young in what is true and useful, and in the love of truth, justice and benevolence. "Let us learn what is true, in order to do what is right."

Most of what we know and believe we have learned from others, or by reasoning on what we feel and hear and see around us.

Parents are the first and natural teachers of their children. Although they may employ others to assist in instructing the young, that does not free them from responsibility to the community for the way their children are brought up.

The object of all instruction should be the benefit and advancement of man, the attainment of truth and righteousness, the promotion of reason and goodness. Such teaching should be free from superstition, and not founded on historical error or empty assumption. Both the doctrines and the teaching should be such that the bulk of adult men can judge fundamentally concerning them, without the aid of ancient learning or whimsical mystical interpretations; for there is nothing that immediately bears on the beliefs, the duties, and the government of communities, that the ordinary intelligent worker cannot thoroughly understand.

It is not enough that parents and teachers should communicate what they know and believe to their children. Children should be taught from the first

to observe nature for themselves, to gather knowledge, and verify their beliefs, by careful observation and reasoning on the facts they learn and see around them. Only in this way can the human race progress.

The history of beliefs—how they were acquired, how they were maintained, and how they were changed—will make us humble, tolerant and progressive.

It is very interesting to trace the history of beliefs from crude primitive notions regarding the universe, to reasoned systematic statements of facts and principles. But workers—those who think and work—are chiefly interested in the beliefs now prevailing, which influence more or less the circumstances of all men, and which mould the customs and laws of nations.

Men's beliefs change with their progress in intelligence, knowledge and civilization: for men's beliefs depend on their knowledge or ignorance of the nature of things, on their knowledge or ignorance of the laws of nature, and on the state of their mental and moral development. Many things which our forefathers believed and acted on are now set aside as altogether unworthy of belief. Our forefathers accepted explanations of things they did not understand, which we now think absurd and superstitious. In many civilized countries great numbers of educated people even believed in ghosts, bogies, ghouls, evil spirits, goblins, and spooks of different kinds, which only weak-minded or ignorant people and savages now believe.

Truth commends itself to the reason and intellect of man. When you present a truth—such as that two and two make four—even to a child, you do not require to add a threat of punishment to make him believe it. But if you wish to subdue, subvert, and bamboozle the mind of the child, by making him say that two and two are three, when he knows that two and two are four,—ah! then you find it necessary to frighten him with some dreadful imagination, or bodily punishment, to compel him to say he believes the absurdity.

“Truth, like the sun, is seen by means of its own light.” But the history of the world abundantly shows that truth, and the welfare and progress of the human race, have been greatly hindered by impostors and tyrants compelling the masses to accept and profess to believe silly, degrading and immoral dogmas concerning the nature of the universe and of life,—and not only so, but compelling the people to regulate their thoughts and actions by these dogmas, in order that the governing few may live in luxury on the labor and earnings of the masses.

All living creatures by their instincts and necessities seek to understand the nature of the world they live in, so that they may know how to live in safety and comfort—how to live in the enjoyment of their life, faculties and surroundings.

Ever since man began to reason on the wonderful objects and phenomena that constantly present themselves to his senses, his intellect has persistently sought some explanation of the world in which he finds himself. The earth on which we live, with its myriads of living creatures,—the spheres, poised in space and governed by law,—whence came they? how? and when? These things have engaged the attention and called forth the wonder and admiration

of all men, from the rudest savage to the most cultured philosopher. And the sentiments, conceptions, explanations and beliefs which these things gave rise to, have always had, and must always have, a powerful influence on the thoughts, the conduct and the condition of men.

This seeking after truth gave rise at first to a good deal of crude guessing and undigested thought, for man's imagination and emotions are developed earlier than his reasoning powers. This natural seeking after safety, comfort, and happiness stimulated the emotions and the imagination, but was apt to degenerate into ceremonial excesses and superstition.

Each of the prevailing systems of what is commonly called *religion*—that is, ecclesiastical religion—professes to teach a philosophy or theory of the universe and of life,—that is, how all things came into being at the first, how they are governed, and how we ought to live.

Now, it is plain that if "religion" gave a true explanation of the universe and of life there would be only one religion. But unfortunately for workers, who have to support them all, there are a great many so-called religions, all competing for the control and direction of men's thoughts and emotions, so that their priesthoods may receive and appropriate a large share of workers' earnings.

The rival religions are bitterly opposed to each other. They denounce one another in terms of bitter hatred and malice. The bloodiest wars that ever raged on earth were caused by religious rivalry and hatred, the priests stirring them up and leading them on. How often has rivalry between the Cross and the Crescent deluged Europe, Asia and Africa with blood? I am persuaded that nine-tenths of the hatreds and strifes among the nations would soon cease, were it not for the teachings of the different priesthoods.

Religion should not separate men and make them hostile to each other. True religion should unite men, and make them progressive in knowledge, comfort and happiness. Let us patiently inquire—What is true, universal, natural religion?

For mutual advantage and enjoyment men live together in communities. Two, by living together and uniting their efforts, can live more securely and procure more food and clothing than they could living and working separately.

Similar interests, similar thoughts, sentiments and beliefs are the bonds of society. And as all that we eat and drink and wear and use have to be got from mother Earth by human brain and bone and muscle, surely the working men and women—those who think and work—should have similar interests and mutual sympathies all the world over. The interchange of thought and sentiment creates and enlarges the advantages and enjoyments of social life. In fact, social intercourse and co-operation are necessary for the progress of the human race.

Those usages, customs or manners which have been found by experience to be best for the welfare of a family, tribe or nation, become the morals, rules or laws of the community. The word morality comes from the Latin *mos moris*, a custom, habit, or manner of acting. (Éthics is the science that treats of morals.)

Morality begins with a perception of, and a regard for, the rights and the needs of others. We see it first in the family, in mutual sympathy and love, in mutual aid, unselfish fidelity and self-sacrifice, in solicitude for and devotion to the needs of the weaker members of the family. In short, the family is the fountain of equal freedom, sympathy, and love—of all that is noble and progressive in man. This is the beginning of Natural Religion.

Many books have been written, and many thousands of sermons and lectures have been delivered, in ancient and in modern times, to explain the signification and numerous applications of the word religion. But most of these books and speeches were intended to uphold narrow and sectarian views—arguing, and generally insisting, that this or that form of belief and conduct is the only true religion. (This matter will be dealt with more fully, when we come to review the different religions of the world.) In the meantime, it will be sufficient to give here the two-thousand-year-old explanation of the word religion, given by Cicero, the eminent Roman scholar, orator, and statesman, who lived before the time assigned to Jesus of the New Testament.

As quoted by Prof. Max Muller, in his Gifford Lectures, vol. I., pp. 33-40, Cicero explains that the word religion comes from the Latin verb *relegere*, the opposite of *neglegere*, and as *neglegere* means to gather not, not to heed, not to care, to neglect, etc., *relegere* means to care, to regard, to live circumspectly, within our rights, without interfering with the like rights of others. What the ancient Roman meant by religion was practical moral living,—not believing, or saying we believe metaphysical dogmas and traditional fables. Cicero made a broad distinction between these, calling the one "religion," the other "superstition."

This is in harmony with all the great teachers and reformers of the world; for among all the races of men, in all countries, in all ages, the true moralists have all taught the golden rule,—“Do to others as you would have others do to you.” This is the fundamental moral law. “This is the whole of religion.” And this is not a miraculously revealed religion, nor a miraculously given law. It is quite a natural moral law, and it has been in use ever since men lived together in families and communities. If two agree to live together, there must be some sort of morality between them.

Religion does not consist in believing any particular creed. Religion is a practical way of thinking and acting subservient to morality. And let no clever talker, whatever learning, or pretensions, or unction he may have, persuade you it is anything else. Morality is the end; religion is the way to, the handmaid of, morality. Do to others as you would have others do to you, and you will be moral and religious. We should use the word religion in its original and proper sense, and rescue this good old word from its perverted ecclesiastical use.



## THE DEVIL.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

## III.

PAUL also was a believer in the imps of darkness. In the eleventh chapter he says that long hair is the glory of woman, but that she ought to keep her head covered because of the angels. Now, what does that mean? What does that mean—that the glory of woman is her beautiful hair, but that she ought to keep her head covered on account of the angels? What does it mean? I hunted up that question for years. I wanted to understand what that barbarian meant. I finally found that in the intellectual era in which he lived people believed in incubi and succubi. Incubi were male angels; succubi were female angels. The female angels sometimes tempted priests, and the male angels above all things were attracted by the beautiful hair of women, and so Paul said "Keep your head covered on account of the angels." He was what they call an inspired man; he got his information from God.

So we are told in Jude that Michael, the archangel, contended with the Devil about the body of Moses. We are told in Peter to be sober and vigilant, "Because your adversary, the Devil, as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

Are people devoured by personifications? Do myths eat anybody? Has an allegory an appetite?

So in Ephesians we are warned not to give place to devils, and in James it is said if you resist the Devil he will flee from you; and in 1st John we are told that he that committeth sin is of the Devil for the reason that the Devil sinneth from the beginning; and we are also told that "for this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil."

No Devil, no Christ. Christ came to destroy the works of the Devil, and if you take the Devil away then there is no excuse for Christ's living; none whatever.

So in Revelations, the insanest of all books, insaner than would be the diary of an asylum. I know of no book in the world as utterly, as profoundly, as grotesquely idiotic as the Book of Revelations; and in that book I find the following Intellectual passage; "And there was war in heaven; Michael and the angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels and prevailed not. Neither was their place found any more in heaven."

"And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil and Satan which deceiveth the whole world, he was cast out into the earth and his devils with him."

Yes, sir, they got them out, and the writer says, "Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them. Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for the Devil is come down to you, having great wrath."

From this it would appear that the Devil once lived in heaven, raised a rebellion, was defeated and cast out, and the inspired writer congratulates the

citizens of heaven that they are rid of him, and commiserates the people of the earth that they have him.

In the 20th chapter of Revelations is the following :

"And I saw an angel come down from heaven having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand.

"And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan and bound him a thousand years; and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more."

It is hard to understand how anybody could be confined in a pit without a bottom. I don't know. But this criticism was probably put into my mind by the Devil.

We are further told that in a thousand years the Devil should be loosed out of prison, and then the Devil should be cast "into the lake of fire and brimstone where the beast and the false prophets are, and shall be tormented day and night forever."

Now think of it. In the light of the passages that we have read we can clearly see what the writers of the New Testament believed. About this there can be no honest difference. If the gospels teach the existence of God, of Christ, they teach the existence of the Devil; and if the Devil does not exist, if little devils do not enter into the bodies of men, the New Testament may be inspired but it is not true. The early Christians proved that Christ was divine because he cast out devils. The casting out of devils was his certificate of divinity; casting out devils authenticated his message, and among the people of that time that was the best evidence they could have. They were believers in devils, and what man is considered great depends upon the people who do the considering. You let a sleight-of-hand performer, suppose one could, along with Charles Darwin, have appeared before a tribe in Central Africa, and suppose Mr. Darwin had explained to the dusky congregation the survival of the fittest, or natural selection—suppose he had, and thereupon the sleight-of-hand performer got up, swallowed a guinea pig, pulled it out of the back of the neck of one of the audience, fried some eggs in his hat, shot a card across the room and made the seven of diamonds stick to the door; who would those gentlemen have thought to be the greater man?

If you want to stand high with barbarians you have got to do the things barbarians admire, and two thousand years ago there was nothing they admired so much as casting out devils. They said to the poor ignorant herd, "This man is God. He has divine power." "How?" "He casts out devils." And the evidence they offered was harder to believe than the thing they tried to prove by their evidence. It was like the man who said he saw a grindstone floating down the river.

"Well," a man said, "my good friend, grindstones don't float." "Ah, but," he said, "there was an iron crank in this one."

Of course I do not blame the authors of the gospel—not at all. They lived in a superstitious age and at a time when rumor was the historian and when gossip corrected the "proof," at a time when people believed everything

except facts. Natural enough. The apostles like their fellows believed in miracles and in magic, and credulity was a virtue. The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, denounces the apostles as worthless cravens. He is an orthodox Christian. I do not agree with him. I think they were very good men. I do not believe that any one of them ever tried to reform Jerusalem on the Parkhurst plan. I do not believe that one of them would have tried to have indicted and imprisoned the woman to whom Christ said, "Go and sin no more." I admit that they honestly believed in devils. They were credulous, superstitious; and there is one little story in the New Testament that perfectly illustrates my meaning. It is in the 5th chapter of John.

"Now, there is at Jerusalem, by the sheep market, a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue 'Bethesda,' having five porches." That one phrase shows that the gospel of John was not written in Hebrew. Never. "There was a pool which was called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda." Nobody would write now, no American, and say "there was a place called in the English language Chicago."

And this place "had five porches." "In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water. For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool and troubled the water: Whosoever then first after the troubling of the water stepped in was made whole of whatsoever disease he had. And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years. When Jesus saw him lie and knew he had been now a long time in that case he saith unto him: 'Wilt thou be made whole?' The impotent man answered him: 'Sir, I have no man when the water is troubled to put me into the pool; but while I am coming another steppeth down before me.' Jesus saith unto him: 'Rise, take up thy bed and walk.' And immediately the man was made whole."

Now, does any sensible man believe this story? Was the water of Bethesda troubled by an angel? Where did the angel come from? Where do angels live? Did the angel put medicine in the water—just enough to cure one? Did he put in different medicines for different diseases, or did he have a medicine like those that are patented now and cure one disease just as well as another? Or, instead of medicine, did he put just enough miracle in the water to cure one, no matter what he had?

Was that water troubled by an angel? Possibly what apostles and theologians call angels a scientist knows as carbonic acid gas—possibly.

John does not say the people thought the water was troubled by an angel, but he says it was. He does not say the people thought that the first one that got in after the troubling was cured; he says he was. Now, what is the evidence of such a man worth? Let us have some sense.

I had an old friend once; he was sick and his wife sent for me to come and see him, and I went. He was a little out of his mind—not on everything. I had a talk with him and he said: "Now, since I have been sick I have made a discovery"—and this story of the water puts me in mind of it.

Says I, "What? What is the discovery?"

Says he, "I am going to make a fortune."

"Well, what is your discovery?"

"Well," says he, "you just dig a hole in the ground about three feet deep and put in the joint of a stovepipe, and let two men and two women take hold and turn as fast as they can from right to left and butter will come out in pound chunks." Yes; and he says, "Turn the other way and it is cheese." Well, I told him just as soon as he got well I would go in with him.

Again I say that if the Devil does not exist the gospel is not inspired. If devils do not exist Christ was either honestly mistaken, insane, an impostor, or the New Testament does not correctly give what he said or what he pretended to believe. There is no escape. If devils do not exist, if the Devil is not a fact, the fall of man is a mistake. If the devil does not exist the atonement becomes an absurdity. If the Devil does not exist hell becomes only an ignorant dream of revenge. There is no other way.

Now, what have Christians taught? We know what the Testament has taught. What have Christians taught?

All the Fathers of the Church believed in devils. All the saints won their crowns by overcoming devils. All the popes and cardinals believed in devils, and what time they could spare from fighting devils was put in in killing honest men. But they believed in devils and they proved the existence of the Devil by the New Testament; and they knew that hell was made for the Devil and his angels. The founders of all the Protestant churches, the makers of all the orthodox creeds, all the leading theologians, Protestant theologians from Luther to the present president of Princeton College, were and are firm believers in the Devil; and all the commentators believed in the Devil as firmly as they did in God. We know it.

Only a few years ago a friend of mine in England sent me some pictures. It seems that they were renovating a church, a church made sacred by the ashes of Shakespeare; and in taking off the whitewash they found the pictures upon the walls that had been admired by intelligent Christians of three hundred years ago, and they took photographs of them, and this friend sent me a set of photographs of pictures that adorned the church where they worshiped God the father and God the lover of the human race, and those pictures showed the mercy of God.

I will just describe one. On the left hand was a cemetery, people going out of their graves; little devils grabbing them by the heels; and then over the other side there was a big iron cauldron full of people, just like a bunch of asparagus; and then there was a little devil shaking the damper to give a draft, and the flames were coming out between the heads and the hands; and just below there was a monster with a wide mouth and teeth with the points set towards the throat, so if they got in there once they couldn't get out, and they were driving a regular Indian file procession, driving them with whips into that burning furnace. And over the other side there was something like a scaffold or long beam braced on the bottom, and iron hoops, and lots of poor sinners hanging by the tongues and devils just going for their naked backs. Oh! it was a beautiful scene.

Then just on the top, you know, above, there was a little glimpse of heaven.

There was a row of the redeemed, the gentlemen that had been washed in the blood of the lamb, the gentlemen whose rascalities had all been charged to the Devil. Yes, there they were, saved. They were happy; mouths with joy stretched from ear to ear, as they looked upon the victims of God's loving justice! That is what the church believed about devils.

Why, of course, under the scheme of salvation the Devil was a necessity. Somebody had to be responsible for the thorns and thistles; somebody had to father the mistakes of God.

For centuries the church taught that man was totally depraved, that he was by nature the child of the Devil, and the new-born babes were tenanted with unclean spirits. How do I know?

As late as the middle of the 15th century every infant that was baptized was by that ceremony freed from a devil. When the holy water was applied by the priest he said: "I command thee, thou unclean spirit, in the name of the father, the son and holy ghost, that thou come out and depart from this infant, whom our Lord Jesus Christ has vouchsafed to call to his holy baptism to be made a member of his body and of his holy congregation."

At that time the fathers, the theologians, the commentators agreed that unbaptized children went to hell, even those born dead; and these same fathers, theologians and commentators looking up with clasped hands said, "God is Love."

These babes were pure as pity's tears, innocent as their mother's loving smiles, and yet the makers of our creeds believed and taught that leering, unclean fiends inhabited their dimpled flesh. Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christianity!

For many centuries the church filled the world with devils, with malicious spirits that caused storm and tempest, disease, accident and death; that filled the night with visions of despair, with prophecies that drove the dreamers mad. These devils assumed a thousand forms, countless disguises, in their efforts to capture souls and destroy the church. They even deceived the wisest and the best. Sometimes they made priests forget their vows. They melted virtue's snow in passion's fire and cunningly entrapped and smirched the innocent and good. They even assumed the likeness of a priest, and then got profane and went cussing and swearing through the streets, just to bring disgrace upon the church. There was one time that the Devil assumed the likeness of a good bishop, a pure and holy man, and in that likeness he allowed himself to be taken from the room of a beautiful widow, at night—yes, sir—just to bring disgrace on that bishop; and with such nicety he imitated the bishop that lots of people who knew the bishop, when they saw the Devil, were satisfied that it was the bishop. And the people didn't know any better until there was a church trial, and then they found that it was the Devil and that the bishop was a good, pure and holy man.

So these devils gave to witches and wizards supernatural powers and told them the secrets of the future.

At that time people believed in the New Testament. They thought they knew it was inspired, and many who so thought became insane.

No man has genius enough to describe the agonies that have been inflicted upon innocent men and women because of this belief. Oh, how it has darkened the mind and hardened the heart! It made the universe a madhouse presided over by an insane God. Think! Why should a merciful God allow his children, his innocent, ignorant children, to be the victims of devils? Why would a decent God allow his worshippers to believe in devils and by reason of that belief to persecute, torture and burn their fellow men? Think! Think! But Christians did not think. They did not ask these questions. They believed the Bible. They had perfect confidence in the words of Christ.

Now the orthodox ostrich thrusts its head into the sand, and many of the clergy are ashamed to say that they believed in devils. The belief has become ignorant and vulgar. It is a belief that should only be in the brain of the savage, one that has just crawled out of the cave and pushed his tangled hair back from his low forehead to catch a glimpse of the sun or to hunt for a snake. That is the kind of brain in which the devil should lurk.

They are ashamed of the lake of fire and brimstone. It is too savage. At the same time they hate to give up the inspiration of the Bible, and so they give new meanings to inspired words, and now some of them say that these devils are only personifications of evil.

If the devils were personifications, what were the angels? Was the angel who told Joseph who the father of Christ was, a personification of news? Was the holy ghost only a personification of the father? Was the virgin only a personification of the mother, and was the sacred babe only a personification? Let us be honest. Were the angels who rolled the stones from the sepulchre personifications? Were all the angels of the Old Testament shadows, bodiless personifications? If the angels of the Bible are real angels the devils are real devils. Let us be honest with ourselves and with each other. Let us give to the Bible its obvious meaning. Let us admit that the writers believed what they wrote. We have no right to change or avoid their meanings. Timid preachers sully their own souls when they change what the writers of the Bible believed to be facts to allegories, poems or myths. It is impossible for any man who believes in the inspiration of the Bible to explain away the Devil. If the Bible be true the Devil exists, and there is no escape from this. If the Devil does not exist the Bible is not true, and there is no escape from this.

Of course I know that the Devil is an impossibility, an idiotic contradiction. I know that. I know that the being described as the Devil in the Bible is an utterly impossible being. Let me give you one instance. This devil is the enemy of God, and God is his, and God doesn't love him either. God tells us to love our enemies, but does he love his?

Now, why should this devil in another world torment sinners, who are his friends, to please God, who is his enemy? Now, just think about it.

If the Devil is a personification, so is hell, and all these horrors fade into dreams.

Any clergyman who can read the Bible and then say that devils are personifications is himself a personification of stupidity or hypocrisy.

Does any intelligent man whose brain has not been deformed by superstition believe in the existence of the Devil? Let us see.

What evidence have we that he exists? Where does this Devil live when he is home? What does he do for a livelihood? What does he eat? If he doesn't eat he can't think. Thought is a form of force. You cannot create force; you have got to borrow it. We borrow it from what we breathe and from what we eat and drink. How does this devil move from place to place—walk or fly, or has he invented some machine? What object has he in life? What is his idea of success? According to the Bible he knows he is to be defeated, knows that the end is eternal failure, knows that every step he takes leads to the final catastrophe. Why does he act as he does?

Where does this Devil come from? About how large is an average devil—what complexion, what shape?

Was there ever anything more puerile and idiotic found lodgment in the human mind? A Devil!

Our fathers thought that everything in this world came from some other realm; that all ideas of right and wrong came from above; that conscience somehow dropped from the clouds; that the darkness was filled with imps that came from perdition, and the day with angels that came from heaven; and that souls had been breathed into men by Jehovah. That is not my philosophy. What there is in this world that lives and breathes was produced here. Life was not imported, and thought and mind are not exotics.

*(To be continued.)*

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### SCIENTIFIC SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

WHY should scientific teaching be limited to week days? Ecclesiastically-minded persons are in the habit of calling things they do not like by very hard names, and I should not wonder if they brand the proposition I am about to make as blasphemous and worse. But not minding this, I venture to ask, would there really be anything wrong in using part of Sunday for the purpose of instructing those who have no other leisure, in a knowledge of the phenomena of Nature and of man's relation to Nature? I should like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every parish, not for the purpose of superseding any existing means of teaching the people the things that are for their good, but side by side with them. I cannot but think that there is room for all of us to work in helping to bridge over the great abyss of ignorance which lies at our feet. And if any of the ecclesiastical persons to whom I have referred, object that they find it derogatory to the honor of God whom they worship, to awaken the minds of the young to the infinite wonder and majesty of the works which they proclaim his, and to teach them those laws which must needs be his laws, and therefore of all things needful for man to know, I can only recommend them to be let blood and put on low diet. There must be something very wrong in the instrument of logic, if it turns out such conclusions from such premises.—PROF. HUXLEY, in "*Lay Sermons.*"

## PAGANISM IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY REV. TH. TREDE, Pastor of the Evangelical Church at Naples. Translated for the  
*Open Court* by Prof. W. H. Carruth, University of Kansas.

### III.

FOR the better understanding of what has been already said, it must be remembered how deeply rooted in the heart of a Hellenic-Roman pagan was the need of reaching with faith and hope those deities of a lower grade, which, as intercessory divinities, were nearer to man, and furthermore what support the Hellenic-Roman religious faith had received in this direction from the philosophical doctrines of the second century. Then we must consider in this connection the well-known fact that during the first Christian centuries new divinities and new forms of worship were constantly being introduced from the Orient and willingly received. So the Hellenic-Roman pagan world was accustomed to hear of new and powerful aiding and atoning divinities, and the yearning human heart turned with especial readiness to those divinities and forms of worship which promised atonement. Why, men asked, should they not give a trial to Christianity which blazed, a propitious planet, above the so-called Christian emperors, which promised to the longing human heart the true aiding and atoning divinities, substituted a brilliant ceremonial for the splendor of pagan worship, and received all possible aid, favor and encouragement from the great ones of the age? Moreover the charitable institutions of all sorts within the Church and its membership constituted an especial attraction for

the people of the poorer classes. As early as 325 A.D., indeed, complaint was made by the Council of Nicæa of the defective preparation of the catechumens. Finally I call attention to the fact that the Hellenic-Roman pagan world never hesitated to modify newly introduced divinities or to recognize in them their own heathen deities. When, for instance, the worship of Mithras, the Persian god of light, was introduced, traces of which may still be seen in a cave on the island of Capri, the religious Roman merely saw in Mithras his own pagan deity Sol (the sun). The Phœnician Astarte was modified by the Hellenes into Aphrodite, and she in turn became among the Romans Venus. Tacitus was able to see in the Germanic gods those of his native Rome. Thus we see the reason why it was so easy for the outwardly Christianized pagans to feel at home on the Christian Olympus with its saints and its Mary, especially as the nature of the religion suffered no change. It was afterwards as before a matter of ceremonial, that is, the essence of certain performances which were believed to have an inherently magical effect. Christianity was regarded as the new dispensation, and the Christianized pagan merely exchanged one dispensation for another.

Just as the pagan divinities, with Christian names, leaving the deserted temples entered the churches, so the Hellenic-



Roman religious ceremonial followed them. The construction of the Christian ceremonial during these two centuries of conflict is a parallel to the construction of the churches by means of pagan materials.

We meet in the churches the spell of the holy water, we see to-day the clouds of incense, the flowers on the altars, the candles before the images, the votive offerings or "vota," relics of all sorts, pictures and statues, the latter in such growing avalanches on Neapolitan territory that the modern churches revive the truth of that old proverb mentioned above: "In Naples one is more likely to meet a god than a man." All these things are portions of the Hellenic-Roman ceremonial, introduced during those two hundred years of so-called conflict.

At the entrance of pagan temples stood a vessel of holy water with which to sprinkle oneself, and magic spells added strength to the holy water as to-day; the aspergillum (holy water sprinkler) was very familiar to the pagans, and sprinkling men and inanimate objects with holy water was a universal pagan custom. While Justin Martyr in the second century condemned the holy water as an invention of the devil, opinion had changed by the end of the fourth century. The erudite Jerome tells, with the pagan-Christian belief in miracles common to his time, that the race-horses of a Christian, sprinkled with holy water, won over the horses of a heathen. "Thus the pagan god was conquered by Christ." (Jerome, op. 4, p. 80.) That Christian baptism took the place of pagan ceremonies of atonement in the eyes of Emperor Constantine and his contemporaries, and likewise in the

eyes of Emperor Theodosius, is clear from the fact that baptism was transferred to the close of life.\*

Clouds of incense and the glitter of candles were prominent features in the pagan temples. Aphrodite escapes to Paphos and views with joy the place where rises her temple and where glow a hundred altars with the burning incense from Sheba and fragrant with fresh wreaths (Virgil, *Æneid* I., 415). Jeremiah (44 : 17) condemned the Jews who burned incense to the queen of heaven; Emperor Theodosius forbade pagan burnt offerings. The prohibited incense, rechristened with a Christian name, entered the churches, and with it lights, whether in costly lamps or in the glimmer of tapers. Of perpetual lamps (*vigil ignis*) we are told by Virgil, *Æneid* IV., 200 :

"And altars placed a hundred; vigil fires  
He hallowed there, the eternal guards of  
heaven."

The temples were filled with votive gifts such as we find to-day in all the churches of the South, in some of them in great quantities. In *Æschylus's* tragedy of "The Seven Against Thebes," women hasten full of anxiety into the temples, and we hear some of them exclaim before the images of the Gods: "Now it is time, ye holy ones of this temple, that we appeal to your images as we embrace them!" They call out to Poseidon, then to Apollo, to Hera, and so on: "Remember the temples, remember the sacrifices, remember the rich gifts, remember the votive offerings, and hasten!" Any one acquainted with modern Naples might think

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\*Atoning ceremonials of magic power were numerous in the pagan world.

Æschylus was our contemporary, and had intended in the above passage to depict the present thought regarding votive offerings. Of the *donaria* (votive gifts) which often consisted of representations of beneficial occurrences, the Roman poet Tibullus says (Eleg., i. 3): "O Goddess, that thou canst give aid is shown by the number of paintings that deck thy temple." Had Tibullus seen the contemporary churches of Southern Italy? The Roman satirist Juvenal, a contemporary of Hadrian, says that the goddess Isis furnished a living to the painters of votive pictures. Did the poet mean perchance the Madonna at Naples?

Relics, too, the pagans had, but not quite so plentifully as the Christians. The bones of Theseus rested in Athens, whether they had been solemnly brought, and where they were regarded as pledges of his protection. The house of Romulus, the stones vomited forth by Saturn, a chip of the ship Argo, and so forth, were regarded as very sacred relics.

According to Plutarch, the pagan king Numa objected to the images of the gods in the temples, but later the worship of images in the temples assumed great dimensions, and moved from the temples into the churches. Emperor Theodosius forbade the heathen worship of images, but it was re-christened, and to-day goes far beyond the limits observed by paganism, and is protected by absolution. The images, as in ancient life, are identified with the "santi" whom they are intended to represent, and the number of these increases with incredible speed. When the Arabs took possession of the city of Selinunt (Modione) in Sicily, they found so

many statues of saints that they called the city "Rahl el Asnam," "village of idols."

Closely connected with the worship of images is the cultivation of processions, which to-day are as much like the corresponding performances of Hellenic-Roman worship as one twin the other,—as like as the Christian legends of miracles are to the pagan legends.

Finally, the Church took under her patronage the festivals connected with the Church service, hoping that a saint placed in the centre of these festivals, so popular with the common people, would transform them into something sacred. But she was mistaken, or, more correctly, she lost all sense of the distinction between pagan and Christian festivals.

The Church spoke of victory and triumph when she saw the temples deserted, the gods banished, and herself raised to the throne. The victory of the Church was in fact her defeat, which became complete when sacrifices were admitted to the church buildings. Sacrifices were the heart and centre of the Hellenic-Roman worship, and were forbidden by the Christian emperors again and again for two hundred years, and finally on penalty of death. In the sacrifice of the mass, that central feature of ancient worship found its way from the old temples into the new churches, and along with it the class of sacrificing priests, to whom descended the functions, the office and the wealth of the pagan priests who had been dismissed. The Christian priest, tonsured after the fashion of the pagan Isis-worship, beside him the altar attendant, just as he may be seen in a Pompeian fresco,—the Christian priest offering the mass-sacrifice for the

living and the dead, that was the complete defeat of the Church at the moment when she was dreaming of victory.

The power of custom in Southern lands was cited above in explanation. The writer, who has lived uninterruptedly for more than ten years in that region, is constrained to call the power of custom, as he has observed it, astounding when he marshals before his mind's eye all the small and great things that have been preserved of ancient life and have become a part of the manners and customs of popular life, while the people themselves take not the slightest account of this origin. In this sketch we can cite only a few examples, and will refer to but a few things which show how ancient life has been preserved to the present day in even trifles. The donkeys which carry vegetables to the city are equipped with the "bissaccium" which comes from the ancient Roman times; the two-wheeled Roman carriage, the "cisium," is perpetuated in the popular "corricolo," which we see standing by the hundred in the very places where rose the ancient gates of Naples and where such carriages had had their stand for centuries. Ancient statues of horses show the forelock tied up neatly, a custom which may be observed in thousands of instances in the Campagna. Look at the bottles and jugs for wine and oil found at Pompeii, the shape of the loaves of bread; regard the recreations of large and small; note the tambourine ("typanom") used in the popular dances; consider the beds of the South, with their dreadful height and their two little and more dreadful pillows, — everywhere we find ancient Roman life preserved in such trifles. But in popular life there are details which are

still older and which show the specific Hellenic influence. The numerous money-changers under the open sky, the cook-shops on the street and the kettles of boiled lentils, the door-knockers in the older quarters, the fondness for garlic, the number of hair-dressers, the custom that men make the daily purchases for the house, all features of Neapolitan daily life, are derived from Greek life. Even those intestine-vendors mentioned by Aristophanes are still to be found in Naples, offering their unappetizing wares to-day in this once Hellenic city as formerly they did on the streets of Athens. Pits as receptacles for oil, such as are to-day found in Apulia, for instance, were known to the Hellenes; the modern shepherds in the Sila forest with their shawms remind us of the shepherds of Theocritus; and as of old in the cities of Greece rhapsodes recited publicly the tales of Homer's heroes, so Naples preserves her "cantastorie," i.e., her story-tellers, who entertain the listening crowd with the heroes of Tasso and Ariosto. In the popular theatre certain figures of the ancient theatre are preserved, and rural wine-stands are painted on the door-posts just as one may see them to-day preserved in one case in Pompeii.

If from these few instances we see the striking power of conservative custom in unimportant things, the same power is to be reckoned with the more surely in considering the highest and most important sphere of ancient life, religion. Here of all places the power of custom caused the old and traditional to be preserved.

In closing let us once more cast a glance upon temples and churches. The number of the latter in the South is great, but the number of temples was also always

equal to the demand. One who knows the history of the two centuries before Constantine is aware to what an extent Hellenic-Roman piety devoted itself to the construction of temples and pious endowments, of every sort, vows, dreams, divine revelations, as well as the hope of favor and profit, being the chief motives. In innumerable instances we find the same motives in church endowments. Vows of the city and vows of princes created the principal churches in Naples, for instance, and probably every church of the South is in some respect an evidence of that pagan desire for reward which descended to the Christian Church, of "righteousness of works." The famous treasure-chapel of St. Januarius in Naples originated in a vow of the city, given in a time of severe pestilence. By this performance they won the favor of the "santo" referred to, and expected from him an equivalent. If for S. Gennaro we substitute an ancient divinity, we have the religious life of paganism.

While we find the ancient pagan motives active in the construction and decoration of churches, yet a church is a very different thing from a temple. Let us compare a modern church with the temple of Pæstum. The pagan temple stood in the midst of a sacred territory, far from the tumult of secular life, often in the midst of sacred groves, and the presence of the divinity was felt in the solemn silence. The churches of the South, on the contrary, stand in the midst of the rush of the street, shut in by secular buildings, often disturbed by mad noises, as though it were intended to deprive the worshippers of the last remnant of inspiration, of sense of the nearness of God.

The temple of Pæstum shows a direct, simple and majestic dignity and a solemn sobriety. The churches of Southern Italy? The older ones all have been modernized, i. e., supplied with the empty ornaments of senseless decoration; the later ones have all the same tendency. The temple at Pæstum had a single statue of a divinity, which occupied the "cella," and only one altar, just in front of the temple, and the eyes of those gathered about the altar turned from it to the solemn and silent interior of the temple. The churches of Southern Italy are filled almost without exception with glass tabernacles in which stand gaily decked or beribboned and bekerchiefed madonnas, creations of mere handicraft which never would have been endured in a pagan temple. Inside, the churches show the disturbing features of the many side-altars and other things which were unknown in the temples. On the anniversaries of the patron saints and madonnas one might compare the churches with royal receptions; at the same time they are concert-halls, opera-houses, where one hears opera-airs and merry dance-music. In Lent they become college lecture-rooms, where the Lenten preachers, generally advertised as famous, "distinguished orators," begin their addresses with "Signori," (Gentlemen). Sometimes one is reminded of a theatre, for applause with clapping of the hands is not unheard of. Fifteen hundred years ago the display oratory which had spread itself before that time in the forum and in the halls of the rhetors, entered the Church. It is still to be found in the churches of Southern Italy, and a saint or a madonna has to endure not one, but seven, oratorical dis-

plays (panegyricus). A Greek temple was never disturbed by panegyrics.

Finally, the churches are mercantile establishments, having, like these, their signs, displayed in some cases constantly, in others only occasionally: "Perpetual, complete, daily absolution for living and dead." Such signs were not seen about Roman and Greek temples.

The last and most important church which was constructed in Southern Italy

(or in all Italy) before the union of Italy under the house of Savoy is the church of S. Francisco di Paolo in Naples, built more than seventy years ago by King Ferdinand in consequence of a successful vow. It is an exact imitation in every respect of a pagan temple, of the Pantheon at Rome. Thus in this style of architecture the Church has returned once more to paganism.

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### THE LAST STAND : SCIENCE *VERSUS* SUPERSTITION.

IN a recent issue of *Puck* there appeared a double-page cartoon entitled "The Last Stand—Science *versus* Superstition." On the one side, Superstition stands bearing old-fashioned weapons and holding aloft a banner with the words "Believe or Be Damned!" On the other side appears Science, armed with modern machine guns, and bearing a banner inscribed "Think or Be Damned!" The Editor of *Puck* thus comments :

By its own tale the Church is in bad days. Not only are we poor sinners running after strange gods, but the very priests in the temple are turning against their idols, seeking to cast them down and to set up new ones of a strange and fearful fashion. And the keepers of the temple are loth to put them to the door, fearing a revolution that would shatter the temple walls.

The situation is not novel. Periodically through all its days the Church has had to face it. First it produces heretics; then it expels them. And after a time of protest it moves forward to where the offenders stood. Then follows a time of rest, until

other heretics push on and blaze another section of the endless path.

All thinking has had to be done outside the Church, and despite the best efforts to prevent it. Only in strenuous and generally bloody opposition to it have we been able to emerge our little way from barbarism. It has never led, but always followed. It was as eager to uphold human slavery in this country as it was two centuries and a half before to punish the heretic who announced the earth's motions. But for the heretics it has hatched, we would have no science, no art, no literature, no justice, no humanity.

The Christian religion itself rests upon the teachings of one of the rankest heretics of all times,—a rough, untaught carpenter, a radical socialist, who insulted the prosperous, attacked the most sacred institutions of his day, assaulted brokers in the stock-exchange, and behaved generally in a manner that, were he to try it in New York to-day, would secure him: six months on the Island as an "Anarchist."

It should be seen, therefore, that there is nothing in the situation to alarm us

work-a-day people, who have to get along the best we can. Watching the ever-widening circle that rejects its husks of dogma, the Church declares that we are grown indifferent to religion. But this is because it cannot see through the wall it always builds around itself at every resting-place. To those outside, it is apparent that we are nearing one of those spiritual awakenings that mark history at regular intervals. Even while the self-immured Church puzzles itself as to why its congregations fall off, the people that once composed them are finding elsewhere a rational working religion that their growing minds demand.

The world seems to be demanding a religion that will help it right here and now. Too long has the Church taught man how to die. He now insists that he is worthy enough in himself to be taught how to live. He emphatically rejects all creeds that describe him as a worm of the dust, with ninety-eight chances out of a hundred of roasting in perpetuity because he would not let some one else do his thinking for him. He has come to know that there never was such a thing as the "Fall of Man"—that man has never done anything but rise. He finds a revelation in his own consciousness to which all written revelation must conform or be thrown aside. He has quit singing that earth is a desert drear and heaven is his home; he no longer sings that he wants to be an angel, "a crown upon his forehead, a harp within his hand." His developing sense of humor has shown him the mythical character of that ridiculous, impotent, revengeful, pomp-loving old barbarian—the creation of a cruel, bloody-minded tribe of barbarians—that the

Church has so long scared him into worshipping as "God." He ignores alike its threat of an absurd Hell and its promise of an equally absurd Paradise. He scorns the revolting imagery of blood which runs red through all its fetichism; and scorns, too, its childish clinging to the grotesque Pagan myths of his creation.

And all this reform has come chiefly from the curious physiological fact that as men grow more highly individualized they grow also more keenly conscious of each other's sensations. To a thinking man it is no longer of any importance whether a whale swallowed Jonah and subsequently regretted the act; whether the sun "stood still" at Joshua's command, or whether God inspired a she bear to eat some children who were unable to control their mirth at sight of a bald-headed prophet! But it is a matter of daily increasing importance with him that famine stalks beside repletion in a world of golden plenty for all; that he should have a full stomach and a warm back while his neighbor perishes of hunger and cold. What he must have is a religion to remedy this and not one to tell him about a good time in a far-off, colorless heaven of crowns and harps. And he is finding it out in the world, in social and industrial reform; slowly, clumsily, and often stupidly, but surely. He already feels the oneness of the race enough to know with perfect certainty, though we are all "saved" but one poor, sinful heathen and knew that he must suffer eternal torment, that there would never be a moment's peace for a single one of us. Truly we have grown better since Jonathan Edwards discovered "Why the Saints in Glory Should Rejoice at the Sufferings of the Damned," or since the pious Michael Wigglesworth assigned children to "the easiest room in hell" because they would have been bad anyway had they lived. The Church may be afraid for our future; but that is the Church's fault and misfortune and not ours. And its anxiety will grow beautifully less when it has caught up with us.

## THE LOGIC OF RELIGION.

BY CHARLES CATTELL.

To Englishmen, religion comes with the Bible, both theoretical and practical; it really begins and ends in that book; it is a book religion, under whatever name it may be known among them. What does it all amount to? That in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is (Ex. 20). The details, as regards man and animals, the manner and order of their being made, are fully set forth in Gen. 2.

The first point to grasp is that all that is is referred to the Lord as originator. Hence, to this one source must be referred all the causes of intellectual, moral and physical effects resulting thereafter. No matter what the character of the effects, or of the events that followed the first installation of existing things, the Lord is their only origin or source. It is logically obvious that events denoted good or bad have the same origin. There being only one source of power, all events must be referred thereto. As to how the same Lord could be the author of both good and evil, may be left to theologians to explain, if such is deemed a difficulty.

As a matter of fact, hundreds of volumes have been written to explain the origin of evil—its existence being felt to be a very inconvenient fact in the presence of an all-good God—and the failure to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the difficulty has been so palpable that it has been declared a mystery. But in spite of that, God has been over and over again declared only the parent of good, leaving evil an orphan. Two points grow out of the Genesis story—the original character of God and the destiny of man. Popular views to-day picture God as an infinite and eternal creator, while Genesis points to his becoming such only when he commenced his work of six days. Supposing that to be a record of a fact, it logically follows that before the first week's operations he was not a creator at all. "In the beginning God created heaven and earth"—such a phrase is without meaning in the case of an *eternal* creator. It was an effort of an exhaustive nature, not that of an infinite power—"he rested on the seventh day" from all his week's work of creation.

One very important remark is made about this great work: "And God saw *everything* he had made, and behold it *was very good*." As regards man, the popular view is that he was made perfect, ready to meet all the requirements of an innocent and happy life—a special creation of infinite wisdom for noble purposes. Certainly we are told that God saw that all was very good, hence we might infer man was included, but what are the facts?

In the first place Adam and his wife were in a state of ignorance, and what is more, precautions were taken to prevent even self-education. There was a tree which gave a knowledge of good and evil, but he was not to touch it. Yet to this ignorant first man the Lord brought every beast of the field and fowl of the air, to see what he would call them! One would have thought considerable study would have been needful to give names to all living things.

It was announced that getting knowledge was prohibited; but another tree was dangerous, so that man was not originally intended to be immortal; and lest he might eat of that and live for ever, a flaming sword, cutting in all directions, kept the way of the tree of life (Gen. 3).

Our ancestors thus started in life without knowledge of the present and without any future life in prospect. The next step, according to popular views, was a series of incidents as natural as disastrous. A visitor calls and points out to Mrs. Adam that that notice about "surely die" is all nonsense, and she tells Adam, and they both find out, after eating of the central tree, that the visitor was right,—they did not die in consequence. But the Lord took a serious view of the attempt, as he said, to get on a level with "us,"—"the man has become as one of us, to know good and evil." This is what is called the "Fall of Man,"—the only intimation that he had a grain of sense.

A most amazing thing is that the Lord allowed the publication of this story, proclaiming not only that man had defied his notice about the tree, but that the Lord who said they should die for it was absolutely a false prophet. Of course this third chapter has furnished a thousand pens with endless texts about disobedience, sin, and sorrow, and about free-will and the use Adam and Eve made of it. All of which goes to show that ignorance, perpetual, as to now and hereafter, is the only means of preventing the recurrence of what happened in the Garden of Eden.

But let us sum up the whole: the planted trees, their matchless power of conferring wisdom, the superior animal—the serpent, and all the other circumstances which led to the climax—dismissal from the garden and destruction of the race. Every item in the count owes its origin to the Lord who made the whole. Hence it logically follows, that all the causes and consequences concerned in the whole story were either in accordance with the will of God, in spite of the will of God, or without the will of God interfering to prevent their operations. Either the goodness, the power, or the benevolence of God must be abandoned, or the story must be rejected as false.

The popular view that the story is true, but that all the disasters were brought about by God giving man a free will, of which he made a bad use, is preposterously absurd. To blame a man for preferring a knowledge of good and evil to remaining in ignorance, is what no reasonable god could possibly do. Besides, to attribute to *man* the power of will to upset the designs and frustrate the purposes of an *almighty* god is too absurd for argument.

But, whether the story be deemed unhistorical or absurd, it is the foundation of the Christian religion. All the sons of Adam were set down as sinners and lost, till Jesus offered himself as a ransom on the cross,—the one story fits the other, they are dovetailed together.

The death of Christ is meaningless without the death of Adam for his disobedience and sin. One story involves the other, and the Adam of fiction is as good as the Christ of fiction. Logically, they both stand or fall together, and no reasonable doubt can be entertained that they can only exist as a work of fiction—unrealities in the history of man.



## LOVE AND LABOR.

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

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## CHAPTER XXI.

RANDALL ARDERNE, without his coat and with his waistcoat unbuttoned, sat alone at breakfast in a small room partitioned off from the old refectory in the west wing of the Priory. Years ago, in the Georgian era, when the interiors of churches were whitewashed and fitted up with pews like horse-boxes, this partitioning had been made in order to afford an ante-room wherein cloaks and shawls might be deposited at those times and seasons when hunt balls or tithe dinners were held in the precincts once sacred to the maintenance of the physical part of the monks, who looked at heaven prospectively and the world retrospectively from the snug shelter of the old house. One of Gilbert Arderne's resolves had been to tear down the ceiling of this apartment and to restore the refectory to its pristine dimensions; but Randall, caring not a jot for antiquity, had taken a fancy to the room, which he called his cabin. Indeed, among the furniture and ornaments there were some things more or less suggestive of a seafaring life; for example, there was a barometer hung in the light of a window, and charts of the North Sea and the English Channel flanked a large county map on the wall. The map had been taken from its former place in the library, the charts were new and had only a few days before been sent down from the Minorities. The side door at which Abel Pilgrim discoursed with Andrew Mossingill on the night of Randall's advent was here, and between this door and the partition-wall there was a deep lattice window with unusually wide seats, each seat forming a cover to a sort of locker or chest. More than anything else these lockers had caught Randall's fancy, for, as he told Pilgrim, they made

him think of the time when he was before the mast and accustomed to regard the skipper's cabin as the goal of his ambition.

On these window seats there was quite a miscellaneous collection of *bric-à-brac*, the odds and ends of a bachelor with rather peculiar habits. Two cigar boxes, a meerschaum pipe, one or two illustrated books of coast navigation, and Captain Marryatt's "Midshipman Easy,"—open at the chapter descriptive of Jack's reform of his father's household economy,—appeared in rather incongruous proximity to a lady's handkerchief on one corner of which the letters D. T. were tastefully embroidered.

Early though it was,—for Randall seldom remained in bed long after sunrise,—the smell of tobacco was very perceptible and Abel Pilgrim, entering from the hall, coughed slightly while placing an egg dish, fashioned like a sitting hen, on the table.

Randall Arderne, seeing how his servant was affected, leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"The tobacco, eh, old man?" he said; "not used to it so early in the morning, and preferring it in a cigar, eh, like that swell, Gilbert? You told me yesterday that he has gone to Cornwall, down among the Cousin Jackies, to earn his own living. Well, why shouldn't he, if he feels man enough to make his bread that way? He is no better than I am, and I passed many years with my hands in a tar bucket. But, I say, Abel Pilgrim; I don't know how you came to find out all this about my cousin, nor what your object may be, but you may just as well be told that I'll have no sneaking, no keeping up of communications between him and the Priory."

Without deigning to notice the implied

threat, if it was a threat, Abel thrust his long hands hither and thither arranging the breakfast things to suit his master's convenience. When at last he spoke it was with perfect calmness.

"You know you are talking nonsense, Mr. Randall," he said. "Why should I correspond with your cousin? his interests and mine don't run together, you know that very well. I heard that he is in Cornwall from Miss Eliza the day you sent me to Dr. Teulon's with that book for her sister. Miss Eliza has heard from Miss Varcoe, the young lady as used to be here, they are fast friends."

"Oho!" cried Randall, "that's how she heads, is it? I remember Dolly was telling me that she once caught the pair billing and cooing like doves down there in the Copse. So that's his motive, eh? Well, I wish him luck. Tell me, is she good looking, with a straight cutwater, fine sheer, and well set up, eh? I suppose so, though an old fellow like you perhaps has no eye for a clipper; yet the Ardernes were always good judges of women, I think."

"Yes, that's what Harriet says," answered Abel, with a covert glance at his master. "I was passing the cottage the other day when you and Miss Dorothy rode by,—the day you went to Watton. 'A true chip o' the old block,' she said, 'but 'tis my Mary should be riding there by his side, and what's more, she shall ride there yet.'"

An angry gleam shot from Randall's eyes while Pilgrim was speaking, and a fierce scowl took possession of his face. Thrusting his spoon violently through the very bottom of his egg, he said:

"Curse that woman! what did she come here for? And you, with your fine management to keep her from lying and spreading false yarns about me, could you not buy her off at once and have done with her? I'm not the only man to get into a scrape with a girl, especially when she throws herself in your way. Why must I suffer for it more than others?"

The major-domo laughed a short, dry, guttural chuckle:

"Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be,—not killed, but loved," he croaked. "Excuse me, Mr. Randall,"—Abel never called him Mr. Arderne,—"but ain't that the way to fetch 'em when they're young? Leastways I've heard so. But as to buying her off, why that's impossible."

"Impossible!" said his master, "but she must be, I tell you. Do you think I am going to allow her to remain here to put the screw on and blackmail me whenever she pleases? You took her a hundred pounds not a month ago; or you said you did; I've only your word for it, though."

"If you doubt me, go and ask her," replied the old man. "Did you not specially warn me not to take a receipt or to make any kind of memorandum?"

"Well, well, that may be so, Abel," said the other; "of course I acknowledge that I owe the woman some reparation. She is well provided for, and I am ready to make it worth her while to leave here, say for America to join her daughter there. Tempt her, persuade her, offer her a lump sum,—say two-fifty, ayé, five hundred if you must,—why women of her class would sell their souls and bodies a thousand times for such a fortune."

"Women of her class, but not of her kind," returned the steward. "Women of all classes sell themselves, in the highest of all they have a regular market for them. But there are two kinds that money can never buy, Mr. Randall,—those who dress up simply in black or brown or gray and who are never so happy as when helping the parsons, and that other kind whose love is like fire and whose jealousy is like adder's poison. Harriet Bates is of the jealous, fiery kind: you know best if her daughter resembles her."

Randall Arderne heard Abel's classification with amazement. This old man, with his quiet ways and profound knowledge of human nature, was a mystery to him. In secret he chafed against the ascendancy which his house-steward had

established over him, but his resistance to Pilgrim's influence never went farther than petulant cavilling or ill-humored sarcasm and reproach.

"You seem to have studied her pretty closely, considering the short time of your acquaintance," he muttered. "However, to the devil with her, if you like, so long as you can manage to get rid of her. If you know the world so well you ought to be able to do this for me, and, and, also for yourself. Shall I leave it to you?"

"I will try," said Pilgrim. "Shall I throw up the window a little? you need fresh air had enough, and your eyes are bloodshot. That young Askwith, of Stamer Hall, who has been here for a fortnight, off and on, can drink and smoke you blind. Thank heaven he's gone home! 'twill be better for you if he keeps himself the other side of Watton for a month or two," and the steward opened the window.

"I can smoke as much as he can," protested Randall, who had become more or less intimate with certain young fast-living squires of the district, "but he can stand more liquor than a Dutch skipper. However, I shall soon pick up again. Let me see, I think I'll go down to the village and see old Teulon; better do that than glue myself to that pipe again. Wish I'd never learned to smoke; seems to me it deadens my nerves and unmans me."

Resolutely turning away from the seductive meerschaum, Randall put on a light morning jacket and went out. The pure, fragrant air soon brought a sparkle to his eye and elasticity to his step, so that, having visited the stables and his dogs, he betook himself to his dressing room to prepare for the proposed call on Dr. Teulon. A trifle too broad-shouldered perhaps to be in strict proportion, Randall was nevertheless a good-looking, well-set man. As Dr. Teulon had said soon after Randall's return, it was impossible to doubt even for a moment that this was an Arderne; he himself could swear to the nose and lower jaw as being proper to the

family anatomy. If he wanted Gilbert's high breeding and refinement, it was no less true that he was much more cordial and hearty in manner than his cousin. Among the villagers generally he was much more of a favorite, and it was really surprising to see how quickly he learned all their names and how little he stood on his dignity in his intercourse with the tenant farmers. He would take his own terrier to a rat battue in the Spinney or accompany the gamekeeper on an expedition with the ferrets down into the Cope where the rabbits had their burrows; and he seldom passed the Crooked Billet without taking a glass of ale with old Andrew for the good of the house. At his own request he had joined the cricket club, signaling his election by a timely gift of a complete outfit of apparatus. In fielding he was rather slow, but it was generally conceded that after a little more practice he would certainly eclipse even Joe Verrill himself with the bat. The knowledge that the next match with Thuxton would be followed by a banquet, free to all at the Priory, was a great incentive to the eleven of the united parishes, and Randall's popularity stood at high-water mark with the young men when it was rumored that he intended to furnish the club with a new uniform every year.

Perhaps the Priory laborers would have been better pleased to hear from Mr. Way, the land steward, that the squire had taken up the allotment scheme for their benefit at the point where Gilbert had dropped it, but there were many reasons preventing them from hinting this to Mr. Way. The old hands among them were receiving seventeen shillings a week, out of which they paid one shilling as cottage rent. Time was, and that not so long ago either, when their weekly wage, except in harvest, did not exceed twelve shillings; and bearing in mind that up to the present no deduction had been made for the off-days, when field-work was impossible, they judged it better to let the allotment plan alone, and that the more readily because

some among them, who read the weekly papers, spoke confidently of a good time coming when an extended franchise would cause allotments and various other blessings to rain down on the laborers' heads.

Ever since her return from London Dorothy Teulon had been a thorn in the doctor's flesh. Always variable in her moods, she was now by turns peevish and fault-finding, the patient Eliza especially serving as a target for her irritability. The morning's post had brought Eliza a letter from Amy Varcoe, certain passages of which, at her father's request, she had read aloud at the breakfast table.

"So," said the doctor, "Gilbert is doing well as a fisherman, eh? making money? Well, my dear, I always knew he had the making of a man in him, given the opportunity. I said so when I heard of his bout with the mutineers. I shouldn't wonder if he married that girl. He might do worse, for she is as good as she is beautiful."

"They are engaged, papa," said Eliza; "I thought I told you so the other day."

"Engaged, are they? Lucky fellow! When you write ask if Elvins, Joe Elvins, is living there yet. I remember him quite well; the only man of his class I ever met who was not afraid of the cholera. He was a great help to us during that awful time, especially in organizing a gang of men to cleanse the courts and alleys."

"Joe Elvins," repeated Eliza, "I shall not forget it."

"And offer my congratulations and best wishes to the young people, and you may add that I am glad to know that Gilbert has discovered that happiness is not dependent upon wealth. Why, Dolly," continued the doctor, "whatever are you screwing up your face like that for? Don't, child, it makes you so unpleasantly like the melodramatic heroines that we students used to guy so unmercifully in my younger days."

After breakfast, Dr. Teulon having gone to Hilton, the pent-up vials of Dorothy's ill-humor were poured out on

her sister's head. For some time Eliza endured it with much mildness, but when at length her sister spoke of Amy Varcoe as a scheming adventuress, her forbearance was exhausted.

"Dorothy," she said, "I ought not to listen to this. For some time past you have worn your heart on your sleeve in this matter, I mean with respect to me. You yourself were attached to Gilbert Arderne, and your disappointment is expressed in this unworthy manner. Amy is my friend, she has never consciously wronged you. You lower yourself, sister, to speak of her in this way."

Dorothy's dark cheek flushed crimson at her sister's rebuke. "I attached to him!" she cried, "and he a landless beggar. For shame, Eliza! do you know that you insult me to my face? How dare you?"

"Well, dear," said Eliza the patient, sorry at finding that Dorothy was stung to the quick, "let us drop the subject for ever. I am going out for some colored wools; let this be forgotten before I return."

Dorothy, however, turned away from her sister's kiss, and when, a little later, Randall Arderne was announced she had some difficulty in removing the traces of her ill temper from her countenance. Randall himself was in excellent spirits; being always ready to make the most of the passing hour, and having good digestion, he was not one to allow himself to be worried by trifles. He had made up his mind that Abel Pilgrim, in whose cunning and natural aptitude for secret management, as he called it, he had great confidence, would find little difficulty in inducing the woman Bates,—at present the only fly in the pot of the ointment of Randall's prosperity,—to leave the neighborhood and perhaps the country.

"This is more than I hoped for, Miss Dorothy," he said, as he seated himself near her, "to find you keeping house alone. I hope your sister, Miss Teulon, is quite well."

"I believe so," answered Dorothy, "she has not complained in my hearing."

Something in the tone convinced Randall that the sisters must have recently had a misunderstanding, indeed Dorothy's black eyes still glowed with resentment at her sister's penetration of her secret motive for disliking Amy Varcoe. How small and apparently trivial a thing,—be it act, or word, or thought,—may prove the turning-point of a life! Thinking it probable that Dorothy was somewhat oppressed and restricted by the weight of her sister's seriousness the visitor most unwittingly revived all her antipathies.

"You used to be a frequent guest at the Priory, I believe," he said, "in the old days before my return. I am sorry to think that I have been the innocent cause of depriving you of any pleasure. Unfortunately, I am an old bachelor and live like a morose giant in Bachelor's Hall. For your sake I wish Gilbert's mother could be tempted to keep house for me, and bring her friend or companion with her. But that's out of the question: the old lady will never forgive me for coming back to life again. By the way, is it true that my cousin is going to marry Miss Varcoe?"

"You must ask Eliza," returned Dorothy, shrugging her pretty shoulders with an air that was truly French; "they used to be inseparable. I always knew she was spreading her nets for him,—for Gilbert I mean. Bah! I detest her and her artful ways."

The mystery was revealed, for Randall Arderne was not unskilled in the study of woman, and like a flash it occurred to him that here was a ready means of rendering all future intercourse with Gilbert more and more unlikely, a result which he would gladly welcome.

"He has learned since then to spread his own nets, they say. I have often wondered where he got that notion from. But, Miss Dorothy, if you dislike her you ought to dislike her husband. Love me, love my dog, you know."

"I pity him," she said, "at any rate; pity him and marvel at his choice. An Arderne a fisherman and marrying a fisher girl!"

"There is one Arderne," he said, "who will never demean himself that way unless you drive him to desperation. Yes, Dorothy, I mean it, if you will take me you shall become the mistress of the Priory and everything in it."

Dorothy Teulon almost leaped from her chair in astonishment. Nothing in Randall's previous demeanor towards her had prepared her for such a declaration, and her first sentiment was almost one of anger at his audacity. He took her hand in his own broad, strong palm, and pressing her fingers in his grasp said:

"Dorothy, I may not have Gilbert's fine polish and lordly ways, for I have led mostly a rough life of it, through my own folly. But I can love as well as another man, and I love you, Dorothy. Will you try to love me in return, little one? Take your own time to make up your mind: it is but fair you should do so."

Like a torrent it rushed through the girl's brain that Fate had provided her the means for a triumph over Amy Varcoe and her lover. Like a flood, too, came the remembrance of nights of stormy passion and of wild longings for revenge, and her mind was made up to seize the opportunity, cost her what it might.

"This is so sudden, so unexpected," she said in a low voice, "and you have certainly contrived to keep your sentiments well masked until this moment."

"But you will give me an answer, Dorothy; you will at least hold out a hope to me, will you not?"

"If you are so set on it, yes," she replied; "that is to say, I will leave the decision with papa. That is what they say in the funny papers when a lover pops the question, you know."

"Ask papa!" said Randall, "why certainly, if you wish it; but I'm glad to know that I asked you first. That's the main point, Dorothy; and now I am going to

take a lover's privilege. No use struggling against it,—there!"

There was a sound kiss planted squarely on Dorothy's ruby lips, and the first indulgence was evidently provocative of another and yet another. With her hair and neckgear ruffled the girl retreated across the room.

"Go away!" she cried, "you are a saucy fellow to take me at a disadvantage, besides you are so horribly strong. You should wait for papa's answer before you make so free."

Papa's answer, given next day, was that if Dorothy was willing he was, of course. Dr. Teulon was not blind to the honor and advantage of marrying his daughter into an old and wealthy house like that of Arderne. As for Dorothy herself, she was exultant.

"Sold myself, perhaps," she said that night, "but the price is high; I, the mistress of the Priory, can despise the fisherman and his drudge."

## CHAPTER XXII.

A GERMAN social philosopher once wrote that the woman of our present civilization is taught to consider matrimony as her proper career and marriage her only destiny. If this be true, as perhaps it is, we can easily account for the fact that old maids are wont to receive more pitying commiseration from their own sex than from men. Just as the stomach controls and dominates the strongest mind and affects the brightest genius, so perhaps the finest intuitions of woman may be perverted or thwarted by her physiological necessities. Indeed, there are, we think, aphorisms of Hippocrates, Van Helmont, and other sages of medicine, ancient and modern, in which this principle, or something like it, has been crystallized for all time, aphorisms which, in this era of universal scholarship, we do not think it proper to quote even in their original garb. From this point of view, the loftiest female altruism and even religious devotion may be nothing more than the morbid resultants of denied or restricted function, just as, in the case of the ruder sex, every manifestation of what the world calls genius is by Philistines generally thought to be symptomatic of dementia. It is a habit peculiar to those whom Dean Swift would have termed butcher-like surgeons to rush trampling and hee-hawing through the parterres in the garden of the gods.

On the other hand, one need not be

very scientific to conclude that it is not wise to bring sentiment into the field of anthropology, as those romantic persons do who assert that love at its highest and best, love such as Socrates might have descanted upon or Plato have derived from twin-soul affinities, can only be felt once in the life of every human being. It is doubtless a providential arrangement that first loves so seldom lead to marriage, for first loves are mainly illusion, or at least they are so often connected with self-deception that the inevitable return to sanity may sometimes end in repugnance. Your modern cynic and man of the world is fond of observing that a disappointment in love is certain to result in marriage, yet, after all, this is but natural, for the vine torn from its trellis must send forth its tendrils in search of another support. Nevertheless, it is absurd to speak of matrimony as though it were a charitable institution merely because we see that many modern marriages are simply utilitarian compacts.

When Agnes Bodrugan learned from her brother that Gilbert Arderne, landless and poor, was living in St. Meva and working as a fisherman, her first feeling was that of pity, her second one of self-felicitation. Two years had gone by since her discovery that Gilbert's passionless, conventional liking was something very different from love, and she had long ceased to shudder at the contemplation of

the lot she had escaped. Instead of repining in secret, instead of cherishing Gilbert's memory as that of one who might yet return to his allegiance with strengthened loyalty and warmer love, she had taken a much more sensible view of things and had resumed her old life just as though she had never been in love at all. Even her near relatives, her mother and brother, with eyes sharpened by affection, could see no difference in her. The rupture of the engagement between his friend and his sister had often puzzled the baronet, and when at length he came to learn something of the cause he felt very angry with Gilbert. "He told me once that he was by nature something of a Lotherio," said Sir Guy to himself, "but I could never have thought him capable of pretending to love Agnes." Without an attempt at explanation on either side the estrangement grew more pronounced, for the baronet, himself the soul of honor, looked to Gilbert for the first advances towards a reconciliation. These advances had not been made, first because our hero had, wisely or unwisely, fallen deeply in love with his mother's companion, and secondly because his own habit of rigid introspection and stern self-analysis had shown him that the poison of Professor Blunt's ideas on the subject of monogamy had so far influenced him as to encourage the notion that the burden of a marriage of convenience might be easily lightened by subsequent non-matrimonial concessions to love.

Long before our hero's return to St. Meva in his new character the attentions of Mr. Restormel, a wealthy squire and mine proprietor whose estates lay not far from Lostwithiel, had become so marked that it was evident that Agnes was not necessarily devoted to a life of single blessedness. On the selfsame day that Sir Guy learned from Mr. Lear that Gilbert Arderne was living in St. Meva Restormel had proposed to Agnes and had been accepted. In return for the news he brought her Agnes herself acquainted her

brother with this item of personal interest and received his congratulations, for Mr. Restormel was in every respect a good match.

"And now, Agnes," said Sir Guy, "what shall I do if I happen to run across Arderne one of these days? It goes to my heart to cut him, while it is clearly impossible to resume the old relation in the face of his past conduct, to say nothing of his present condition."

"You need not cut him exactly," she replied; "men are awkward creatures, seldom able to hit the right mean. Of course Gilbert Arderne the fisherman does not expect the consideration due to his former station, and fortunately his own behavior has made it easy for you to draw the line. Do you think he will throw himself in your way, Guy? Not very likely; I do not doubt that he feels the change very keenly. He will avoid you as much as possible, you may be sure of that."

"Perhaps you are mistaken there, Agnes, for Mr. Lear says that he never knew so independent a man. He is, he says, proof against poverty, and he has imbibed some of those Socialistic doctrines about the dignity of labor and so forth."

"His doctrines I suppose conform to his fortunes," said Agnes; "it is easy to be a Gracchus or a Catiline when one has nothing to lose. I wish I could be a man and have absolute power for a year or two, I would make short work with the demagogues. You ought to find it easy to keep a fisherman at arm's length,—a cool nod or a little pity for his downfall in life, judiciously exhibited, will serve the purpose. It is absurd to encourage the notion that a man's place in society is not subject to change with his fortunes. Women know better."

"I suppose you are right," answered the baronet with something like a sigh; "indeed, I think that, were such a case my own, the consciousness of poverty would make me repel any advances from my former intimates. Heigho! what

wretched snobs men are, after all. Poor fellow, I pity him!"

"He will become reconciled to his station in time, depend upon it, Guy; his choice of a calling is most discreditable to him. I am sure I can never be too thankful for my own escape. Don't be a simpleton; he will gradually grow down to the level he has sought,—it is his ideal. That level is far below your station."

Guy Bodruga turned away, and went off to dress for dinner. The maxims of worldly prudence and of a false and unnatural social economy sound cruelly inhuman from the lips of a woman, and are almost as unpleasantly suggestive as the *pollices versi* of the amphitheatre or the fluttering fans of the Plaza del Toro. Yet Sir Guy, mindful though he was of the old friendship, felt compelled to acknowledge that his sister had taken the proper view of the matter. If Gilbert Arderne had chosen to forget what was due to his station, he could not with any show of reason expect his former friends and acquaintances to treat him as an equal. The idea was preposterous, and having slowly, and to say truth reluctantly, reached this conclusion the baronet gave a sigh of relief. It is no disparagement of his character to write this of Sir Guy, for according to "society" and its code he was right in his reasoning. We have placed a stigma upon manual labor when it is exercised for a livelihood, and this sentiment is so dominant that the university-bred man in every city of Europe will go dinnerless by day and supperless to bed rather than degrade his education by doing or trying to do "unsuitable" work. Our hero had conquered this foolish prejudice, as he had conquered some others, by sheer strength of mind and a contempt for shams of all kinds, and in proportion as he had come to value education and mind culture for their intrinsic worth the stronger grew the conviction that the possessor of a cultivated, well-stored mind was not exempt from the duty of productive labor. He had once or twice over-

heard the tenant farmers of Withington complain that the new system of education would inevitably render the laborer too proud for the plough, and now that his own circumstances had changed he quietly and unostentatiously resolved to demonstrate in his own person that it was not at all a disgrace for an educated man to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow at home in England any more than in Australia or Canada. His brief experience in London had taught him that no inconsiderable portion of the untold misery of great cities is directly traceable to this wretched figment of society that manual labor, especially that which soils the hands and tinges the raiment, is humiliating. Guy Bodruga, having never confronted the problem, was of course content to accept society's canon, yet it may be taken for granted that even he, if driven by destiny to serve as a gamekeeper or a Montana cowboy, would have, in his own mind, repudiated the doctrine that he was less a gentleman than before his loss of fortune.

Except that, perhaps unconsciously to himself, there was a suspicion of patronage in his manner now and then, the vicar, Mr. Lear, did much to make our hero's progress in his calling less rough and trying than it otherwise might have proved. There were, of course, some ungracious, ill-bred fellows among the St. Meva fishermen who would have found rare sport to themselves in wounding the feelings of the stranger had they not known from the first that any tricks of this nature would tend to their own lasting discredit. Gilbert's bearing too did much to earn the respect of this keen-witted and observant people. The old superciliousness, as when we first made his acquaintance two years ago, had wholly disappeared and given place to a grave and earnest aspect indicative of a proper sense of manly responsibility and manly interests. Otherwise there was no marked alteration in his appearance, for as old Elvins said, "there are some men who will look like kings if dressed in guernseys and sou'-westers,



while others will be like pilchard carriers and Cousin Jackies if you dress them up in feathers and gold lace."

As the season advanced the drift boats made good average catches, while the market was much better than it would have been had the seiners been more fortunate. Gilbert had rented a small cottage, which he modestly furnished, and which an old charwoman kept clean and bright for two shillings a week. Living frugally, and being on the whole one of the most successful among the fishermen, our hero soon had the satisfaction of keeping an account with her Majesty the Queen by means of the Post Office savings' bank. It was quite a surprise to him to find that he had so much leisure, and also to discover that it would be his own fault if he failed to make some very agreeable friends. In the public reading-room and institute he found some very eager and sharp-witted politicians, with one or two thoughtful young men who, like Frank Trevena, had made considerable progress in the direction of a special education. Frank's ardor, growing by what it fed on, had carried him a long way forward in the field of biology, and at the vicar's instance he had undertaken to give a series of lectures at the institute during the winter. It was a period of much activity in that part of the county, the establishment of a bishopric having induced the clergy to bestir themselves mightily. Mr. Lear had not escaped the infection, and he was doing his utmost to enlist recruits for various new phases of church work. On their side the Dissenters were not idle,—although at first they professed to ridicule the church revival, as they called it,—so that, taken altogether, St. Meva had never been so lively. Mr. Lelean, Craggs the miller, Elvins, and a few other old stagers, continued to smoke their pipes at the Ship and to shake their

sapient heads at every new sign of improvement, some of them even going so far as to refuse to vote when Mr. Lear ran against the leading Wesleyan for the school board, but they were powerless to resist the current. When, however, the vicar came in at the head of the poll, with Frank Trevena second, and a Bodrugan tenant,—a professed Secularist,—third, the town began to realize that the world was moving. In all this working of the microcosm Gilbert Arderne bore a part. Having views of his own, on some matters widely divergent from those of the vicar, our hero was somewhat of a free lance, perhaps, but he showed himself ever ready to help in any scheme whose object was to make the people more thrifty and self-reliant.

With all this to interest him, how was it possible for the young fisherman to stagnate? Better than this, however, as a means of reconciling him to the life he had chosen, was his near association with Amy, his betrothed. Here, in her native home, where he had first acknowledged the spell of her wondrous beauty, Gilbert Arderne learned more and more highly to esteem her for the graces and endowments of her mind and heart. He had placed his love well, and in this sense he was fortunate to a degree far beyond all the world can give in its most copious largesse of wealth and high position. Trust me, reader o' mine, that man is blessed indeed who draws his inspiration and incentive from the mind and heart of a perfect woman. Aye, a perfect woman, one in whom kind Nature has combined the rays of genius, gentleness and constant love. Seeing them together, you would have thought with the good vicar that Gilbert's strong sense of duty was largely due to her whose influence had enabled him to convert the frown of fortune into a lasting smile.

## LOVE AND LABOR.

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

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

—O—  
 CHAPTER XXIII.

IT is a somewhat vexatious privilege of the Mahatma that, while he is able to transport mind-influences from China to Peru, his own proper personality is constrained and restricted by that material property which physicists term impenetrability. Unlike the Milesian gentleman's bird, the greatest master of occultism cannot, as a visible, tangible, sensible man, be in two places at one and the same time. Equally annoying to the story-teller is the circumstance that, while he can at will, or with a Jove-like nod, transport the reader across oceans and continents, he himself is but too frequently, because of the *res angusta domi*, unable to take a trip into a neighboring county. By way of compensation for this limitation, he is, however, apt to distribute free passes to others with right royal liberality, a prerogative which we have now to exert in the case of the readers of this voracious chronicle whom we desire to convey at a bound over the broad Atlantic and half a continent and to set down in the great wonder-city of America, Chicago.

The day has been hot, so hot that men and horses have fallen dead or dying in the streets. The men were for the most part laborers, the horses seldom driven by persons warmly interested in their preservation. However the case may be with horses, it is certain that human life is cheap in this huge, sweltering caravan-serai where from morn till night men and women out of every nation under heaven tread on one another's kibes, urged and stimulated by the knowledge that here, more than in any other city on earth, the devil of suicide or the poorhouse is sure to take the hindmost. The patrol wagons of the police have been kept busy all day

conveying the dead to the morgue or the dying to the hospital, and huge trucks, specially constructed for this purpose, have found steady employment in hauling the dead horses to the "rendering" yards, where bones, skin, hoofs, and tissues are speedily converted into articles of commerce.

It is in every sense a wonder-city, this huge aggregation of buildings, some of whose residents can easily remember when Chicago was but a small town, recently sprung up like a fungus on a soil so sodden with swamp-moisture that a pedestrian stepping from the wooden sidewalk sank up to his knees in foetid mud. Unlike the Scottish poet's recollection of the "once romantic shore" of his native Clyde, this feat of memory on the part of the old resident would scarcely be a regretful one, inasmuch as rural beauty could never have characterized the site of the great city by Lake Michigan. One has to travel far from the soot and grime of Chicago to discover one touch of nature at her best and loveliest, and with every gasp of the iron horse on the dreary road from the lake to the Mississippi one's admiration of the energy and devotion of the early French explorers and missionaries,—La Salle, Tonti, Marquette, and Hennepin,—becomes more genuine and unaffected.

One such day as this has been ought,—at least so an Englishman would think,—to promote a general hegira from the afflicted city. This day, however, is but one of a series of days equally oppressive, for a warm wave has spread its fatal shadow over the Illinois valley and the scythe of the grim reaper has left a broad swathe wherever that shadow has fallen. Would-be smart writers in the daily papers have

made grisly jokes at the expense of the signal service bureau, for human life is held so cheaply here that nothing less than a cataclysm would be considered adequate ground for publishing anything detrimental to the growth of the city. Undoubtedly there are cool places, alcoves, snuggeries, and shady verandahs in the millionaires' mansions on the avenues fronting the lake; mansions built in every style of architecture, Norman, Tudor, Elizabethan, Queen Anne cottages, imitation Torquilstones, prison-like nightmares in cyclopean masonry, rococo priories, and monstrosities originally engendered in an opium-inspired dream. There are no such harbors of refuge, however, in shanty-land, in the close, stifling streets where those who build the millionaires' fortunes have their residence. Night itself will bring no relief to these, for the weather bureau has not yet scented the approach of the electric storm which will ultimately usher in the ozone-laden north wind, and which will be joyfully welcomed though it come with the dreaded funnel cloud lurid with lightning and bristling with darts tipped with destruction. But if there are no cool nooks and alcoves in the homes of the poor there are at least the flat roofs and stone sidewalks of the alleys, and here, when the night has fallen, thousands of men, women, and children will try to forget their wretchedness in sleep. It is a golden age for the saloon-keeper and publican, and the bar-tenders' arms, hypertrophied though they are in the biceps by much exertion at the beer pump, grow weary as women and children in endless succession come with pitchers or fathers' dinner pails, each for the dimes' worth of beer. Wretched liquor though it be, resin-polluted and sticky, it is yet preferable to the fluid drawn by the city water supply from the lake: the beer may be fraught with wife-beatings and murder, but the lake water, sewage-contaminated, is pregnant with typhoid germs and countless forms of filth-bred micro-organisms.

The hands of the wall-clock in the inner room of a lawyer's office in Randolph

Street are verging close on six. The outer room has but one occupant, a middle-aged mulatto woman who is busy with broom and dust-pan. Outside in the corridor a sort of wooden arm protrudes from the office-door, and on this is painted the legend "J. U. Divilbiss, Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public." At the foot of the great staircase, on the house-directory, the same announcement is made in letters of white enamel, and the curious stranger may, if he will, by craning his neck outside on the curb, read the same words on the ground-glass of the second storey windows.

In the inner room, the sanctum, of the office two men are seated at a table desk. One of these is our old acquaintance, Mr. Divilbiss; he is without a coat, his open vest displays a broad expanse of shirt front, and his sleeves are tucked up to his elbows. Making due allowance for the weather, he looks about the same as when Mrs. Rosevear, of The Ship Inn, mistook him for a commercial traveller. His companion is a man of somewhat uncertain age, although perhaps fifty-five would be a good guess to make at it. In person he is tall, but his shoulders are much bent and his hair and long beard are very gray. He has prominent cheek-bones and a nose curved like an eagle's beak, with thin flexible nostrils, and his large dark eyes are keen and full of determination. His dress is admirably adapted to the weather, consisting of a short, slate-colored dust coat, an open-breasted waistcoat of the same hue and material, and thin trousers a shade or two darker than his other raiment. His shoes, too, are low and thin-soled and loosely-tied for comfort's sake. In his right hand he holds a rattan cane with a silver knobbed handle. Taken altogether it would be hard to find a cooler-looking man than this in all the sweltering city.

Mr. Divilbiss has just finished tying some legal documents with green tape. His day's work is over, and the lawyer is evidently glad that it is so.

"Well," said the other, "that's settled

then. We go together,—'gad, though born there I shall want you for a guide. You will have the will and the deed drawn up and ready for my signature on Monday when I shall return from Indianapolis. You understand that I am to transfer ten thousand pounds of English money to my sister——”

“Sister-in-law, to be strictly correct,” broke in Divilbiss; “you can never be too accurate, my friend, when instructing a lawyer.”

“You've said that a dozen times already, Divilbiss; what the mischief is the need for being so particular? Call her what you like that's proper in your rubbishy old papers, to make all right and square against the tricks of the gentlemen of your profession. I, however, shall call her my sister: God forgive me for neglecting her so many years! I tell you that her refusal to claim the dividends from that Quay Fund affected me more than I would care to say. Requit, so far as money goes, will be easy to me, but how shall I atone for years of selfish indifference? See to it that your papers are in proper order; five thousand to my sister, five thousand to my niece.”

“You could do the business with fewer precautions and less trouble on your arrival in England,” said the lawyer, “merely by going to that bank in Truro and paying in the money to their account.”

“I know that well enough,” was the reply, “but who is to guarantee my arrival in England? I have seen death too often in my time to take any chances on the security of life, and that is why I must have these deeds.”

“Henry,” said the lawyer, “you Cornishmen are more attached to your native home than any men I have known. With the Irish and Germans, as we find them here, this attachment is little more than a hollow sentiment, to be trotted out and aired once in a while either for policy or for effect. I wonder sometimes how your fellows from the fag end of England ever come to leave it at all.”

“You needn't wonder in my case, for you have been where I was born and know what it is. God helping me, Divilbiss, I will die where all my folks have lived and died. However, old friend, you may as well be told one reason,—I loved Grace Withell dearly before Dick married her. Yes, dearly loved her. But I was young and shy, and she could pick and choose among the best in the town. They wore curls around their heads in those days,—those who had them to wear,—and I can recall her now, with her neat little figure, fine face, and the finest hair and eyes in the world. I bore up as well as I could when Dick one evening told me that he loved her and was loved in return. Well, they became man and wife; then came the gold fever; then the busy, greedy six years of toil between Darlington and Ballarat. I was worth fifty thousand pounds when I left the colony,—more than enough to make me the greatest man in St. Meva; and I was on my way home when I came to Chicago in Sixty-two. You know the rest.”

“You found this was your El Dorado,” said the lawyer; “but come, I'm off. We will walk home along the avenue to catch what breeze there is. What wouldn't I give now for a stroll with Frank Trevena along Polkirk or on the New Road as far as Portstreath?”

Having deposited his documents in the safe, set the combination and donned his coat, Mr. Divilbiss led the way out into the corridor and down the stairs to the street. Being joined by his companion, whose descent of the long steep flight of stairs had been somewhat slower, he was about to move away when a woman came up and laid a hand on his arm.

“Is that a lawyer's office up there?” she asked, nodding her head in the direction of the staircase.

“It is,” returned Mr. Divilbiss, “but you are too late if you come on business.”

“How do you know that?” she asked, “there is a light in one of the windows.”

But perhaps you come from there yourself; is that so?"

"That is my office, my good woman, I am a lawyer: J. U. Divilbiss, at your service to-morrow. Come early. No more business to-night."

"I have been told that twice before," said the woman; "but I knew there was another lawyer in this block. My business will not wait until to-morrow; I want you to take a woman's dying statement. She is English and she has something on her mind which must be told. If you have a heart you will come with me,—I live on State street."

"Look here," said the lawyer, "this is probably a fine scheme to rob us of our watches and money. Be off with you, or I will have you arrested."

"If you think so get a policeman to go along with you," the woman said. "Take any precaution you like. I keep a boarding house,—we are poor folks and not over respectable, I guess,—but if you had heard the girl moaning and crying that she must tell what she knows you would trust yourself with me. I vow to God that no one shall interfere with you or even ask your business."

Her eagerness, and perhaps the mention of the dying woman's nationality, prompted the lawyer's companion to urge him to accede to her request.

"There is a policeman at the corner there," he said, "and I think he will probably know us both. We will tell him where we are going and on what errand, and he will take this woman's address."

"No need for that," she said, "he knows the house well enough; but tell him what you like. Only, if you would make a poor girl's dying bed easier for her, come at once."

Mr. Divilbiss reflected a moment, consulted his watch, and finally signified his consent by curtly nodding to the woman. At the corner he spoke to the policeman, asking him if he knew No. — State street.

"Everybody in Chicago knows it," was the answer, "leastways everybody on the

force. 'Tis a brothel, that's what it is; one of Dandy Mike's places."

"You told me it was a boarding house and that you kept it," said Divilbiss to the woman.

"Man, man!" she cried, "can't you see what I am? Would you have me brand myself here in the street? She came here from the East a week ago, and has shared my room ever since. She will die there."

"Speak to the police, the first officer you meet on State street, and he will see you through," said the guardian of the law, whose brogue indicated that he first saw light in Ireland. "Sure they all knows Mr. Divilbiss and you too, Mr. Varcoe. 'Twill be all right, sir, I think."

With this assurance, and perhaps a little ashamed of his timidity, the lawyer consented to proceed. In about ten minutes the party stood in front of a large brick house the lower part of which was divided into a saloon, or public house, and a tobacconist's. Externally, there was nothing to indicate that the place was at all disreputable, but the cautious Mr. Divilbiss before entering found a police sergeant and held him in conversation some minutes. The entrance to the upper floors was by means of a flight of steps between the saloon and the tobacco shop, steps so narrow and steep that handrails were necessary to guard against accident. Having ascended these, they reached a lobby or corridor which apparently extended from front to rear of the building. Several doors, some of them open, were on either side, and midway down the passage they came to another staircase up which their guide conducted them. At the top they found a smaller gallery, dimly lighted by a solitary gas jet, and here the woman asked them to remain while she went to prepare the sick person for their coming. Thus left to themselves Mr. Divilbiss turned to his companion and said:

"Henry Varcoe, if all this means mischief, you may attribute it to your own recklessness."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

A BOLDER man than Mr. Divilbiss might well be excused for regarding the situation with some apprehension. There are probably in the vilest purlieus of London or Paris none that can eclipse the dens of Chicago in turpitude. Many of the worst among these sinks of depravity are known to exist, if not by official favor, yet by and on a tenure sufficiently indicated by the phrase "being winked at," and all the world,—at least all the knowing ones in the city,—knew well enough that Dandy Mike, the millionaire gambler whose palatial residence on a fashionable avenue was one of the sights of Chicago, had the strongest political pull or influence in municipal elections of any man within cannon shot of the city hall. Down on Fourth Avenue, where courtezans of every race and color stood clad in diaphanous robes at the doors and windows in open day to entrap the injudicious or salacious wayfarer on his road to the great railway stations, Dandy Mike was king. From dive and brothel, opium joint and bunco den, streams of gold flowed into his coffers: gold bright and yellow, gold powerful in argument, gold full of a quiet persuasive influence alike in the corridors of a city hall or in the lobbies of a legislature.

An old resident of the city, Mr. Divilbiss was well aware of the fact that within easy call of the spot where he and his friend were standing there were a dozen men,— "thugs" as they are styled in America,— who would commit murder if thereby they might procure a five-dollar bill. He knew that in the same house were women, unsexed in nature, who would readily aid and abet their bullies in perpetrating any crime, and knowing this he trembled. Henry Varcoe, however, had seen very much more of the seamy side of life than his friend, though a lawyer, had perhaps even heard of; moreover, he was a man trained early in life to look to his own protection under any circumstances. In reply to the remark made at the close of our last chapter,

the Cornishman grasped his friend's hand, and drawing it towards him enabled Mr. Divilbiss to feel the butt of a revolver contained in a rear pocket.

"Courage, Joshua," he said in a low voice, "the police know we are here and I am armed. Old Craggs was not guessing so wildly when he told you that he, or poor Dick, thought the bushrangers had wiped me out. I have had one or two brushes with them, as you have heard me tell before to-day. There is no mischief being brewed against us, I feel sure of that. But see, here she comes, and alone. Pull yourself together like a man."

As the woman came forward the yellow glare from the gas burner lighted up her face, and both men saw tears in her eyes. Poor creature! she looked about thirty years old, but the traces of sin and suffering were too evident in the hard lines of what was once a comely form and countenance. As though in defiance of her own strong emotions, she dashed the drops from her eyes with her hand.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, "why should I feel so much for a stranger? But I was a girl once myself, happy and innocent, and, O God! she reminds me of what I was. What can I do? She is asleep now,—she only sleeps at odd times, and not for long. You cannot wait here, it would attract notice. There is a reception-room farther on to the right. If I go in with you it will be safe enough, and you can wait there till she wakes. But you may see there what you have no liking for, perhaps."

"Go on, then; we will wait here or anywhere rather than disturb her. Who knows but this sleep may prove a cure?"

It was Varcoe who said this, and the woman, after a brief glance at his determined face, turned and led the way down the corridor, pausing at a pair of folding doors to bid the strangers conceal their feelings whatever they might see or hear. Then, pushing the knob, the doors swung

gently open, and the trio found themselves in a room fairly well furnished and much better lighted than the gallery. This apartment was quite forty feet in length, but narrow, and a number of plate glass mirrors were so arranged as to make the place resemble a public gallery. A number of small round tables were placed here and there in the room, and there were various divans and lounges, all gaudily upholstered and bright with varnish. Their guide drew three chairs up to one of the tables near the door and motioned the men to sit down.

"I too will take a chair," she said, "or their curiosity will be aroused. Excuse me, but it is necessary."

"This is a sort of devil's anteroom, I take it," said the lawyer as he dropped into a chair.

"Whatever it is, keep your mouth shut," was the woman's rejoinder; "you are a man of the world, I can see,"—this to Varcoe,— "and if so you have probably seen the like of this many times. Tell your friend to keep quiet if he can."

It was a doubtful compliment, but the advice was good, and Varcoe admonished the lawyer by a significant look to heed it. Thus interdicted from speech, Mr. Divibiss gave all his attention to what was to be seen, and he found enough to interest and indeed to astonish him. As we have said, the room was long and narrow, terminating at the end opposite to that where the lawyer and his companions were seated in an alcove probably formed by a projecting window. All view of the street, however, was shut off by heavy curtains, which were closely drawn. In this bay or alcove four young women were grouped around a fifth, who was seated on an ottoman. Two of the party were barefooted, the others wearing loose slippers, and they were all clothed in thin light robes of the pattern known as Mother Hubbard. So interested were they in the business that occupied them that, except for a casual glance when the door was opened, they paid no attention whatever to the new

comers. When they spoke, almost every word could be heard throughout the room, and it was evident that they had each and all forgotten that a soft and gentle tone and cadence were excellent attributes of woman.

"Elsie," said the one who was seated, a young woman of marked Jewish features, with glistening black hair reaching far below her waist, "are you sure that the ingredients are right? If not, the charm will be useless, though for my part I think it all nonsense."

"It ain't nonsense, Judith Adler, for they use incense in all the great religions. You yourself told us that you have seen it burnt in New York."

"And so I have," returned the other, "and I myself got this formula from a reformed rabbi: you know there are two kinds of Jews in this country,—the reformed ones are pretty much like Gentiles, I guess. But why they prefer you Christian girls is a mystery to me."

"Do you call us Christians, Judith?" said another young woman, "I wonder what the Sunday-school people would say to that?"

"They have reasons for liking us I dare say," returned Elsie, "among others, I have heard them say that their own women grow old so fast."

"It's a way they have of revenging themselves for the persecution of ages," said a tall, light-haired woman who stood somewhat in the background; "their low natures delight in the thought of subjecting the daughters of Christians to their own pleasures. Damn them all, the hook-nosed pawn-brokers! But they all have money, and we have none, while our wants are pressing. I owe fifteen dollars in this shebang, and some of you owe more, I guess, so go ahead with the charm."

"Dragon's blood, myrrh, frankincense, asafœtida, those are the ingredients," said the one called Judith. "Now give me the match. Here goes."

"It burns beautifully," cried Elsie, clapping her hands; "what a fine thing

for mosquitoes! And it does not smell so bad, either. Look out, Judith, hold it straight."

The person thus addressed, the priestess of a shameful cult said to be common in many of our cities, slowly rose to a standing posture. In her right hand she held a common fire-shovel on which there burned a pyramid of some kind of incense which emitted a thick reek of smoke accompanied with a pungent odor. Holding this at arm's length, as though apprehensive of an explosion, she threw her long black locks behind her and stepped forth from the alcove.

"Girls," she cried, "you know the words, say them after me. Come on!"

In single file, a strange procession, they began their promenade, chanting in a sort of monotone the following invocation:

"Paphian Queen! to thee we bring  
Richest perfume, offering  
Incense rare and myrrh of price  
As a grateful sacrifice.  
Cyprian Queen! for this our praise  
Give the Cyprians golden days."

As the dense fumes began to fill the room Mr. Divilbiss was seized with a strong impulse to sneeze. Rising hastily from his chair he seized the woman by the shoulder.

"Come out of this!" he cried, "it is worse than devil worship! Not a moment longer! lead us where we have to go."

As the party turned to leave the room the woman Elsie uttered a shrill laugh of ridicule and darted towards them.

"Come back!" she cried, "one of you. 'Tis Peoria Maud, and she has two strings to her bow. Come back, let us see who you are."

As the door swung into place behind them the strange guide said:

"Perhaps you are well out of that, they are too keen to be deceived for long. Follow me."

At the lower end of the corridor they came to a small rickety staircase destitute of a handrail, and this, following the woman, they ascended. At the top of the

stairs was a small landing, and directly opposite was a half-opened door. One look within showed Maud that the sufferer was awake, and opening the door she told the men to enter.

It was a poor, mean attic room with the ceiling on one side sloping almost to the floor, but the visitors noticed that it was all scrupulously clean, and they were thankful for this small mercy. On a low wooden bedstead lay a young woman, so worn and attenuated that she might have been taken for a corpse but for the gleam of her large black eyes. She would have risen, at least partly, as the strangers entered the room had not Maud prevented her by gently laying her hand on her head.

"Mary," she said, "these gentlemen are come to hear what you have to tell them. If you like I will go down until you have made a clean breast of it. How are you now, Mary?"

"I am a little cooler, I think," was the reply. "I see you have spent your money in buying ice for me, Maud. Oh, if my blessings would not turn to curses as I spoke, you should have them freely, Maud."

Mr. Divilbiss drew an old cane-bottomed chair up to the bedside, while Varcoe sat on another presented by the woman Maud.

"You have been ill, I see," said the lawyer very gently, "a case of heat prostration, I suppose. I am a lawyer. If there is anything you wish to tell me, any wrong which you think you may be able to right in this world, you may depend upon my co-operation."

"Do not go away, Maud," said the sick woman, "stay with me."

She looked steadily at Mr. Divilbiss for some time, and then, as if satisfied with his appearance, requested him to take down what she had to say. Some time was occupied in preparations, there being only one small table in the room and the lamp requiring to be replenished with oil. At last the lawyer announced that he was ready, and the woman began, speaking slowly and distinctly.



"My name," she said, "is Mary Bates. I was born at Framingham, in the county of Norfolk, England. I am the illegitimate child of Harriet Bates. For many years we lived at Norwich, but when I was nearly sixteen we went to Yarmouth, where my mother opened a lodging-house for sailors. It was there I first made the acquaintance of John Randall. I loved him. Well, it was the old story. He seduced me, and when I told him that concealment was becoming difficult, he showed himself in his true light by running away. I kept my secret some time longer, using arts that only a woman can guess at perhaps, and listening unmoved while my mother would abuse him as a base-born cheat and swindler. At last I heard that he was ill and dying somewhere in Devonshire. I fainted I suppose, and then my condition was revealed. What followed between my mother and me I need not say, but I ran away from home that night, and with what money I had, and by pawning some of his gifts to me, I made my way to Sidmouth,—that's where he was. I found him, found him in good hands and about to become a railway porter. To shorten my story, I may say that I lived with him as his wife. We were happy, except when he abused me after one of his drinking spells. My child died, and we never had another. At last John began to talk mysteriously of his parentage, and he would grow angry and excited when I laughed at him, for, like myself, he was illegitimate. His father was a gentleman, but my mother had known his mother when they were young,—she was a housemaid or lady's maid or something in the mansion of the Ardernes of Norfolk."

"The Ardernes! ah!" cried Mr. Divilbiss, here interrupting for the first time. "Oh, yes, I have that name down. Go on, go on."

The interruption, however, afforded Maud an opportunity for administering some iced lemonade to the sufferer, while Henry Varcoe quietly and with almost professional gravity felt the patient's pulse.

"You are a doctor, sir," she said with some surprise, "but I think you can do but little for me, and indeed I do not care to live, for I've nothing to live for."

Mr. Varcoe did not correct the mistake with regard to himself. "While there is life there is hope," he remarked: "I will see to that when your story is ended. And now, go on. She is not at all so excited," he said to the other woman in a whisper. "I am sure the fever has left her, and I want you both to be ready to move out of this to-morrow. Leave everything,—I shall send a closed carriage. Hush! not a word."

"Where was I?" asked Mary Bates; "Oh, the Ardernes. Well John's talk made me laugh at him and he used to get very angry. About this time letters used to come to him every week, and he used to read them over and over again. Now and then I managed to read some of them, and I found out that John Randall was being coached by a man called Pilgrim who was taking this means of preparing John to claim his father's estate. This Pilgrim was either a fool or an awful hypocrite, for he always wrote to John as to the rightful heir. At last John's treatment of me became more than I could bear, and we agreed to separate. I did not suspect that he was plotting to get me out of the way, and I bitterly resented his conduct. He gave me a hundred pounds and promised to give me more on condition that I would emigrate to America. He has not kept his word by me, although I lived respectably and happily in New York, where I got a good place in service. He has secured possession of his father's estate and is probably rich, while I am dying here in poverty. I read all about the return of the long-lost heir in the *New York Herald*, and I do not feel quite sure that the story is not true, but how could he deceive the lawyers? When this illness seized me I thought and thought of this for hours, and I felt that I could not die easy without telling what I knew. His right name may be Arderne, Randall Ar-

derne, but if he is only John Randall my mother, who is living in Yarmouth, can prove it, and the young man who has lost all can have justice. That is all. I have done what is right and eased my mind."

"Just a few words more, if you are strong enough," said Mr. Divilbiss; "why, if you were doing well, did you leave your situation in New York?"

"I met a man who had known me in Yarmouth," was her answer. "He knew me again, and proposed that we should live together. He was going to the west, he said, and seemed to have plenty of money. At first I refused, but he threatened to write to my mistress that I was an unworthy person. Finally, I was induced to stay out one night, and in the morning I was afraid to return. We came to Chicago, and he was arrested at the railway station a few days ago on a charge of having robbed a friendly society at Ipswich in England. I was penniless and wandered the streets of this strange city for hours and hours, until this woman, an outcast like myself, took pity on me. I have been a sore burden to her."

"What is the name of the man whose estates have been given to this fellow who caused your ruin?" asked the lawyer.

"His name is Gilbert, Gilbert Arderne," she replied. "And now I am tired, I think I am sleepy, or it may be I am dying."

"You will not die," said Mr. Varcoe, "I am sure of that. Heat and anxiety have made you ill; but to-morrow you will be better. I am a fellow-countryman, and it shall be my care to see that you have every comfort and attention."

"God bless you, sir!" returned the poor creature; "I almost dreaded to recover lest it should prove only to a life of sin and shame."

"Henry," said Mr. Divilbiss, "as the two men passed the police-sergeant on the corner and bade him good night, 'I have now a double motive for going over the water. I know Gilbert Arderne, have dined with him near the place where you were born. I thought he was drowned long ago, but it seems it was not so. Strange how the strands of men's destinies are interwoven; very strange!'"

## CHAPTER XXV.

HENRY VARCOE was a wealthy man. The results of six years of gold mining and of successful trading in Australia might well have satisfied him, but it was his fortune to have arrived in Chicago at a period when a person of even ordinary sagacity, provided with some money or credit, could become a great capitalist within a year. Having the means at his command, Varcoe undertook a number of army contracts, and having a good paymaster in the government, he flourished like a green bay tree. Many of his business enterprises were conducted in the name of his legal adviser, Mr. Divilbiss, whose integrity and uprightness fully justified the confidence reposed in him not alone by Henry Varcoe but by many of the most honored citizens of Chicago. During fifteen years of steady practice in Pennsylvania and Il-

linois, Josiah Divilbiss had scorned the temptations which the American system of jurisprudence has placed before the eyes of the legal profession; he had kept aloof from politics, and had never undertaken to conduct a case on the evil principle of sharing the damages won for his client. If not a widely celebrated lawyer, he was a highly respected one, enjoying an honorable and remunerative practice and making every one of his clients a friend.

Convinced that, to use his own words, he had found El Dorado at last, and foreseeing in some measure the future development of the city, Henry Varcoe invested large sums in building lots, or, as the Americans have it, in real estate. As a speculator in grain he had, of course, many vicissitudes, but in due time he

began to reap a hundredfold in the matter of his land investments. For years he devoted himself to increasing his wealth, and that so successfully that when his friend the lawyer announced his intention of visiting Europe Varcoe asked himself, perhaps for the first time, if he did well in making this the chief end and object of life. His thoughts reverted to his native land, and he was in some degree surprised at discovering that the old feeling of pain at the frustration of his early heart-romance no longer existed. Mr. Divilbiss was in France when he received a letter from his friend urging him to visit Cornwall and giving certain directions to aid him in learning all that was possible respecting the condition of Richard Varcoe, of St. Meva, the writer's brother. How the lawyer fulfilled this mission the reader already knows. The account subsequently given of what he had heard and seen of the widow and her daughter strongly affected Henry, and during the interval between Mr. Divilbiss' return and the events recorded in our last chapter the millionaire had been busy in winding up his affairs, or, as he said, in unloading all the cares and concerns which he was growing too old to carry.

Under better conditions Mary Bates rapidly recovered from her illness, but the medical man who attended her shook his head when the poor girl inquired how long it would be before she could venture upon domestic service. "She will never be strong enough to earn her living that way," he said to Varcoe, "and to tell the precise truth I think she ought to be sent back to England. If ever there was a case of homesickness hers is one."

The woman Maud had been provided for by Mr. Divilbiss, who had interested some good Samaritan in her case, and a scheme was devised by which the woman, so long as she continued worthy, would be secured against want. Mr. Varcoe, subduing his impatience, postponed his departure until Mary Bates should be fully recovered, and Mr. Divilbiss, who

dreaded the equinoctial storms on the Atlantic, readily agreed to the delay.

Little recking what might happen to the woman whom he had so cruelly betrayed, Randall Arderne had obtained Dorothy's consent to an early marriage, and the day had been fixed. Not for worlds would she have acknowledged it, but Dorothy was feverishly eager to have the rite performed that would, she thought, consummate her triumph over Gilbert Arderne and the woman whom she so cordially disliked that Eliza never ventured either to name her or to allude to her letters. Constant in their friendship, the correspondence of Amy and Eliza was maintained with praiseworthy regularity, and Dorothy derived great satisfaction from the conscientiousness that the faithful Eliza could hardly avoid writing something on the occasion of the approaching marriage. Vindictive as a Corsican, she almost verified the poet's judgment that

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Randall had already promised to make certain changes at the Priory in obedience to her request, little imagining that the things which Dorothy disliked had been special objects of Gilbert's or perhaps Amy's admiration.

At home with her father and sister her petulance was ascribed to nervousness. As the preparations for the marriage advanced, Dr. Teulon, when in the house, contrived usually to bury himself in his study, where he cultivated influenza germs in a variety of glass vessels, so that what with her domestic cares and the general superintendence of the arrangements for the wedding Eliza's hands were pretty well occupied. There were also friends and visitors to be entertained and courteously entreated; and amid all this bustle and the anxiety of directing everything, Dorothy did little or nothing to lighten her sister's care. Every morning at the same hour she went out for a drive or on horseback, usually returning with her cheeks glowing and her dark eyes radiant with

health and exercise. Her beauty, now much more pronounced than when first we introduced her to the reader, was of the type that dazzles and intoxicates men in general, and this, coupled with the fact that she would bring a fine dowry to the man of her choice, induced a concurrent verdict among his neighbors and intimates that Randall Arderne was a lucky fellow.

In her lonely cottage near the churchyard Harriet Bates concerned herself but little with village gossip. It was currently reported that she was a distant relative of Abel Pilgrim and a widow, living on a small annuity or pension derived from the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society. Abel's known character, and especially his avowed contempt for womankind in the mass, prevented even the busybodies from hinting anything to his prejudice, even though the steward had not provided against possible slander by discreetly whispering here and there that his relative had never been altogether right in her head since the death of her husband, who "had gone to sea somewhere and never came back, poor fellow." This report, together with the woman's unsociable ways, kept her and her neighbors far apart. Her cottage, a part of the Priory estate, stood alone on the rising ground near the churchyard, a couple of furlongs or so from the stable-yard of the Crooked Billet. By turning off from the main road a little to the rear of this yard, Pilgrim might, on his visits to the cottage, spare himself the walk through the village, but he seldom did this. On the contrary, his visits, which rarely exceeded one in every fortnight, were made in open day and by the main road, and casual observers might, and doubtless did, notice that his interviews with the woman were mainly conducted outside on the old blue slate steps of the cottage.

Three days before the morning appointed for the union of Randall Arderne and Dorothy Teulon, however, Abel made a somewhat protracted stay with Harriet Bates. In another sphere, the major-domo would have made a good diplomatist

or ambassador to the court of His Majesty the Czar of Russia, but on this occasion his talents were sorely at fault. He had come prepared to induce Harriet to emigrate to America, but he found her obdurate and determined against his proposal.

"No," she said, "I see through your fine scheme, Abel Pilgrim, and I half suspect you have got it up betwixt you and your master. Ah, which of you is the master, I wonder? You promised to find Mary, you promised he should marry her, and the end of all your fine promises is that he is to be married to that gipsy-faced girl of the old doctor's. I bid you beware, Abel, for devil though you be, the hemp is spun to hang you."

"Tut, tut! Harriet lass, what do you mean by that? Am I a murderer, then, that I'm to be hanged, or d'ye mean to string me up yourself? You talk like a mad woman."

"If not hanged," she replied, "imprisoned for life for conspiracy, and that's worse than hanging I've heered folks say. Tell John Randall this,—'tis my last word: let him marry any other girl than my daughter, and within a week I shall set out to find Gilbert Arderne, the man you have robbed of his right."

The house-steward clenched his long fingers and brought his jaws together with a snap as he heard this declaration.

"Why do you call him John Randall?" he said at length. "You know your story is your own silly make-up. He is Randall Arderne, and all the devils in hell cannot prove that he is not."

"You think so?" she asked with a laugh that made the steward long to strike her down. "I wonder do you really think so? God only knows that—God and yourself; but what will the lawyers say when I tell them the history of Jane Randall of Norwich, and of her adventures in the big house where her base-born child was con—?"

"You lie, you b——!" said Pilgrim, white to the lips with fury. "You are just lying at the expense of the dead, be-

cause you know they can't come back to prove you the liar you are. We will defy you, for Randall's right is as firm as the rock and you know it."

"That is why you have offered me a hundred pound to go to America with, is it?" she returned. "It was kind of your master,—how generous he must be, good man! Light come, light go, I reckon 'tis with him."

"I do not say the offer is from him, Harriet," said Abel, now evidently restraining himself; "but if 'tis where's the harm? He has done you wrong,—he has wronged me too without knowing it,—but Mary left him of her own free will and is now doing well in America, no doubt of that. Still, he is willing to atone for it as far as may be; and I myself, though 'twill pinch me cruelly, will add another hundred for old times' sake."

"Let him make her an honest woman," she said; "only that way can he right her in the eyes of God and the world."

"But it is too late for that, I tell you, Harriet, and he wants this other girl's money to keep his head above water. Listen, Harriet: we are both up in years, but older folk than we are marry every day. Let this matter drop, and I will take you to church the day after they are married. You used to love me once; late though it is, become my wife now."

The woman surveyed him with dilated eyes. For a moment she said nothing, but when she spoke it was with loathing and abhorrence.

"Your wife!" she cried, "your wife! Do you never think of the time when I begged you to make me that, to save me and the quickened babe from the pointed finger and the jeer that cuts worse than a knife? You left me to bear my disgrace as best I could, and besides becoming a byword to the whole parish, my shame shortened my poor father's days, for he never held up his head from that hour. Your wife! you would make me a wife now to make sure of my tongue, crafty old fox that you are."

"I could not marry then in th' old time, Harriet lass," he said, "and well you know it. I had only just got into service here wi' th' old squire, and marriage would ha' been my ruin. When I was willing to set ye right wi' the world you had vanished, but you know right enough that I sent you what I could every now and again."

"Let it be," she cried, "let it be, in God's name, or I may do you a mischief, Abel Pilgrim. The thought of what I suffered makes me feel like a devil. It was a judgment on me for my pride, for my love of finery, for the delight I took in my own good looks. God in heaven! for years the blessed face o' nature, the fields and the flowers were hateful to me, and but for my child I would have gone to find out if the hell beyond was worse than that I lived in. And he, he came and blasted her life as you had blasted mine! Curse him! curse him here and hereafter! may the lightning blast his body and the devil take his soul!"

Exhausted by the force of her passion the woman sank down on the settle and covered her head with her apron. It is possible that, as she sat there rocking from side to side in anguish, some compunction visited the spectator's bosom, but if so it was well concealed. It was useless to try further persuasion while this mood was on her, and Abel Pilgrim was quick to recognize the fact. Taking up his hat he turned to leave the cottage. Stopping at the threshold he said slowly and distinctly:

"Harriet, the past is gone and done with, but we can do much towards setting things right if we are willing to try. Think on what I offer you,—you needn't live wi' me, lass, if you don't like to,—but you will be an honest woman, and I swear to God that Randall Arderne shall have our Mary brought back to you, aye, if he has to go and fetch her the day after his wedding. You and I have summat to live for, after all, and I will see to it that the girl shall have a carriage to ride in. The cards are ours, and if we play them right

the game's our own. Cheer up, lass, and leave it all to me."

Harriet made no reply nor gave any sign of having heard, and Abel's features were considerably less impassive than usual as he went down the old stone steps. As he passed the well,—a wide, deep opening so near the churchyard and the mortal remains of the rude forefathers of the hamlet that a traveller, however thirsty, might well distrust the promise of the crystalline waters,—he paused and muttered:

"I would give five hundred pound to have her down there wi' a stone tied to her neck like a drowned cat. To think that the one mistake of my life should dog me like this! I'll not bear it. Damn the women, and damn that drunken young dog for picking up wi' the doctor's black heifer when my own girl was his rightful wife! He's as stubborn as his father before him, but if I have to give way in this the time will come when I shall have the whip hand."

Merrily rang the bells of Withington and of Hilton Parva on the day of the wedding. Though outside all was wet, for it had rained continuously since midnight, the men and boys in the belfries were dry enough, so dry that Andrew Mossingill of the Crooked Billet and mine host of the Queen's Head at Hilton were kept busy in providing them with

appropriate moisture for their clay. Despite the weather, the wedding breakfast was quite a success, the Rev. G. Summerford exerting himself like a Briton to put the party generally in good spirits and to keep them so. When at last the rice shower rattled against the back and sides of the departing carriage Eliza Teulon gave a low sigh of relief. Sitting there beside the dark-eyed ladye whom he had wooed and won, Randall Arderne gracefully acknowledged the shouts and blessings of the assembled villagers. As the carriage rattled on by the churchyard lane, however, something very unlike a blessing started to his lips at the sight of a tall, gaunt woman wrapped in a coarse gray shawl and standing statue like at the corner of the lane. At the same moment Dorothy's glance fell upon her also, and she shuddered involuntarily at the mocking laugh and outstretched arm of the woman.

"Ugh!" she said, shrugging her rounded shoulders, "what a witch-like old hag, to be sure! Randall, throw her a shilling, if only to avert the evil eye."

But Randall Arderne made no attempt in the direction indicated, and to the sound of stimulating whip-lash, and with the merry bells still pealing the carriage rolled on towards the railway. And the evil eye pursued it until it was lost on the broad turnpike road.

*(To be continued.)*

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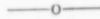
## CONSCIOUSNESS A FUNCTION OF MATTER.

BY THE LATE THOMAS H. HUXLEY.

I AM not aware that there is any one who doubts that, in the proper physiological sense of the word function, consciousness, in certain forms, at any rate, is a cerebral function. In physiology we call function that effect, or series of effects, which results from the activity of an organ. Thus, it is the function of muscle to give rise to motion; and the muscle gives rise to motion when the nerve which supplies it is stimulated. If one of the nerve-bundles in a man's arm is laid bare, and stimulus is applied to certain of the nervous filaments, the result will be production of motion in that arm. If others are stimulated, the result will be the production of the state of consciousness called pain. Now, if I trace these last nerve-filaments, I find them to be ultimately connected with part of the substance of the brain, just as the others turn out to be connected with muscular substance. If the production of motion in the one case is properly said to be the function of the muscular substance, why is the production of a state of consciousness in the other case not to be called a function of the cerebral substance? Once upon a time, it is true, it was supposed that a certain "animal spirit" resided in muscle and was the real active agent. But we have done with that wholly superfluous fiction so far as the muscular organs are concerned. Why are we to retain a corresponding fiction for the nervous organs?

If it is replied that no physiologist, however spiritual his leanings, dreams of supposing that simple sensations require a "spirit" for their production, then I must point out that we are all agreed that consciousness is a function of matter, and that particular tenet must be given up as a mark of Materialism. Any further argument will turn upon the question, not whether consciousness is a function of the brain, but whether all forms of consciousness are so. Again, I hold it would be quite correct to say that material changes are the causes of psychical phenomena (and, as a consequence, that the organs in which these changes take place have the production of such phenomena for their function), even if the spiritualistic hypothesis had any foundation. For nobody hesitates to say that an event A is the cause of an event Z, even if there are as many intermediate terms, known and unknown, in the chain of causation as there are letters between A and Z. The man who pulls the trigger of a pistol placed close to another's head certainly is the cause of that other's death, though, in strictness, he "causes" nothing but the movement of the finger upon the trigger. And, in like manner, the molecular change which is brought about in a certain portion of the cerebral substance by the stimulation of a remote part of the body would be properly said to be the cause of the consequent feeling, whatever unknown terms were interposed between the physical agent and the actual physical product. Therefore, unless Materialism has the monopoly of the right use of language, I see nothing materialistic in the phraseology which I have employed.—*Contrverted Questions.*

## THE CENTENARY OF TOM HOOD.



On the 23rd of May, one hundred years ago, Thomas Hood was born, and he died May 3rd, 1845. To those of an older generation familiar is the name of Tom Hood, for the "Thomas" does not seem to concert with his joyousness. His life must have been in a measure a troubled one, for he had to fight against bad health and poverty. How he did labor for his bread and cheese, working off trifles for the red satin-bound ephemeral volumes, which were called "Keepsakes," or Friendship's Offerings. There is a disposition to slight Tom Hood, and it is because the critic of to-day is in doubt as to whether the man was better in his merry or in his more serious moods. For ten years Tom Hood worked away at "Comic Annuals." Is he only to be remembered for these? Because he forced us to laugh, are we to forget how he could make our eyes to be dimmed with tears? Are we to forget the pathos of his "Song of the Shirt" or the sadness of "The Bridge of Sighs?" Are we to pass over the epigrams he wrote, perfect of their kind? Why, some of these are alive to-day, and pass from mouth to mouth, and those who repeat them are ignorant of their source. There was that uncommon stuck-up person, Rae Wilson, who abused Hood for what Rae Wilson affirmed was his flippancy. Hood wrote what he called an ode in reply, and in it are four famous lines:

"A man may cry 'Church! Church!' at every word  
 With no more piety than other people,—  
 A daw's not reckoned a religious bird,  
 Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

Walter Savage Landor, who was a difficult man to please, wrote the most perfect appreciation of Hood that we know of:

"I tried at wit—it would not do;  
 At tenderness—that failed me too:  
 Before me on each path there stood  
 The witty and the tender Hood."

—*N.Y. Times.*