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## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND THE BOOK OF MRS. EDDY.

BY MARK TWAIN.

"It is the first time since the dawn-days of Creation that a Voice has gone crashing through space with such placid and complacent confidence and command."

### I.

THIS last summer, when I was on my way back to Vienna from the Appetite-Cure in the mountains, I fell over a cliff in the twilight and broke some arms and legs and one thing or another, and by good luck was found by some peasants who had lost an ass and they carried me to the nearest habitation, which was one of those large, low, thatch-roofed farm-houses, with apartments in the garret for the family, and a cunning little porch under the deep gable decorated with boxes of bright-colored flowers and cats; on the ground floor a large and light sitting-room, separated from the milch-cattle apartment by a partition; and in the front yard rose stately and fine the wealth and pride of the house, the manure-pile. That sentence is Germanic, and shows that I am acquiring that sort of mastery of the art and spirit of the language which enables a man to travel all day in one sentence without changing cars.

There was a village a mile away, and a horse-doctor lived there, but there was no surgeon. It seemed a bad outlook; mine was distinctly a surgery case. Then it was remembered that a lady from Boston was

summering in that village, and she was a Christian Science doctor and could cure anything. So she was sent for. It was night by this time, and she could not conveniently come, but sent word that it was no matter, there was no hurry, she would give me "absent treatment" now, and come in the morning; meantime she begged me to make myself tranquil and comfortable and remember that there was nothing the matter with me. I thought there must be some mistake.

"Did you tell her I walked off a cliff seventy-five feet high?"

"Yes."

"And struck a boulder at the bottom and bounced?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced again?"

"Yes."

"And struck another one and bounced yet again?"

"Yes."

"And broke the boulders?"

"Yes."

"That accounts for it; she is thinking of the boulders. Why didn't you tell her I got hurt too?"

"I did. I told her what you told me to tell her: that you were now but an incoherent series of compound fractures extending from your scalp-lock to your heels, and that the comminuted projections caused you to look like a hat-rack."

"And it was after this that she wished me to remember there was nothing the matter with me?"

"Those were her words."

"I do not understand it. I believe she has not diagnosed the case with sufficient care. Did she look like a person who was theorizing, or did she look like one who has fallen off precipices herself and brings to the aid of abstract science the confirmations of personal experience?"

"Bitte?"

It was too large a contract for the Stubenmadchen's vocabulary; she couldn't call the band. I allowed the subject to rest there, and asked for something to eat and smoke, and something hot to drink, and a basket to pile my legs in, and another capable person to come and help me curse the time away; but I could not have any of these things.

"Why?"

"She said you would need nothing at all."

"But I am hungry, and thirsty, and in desperate pain."

"She said you would have these delusions, but must pay no attention to them. She wants you to particularly remember that there are no such things as hunger and thirst and pain."

"She does, does she?"

"It is what she said."

"Does she seem to be in full and functional possession of her intellectual plant, such as it is?"

"Bitte?"

"Do they let her run at large, or do they tie her up?"

"Tie her up?"

"There, good-night, run along; you are a good girl, but your mental *Geschirr* is not arranged for light and airy conversation. Leave me to my delusions."

## II.

It was a night of anguish, of course—at least, I supposed it was, for it had all the symptoms of it—but it passed at last, and the Christian Scientist doctor came, and I was glad. She was middle-aged, and large and bony, and erect and had an austere face and a resolute jaw and a Roman beak and was a widow in the third degree, and her name was Fuller. I was eager to get to business and find relief, but she was distressingly deliberate. She unpinned and unhooked and uncoupled her upholsteries one by one, abolished the wrinkles with a flirt of her hand and hung the articles up; peeled off her gloves and disposed of them, got a book out of her hand-bag, then drew a chair to the bedside, descended into it without hurry, and I hung out my tongue. She said, with pity but without passion:

"Return it to its receptacle. We deal with the mind only, not with the dumb servants."

I could not offer my pulse, because the connection was broken; but she detected the apology before I could word it, and indicated by a negative tilt of her head that the pulse was another dumb servant that she had no use for. Then I thought I would tell her my symptoms and how I felt, so that she would understand the case; but that was another inconsequence,

she did not need to know those things, moreover, my remark about how I felt was an abuse of language, a misapplication of terms —

“One does not *feel*,” she explained; “there is no such thing as feeling: therefore, to speak of a non-existent thing as existent is a contradiction. Matter has no existence; nothing exists but mind; the mind cannot feel pain, it can only imagine it.”

“But it hurts, just the same—”

“It doesn't. A thing which is unreal cannot exercise the functions of reality. Pain is unreal; hence pain cannot hurt.”

In making a sweeping gesture to indicate the act of shooing the illusion of pain out of her mind, she raked her hand on a pin in her dress, said “Ouch!” and went tranquilly on with her talk. “You should never allow yourself to speak of how you feel, nor permit others to ask you how you are feeling; you should never concede that you are ill, nor permit others to talk about disease or pain or death or similar non-existences in your presence. Such talk only encourages the mind to continue its empty imaginings” Just at that point the Stubenmädchen trod on the cat's tail, and the cat let fly a frenzy of cat-profanity. I asked with caution:

“Is a cat's opinion of pain valuable?”

“A cat has no opinion; opinions proceed from mind only; the lower animals, being eternally perishable, have not been granted mind; without mind opinion is impossible.”

“She merely *imagined* she felt a pain—the cat?”

“She cannot imagine a pain, for imagination is an effect of mind; without mind,

there is no imagination. A cat has no imagination.”

“Then she had *real* pain?”

“I have already told you there is no such *thing* as real pain!”

“It is strange and interesting. I do wonder what was the matter with the cat. Because, there being no such thing as a real pain, and she not being able to imagine an imaginary one, it would seem that God in his pity has compensated the cat with some kind of a mysterious emotion usable when her tail is trodden on which for the moment joins cat and Christian in one common brotherhood of—

She broke in with an irraited—

“Peace! The cat feels nothing, the Christian feels nothing. Your empty and foolish imaginings are profanation and blasphemy and can do you an injury. It is wiser and better and holier to recognize and confess that there is no such thing as disease or pain or death.”

“I am full of imaginary tortures,” I said, “but I do not think I could be any more uncomfortable if they were real ones. What must I do to get rid of them?”

“There is no occasion to get rid of them, since they do not exist. They are illusions propagated by matter, and matter has no existence; there is no such thing as matter.”

“It sounds right and clear, but yet it seems in a degree elusive; it seems to slip through, just when you think you are getting a grip on it”

“Explain.”

“Well, for instance; if there is no such thing as matter, how can matter propagate things?”

In her compassion she almost smiled.

She would have smiled if there were any such thing as a smile.

"It is quite simple," she said; "the fundamental propositions of Christian Science explain it, and they are summarized in the four following self-evident propositions: 1. God is All in all. 2. God is good. Good is mind. 3. God, Spirit, being all, nothing is matter. 4. Life, God, omnipotent Good, deny death, evil, sin, disease. There—now you see."

It seemed nebulous; it did not seem to say anything about the difficulty in hand—how non-existent matter can propagate illusions. I said, with some hesitancy:

"Does—does it explain?"

"Doesn't it? Even if read backward it will do it."

With a budding hope, I asked her to do it backward.

"Very well. Disease sin evil death deny Good omnipotent God life matter is nothing all being Spirit God Mind is Good good is God all in All is God. There—do you understand now?"

"It—it—well, it is plainer than it was before; still—"

"Well?"

"Could you try it some more ways?"

"As many as you like; it always means the same. Interchanged in any way you please it cannot be made to mean anything different from what it means when put in any other way. Because it is perfect. You can jumble it all up, and it makes no difference: it always comes out the way it was before. It was a marvelous mind that produced it. As a mental *tour de force* it is without a mate, it defies alike the simple, the concrete and the occult."

"It seems to be a corker."

I blushed for the word, but it was out before I could stop it.

"A what?"

"A—wonderful structure—combination so to speak, of profound thoughts—un-thinkable ones—un—"

"It is true. Read it backwards or forwards, or perpendicularly, or at any given angle, these four propositions will always be found to agree in statement and proof."

"Ah—proof. Now we are coming at it. The *statements* agree; they agree with—with—anyway, they agree; I noticed that; but what is it they prove—I mean in particular?"

"Why, nothing could be clearer. They prove: 1. God—Principle, Life, Truth, Love, Soul, Spirit, Mind. Do you get that?"

"I—well, I seem to. Go on, please."

"2. MAN—God's universal idea, individual, perfect, eternal. Is it clear?"

"It—I think so. Continue."

"3. IDEA—An image in Mind; the immediate object of understanding. There it is—the whole sublime Arcana of Christian Science in a nutshell. Do you find a weak place in it anywhere?"

"Well—no; it seems strong."

"Very well. There is no more. Those three constitute the Scientific Definition of Immortal Mind. Next, we have the Scientific Definition of Moral Mind. Thus FIRST DEGREE: *Depravity*. 1. Physical—Passions and appetites, fear, depraved will, pride, envy, deceit, hatred, revenge, sin, disease, death."

"Phantasms, madam—unrealities, as I understand it."

"Every one. SECOND DEGREE: *Evil*

*Disappearing.* 1. Moral—Honesty, affection, compassion, hope, faith, meekness, temperance. Is it clear?"

"Crystal."

"THIRD DEGREE: *Spiritual Salvation.*

1. Spiritual—Faith, wisdom, power, purity, understanding, health, love. You see how searchingly and co-ordinately interdependent and anthropomorphous it all is. In this third degree, as we know by the revelations of Christian Science, mortal mind disappears."

"Not earlier?"

"No, not until the teaching and preparation for the Third Degree are completed."

"It is not until then that one is enabled to take hold of Christian Science effectively, and with the right sense of sympathy and kinship, as I understand you. That is to say, it could not succeed during the processes of the Second Degree, because there would still be remains of mind left; and therefore—but I interrupted you. You were about to further explain the good results proceeding from the erosions and disintegrations effected by the Third Degree. It is very interesting; go on, please."

"Yes, as I was saying, in this Third Degree mortal mind disappears. Science so reverses the evidence before the corporeal human senses as to make this scriptural testimony true in our hearts, 'the last shall be first and the first shall be last,' that God and his idea may be to us—what divinity really is, and must of necessity be all-inclusive."

"It is very beautiful. And with what exhaustive exactness your choice and arrangement of words confirms and establishes what you have claimed for the

powers and functions of the Third Degree. The Second could probably produce only temporary absence of mind, it is reserved to the Third to make it permanent. A sentence framed under the auspices of the Second could have a kind of meaning—a sort of deceptive semblance of it—whereas it is only under the magic of the Third that that defect would disappear. Also, without doubt, it is the Third Degree that contributes another remarkable specialty to Christian Science: viz., ease and flow and lavishness of words, and rhythm and swing and smoothness. There must be a special reason for this?"

"Yes—God-all, all-God, good-God, non-Matter, Matteration, Spirit, Bones, Truth."

"That explains it."

"There is nothing in Christian Science that is not explicable; for God is one, Time is one, Individuality is one, and may be one of a series, one of many, as an individual man, individual horse; whereas God is one, not one of a series, but one alone and without an equal."

"These are noble thoughts. They make one burn to know more. How does Christian Science explain the spiritual relation of systematic duality to incidental deflection?"

"Christian Science reverses the seeming relation of soul and body—as astronomy reverses the human perception of the movement of the solar system—and makes body tributary to the Mind. As it is the earth which is in motion, while the sun is at rest, though in viewing the sun rise one finds it impossible to believe the sun not to be really rising, so the body is but the humble servant of the restful Mind,

though it seems otherwise to finite sense; but we shall never understand this while we admit that soul is in body or mind in intelligence. Soul is God, unchangeable and eternal; and man coexists with and reflects Soul, for the All-in-All is the Altogether, and the Altogether embraces the All-one, Soul-Mind, Mind-Soul, Love, Spirit, Bones, Liver, one of a series, alone, and without an equal."

(It is very curious, the effect which Christian Science has upon the verbal bowels. Particularly the Third Degree; it makes one think of a dictionary with the cholera. But I only thought this; I did not say it.)

"What is the origin of Christian Science? Is it a gift of God, or did it just happen?"

"In a sense, it is a gift of God. That is to say, its powers are from him, but the credit of the discovery of the powers and what they are for, is due to an American lady."

"Indeed? When did this occur?"

"In 1866. That is the immortal date when pain and disease and death disappeared from the earth to return no more forever. That is, the fancies for which those terms stand, disappeared. The things themselves had never existed; therefore, as soon as it was perceived that there were no such things, they were easily banished. The history and nature of the great discovery are set down in the book here, and——"

"Did the lady write the book?"

"Yes, she wrote it all, herself. The title is 'Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures'—for she explains the scriptures; they were not understood before.

Not even by the twelve Disciples. She begins thus—I will read it to you."

But she had forgotten to bring her glasses.

"Well, it is no matter," she said, "I remember the words—indeed, all Christian Scientists know the book by heart; it is necessary in our practice. We should otherwise make mistakes and do harm. She begins thus: 'In the year 1866 I discovered the Science of Metaphysical Healing, and named it Christian Science.' And she says—quite beautifully, I think—'Through Christian Science, religion and medicine are inspired with a diviner nature and essence, fresh pinions are given to faith and understanding, and thoughts acquaint themselves intelligently with God.' Her very words."

"It is elegant. And it is a fine thought, too—marrying religion to medicine, instead of medicine to the undertaker in the old way; for religion and medicine properly belong together, they being the basis of all spiritual and physical health. What kind of medicine do you give for the ordinary diseases, such as——"

"We never give medicine in *any* circumstances whatever! We——"

"But, madam, it *says*——"

"I don't care what it says, and I don't wish to talk about it."

"I am sorry if I have offended, but you see the mention seemed in some way inconsistent, and——"

"There *are* no inconsistencies in Christian Science. The thing is impossible, for the Science is absolute. It cannot be otherwise, since it proceeds directly from the All-in-all and the Everything-in-Which, also Soul, Bones, Truth, one of a series,

alone and without equal. It is Mathematics purified from material dross and made spiritual."

"I can see that, but——"

"It rests upon the immovable basis of an Apodictical Principle."

The word flattened itself against my mind in trying to get in, and disordered me a little, and before I could inquire into its pertinency, she was already throwing the needed light :

"This Apodictical Principle is the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing, the sovereign Omnipotence which delivers the children of men from pain, disease, decay, and every ill that flesh is heir to."

"Surely not every ill, every decay?"

"Every one ; there are no exceptions ; there is no such thing as decay—it is an unreality, it has no existence."

"But without your glasses your failing eyesight does not permit you to——"

"My eyesight cannot fail ; nothing can fail ; the Mind is master, and the Mind permits no retrogression."

She was under the inspiration of the Third Degree, therefore there could be no profit in continuing this part of the subject. I shifted to other ground and inquired further concerning the Discoverer of the Science.

"Did the discovery come suddenly, like Klondike, or after long study and calculation, like America?"

"The comparisons are not respectful, since they refer to trivialities—but let it pass. I will answer in the Discoverer's own words : 'God had been graciously fitting me, during many years, for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute Principle of Scientific Mind-healing.'"

"Many years. How many?"

"Eighteen centuries!"

"All-God, God-good, good-God, Truth, Bones, Liver, one of a series, alone and without equal—it is amazing!"

"You may well say it, sir. Yet it is but the truth. This American lady, our revered and sacred Founder, is distinctly referred to and her coming prophesied in the twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse ; she could not have been more plainly indicated by St. John without actually mentioning her name."

"How strange, how wonderful!"

"I will quote her own words, from her Key to the Scriptures : 'The twelfth chapter of the Apocalypse has a special suggestiveness in connection with this nineteenth century.' There—do you note that? Think—note it well."

"But—what does it mean?"

"Listen, and you will know. I quote her inspired words again : 'In the opening of the Sixth Seal, typical of six thousand years since Adam, there is one distinctive feature which has special reference to the present age. Thus :

"Revelation xii. 1. And there appeared a great wonder in heaven—a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

"That is our Head, our Chief, our Discoverer of Christian Science—nothing can be plainer, nothing surer. And note this :

"Revelation xii. 6. And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared of God."

"That is Boston."

"I recognize it, madam. These are sublime things and impressive ; I never understood these passages before ; please go on with the—with the—proofs."

"Very well. Listen :

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud ; and a rainbow was upon his head and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire. And he had in his hand a little book."

"A little book, merely a little book—could words be modester? Yet how stupendous its importance! Do you know what book that was?"

"Was it——"

"I hold it in my hand—Christian Science."

"Love, Livers, Lights, Bones, Truth, Kidneys, one of a series, alone and without equal—it is beyond imagination for wonder!"

"Hear our Founder's eloquent words : 'Then will a voice from harmony cry, "Go and take the little book : take it and eat it up, and it shall make thy belly bitter ; but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey." Mortal, obey the heavenly evangel. Take up Divine Science. Read it from beginning to end. Study it, ponder it. It will be indeed sweet at its first taste, when it heals you ; but murmur not over Truth, if you find its digestion bitter.' You know the history of our dear and holy Science, sir, and that its *origin* is not of this earth, but only its *discovery*. I will leave the book with you and will go, now ; but give yourself no uneasiness—I will give you absent treatment from now till I go to bed."

### III.

Under the powerful influence of the near treatment and the absent treatment together, my bones were gradually retreating inward and disappearing from view. The good work took a brisk start, now, and

went on quite swiftly. My body was diligently straining and stretching, this way and that, to accommodate the processes of restoration, and every minute or two I heard a dull click inside and knew that the two ends of a fracture had been successfully joined. This muffled clicking and grinding and grinding and rasping continued during the next three hours, and then stopped—the connections had all been made. All except dislocations ; there were only seven of these : hips, shoulders, knees, neck ; so that was soon over : one after another they slipped into their sockets with a sound like pulling a distant cork, and I jumped up as good as new, as to framework, and sent for the horse doctor.

I was obliged to do this because I had a stomach-ache and a cold in the head, and I was not willing to trust these things any longer in the hands of a woman I did not know, and in whose ability to successfully treat mere disease I had lost all confidence. My position was justified by the fact that the cold and the ache had been in her charge from the first, along with the fractures, but had experienced not a shade of relief ; and indeed the ache was even growing worse and worse, and more and more bitter, now, probably on account of the protracted abstention from food and drink.

The horse-doctor came, a pleasant man and full of hope and professional interest in the case. In the matter of smell he was pretty aromatic, in fact quite horsey, and I tried to arrange with him for absent treatment, but it was not in his line, so out of delicacy I did not press it. He looked at my teeth and examined my hock, and said my age and general condition were favor-



able to energetic measures ; therefore he would give me something to turn the stomach-ache into the botts and the cold in the head into the blind staggers ; then he should be on his own beat and would know what to do. He made up a bucket of bran-mash, and said a dipperful of it every two hours, alternated with a drench with turpentine and axle-grease in it, would either knock my ailments out of me in twenty-four hours or so interest me in other ways as to make me forget they were on the premises. He administered my first dose himself, then took his leave, saying I was free to eat and drink anything I pleased and in any quantity I liked. But I was not hungry any more, and I did not care for food.

I took up the Christian Scientist book and read half of it, then took a dipperful of drench and read the other half. The resulting experiences were full of interest and adventure. All through the rumblings and grindings and quakings and effervescings accompanying the evolution of the ache into the botts and the cold into the blind staggers I could note the generous struggle for mastery going on between the mash and the drench and the literature ; and often I could tell which was ahead and could easily distinguish the literature from the others when the others were separate, though not when they were mixed ; for when a bran-mash and an eclectic drench are mixed together they look just like the Apodistical Principle out on a lark, and no one can tell it from that. The finish was reached at last, the evolutions were complete and a fine success ; but I think that this result could have been achieved with fewer materials. I believe

the mash was necessary to the conversion of the stomach-ache into the botts, but I think one could develop the blind staggers out of the literature by itself ; also, that blind staggers produced in this way would be of a better quality and more lasting than any produced by the artificial processes of a horse-doctor.

For of all the strange, and frantic, and incomprehensible, and uninterpretable books which the imagination of man has created, surely this one is the prize sample. It is written with a limitless confidence and complacency, and with a dash and stir and earnestness which often compel the effects of eloquence, even when the words do not seem to have any traceable meaning. There are plenty of people who imagine they understand the book ; I know this, for I have talked with them ; but in all cases they were people who also imagined that there were no such things as pain, sickness, and death, and no realities in the world ; nothing actually existent but Mind. It seems to me to modify the value of their testimony. When these people talk about Christian Science they do as Mrs. Fuller did : they do not use their own language but the book's ; they pour out the book's showy incoherences, and leave you to find out later that they were not originating, but merely quoting ; they seem to know the volume by heart, and to revere it as they would a Bible—another Bible, perhaps I ought to say. Plainly the book was written under the mental desolations of the Third Degree, and I feel sure that none but the membership of that Degree can discover meaning in it. When you read it you seem to be listening to a lively and aggressive and

oracular speech delivered in an unknown tongue, a speech whose spirit you get but not the particulars; or, to change the figure, you seem to be listening to a vigorous instrument which is making a noise which it thinks is a tune, but which to persons not members of the band is only the martial tooting of a trombone, and merely stirs the soul through the noise but does not convey a meaning.

The book's serenities of self-satisfaction do almost seem to smack of a heavenly origin—they have no blood-kin in the earth. It is more than human to be so placidly certain about things, and so finely superior, and so airily content with one's performance. Without ever presenting anything which may rightfully be called by the strong name of Evidence; and sometimes without even *mentioning* a reason for a deduction at all, it thunders out the startling words, "I have *Proved*" so and so! It takes the Pope and all the great guns of his church in battery assembled to authoritatively settle and establish the meaning of a sole and single unclarified passage of scripture, and this at vast cost of time and study and reflection, but the author of this work is superior to all that; she finds the whole Book in an unclarified condition, and at small expense of time and no expense of mental effort she clarifies it from lid to lid, reorganizes and improves the meanings, then authoritatively settles and establishes them with formulæ which you cannot tell from "Let there be light!" and "Here you have it!" It is the first time since the dawn-days of Creation that a Voice has gone crashing through space with such placid and complacent confidence and command.

## IV.

A word upon a question of authorship. Not quite that; but, rather, a question of emendation and revision. We know that the Bible-Annex was not written by Mrs. Eddy, but was handed down to her eighteen hundred years ago by the Angel of the Apocalypse; but did she translate it alone, or did she have help? There seems to be evidence that she had help. For there are four several copyrights on it—1875, 1885, 1890, 1894. It did not come down in English, for in that language it could not have acquired copyright—there were no copyright laws eighteen centuries ago, and in my opinion no English language—at least up there. This makes it substantially certain that the Annex is a translation. Then, was not the first translation complete? If it was, on what grounds were the later copyrights granted?

I surmise that the first translation was poor; and that a friend or friends of Mrs. Eddy mended its English three times, and finally got it into its present shape, where the grammar is plenty good enough, and the sentences are smooth and plausible though they do not mean anything. I think I am right in this surmise, for Mrs. Eddy cannot write English to-day, and this is argument that she never could. I am not able to guess who did the mending, but I think it was not done by any member of the Eddy Trust, nor by the editors of the "C. S. Journal," for their English is not much better than Mrs. Eddy's.

However, as to the main point: it is certain that Mrs. Eddy did not doctor the Annex's English herself. Her original, spontaneous, undoctored English furnishes ample proof of this. Here are samples

from recent articles from her unappeasable pen; double-columned with them are a couple of passages from the Annex. It will be seen that they throw light. The italics are mine:

1. "What plague spot, or bacilli were (*sic*) gnawing (*sic*) at the heart of this metropolis . . . and bringing it" (the heart) "on bended knee? Why, it was an *institute* that had entered its vitals—that, among other things, taught games," et cetera. (P. 670, C.S. Journal, article entitled "A Narrative—by Mary Baker G. Eddy.")

2. "Parks sprang up (*sic*) . . . electric street cars run (*sic*) merrily through several streets, concrete sidewalks and macadamized roads dotted (*sic*) the place," et cetera. (*Ibid*)

3. "Shorn (*sic*) of its suburbs it had indeed little left to admire, save to (*sic*) such as fancy a skeleton above ground breathing (*sic*) slowly through a barren (*sic*) breast." (*Ibid*)

You notice the contrast between the smooth, plausible, elegant, addled English of the doctored Annex and the lumbering

ragged, ignorant output of the translator's natural, spontaneous and unmedicated penwork. The English of the Annex has been slicked up by a very industrious and painstaking hand—but it was not Mrs. Eddy's.

If Mrs. Eddy really wrote or translated the Annex, her original draft was exactly in harmony with the English of her plague-spot or bacilli which were gnawing at the insides of the metropolis and bringing its heart on bended knee, thus exposing to the eye the rest of the skeleton breathing slowly through a barren breast. And it bore little or no resemblance to the book as we have it now—now that the salaried polisher has holystoned all the genuine Eddyities out of it.

Will the plague-spot article go into a volume just as it stands? I think not. I think the polisher will take off his coat and vest and cravat and "demonstrate over" it a couple of weeks and sweat it into a shape something like the following—and then Mrs. Eddy will publish it and leave people to believe that she did the polishing herself.

1. What injurious influence was it that was affecting the city's morals? It was a social club which propagated an interest in idle amusements, disseminated a knowledge of games et cetera.

2. By the magic of the new and nobler influences the sterile spaces were transformed into wooded parks, the merry electric car replaced the melancholy 'bus, smooth concrete the tempestuous plank sidewalk, the macadamized road the primitive corduroy, et cetera.

3. Its pleasant suburbs gone, there was little left to admire save the wrecked graveyard with its uncanny exposures.

The Annex contains one sole and soli-

"Therefore the efficient remedy is to destroy the patient's unfortunate belief by both silently and audibly arguing the opposite facts in regard to harmonious being—representing man as healthful instead of diseased, and showing that it is impossible for matter to suffer, to feel pain or heat, to be thirsty or sick." (P. 375, Annex.)

"Man is never sick; for Mind is not sick, and matter cannot be. A false belief is both the tempter and the tempted, the sin and the sinner, the disease and its cause. It is well to be calm in sickness; to be hopeful is still better; but to understand that sickness is not real, and that Truth can destroy it is best of all, for it is the universal and perfect remedy." Chapter 12, Annex.)

tary humorous remark. There is a most elaborate and voluminous Index, and it is preceded by this note :

"This Index will enable the student to find any thought or idea contained in the book."

#### V.

No one doubts—certainly not I—that the mind exercises a powerful influence over the body. From the beginning of time, the sorcerer, the interpreter of dreams, the fortune-teller, the charlatan, the quack, the wild medicine-man, the educated physician, the mesmerist, and the hypnotist, have made use of the client's imagination to help them in their work. They have all recognized the potency and availability of that force. Physicians cure many patients with a bread pill ; they know that where the disease is only a fancy, the patient's confidence in the doctor will make the bread pill effective.

Faith in the doctor. Perhaps that is the entire thing. It seems to look like it. In old times the King cured the king's evil by the touch of the royal hand. He frequently made extraordinary cures. Could his footman have done it ? No, not in his own clothes. Disguised as the King could he have done it ? I think we may not doubt it. I think we may feel sure that it was not the King's touch that made the cure in any instance, but the patient's faith in the efficacy of the King's touch. Genuine and remarkable cures have been achieved through contact with the relics of a saint. Is it not likely that any other bones would have done as well if the substitution had been concealed from the patient ? When I was a boy a farmer's wife who lived five miles from our village had great fame as a faith-doctor—that was what she called herself. Sufferers came to her from all around, and she laid her hand upon them and said, "Have faith—it is all that is necessary," and they went away well of their ailments. She was not a religious woman, and pretended to no occult powers. She said that the patient's faith in her did the work. Several times I

saw her make immediate cure of severe toothache. My mother was the patient. In Austria there is a peasant who drives a great trade in this sort of industry, and has both high and low for patients. He gets into prison every now and then for practising without a diploma, but his business is as brisk as ever when he gets out, for his work is unquestionably successful, and keeps his reputation high. In Bavaria there is a man who performed so many great cures that he had to retire from his profession of stage-carpentering in order to meet the demand of his constantly increasing body of customers. He goes on from year to year doing his miracles, and has become very rich. He pretends to no religious helps, no supernatural aids, but thinks there is something in his make-up which inspires his patients' confidence, and that it is this confidence which does the work, and not some mysterious power issuing from himself.

Within the last quarter of a century, in America, several sects of curers have appeared under various names, and have done notable things in the way of healing ailments without the use of medicines. There are the Mind Cure, the Faith Cure, the Prayer Cure, the Mental Science Cure, and the Christian Science Cure. Apparently they all do their miracles with the same old powerful instrument—the patient's imagination. Different names, but no difference in the process. But they do not give that instrument the credit ; each sect claims that its way differs from the ways of the others.

They all achieve some cures, there is no question about it ; and the Faith Cure and the Prayer Cure probably do no harm when they do no good, since they do not forbid the patient to help out the cure with medicines if he wants to ; but the others bar medicines, and claim ability to cure every conceivable human ailment through the application of their mental forces alone. They claim ability to cure malignant cancer, and other affections which have never been cured in the his-

tory of the race. There would seem to be an element of danger here. It has the look of claiming too much, I think. Public confidence would probably be increased if less were claimed.

I believe it might be shown that all the "mind" sects except Christian Science have lucid intervals; intervals in which they betray some diffidence, and in effect confess that they are not the equals of the Deity; but if the Christian Scientist even stops with being *merely* the equal of the Deity it is not clearly provable by his Christian Science Amended Bible. In the usual Bible the Deity recognizes pain, disease and death as facts, but the Christian Scientist knows better. Knows better, and is not diffident about saying so.

The Christian Scientist was not able to

cure my stomach-ache and my cold; but the horse-doctor did it. This convinces me that Christian Science claims too much. In my opinion it ought to let diseases alone and confine itself to surgery. There it would have everything its own way.

The horse-doctor charged me thirty kreutzers, and I paid him; in fact, I doubled it, and gave him a shilling. Mrs. Fuller brought in an itemized bill for a crate of broken bones mended in two hundred and thirty-four places—one dollar per fracture.

"Nothing exists but Mind?"

"Nothing," she answered. "All else is substanceless, all else is imaginary."

I gave her an imaginary cheque, and now she is suing me for substantial dollars. It looks inconsistent.—*Cosmopolitan*.

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### THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

—O—  
BY PROF. H. A. HAZEN.  
—O—

A BELIEF that the moon has a potent influence on weather changes is well nigh universal. The moon's appearance goes through such marked changes each month that it would be very natural to attribute weather changes to these. In this way, undoubtedly, such sayings as these have arisen: "The weather won't change till the moon changes"; "If the moon lies so that water cannot run out we shall have a drought"; "A wet moon is one upon which a hunt-man can hang his horn," etc. Diligent inquiry, at one time, as to the popular belief regarding this question, brought out the view more persistently than any other that more rain will occur at the new, than at the full, moon. Singularly enough, in Connecticut, on Long Island Sound, there does seem to be such a law, but it does not hold in the interior of the country, and a test on the Pacific

coast showed, if anything, exactly the opposite. At London, where observations have been made more than a century, a careful computation for the whole period has shown no effect.

If we reflect that the moon is dead, and does not have even any air upon it, that it always shows the same face to the earth, that its changes are simply due to the changes in its position as respects the earth and sun, and that its varying appearances are all borrowed, we see how absurd the notion is that the moon does influence our weather. There is, however, another argument that appears quite valid at first sight. If the moon can raise a tide of sixty feet in the ocean, why may it not raise a tremendous tide in the extremely tenuous air, eight hundred times lighter than water, or a tide of about 48,000 feet, and, if so, it seems easy to see that such a

commotion would affect our weather enormously. The tide of sixty feet (the highest in the world) is experienced only in the Bay of Fundy, and is due to the configuration of the Atlantic coast. In the open Pacific, the tide is only a little over one foot. Most careful observations of a lunar atmospheric tide have been made at St. Helena in mid-ocean, and have shown a tide a little more than .001 inch. Since ordinary weather changes affect the pressure a thousand times as much, we see how extremely insignificant the moon's total effect must be.

There is a common saying, "The full moon has power to drive away clouds," and some computations seem to bear out this idea. If anyone will look to the east as the rising full moon shines through the clouds, he will often see the clouds disappear. There is a natural explanation for this, however, and is now wise dependent upon the moon. A long series of observations have shown a diurnal range in cloudiness with a minimum point, or time of least, clouds from 6 to 9 P.M., hence we see that, as the full moon rises and advances in the sky during this period, there will often appear a diminution of clouds. Lord Rosse turned his big reflecting telescope (so big that a tall man walking erect in it could carry a spread umbrella) toward the moon and found that, if anything, the earth received just a little chilling from the full moon. More recently, the bolometer, an instrument which can measure less than one millionth of a degree of temperature change, has shown that the earth receives a tiny bit of heat from the full moon. The evidence is cumulative and overwhelming that no weather changes can be ascribed to the moon.

Notwithstanding all these facts, repeated attempts have been made to find a supposed effect from the moon on our temperatures. The reasoning is as follows: If we take the mean temperature for a few days at the time of new and full moon, we would obtain double the effect by sub-

tracting one from the other. The latest effort of this kind has just come to hand, and was made with observations in London and at Blue Hill, Mass. The most remarkable result was that, while the full moon seemed to have power to cool the air in London, it has just the reverse effect in this country. In one lunation in this country, the full moon was twenty-nine degrees hotter than the new, and in eight lunations for eighty-eight per cent of the time, the full moon was markedly warmer than the new. How is it possible to reconcile these extraordinary results with what has been said above? It should be noted that it is absolutely impossible for the moon in one part of its apparent diurnal revolution about the earth to cool the air, and in another part to heat it.

In studying a mass of statistics to obtain a suspected connection between dissimilar phenomena, it is very essential that three principles, at least, be distinctly borne in mind: 1. That there should be data enough. "One swallow does not make a summer." 2. It should be possible to show by *a priori* reasoning how the relationship may exist. By the statistics, the ancients were perfectly justified in their teaching that the earth was stationary, and the whole universe revolved about it. Millions upon millions of such coincidences could not establish the true law. 3. The data must be homogeneous, that is, all sources of modification or variation must first be eliminated before study upon a suspected law or relationship can be begun. Just what influence the moon may have upon the electric condition of the atmosphere may be considered in doubt. It is a common belief, on Long Island Sound, that no thunderstorm can come up while the tide ebbs, also there seems good evidence to show that there are more thunderstorms during new than full moon. We may be absolutely certain that the moon has no appreciable effect on any commonly recognized meteorologic element.—*Popular Science*.

## BEGONE, DULL PRIEST.

BY F. J. GOULD.

THE priest was not always dull. Once he sat on Jupiter's throne, holding the bolts, and the royal eagle was at his side. Once he spoke words of fire and conviction, and the people heaved like the sea, and waves of ecstasy and fear and aspiration passed over the great congregations. Once a priest put his foot on the neck of an emperor; and the act was appropriate, for the priest of that age was a masterful and mettlesome man, who had a proud sense of his divine mission, and a capacity for wielding the sword temporal as well as the sword spiritual. Then the priest was monarch of souls. He spoke, and the seven thunders uttered their chorus in echoing homage.

But to-day the priest is dull. He has no spirit of his own, and cannot rouse that of his hearers. He stands in his pulpit, clothed in white, and his teaching is as colorless as his surplice. He is bewitched in his wooden tower. In the New Testament it is said of Jesus Christ: "Seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain; and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him; and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," etc. I am not concerned with the problem whether Jesus did or did not speak the Eight Blessings or utter the Sermon on the Mount. Very probably he did not deliver anything like the discourse given in the Gospels. That is not the point. The point is that the early Christians had a vivid conception of a prophet who could confront the folk with an earnest, live, telling message which represented the highest truth to himself and his listeners. But to-day the priest is worse than dumb. Unkind destiny and the necessity of earning a living send him, Sunday after Sunday, up the pulpit steps to face an audience of men and women who await a divine rescript. And he opens his mouth and teaches them—

*Nothing!*

He babbles; he repeats texts; he recites snatches of mediæval philosophy; he talks of the Infinite, of Heaven, Hell, Death, and Life. But it is mere sound—not even fury—signifying nothing. It is all a dead letter. The priest ladles out pure vacuum to the people. He looks vacuous while he does it; so do they. At the theatre men and women laugh and weep; at the political meeting they clap and cheer; at the Freethought hall they follow the argument with animation, and take joy in the discussion. But at church a vast

Yawn pervades the place and its inhabitants. The pews yawn; the pulpit yawns; the choir yawns; the red and yellow saints in the windows yawn.

You remember how the Normans tried to ferret Hereward the Wake out of the Fens; and how, on the causeway across the swamps, they set up a tower, and placed in it the old hag of Brandon, who muttered incantations and curses? And then how the Englishmen set fire to the reeds, and the flames swept along the causeway, driving the Normans into the mud, and consuming the old sorceress in her tower? Sometimes I have felt homicidal, and wished the orthodox Church and its chanting priests could thus be done away with, and the reign of hypocrisy ended. But I repent of such wicked thoughts. I must not imitate the Christian Inquisition, or the Christians who burned Christians at Smithfield. And besides, the Christian priests are usually very good fellows in private. I know no better-hearted men. But they are insufferably dull. Their sermons are drier than the Sahara, and more melancholy than the Ancient Mariner's sea. Their fate is worse than that of Prometheus. There was a wondrous passion and brutal majesty in the poor Fire-thief's struggles. He lay chained on the rock, and chafed and groaned volcanically while the vultures gnawed his liver. But the curate, the vicar, the rector, the archdeacon, the dean, the bishop, the archbishop, alas! they chatter bewitched in their ornamental towers, and utter slumbrous negations. *God*, they say; and not a brain responds. *Life*, they say; and not a soul thrills. *Love*, they say; and not an eye brightens. *Hope*, they say; and not a bosom expands. *Hell*, they say; and not a hair stands on end. I am ready to weep over the poor priest's lot, but when I look at him his inanity dries my tears in their founts; I feel too vacuous to shed one dewy drop. I try to smile, but the priest's stony gaze, as he reads his meaningless legends, paralyzes my risible muscles, and the smile freezes in its birth. Yet when he descends from the pulpit the priest is perfectly human. He chats eagerly on politics, debates on art and science and archæology, and takes a first-class interest in tithes and preferments. The man is good company; the priest is terrifically, completely, infinitely, and hopelessly dull.

Like Diogenes, I am inclined to order this priest to stand out of my sunlight. I have eyes to see the universe, without needing the professional guidance of the priest. Have you ever been in an old castle or abbey, and been bored by the monotonous jabber of the "guide"? The wretched man tells you a thousand things about the historic spot, and yet he has never seen it! No, never seen it. He has walked about it, and through it, and learned to patter long sentences of its history; and yet he has never felt its beauty, never seen its significance in the life of the nation. And so the priest intones his explan-



ation of the world which (as a priest) he does not understand. Let him step aside. I will see God myself ; or, if there is but an unworthy, anthropomorphic image on the throne, I will look at that also for myself, and criticise it, and deny its validity, and asked for a more dignified God ; and if none appears, I shall know that the hour is not yet come, and that either God never was at all, or my understanding cannot seize the conception of deity. In either case, I will judge for myself. Nor do I want the priest to expound my psychology for me. He will tell me my faculties are a sport of a Holy Ghost or a Devil. This makes nothing clear to me. I cannot comprehend myself on such a theory of the human mind. I would rather observe the facts of the intellectual life for myself. Nor will I invoke the priest to teach me history. He will find "God in History" ; but I find human effort, human achievement, human passion, human morality, human failure, human progress, human ideals.

And in the hour of death ?

Not then, above all, shall I want the priest.

The other day an old man of seventy-six sent for me. He was dying ; and he was anxious that no priest should mutter false doctrine over his head, or fret him with artificial appeals to "believe." I talked with him of his past life, his struggles, his sacrifices. He begged me to speak at his funeral, and I said I would speak as a son might speak of his father. The dying Free-thinker thanked me, and smiled. I could work no miracles for him, I could offer him no paradise ; I could only give him my humble sympathy. It was enough.—*Freethinker.*

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## WE ARE THE PEOPLE.

—○—  
BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE.  
—○—

We have told it to ourselves in secret places, we have proclaimed it from the house-tops, we have written it upon tables of stone and upon tables of brass. We are the people. Far back in the centuries that are now dust in our eyes, the centuries that are now but a smoke-cloud ever receding as we gaze, the Roman Eagle flapped his gilded wings, while the Romans shouted, "We are the people !" Greek told Greek at Thermopylæ, and shouted till the welkin hurled back their glad cry, "We are the people !" The Egyptian viewed his chariots and his horsemen, his eye dilated as the rich sun of his native land fell upon lines of glittering spears and rank upon rank of corslets that gleamed

like gold burnished by cunning workmen. His proud breast heaved as the mighty shout went up, "We are the people!" The old world heard each shout and saw the pride of each heart, and the children of men who were called, by the boastful Barbarians, heard and saw and feared. Where now is all their glory? The lips of eternal Ocean, who grows not old, kiss the borders of the once mighty empires, but no echo of their triumphant battle-cry comes back, no faintest glow of all their glitter falls to meet his kisses. Long, long ago the mighty men of valor who wrote their country's name upon the bodies of weaker brethren with their swords mingled their dust with the dust upon which they trampled, and the barbarian recked not that his tread was over those who had shouted, "We are the people!"

The mighty empires that made laws for the bond and for the free, the mighty empires that were carved from the face of the earth with swords and propped to the skies with spears, have melted like snow-flakes in the seething sea.

Still we shout "We are the people!" We each take the other by the hand and we say we have girdled the globe twice about. Our flag is unfurled to every breeze of every zone. Our ships plough every sea in every clime. Our guns speak from the gateways of the north, of the east, of the west, and of the south. We are Anglo-Saxons. We are the people.

Is there no lesson for us to learn from the things, from the times that have been? Shall we boast and tremble not? Shall we be mighty without mercy, without justice, without love? Is the great earth ours to hold forever?

Where are the choired angels to sing "Peace on Earth"? Where are the sons of men to take up the glad refrain? Where is the world to say, "Put up thy sword in its place?" Where are they who will obey it?

It is Christmas-tide in a Christian land. But hark! From cliff to cliff of yon sea-girt realm ring anvils whose hammers are beating pruning-hooks into sabres. From the heart of the land resounds the measured tread of serried columns marching down to the sea. The shout in the valley smites the loftiest peak, "We are the people!"

But hark! The sea-breezes waft from the rocky fastnesses of the dark continent the bellow of cannon, the shriek of bursting shells, the neighing of chargers, the groans and curses of dying men. Listen and hear and as you hear see the far-off hill-side red with our brother's blood, and strewed with the bodies of those who but yesterday were even as we. Watch the carrion-birds tearing their swollen faces, then turn away and shout, "We are the people!"

But hark! Another battalion is moving towards the sea. Who sobs so

loudly? The little children, the wives, the mothers, the sweethearts, are trying to be brave, are trying to say goodbye. The marches to martial airs, the bivouacs under an alien sky, the fierce conflict before the quaking, blazing bridge, the agony after battle, the bitter disappointment over defeat, the joy of triumph, all await those of "the thin red line." Stout hearts, indeed, are they who face them. But what of the waiting at home? Home, no longer home, because it shelters not the loved one, is a dreary cell wrapped in a cloister's stillness, or filled with the voices of hearts that will cry out. Oh, the watching for the letter to be mailed at the first port touched, and afterwards the waiting for a message that will never come! Oh, what a load crushes the hearts of loving women who hope against Fate! Place a thousand leagues between you and your heart's idol, count your chances of bridging the abyss, and then shout, "We are the people!"

Again hark! Already in a thousand hamlets of Britain is heard the bitter cry of the fatherless children and the hopeless wail of penniless widows. By many a casement sits a pale-faced maiden whose heart will never again be young. And down in the far South is heard the same sad cry. The tears that course down the wan cheek of the Boer woman are as scalding as those that bleach the face of the daughter of Britain. A human heart is a human heart though it beat in the breast of one who speaks a tongue strange to our ears. We forget this and shout "We are the people."

Just how much blame for this bloody strife belongs to Paul Kruger and just how much belongs to Joseph Chamberlain this generation will probably never know. After all they are only outriders of their respective communities. Each is backed by a force which is an aggregate of individuals each as blameworthy as these two central figures. "It is a popular war," says the British press. "Send us to help fight it," say many on this continent. What a commentary on our vaunted civilization! How far have we really progressed? Dare we say we love nature while we study how best we can mar her beauty with lyddite? Dare we say we love our fellow man while we class the art of wholesale homicide among the sciences? Oh, Religion, what art thou doing to make men more brotherly? Oh, Science, hast thou aught to show to prove that man is drawn nearer to man by the common ties of a common origin?

Oh, the echoes, the empty echoes! How they roll and roll like the never-ending roll of the sea! Shylock and Jesuit provoke a war on one shore of an ocean, and on the other side Shylock and Jesuit thank God for it because the price of harness and of mules is increased. We are the people!

The century that has seen such mighty changes, such mighty revolutions, brought about, is dying in human gore. The century that promised so much

steps upon the stage with feet red with wine not pressed from grapes. We have shouted in our pride "We are the people!" but what of the end? Britain will triumph, at what cost! She professes to worship the Nazarene, but once again she has smitten him on the cheek. That is not all. Other nations profess to love him; do they love Britain? Will they love her when she calls half a continent hers? Will they not turn upon her when she is weak with much striving? Can she front a world alone? A wise ruler knows when an empire is large enough, but a jingo asks for all he sees. So is the earth that nourishes us wet with the blood of our brother and the tears of our sister, and the winds of evening are made of the sighs of little children. Hopes are burned in the fire that should never be lighted, and the world loses the unestimated power of the hearts and brains of the thousands slain abroad and at home. Shall we not pause and consider, We are not *all* the people?

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## THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

### A PIUTE DOCTRINE.

—○—  
BY IDAH MEACHAM STROBRIDGE.  
—○—

WHERE Piutey go when them git dead? I no know. I never see. I just hear somebody talk; tell um what kind 'nother place he go bime by when he heap git die. That's all. I never not see that place. Who tell um me? Oh, that dead men sometimes he come back, he talk. Him come in the night; in night time him come. That's way he do. Just night.

Well, this way: over there pretty far up in sky somewhere—pretty long far—is big country. Heap good country. Lots rivers. River all got um fish. All kind Piutey fish. Trout—chub; that kind. No got carp. Piutey no like um that kind. No got um that kind in that 'nother country. Lots creeks; lots rivers. High mountain; good many big—high! Plenty deer—antelope—mountain sheep. Lots. Lots rabbits too; Good place for hunt; can hunt all time, never no kill um all, everything.

Lots grass, tules; trees, all that kind thing. Lots good flowers. No got ranch there that white man; no white men come that place. No fence; no house; no that way. Just good country, that's all. No alkali flats; no got nothin' bad. Just good all time; just good thing.

Nobody fight; men he no never die. No never lie—steal—no git mad. Men he no git drunk; no git tired. Him never work; never. Just smoke—catch um fish—plenty dance—shoot um deer; that's all, you know. Sometimes have big hunt; heap big hunt; sometimes have heap big dance. Git um pine nuts up in mountain.

When Piutey die he git go that country pretty quick. 'Bout one night, all 'lone, he go. He fly, go there. He git that country he quit fly, he walk; just walk then. Clothes? No, he no take clothes when he leave here—just take hat, that's all. May be.

Over there that country he wear buckskin clothes; women too wear um. Plenty heads; moccasins too. Got um good moccasin. All men—all that wimin wear hair heap long. All um got long hair. Everybody he paint um face. Chief, them got some feather in hair. No got hat, them chief. Chiefs them got more better things than other Piutey. Them got um four—may be five wives. 'Nother Piutey got just one wife; that's all.

When die—when go to that country—everybody git be young men, young wimin again. Everybody young man; everybody young wimin. Everybody, he young. How that way? I no know. Just that way; that what I think. Maybe old men he die here; he git go that 'nother country, quick—heap quick—right away he git to be young man again. That's good, I think. Never git tired. Boy, girl, little papoose, he die here this country, he git go that other place he big men—big wimin right away pretty quick. He never stay children that place. No children there. No grow slow like here. No that way. Grow git big one day. One day he git big wimin—big men when he die. Children he die—old men he die, just same; when he git go that country he be young men—young wimin. Never no old men—no children live there. Just be young all time; all time he young. That's way he do, stay young all time.

Never go 'way; just live there all time. All time. *All time.* You *sabe* that? Not same like here. Never die. That place he never git die; he never quit, *never*. I no know how he fix um that way never quit. He just do that way; never no more die.

Men go that pretty far country he find um all family pretty quick. Father, mother, children, all um he find um. He find um there right away. Got um camp all together, just same like here.

Got one big boss that country. I guess he that same old man I tell you 'bout. The old man first he father everybody b'long Piutey and Bannock. Him big boss. Big chief. Him take care all them Injins.

That country b'long to all kind Injins? No; that just for Piutey—for just Bannock—some Shoshone, maybe. Piutey let them Shoshone stay there. All other kind Injin—all white men stay outside that country. They live far over by the edge of that place. No can come inside that good country in where Piutey and Bannock live.

White men live close? Yas. That what I think. That what other Piutey tell um me. White men no live inside; just out by the edge. I guess so. You *sabe* this? White men maybe he die; he got git go *somewhere*. Where he go? I think he go that same place by the outside. Not inside where Piutey stay; not there—just outside. Rabbit—horse—deer—everything he git go somewhere when he die. Him *all* go to that other country, I guess. I just think so. Piutey live inside by middle that place. Deer—horse—rabbit—Bannock Injin too; maybe some Shoshone live inside. All um other kind—'nother kind Injin, white men all live just by outside.

That good place. Heap good. You bet! Everything new all time. Nothin' never git be old. Everything plenty; plenty everything all time. Everybody got good horse. Heap good; gentle. Horse that kind run fast; no buck.

No, no use um money that place. Nobody come find um gold rocks in mountain. Not that way do there. That way no good. Nobody rich that country—nobody that country be poor. Just got 'nough; that's all. Just got 'nough. No work; just have good time. Everybody got just same kind everything. May be chief got some little more; just chief. That's way do that place.

All um live in wick-ee-up same like here. All um use bow—arrow; just same like long time ago. No use um gun no more. Never.

Piutey over by inside that country he git white skin all time. Just same like white men. That's way he look when he git die.

Wear um clothes white men kind there? Maybe some he do that way. Not all. Some he do. Some he no wear um. Do just what he like when he go there. That's way he do.

May be Injin live pretty close by that edge where white men live, he wear um that kind clothes. May be he live in middle that good place where all um Piutey live, there that place he no wear um. That's way, I think. Out edge that place close by white men, there find um knife—pan—clothes—plenty thing, all same white men make um. 'Nother Piutey no use um. 'Nother Piutey just got um buckskin clothes—beads—that kind things; all same Injin make um.

Never eat white men grub, same way like he do here. Never. Just eat Injin grub. That's way he do when die.

Got um all summer—all same winter? You bet! Just same kind like here. Winter, summer; day, night. All same.

How I know that way? My father tell um me. Who tell um my father? Oh, I guess grandfather. How he know? I no know. I just think this way: dead men—dead wimin come back when dark, tell um bout that kind place. No, I never see dead men come talk. I never see. Plenty old men see; plenty old men tell um me. Dead men sometimes come when dark; come talk that kind. He come just when night; never come when day. Just come look 'round, see how this country look. He no stay here. Just dark night he come; go back pretty quick.

No, he no like this country no more when he git die. That 'nother kind place more better. Heap good. By that 'nother country everybody go bimeby. Everybody stay there then. This place burn up when everybody git go 'way. That's what I think. Everybody git go to that 'nother country, stay all time. Stay there live *all* time. Never git die. Never. *All time* stay there. That's what I think. Old men tell um me that way.—*Land of Sunshine.*

## " IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN ? "

BY ALONZO L. RICE.

By feature, face, and form we designate  
 All men, distinguish them, this one from that ;  
 And when this fleshy form decays,—when ears  
 That drink the richness of all harmony  
 Are deaf ; when eyes that view the earth's  
 Rich feast are closed in their eternal sleep ;  
 When hands are clasped and white, and thought's domain,—  
 The fount of kindness, and the still where hate's  
 Most deadly draught was brewed,—will speed no more  
 The restless couriers on their tireless ways ;  
 When beauties of the summer morn unfold,  
 And scented gales are wafted hitherwards,  
 And birds of morn their songs of joy rehearse ;  
 When lips are unresponsive to love's touch,  
 And joy's ripe grapes tempt not the palate fine ;  
 When all the senses that communicate  
 And through which information comes to us :  
 When all of these have mouldered into dust—  
 A pile of ashes showing those behind  
 Some traveller's fire has died, defying art  
 To kindle it again,—when we are conquered thus,  
 What is there but an airy ghost that peoples  
 Old women's fancies, or a tale that's told  
 Around the nurses' knees at eventide  
 To frighten children into being good ?  
 It is a hope born of the human heart,  
 That somewhere when the last good-bye is said,  
 Amid the starry realms of light above,  
 We shall clasp hands where parting is no more.

But is not hope a trickster ? Has she not  
 Sent us on rainbow journeys all our lives ?  
 Has not the coinage of our broken hearts,  
 And melted in grief's red-ripe crucible,  
 We thought was gold, been ever barest dross ?  
 And shall we trust the siren with her song,  
 Who charmed us as we floated on sweet waters,  
 And left us lonely on the bitter seas ?  
 Would she not pluck from off the barren thorn  
 Some flowers to place upon her youthful breast ?  
 Are not her fingers crimson from such folly ?

Oh ! phantasy of hope, that all our lives,  
 Forever on the errand of a fool,  
 Still sendeth us with promise of to-morrow ;  
 When day by day the empty hours depart,  
 And life is nothing but a barren waste,

Thy devotees stand with a sheaf of thorns  
 And ruined raiment, in the chilling blast,  
 Above the grave where dissolution reigns ;  
 And even then the witchery of thy spell  
 Is never lost, but leads the pilgrim on  
 Still trusting that in undiscovered realms,  
 And endless day, will come to full fruition  
 That which you promised here and still denied ;  
 That those pale flowers that waited for the sun,  
 And pined in sweet expectancy of spring,  
 Will bloom in rich perfection in that clime,  
 And wooing winds be redolent of joy !

Has that supremest thing we longed for most  
 Been realized ? Are not the lonely years  
 Made up of bitter memories which are hopes  
 That never came to life ? Is not old age  
 A statue sculptured with reverted face,  
 That, like Lot's wife, looks back on ruined joys ?

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### TWO BANDS OF DELIVERERS.

BY FREDERIC MAY HOLLAND, CONCORD, MASS.

WHILE Locke, Spinoza, Penn, Barclay, Harrington, Taylor, Milton, Williams, Browne, Chillingworth, Herbert, Burton, Bohme, Servetus, and Erasmus pleaded that religion is so holy as to be worthy of liberty, a series of less pious but not less useful writers suggested, more or less openly, that religion is not worth quarrelling about. This at least seems to have been the real opinion of Rabelais, Bruno, Shakespeare, Vanini, and Hobbes. Moliere put such daring language into the mouth of Don Juan, that the *Festin de Pierre* was banished from the stage, and was not printed without omissions before the present century. The clergy objected to *Tartuffe* also ; but this comedy soon became a favorite, and has been printed and acted in every civilized language. The first man in England to denounce persecution openly, on the ground that the Bible is not so true, nor the churches so useful, as to justify defense by violence, was Charles Blount, who should share with Locke and Milton the glory of abolishing the censorship of the press.

A much abler skeptic, Bayle, was driven by the despotism in France to Holland, where he published brilliant books, showing that conversion by force can make only hypocrites, that unbelief is not vicious, and that a man's chief duty is to seek truth boldly, and live up to his opinions. His "Dictionary" created such excitement in Paris, as well as in the Dutch cities, that crowds of ladies and gentlemen hustled each other for a glance at the gigantic volumes, which exposed the vices of Abraham, David and Elijah, while praises, hitherto unheard in Christendom, were given not only to Zoroaster, Zenobia, and Mohammed, but to Socrates and other famous skeptics. He was blamed for lack of reticence, but replied, "God has no need of artifice. Persecution had often been defended by asserting that God is wrath ; and this dogma had been justified by such facts as inheritance of vicious propensities, frequent triumph of temptation, and general ignorance of moral principles. If these sad facts prove anything, said Bayle, it is absence of any divine providence.



THE CRIME OF FATE:  
—○—

OH, here's a health to the square of jaw and to him with receding chin,  
The petty thief and the murderer who follow the paths of sin ;  
The lying knave and the swindling cheat, the fool and the beery clod,  
Burned with the brand of predestined Crime by the will of the one Great God ;  
And hang the murderer heaven-high, and bury him deep as hell,  
In the name of God, who created him and saw that it was well.  
Bury him deep as a loathsome thing, cover him up with lime ;  
But, was it the crime that stamped the face, or the features that stamped the crime ?

To the lunatic who is not insane, for the eyes of the law are keen,  
Whose destiny worked to a six-foot drop—shall we say what he might have been ?  
He might have been this or he might have been that, but God was his Maker still,  
Who placed desire in his poor weak brain, and muttered, "Thou shalt not kill !"  
As a babe may hold to a plunging horse, he holds to his fierce desire ;  
Will he find a curb in a hope above or a fear of eternal fire ?  
"Resist ! Resist !" is the preacher's cry, "let victory's paths be trod."  
Resist by the power of his poor weak brain the will of a tyrant God !

To the slum-born babe who is birth-accursed with hunger and want and shame,  
Who may not covet his neighbor's goods, though he covet in hunger's name ;  
Drag him not to the Sunday school from the filth of the family barn,  
Lest he find a startling parable in the good old Bible yarn,  
And the Lord who fed the ravens on the agony and the blood  
Of his smaller, weaker creatures, might be misunderstood ;  
And the ravens turn to fat men in his little brain agog,  
While he illustrates God's mercy on a sacrificial frog.

To the little hands that are taught to steal—little lips that are taught to lie ;  
To all the weak and the damned of Earth, to Fate and the Reason Why ;  
To the generation yet to come, and e'en to the third and fourth,  
Who foot the bill of their father's sins to appease a just God's wrath ;  
To the unblown bugles and silent harps of the souls who fell from grace ;  
To an empty Heaven and crowded Hell, and the joy in Satan's face.  
For the weak of will and the strong of will must battle the deadly game ;  
And the strong shall stand and the weak shall fall—and whose is the praise or blame ?

To a true God and a good God—fighting for each man's soul,  
Who takes not the righteous as his tithe when Peter calls the roll,  
But holds as each man's heritage till the breaking of the dawn,  
A seat by Jordan's river for the curse of Being Born ;  
For the curse of Life Unasked-for, whose reins are held by fate—  
Demand no hell's repentance to pass the Pearly Gate.  
To the music of his lifetime each man must foot his dance,  
With God or the Devil to pipe for him—according to circumstance !

## RECIPROCAL RELATIONS OF MAN AND THE UNIVERSE.

BY PROF. WARD.

## VII.

RETURNING now to the general classification previously made of the several modes of regarding the phenomena of the universe, let us consider each one somewhat more in detail.

We saw that out of the general teleological method there have grown up several subordinate sects, each of which takes a somewhat different view of the question. The three principal of these we will briefly glance at here. The three doctrines most prominently maintained are: 1, divine free-will, or continuous special interference; 2, predestination, or foreordination; and, 3, fatalism.

The first of these assumes that the deity dispenses events as he pleases, that he watches with a personal eye over the affairs of his creation, and interposes whenever and wherever to him seems proper. It regards him in the light of a sovereign, exercising a choice in his actions respecting both men and nature, depending, as human choice depends, upon the evidence and circumstances of each particular case. This is the first and most natural, though least rational, belief. But more thoughtful minds discover some of its defects. They see that it necessarily detracts from the attributes of deity. In the first place, it destroys the order of the universe, and makes every thing to depend upon the temporary will of deity, which will, being unknown to man, reduce events to a condition as bad as though they were governed by mere chance. In the second place, it robs the deity of omniscience. It presumes that he makes up his mind before he acts, and this presupposes that he did not know before some things which he has since discovered. If this be the case, he cannot know all things from the beginning. For if, being omniscient, he proposed to punish a man for his crime, he must have known from all eternity both that the man would commit the crime and that he would inflict the penalty. Hence events must take place by the divine foreknowledge, which is not distinguishable from foreordination, or predestination.

This latter doctrine implies that all evil is premeditated by deity, and hence it divests him either of mercy or of omnipotence. For he either could prevent evil and does not wish to, or else he would prevent it but is not able. Still, for a certain class of minds, this seems to be the safest horn of the dilemma. And in fact it is more reasonable than pure theology, since it admits necessity in phenomena.

Fatalism seeks to avoid the faults of both these theories, and casts the responsibility of events upon chance. It recognizes a deity and a law, but above both these and independent of them is fate, which controls events and is responsible neither to God nor to nature. The God of the fatalist does not control; he only exists. The ordinary routine goes on with regularity and precision, but the event, the final disposition,

is subject to the unforeseen and irresistible decree of destiny. It is a necessity, but without a cause.

The existence of evil in the world has always been the great stumbling-block of all the different schools of teleologists. So long as men alone were involved, they were able to evade the issue by regarding all evils as punishments for offences given to gods whose pleasure was assumed to be unknown—at least, to all but the priesthood. But as knowledge of nature increased, and men reflected on their everyday observations, it became manifest that the forms of life below the human were constantly subjected to what, from any teleological view, must be regarded as gratuitous suffering. The division of all animals into herbivorous and carnivorous was a patent fact to be accounted for, as was also the apparent necessity that man should partially subsist on flesh. To be consistent, it was necessary to convict these innocent herbivores of crimes such as men were supposed to have committed against offended gods, and for which all suffering in the human family was regarded as a punishment.

It was to escape such illogical conclusions as this that rationalism first raised its protest. It first assumed the form of necessitarianism, accounting for evil on irresponsible grounds, and it can scarcely be said to have ever altered its position in this respect. We may therefore still regard the entire body of speculative opposition to teleology as constituting the necessitarian school of philosophy.

The necessitarian philosophy, while it may not avoid all unpleasant consequences, at least avoids all absurdities: while some of its legitimate deductions may be harsh or unpopular, they are at least not impossible or contradictory; while they may seem severe or humiliating, they are at least not stupid or ridiculous. Its leading principles have been already stated. They may be briefly summed up as follows:—

Matter has always existed and has always been in motion. Its moving particles affect one another according to a fixed law well understood—the law of the impact of bodies. The forms thus produced are the existing objects in the universe. This unceasing and beginningless motion produces unceasing and endless change. Every change of form results in new form, and thus an infinite series of changing forms is kept up. Whatever, therefore, exists, is the particular form of the given time and place. It exists because it has been produced. Its existence is the mere result of previous existences—of causes in the nature of things. It could not be other than it is, unless those prior causes had been other than they were. Hence, it exists of necessity. Everything is as it must be. The celestial bodies present the appearance and possess the configuration and constitution which we see, because absolute laws operating from infinity, have given them these characters at this particular epoch. The earth shares in this regimen. Unorganized matter, whether elementary or composite, is only a particular form which it has been forced to assume. Organization is but a modification wrought under the same law. The production and transformation of organization is the result of fashioning circumstances. It is not an external planning power, or intelligence, that adapts them to circumstances, but the circumstances them-

selves that produce that adaptation. In other words, animals and plants are not adapted to their peculiar circumstances, but by them.

There is one point of view from which necessitarianism must be regarded which, from its liability to be misunderstood, as well as from its intrinsic importance, requires special notice. This is its relation to the power of acquiring knowledge. The theory of necessity is scientific, as contra-distinguished from all the other doctrines considered, which are teleological. As a condition of thought, therefore, it favors the acquisition of knowledge where the rest discourage it and leave the mind in a state of satisfied ignorance. This is liable to be misunderstood, because the word *necessary* conveys to some the impression of fixity, such as no effort is available to change or influence. But this is a mistake. This objection would be valid against either foreordination or fatalism, but it is not valid against causal necessity. For in the former cases every event is arbitrarily fixed. Not so in the latter. The chief condition of the event is the attempt to produce it. This is a necessary condition to its occurrence. If an effort is made, it will be sure to produce an effect. Nothing is fixed, but everything is yielding. Hence to try is to accomplish. This doctrine, therefore, is superior to all others in encouraging action. But, great as is its advantage in offering inducements to exertion, it is of still greater importance in directing effort. It is in this that its chief superiority lies. For knowledge is the chief element of power in enabling the mind to exercise a control over the materials and forces of nature, and a settled conviction that effects must of necessity follow and correspond to causes renders all efforts to acquire knowledge profitable, and the possession of any knowledge possible. Under any of the other systems there are barriers and discouragements to the pursuit of truth.

### VIII.

DIVINE free-will must be arbitrary. Unless we assume ourselves to be able to find out that will, we must remain ignorant of it. If we are ignorant of the will by which the universe is governed, all science is at an end, for, though we discover a law, how are we to assume that it will remain such? If there is a power capable of setting the laws of nature aside at any moment and enacting new and different ones, where is the encouragement to pursue the investigation of those laws? If truth is simply the present wish of a being who is absolutely free, then the truth of yesterday is but the error of to-day. Under any form of this doctrine, the conclusion unavoidably follows, that the pursuit of knowledge is fruitless. No wonder that the idea should prevail, among those who take this view, that science is wicked, that education is useless, and that propitiation is man's highest duty.

Little better is the doctrine of foreordination calculated to inspire the pursuit of truth. For, if all that which exists is but the dispensation made at the beginning by the great Dispenser, then to reach the causes of things it becomes necessary to reach the will of that being at the beginning. This would be even more difficult, if possible, than to learn the present will of an ever-superintending Ruler. If events have no

immediate cause, but must be referred to the beginning of time for a cause, then it is impossible to trace them or to deduce any standards by which to be guided in future. If they are the mere culminations of decrees issued an eternity ago, they are not certainly the result of law. If that which exists does so, not of necessity, but by external compulsion, there is no necessary relation by which we may determine that which will exist by that which now exists or has existed. All things are appointed both as to time and place. They are necessary, it is true, but they are not dependent; each has an independent, co-ordinate existence.

Let us see what effect such a belief must have upon the pursuit of knowledge. Evidently it is incompatible with it. For vain would be the attempt to acquire knowledge if there were no necessary connection between truths. To attempt to store away in the mind any number of independent facts is found to be a most difficult task at best. What, then, shall we say of an attempt to discover all the truths of the universe where each is absolutely independent of every other? And of what use would all this knowledge be, even if it were possible to obtain it? What assurance would we have that similar events would occur under similar circumstances? A knowledge of facts is of very little use to us unless by such knowledge we can establish some law. Of what use is the study of history to the statesman if he can derive no principles therefrom to guide him in framing measures for the government of men? Yet this could not be the case if all facts were merely foreordained, since in that case, though every fact would have a cause, yet no fact would have a necessary cause. The cause of every fact would be the same, viz., the will of the foreordainer, and one effect would be as liable to result from that cause as another. There would be no clue by which effects could be traced. When the cause was reached, it would not be the particular cause of any particular effect, but a general cause of all effects. Hence every effort to acquire useful knowledge would be fruitless. Every one who really believes this doctrine feels this; and, if there be any who profess to believe it and still advocate the pursuit of knowledge, it is because they have a certain unconscious intuition that their philosophy is unsound. They are, in fact, dualists.

But there is an intermediate school who claim that it is laws, and not facts, that are primordially established, and that these laws are thereafter never interfered with. The reply to this is, that it is not foreordination at all. It is acknowledging the laws of the universe, but assigning to them a beginning and a creation, which is unnecessary, and betrays failure to conceive of an infinite series.

Fatalism is no better promoter of intelligence than either of the other doctrines we have considered. If it be not mere chance, it is at least the same thing to men, since no one knows the origin, cause, or purpose of any event, neither can know it. Therefore, it is useless to seek this knowledge; and here again, as before, the pursuit of knowledge is a fruitless task.

It makes no difference, therefore, which of the prevailing beliefs we take up: they all lead to this result. In depriving truth of its necessary character, and making it

dependent upon something external to itself, they render it contingent and precarious. They assume that either there is no necessary law, or that whatever we call law is the creation of some external power, so as not to be reliable or permanent.

In contrast with all these dogmas stands the consistent philosophy of causal circumstances. The necessity of nature is a rational necessity. The necessity of natural is a rational necessity. Its truths are such, not because they have been willed or decreed, but in and of themselves. By necessity it is only meant that phenomena are uniform and unvarying. The same circumstances must produce the same effect. If truths were not necessary, they could not be relied upon, If they were not unvarying, they could not be traced, discovered, or utilized.

Let us take an illustration. There is one class of truths which all are compelled to admit to be not only invariable and reliable, but absolute and necessary—the truths of mathematics. The most obstinate predestinarian could not, if he would, doubt that twice two has always made four, and would have done so if no decree to that effect had ever gone forth. There is no supporter of special divine supervision so illogical as to believe that Omnipotence itself implies the power of making the three angles of a triangle either greater or less than two right angles. He may claim to believe this, but at the same time he must instinctively deny it. He knows it to be impossible, and that such truths are necessary. The necessitarian doctrine simply invests all truths with the attributes which are conceded to those of mathematics. It declares that truth cannot exist except of itself, and therefore of necessity. It thus invests every branch of knowledge with the character of a science, and every science with the potential positivity of mathematics. The laws of barology, of optics, of mechanics, and of chemical proportions, are already found to be in themselves mathematically exact. And as science advances, the same harmony is found to pervade all natural phenomena. See with what symmetry the petals, stamens, and pistils of flowers are arranged; consider the adaptation of the eye to the phenomena of light; contemplate the regularity of form in crystals, in snow-flakes, in rain-drops, and in the heavenly bodies!

But it may be said that nature abounds in irregularities; that while it is true that the normal form of the crystal is a polyhedron, yet in fact most crystals are not perfect, they are usually found wanting in some facet or angle or axis; that while theoretically the normal condition of solid matter may perhaps be said to be crystalline, yet in reality the great mass of it is amorphous; that while generally there is a wonderful symmetry about the vegetable world, yet the student is puzzled with a thousand anomalies and imperfections; that the same is true of the animal kingdom, and, indeed, of every department of experimental science or practical knowledge. And it may be plausibly claimed that herein consists the distinction between mathematical and all other truth. But the necessitarian is in no way staggered by these facts. He puts the irregular as well as the regular under the dominion of law. There is a legitimate reason why every anomaly (if there still remains such a thing) should exist, a necessary cause for each deviation from the normal condition; and that cause is as absolute as the original law

by which the normal condition is brought about. Furthermore, the variation is adapted to the cause of variation as precisely as the normal condition is adapted to the cause which produces it. A few illustrations may be furnished upon this point.

It may be said that the normal condition of a planetary orbit is an ellipse, yet no planet describes a perfect ellipse. All orbits are irregular. This at first puzzled and disheartened astronomers, and shook their faith in the order of the universe. But they finally found that each perturbation was occasioned; that it was not a mere deviation from, or violation of, the general law, but that, on the contrary, it was in obedience to another and a higher law—that of the mutual attraction of all matter. The absolute path of the moon, with reference to a fixed line, would present a figure which would be neither circle, ellipse, spiral, nor any other known curve. It would be considered irregular in every respect, yet every deviation from that fixed line is caused by some real and necessary circumstance. So true is this, that these irregularities have been calculated, and their true causes definitely ascertained. And if there is a reason for all these apparent anomalies, which when known will enable us to calculate in advance what the anomalies will be, why, then, is not the law that produces those anomalies as necessary as the law that governs the normal condition?

(To be continued.)

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### SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

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THE following article appeared recently as a contribution to the discussion of religious questions which has been going on for some months past in the columns of the *New York Sun*:

*To the Editor.*

SIR,—There is nothing that I do not dare to doubt. There is nothing that is not true that I would wish to believe. There is nothing that is true that I am afraid to know.

Still the religious discussion in the *Sun* goes on, and still to me, and evidently to many others, it grows in interest and in importance. My call for facts in support of orthodoxy five weeks ago remains, as yet, unanswered. One writer has undertaken to argue for the inspiration of the Bible by a series of mystical sevens. Now, the codices from which our Bible was translated number many—Alexandrinus, Vaticanus, Ephraimi, Sinaiticus, Beza, &c. Surely on mystical sevens ran

through these codices. The inspiration that arranged the mystical sevens must have been given to the translators, the adapters, of our King James version. I fail to find those mystical sevens in any of my Bibles. Some years ago I tried to follow Ignatius Donnelly through Shakespeare when he attempted to prove by a very mysterious cryptogram that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. My failure to see it was complete.

Again we are told that we must pray that we may believe. What value would a belief that came in that way have? Two or three have written that we are to believe by "spiritual perception," by "faith," by "light from above," &c. If we are to look at these for guidance, what advantage has Christianity over other religions? The Mohammedan claims as much of these as any other religion; and we were obliged to put into our treaty with the Sultan of Sulu, made only a few weeks

ago, a provision that his people were not to be allowed to slaughter Christians.

No more intense exhibition of faith, no more terrible evidence of sincere belief in inspiration, was ever given than has been furnished by the Khalifa and his dervishes in the Soudan within the last two years. The Hindoo proves the sincerity of his faith by the worst tortures inflicted on himself. No people ever gave stronger proofs of confidence in their religion than the Mormons have been giving for more than half a century. No torture, no sacrifice was too great for the Ghost Dancers among our own Indians ten years ago. Of our own religion we have the Catholics, the Greek Church, and a host of minor divisions of Protestants each and every one claiming to have "the way, the truth, and the light."

The foundation for the faith of each and every one of all the religions is built of visions and dreams, miracles, prophecies and revelations, and the penalty for disbelief in any one of them varies from social ostracism to the Spanish Inquisition, according as they may have power to inflict a penalty. Men trample their fellows into the dust for money and for power, but only religionists persecute.

Science, facts reduced to system, begets no hates, no persecutions, and few differences. If a chemist announces a new discovery, the chemists of the whole world proceed to experiment and to demonstrate for themselves, knowing that the laws of chemistry are perfectly uniform, and that every substance and every atom in any part of the globe is governed by laws that have no failures and no exceptions. If a discovery is made by an astronomer, astronomers everywhere turn their instruments in that direction and see for themselves whether the discoverer has or has not made a mistake. The science of mathematics, from lowest to highest, is one where mistakes as to facts are impossible to capable men. There is no disagreement among

geologists as to the facts that may be read from the rocks and the other deposits. Only conjectures vary among the geologists of the whole world. Scientific men have no occasion and no disposition to persecute.

Our great scientific societies call together the men of all nations; they meet like brothers, glad to add each his own more or less of knowledge to the general fund which is the property of the peoples of all the nations. When Darwin in England, and Wallace in the far away Malay Archipelago, almost just at the same time, discovered the facts that shaped themselves into the theory that we call evolution, there was not even any personal feeling as to who first announced the conclusions about which they were so well agreed.

Why, then, is it that for differences of opinion about things unknown, perhaps non-existent, things unknowable, even unthinkable, men will hate, persecute and slaughter each other? If of all the faiths we must follow any, which shall it be?

Surely if the Being or Beings, Power or Powers, Agent or Agents who control the universe would make to us any revelation such as every religion claims theirs to be, we would have been given evidence that no person would have room or reason to doubt. Only the facts of science are undoubted. All else is chaos; a boundless field of ever-shifting sands, "blown about by" an infinite variety of "every wind of doctrine."

The breaking of the day has passed. Let us turn our backs to the slowly retreating shadows, and while the beasts of prey and the owls and the bats are hiding themselves forever in the caves and the dens of the earth, and the many superstitions are dissolving into the thin air, let us hail with rejoicings the already risen sun.

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