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H. L. GREEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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To Friends of Free Thought, Free Speech and a Free Press.

VOLUME LXI.

OF

THE BOSTON INVESTIGATOR

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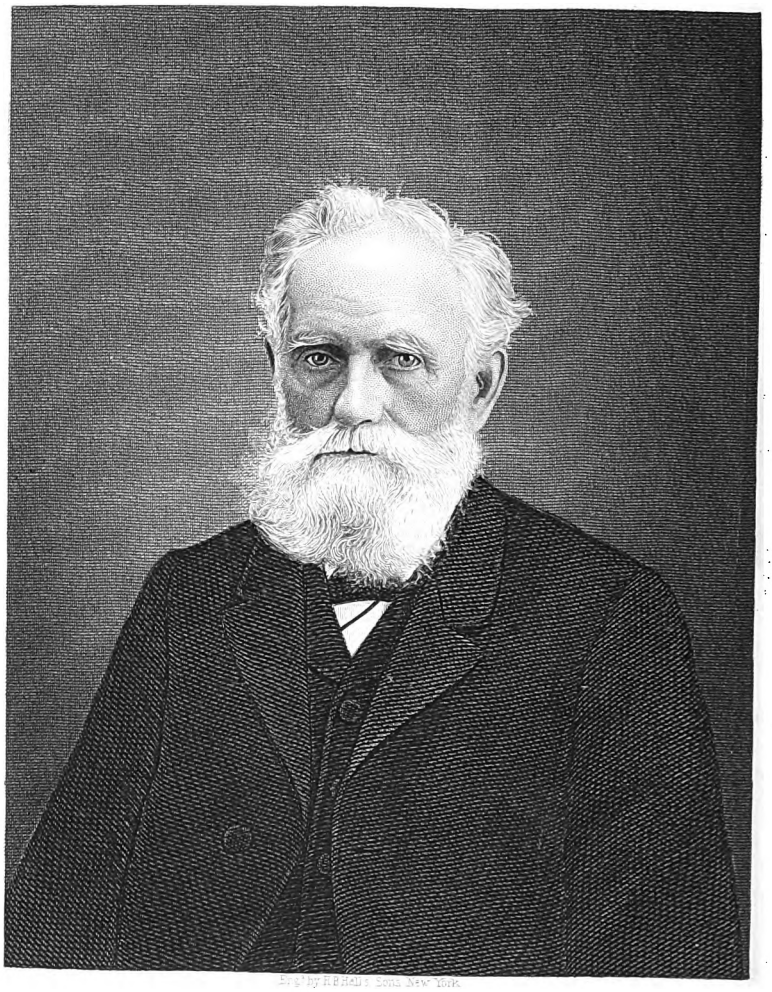

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A. T. Lilley

THE FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER (E. M.) 290.

MAN'S DESIRE FOR GOD.

By HERBERT E. CROSSWELL.

WITH every fresh supply of truth coming to us from the vast reservoir of the human mind, the stability of historical religion as positive weakens, loses some definite quality as inherent in it alone, and determines a modification which destroys manifest errors, while it saves the principle common to all religions whose office it is to show the way to higher realities not yet reached.

The universal unrest permeating the very heart of religious life illustrates the inadequacy of religious thought, crystallized as it is in the creeds of prevailing beliefs. Whatever truth may be in the abstract, in its practical effect on mankind it must include the divine element which shows the existence of law, and law as the guarantee of universal good, "or, to translate it into the language of the spirit that *Law means Love*, is the sign that Love, in its practical and universal sense, is itself becoming the all-solving calculus and all-analyzing prism of our spiritual astronomy —the pursuer, diviner, interpreter of Law."

A noted thinker and student of the origin of religious sentiment in man, by tracing religious thought to its earliest expression, finds its source in what is called the "ghost theory" of primitive man; a crude consciousness in the early savage tribes of a spiritual life or soul that lived after the decay of the body. But this postulate of itself puts no disparagement upon religion,

especially as held by the advanced thinker. It shows to the enlightened mind that the essentials of the savage worship were a recognition in man himself of that spark of divine truth which somehow must make itself known and refuses to be extinguished.

It is important to note that as man advanced toward a higher civilization, his forward movement was not exclusively a material one, for he did not throw away the burden of soul on his journey to a higher ideal, but retained possession of a germ of truth,—what is now held to be the sacred element in human progress.

At the core of things a moral force exists which spreads outward and mingles with its prototype in man, whenever man lives in accord with its truth.

The fate of all religions that impose limits to human thought is sealed. There never did, nor does there at this moment, exist a religion or theory of philosophy that can quench the thirst for a better knowledge of the Infinite Mind. That various religions of the world's history did and do hold germs of truth is true; they give a glimpse of Deity; but to impose upon man a deep-rooted superstition as the whole of Truth or God, while the human race is struggling in the bonds of disease, pain and death, is not the quality of intelligence that invites the advanced mind to its shrine.

The all-saving element of love, the heart of all religions is hidden in our interpretation of Christianity, and the starved soul of brighter hopes must find refuge in an ancient faith whose tenets, in part, at least, run parallel with those taught by the Founder of Christianity. Thus in Buddhism the power of good is so lifted into prominence, the soul forms without effort an attachment to it, and feels the charm of its divine love, pity and mercy. Though its transmigration theory is distasteful to Western minds, yet Christianity holds a far worse fate for the majority of the human family.

A common method of dealing with this question of metempsychosis, sometimes called a "curious doctrine," is in refusing to see even a semblance of justice in its laws. A word from one who compares favorably with most dissenters on this point of Buddhist philosophy is as follows:

"Nevertheless, Buddhism is convinced that if a man reaps sorrow, disappointment, pain, he himself, and no other, must at some time have sown folly, error, sin; and if not in this life, then

in some former birth. Where, then, in the latter case, is the identity between him who sows and him who reaps?"

Of course the thought here is that we are not conscious, individually, of having sown sin or error in a former birth that should have brought such sorrow or pain as we may be expiating in this life. Hence by the absence of identity, it involves also the absence of justice.

He who would cast metempsychosis aside as of no moment, anticipates the thought in other minds that justice must be sacrificed rather than that transmigration should be true. Though we are conscious of the fact that identity is lost, yet even then is it not preferable to a beginning and end of individual being? or an escape of consequence by prayer? Without the theory of transmigration what are we to do with him who gains in health and wealth to the end of life by evil means? Far better without identity even is Karmiâ than pardon, for from forgiveness is born the vilest deeds on the pages of history; while virtue loses its reward.

Objection is also made because physical pain is said to follow moral evil. What should follow? Surely conscience is not adequate to cope with sin; for history abounds with examples quite the opposite. What then must we expect from evil action? Material good, healthy bodies? Then sin is our friend.

Pure nuggets of thought are those sentences of Buddhist lore culled from the secret place in the early Hindu mind. Says the Dhammapada:

"Not even a god, not Mâra nor Brahma, could change into defeat the victory of a man over himself."

"Self is the lord of self; who else could be the lord?"

"Better than ruling the world, better than going to heaven, than lordship over all, is the reward of the first step in virtue."

This ancient race, unacquainted with modern science, believed in the power of mind to change physical conditions; this attitude of thought has brought them many enemies, but with all our modern psychological discoveries we find many truths in the mental elevation of their Vedas and Sânkhya Sutras.

It is not only the ignorant and superstitious peoples whose beliefs cling to a spiritual truth that can modify physical evils; but we find that the genius, the highly gifted, the intellectual, are numbered among those who look upon mind not only as a

director of sociology, and the dictator also of morality in the affairs of life; who see only a conformity to and a need of adjustment concerning physical environment; rather they have come to understand how in a more direct sense that a principle is behind every form of manifestation; an abstract something we call mind, that which produces and sustains all metamorphosis of physical life in the consciousness of sentient beings. Moreover it is necessary in conformity to justice that it should be so; yet it is very curious that there are many other superior minds in the field of science who fail to see a connection between moral evil and physical degradation; who fail to see anything of a physical nature corresponding to moral retribution. Indeed this thought is so prevalent it almost has the ascendency in the mind of the nineteenth century. If this materialism should ripen into fruit; if we could assure mankind exemption from physical woe—so material is the conscience—it is frightful to think how universally the so-called laws of matter would be relied upon to satisfy the smallest as well as the greatest cravings for fulfillment of sensual passions.

We must call a halt to the materialism of the age, or we are lost. We must let go this idolatry of matter as imperative, as truths of science, or morality will suffer defeat.

There is a fleecy cloud floating in yonder blue. What can the scientist tell us of the Designer? The art of Michael Angelo and Raphael is but a crude and muddy stroke when we contemplate the vast canvas of nature covered with a wealth of beauty past all thought. We must reach beyond the science of physics to behold the generating thought that paints the sky with trails of vaporous clouds, ever-changing, old yet new. We do not want to listen to an analysis; it can tell us nothing. Of what moment is so much humidity, radiation, air-currents, condensation? But the talent! the genius! What of the Intelligence that veils the closing hours of day with such marvelous beauty?

"Our victorious science fails to sound one fathom's depth on any side, since it does not explain the parentage of *mind*. For mind was in truth before all science, and remains forever the seer, judge, interpreter, even father, of all its systems, facts and laws."

The old Hindu mind ever poised in transcendental thought, soared in its poetic dreams to lift the soul into ideal forms of life.

The consciousness of an unsatisfied craving of the soul in material existence is by no means an emanation of modern thought. In the morning of life we catch glimpses of a fairer dawn; here we see the Oriental dream weaving its web of thought across the great arch of space and time which must buoy the soul over the chasm of mortality, into "that change which never changes;" where sorrow ceases and man is one with Life.

It was inevitable that the Hindu mind should muse. As with us, the utter failure of so much in human experience; the miseries; the whirling away of our most cherished hopes, have in all ages pressed the soul out of matter to seek refuge in the realm of spirit.

This intellectual inspiration, this thirst for the divine blossomed in the Hindu mind into beautiful and uplifting conceptions of virtue and love. Yet in all their flights away from the elements of sentient being, duty was of vital importance. Says a Hindu law:

"The fruit of sin is not immediate, but comes, like the harvest, in due season."

"Single is each man born; alone he dies, alone receives the reward of his doings."

"The only firm friend who follows man after death is justice."

"The wrong-doer, thinking on his conduct, is constantly in fear. Even crimes committed long ago trouble him; as the shadow of a great rock reaches far into the distance at the setting of the sun."

This ancient race felt none the less keenly the thorns of life because their mode of living fell short of our modern heterogeneous surroundings. They longed for freedom. To them man was like the towering trees, tossing restlessly their arms in the wild air of the storm, reaching for the warm sunlight that had fled. So the soul spreads out its wings of thought to ride the storms of life through the dark night of error to find the port of Peace.

They were a people filled to overflowing with spiritual facts concerning the Highest Law. Call them dreamers if you will; their deep thinking, their love of mercy, pity, justice; their constant thought of the ideal; of the inseparableness of the human with the divine, were no protean play of forces confined to molecular vibrations of the brain. They knew, and we have not yet outgrown its truth, that law was never to be invaded; that its force was imperative; man could not set aside, at the evening of life, that quality of himself that forms or makes his identity. Of

what value is the law of gravitation if its action is not constant? The forces of moral law are fixed and compel obedience, or physical pain, as well as a troubled conscience, is sure to follow.

Pantheism was the foundation for physical pain to follow moral evil. To the keen, yet moral thinker, mind and matter were one; this postulate generated the theory of metamorphosis, so that moral and physical evils were essentially the same. Sense-life to them was evil—a crude counterfeit of the true reality; for, though sentient being was the only avenue to pain; the more heterogeneous the senses, the more difficult was release. This sense-life or treshnâ was the parent of woe; and the union of the soul with the divine was to be gained by cutting off thirst for bodily pleasure.

We are familiar with the fact of the inseparableness of pain with Karmâ, as it was called; but the *way* to the Hindu was in Mind. The power to escape and attain Nirvâna was vested in purity. Gradually, but surely, all action and desire depending on the senses for reality must cease; for desire alone was the source of all sorrow, including transmigration, and, of course, a barrier to Nirvâna, the highest existence.

With all our modern science, trishnâ, the parent of bodily wants, is as deep rooted as ever—nay, science is the soil that feeds the Karmâ of life. It requires but little intelligence to be assured of the destruction of all things conditioned upon testimony of the senses. Hence the eternal must consist of the perfect, the ideal; those things or moral qualities which are indestructible—such as truth, virtue, love. "How can we possibly know ourselves immortal," says Johnson, "otherwise than by experience of what is imperishable, and by knowing that we are in and of it, and inseparable from it? 'To know thyself immortal,' said Goethe also, 'live in the whole.'"

The relation man bears to the material world; the established fact: "the very *dust* that shall be man," binds the cosmical, physical, chemical, terrestrial, vital and social into one universal whole. Here we get the entire theory of metempsychosis.

The highest development in considering the growth of man is the thinking quality, defined as intelligence, genius, morality. These are all evolved from the material we call the world. Hence body and mind are of one substance.

Under the eye of science the whole universe has recently

taken the aspect of a spiritual cosmogony; metamorphosis being an effort of nature to attain a somewhat better than now, and man, as a part of the whole, is not annihilated, could not become extinct; he is, however, subject to a process of change, and will so continue till he works out perfection in himself.

The subtle element of Truth is Principle; the Highest Law, Mind. Its moral force is ever active, forms and unforms, always, however, in the interest of love, morality and virtue—never for other ends—hate, anger, revenge.

Accepting the postulate that everything is mind, and man but a fraction of the whole, it is easy to recognize in Hindu thought the genesis for physical ills to follow moral evils; for the physical itself is moral and immoral, and the penalty is inherent in the thing itself. It is only by admitting the reality of matter as substance, and mind as something quite the opposite in quality—a duality in nature whose parts are as different as can be conceived—that we are at all able to overthrow the theory of transmigration, and it must also be conceded that with transmigration goes justice.

This theory that all is mind, makes it possible for the soul of man to enter into a higher or lower state of existence; into a less material or still more crude condition of being, at the moment of death, in accord with merit or demerit as an inheritance from the preceding life. For the fixed decree of metamorphosis brings rewards and penalties, and is surely an unravelling of the knotted question of justice so perplexing to philosophers throughout the long period of human history. But man does not want to pay the penalty for sin; his inventions are numerous to escape responsibility. This want, however, will never alter the eternal fact that he must do so. Justice is sure.

To the question, "Give us the true origin of man, and we will explain all mysteries," comes the reply, "Man is mind and 'the very *dust* that shall be man' raises the universe from a material into a spiritual conception, with man as a fraction, yet the highest development of the whole," the mental and physical fused into a unity that is inseparable, because they are one. This is Pantheism, and with it is solved very lucidly, that physical pain is a result of moral evil, and metempsychosis an unmistakable reality.

But the sublime aspiration of the Hindu mind did not leave

the soul in this state of change forever; they divined the true release from its burden of sorrow and woe—this wheel of cosmical change. They saw that so long as man sinned he was subject to transmigration; the moral force that "seeth everywhere and marketh all" would not let him escape; justice was the first law of the universe. But the way was through truth, love, mercy, good; in proportion as his life was made up of these qualities, so was his individuality manifested in the next birth. To be absolutely *free*, was to be perfect, above the *skandhas* of the flesh, released from mortality, birth and decay; from pantheism into immortality, the perfect state, Immortal Mind—"that change which never changes." Nor can we think this desire, this devout thought, this essence of what seemed real to them, was anything else than inward inspiration. Their perception of an all-pervading unity of good transcending every limitation of mortality was intuition, and is felt in some degree by individuals in every age. The ancient as well as the modern philosopher had come in some way to realize the inseparable connection of man with the highest Intelligence.

However superior modern thought may be in physical science, yet concerning the mysteries of soul, and the way of life, we have added nothing to the Hindu's understanding of the highest good. Hear the Hindu Law:

"O friend to virtue, that Supreme Spirit, which thou believest one with thyself, resides in thy bosom perpetually, and is an all-knowing inspector of thy virtue or thy crime."

"If thou art not at variance with that great divinity within thee, go not on pilgrimage to Gunga, nor to the plain of Curu."

"The soul is its own witness, its own refuge. Offend not thy conscious soul, the supreme internal witness of men."

In the fullest sense, their yearnings to solve the mystery of being were no less inspiring:

"Life is the Immortal One, names and forms but conceal this."

"Life is preserver of all forms; by life the universe is sustained."

"Life is the soul of the whole, is *all* the gods; so that it is not fit to say, 'sacrifice to *this*, to the *other*, god.'"

"Soul is the Lord and King of all; as the spokes in the nave, so all worlds and souls are fastened in the One Soul."

"Whoever looks for world, or gods, or beings, elsewhere than in the one divine soul, should be abandoned by them. To know this is to know all."

In this reach of the Hindu mind to grasp the eternal as a

remedy for finite short-comings, lived that subtle element that feels it must transcend the phantasmagorial to know the reality; yet it could not know that which enabled it to know. To know a thing is to circumscribe it, but the Highest eludes all such efforts, and can be felt only. "It lies," says Johnson, "in the direct line of present scientific tendency that we should come to recognize the unity of mind, by observing that all phenomena are differing expressions of one Force, which can be no other than Thought. The correlation of physical forces is pushed forward and upward, in the hope of including that which in fact contains and conditions them all; but the result can only be demonstration, even to the understanding, that molecule and protoplasm cannot dispense with intelligence, and that all cosmical forces are identical with mind."

Conceding to the Founder of Christianity a twin relationship to the purest ideal in any age, and no more, puts no disparagement upon His spiritual interpretation of truth. Yet, the inspiring thought: "If the truth shall make you free, you shall be free indeed," is not a more divine aspiring faith than we find in the Vendânta:

"There is no end to misery, save in knowledge of God."

"He who has found God has ceased from all wisdom of his own; as one puts out a torch and lays it down, when the place he sought in the darkness is found."

To the Hindu mystic, however, knowledge was to doubt the seeming reality of things. God was the eternal, never subject to metamorphosis. In God alone was the absence of delusion, that play of material forces which brings pain and loss. To reach the permanent state of being, this unchangeable Life—God, even though the pathway was full of thorns, was the highest ideal in Hindu thought. He saw that in all worldly desire dwells the seeds of phantasy; then old age, and death, which last was the throes of a new birth into like conditions, another round of false delights, and "woes that are not false."

In the devout mind, aspiring for the Eternal One, Hindu thought is rich in passages depicting conceptions of the nature of soul, and the way which leads up to God:

"Whatever exists in this world is to be enveloped in the thought of the Supreme Soul. Whoever beholds all beings in this soul alone, and the soul in all beings, cannot look down on any creature. When one knows that all is soul, when he beholds its unity, then is there no delusion, no grief."

"He is all-pervading, bodiless, pure, untainted by sin, all-wise, ruler of mind, above all beings, and self-existent."

"For Him whose name is infinite glory there is no likeness. Not in the sight abides His form. None behold Him by the eye: they who know Him dwelling in the heart and mind become immortal."

"He is all-knowing, yet known by none; undecaying, omnipresent, unborn; revealed by meditation; whoso knows Him, the all-blessed, dwelling in the heart of all beings, has everlasting peace."

"He is not apprehended by the eye, not by devotions nor by rites; but he whose mind is purified by the light of knowledge beholds the undivided One, who knows the soul. Inconceivable by thought, more distant than all distant things, and also near, dwelling here in the heart for him who can behold."

"The soul is to be perceived only by its own true idea; and only by him who declares that it is real."

"Truth alone, not falsehood, conquers. By truth is opened the road which the rishis trod, whose desires are satisfied, the supreme abode."

"By holy acts shall one become holy, by evil ones evil. As his desire, so his resolve; as his resolve, so his work; as his work, so his reward."

"Whoso has not ceased from evil ways shall not obtain true soul."

All this wealth of inspiration was lost, passed into a ritualism that finally took root and grew to such proportions, that its former life was stultified in the degenerating effect that always follows a prescribed formality in religious matters. Christianity furnishes a striking example of this power of ecclesiasticism; though pure in its Founder, who taught a system of ethics that was the very essence of truth. Yet, a few centuries later found it covered and buried under an ecclesiastical despotism unequaled in religious history.

Till the period of the Renaissance in the fifteenth century, which marked the first successful effort of the mind to reassert its authority in matters concerning the soul, as well as in the revival of letters and art, Latin Christianity had completely smothered those finer qualities in man which it had well-nigh extinguished.

Yet it was left for the nineteenth century, amidst the applauds of science, to emancipate the mind, that it might transcend all forms, all theories, whether they be the demands of church or of science.

Intellectual liberty is the price paid for every system of positive religion. So long as the semblance of a mystery to life remains, mental activity is certain—cessation means death.

Till Buddhism and Christianity—pre-eminently religions of purity—became corrupt, neither was positive in the sense of an arbitrary control of the mental faculties; rather the widest liberty

in behalf of love was their *living power*. The Hindu said: "The soul must churn the truth patiently out of everything." This, when found, meant liberty. And Christ: He who finds truth finds freedom; defined the union of God with man.

"Unity," says Johnson, "is the sublime conclusion of science; but religion does not wait for science. The soul is clearer-sighted than the understanding. It blends poet, philosopher and saint in the wonder and awe of the child at what he simply sees and feels."

In this vast scope of the Hindu mind to absorb the very universe into itself; this ascendency of thought to make over into a divine reality all discords of the world, was truly a pure and noble effort; and our own age is coming to see that to know truth is to become truth; that its substance, its reality, is something besides phenomena. Yet this thought finds not a few critics who question every belief of this nature as not founded on, or in line with, reason; forgetting that reason itself is the child of a higher Power.

The Alexandrian school of philosophers sunk the shaft of thought through every phase of phenomena; exhausted all forms of metaphysical reasoning, and found Truth to be an intuition, beyond reason; because it transcends the power of thought, being that supreme essence or active force that is the parent of thought.

It is certain, though perfection has never yet been attained by man, that good and happiness have their foundation in the intellectual faculties, that is in mind; and man's refuge from evil is in unity with Good. This ultimatum of Wisdom and Truth can be reasoned into logical conclusions; but is possessed by those only who have first invited Truth to be their friend.

INGERSOLL ON WALT WHITMAN.

The Truth Seeker Company have issued Col. Ingersoll's testimonial address, delivered in Philadelphia, to Walt Whitman, in beautiful pamphlet form, under the title of "Liberty in Literature." The price is 25 cents. For sale at this office.

THE SORROWS OF GOD.*

By GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

(*Concluded.*)

III.

CHRISTIANS maintain that the belief in Theism satisfies the needs of human nature, whereas the belief is disappointing and distressing. The idea of one God doing everything is unthinkable. Being without colleagues or friends, with whom he can compare ideas, he cannot retain sanity, in the human sense of the term. The Pagans had a family of gods among whom comparison of ideas could exist. We know among human beings that anyone condemned to entire solitude soon loses his reason, from being unable to exercise it. It is only when a man can compare his judgments with those of others that we retain a rational measure in his mind. The strongest understanding isolated, without means of intellectual measurement, will go mad. If God be like man, God must be mad. There is no other inference possible upon the Christian theory. If God be unlike us we cannot reason about him, and if we do reason about him from Christian premises, the conclusion is as painful as it is strange.

Most Christians are so familiarized with the idea that God has an enlarged nature like our own, more transcendent than ours, but still similar, that they do not think what all this must mean. Parents are often disappointed in their children, who do not turn out as they hoped. God must have this difficulty with his Son. On earth he was proclaimed as the "Prince of Peace," but he never interferes to prevent wars. So far from that, his followers pray, with his knowledge and consent, for his blessing on the success of battalions sent out on missions of murder. Worse than this, the supposed Prince of Peace said he came not to send peace but a sword, and he has sent it. What must God suffer as he looks down on the fields of dreadful, ferocious, pitiless, slaughter, which his own Son, the Prince of Peace, has caused, or connived at, or acquiesced in, since he neither arrests war nor rebukes it?

Besides, Jesus pledged God to be a present help in time of

* Part I. of this article appeared in September Magazine and Part II. in November.

need. He said, "Whatever ye shall ask in my name ye shall receive." This was plain. We have a Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon among us, who believes this, and represents a powerful party who say they believe it. Mr. Spurgeon declares that when his meal-bag is empty, he informs the Lord and the oatmeal descends, as manna did—possibly with a little more dust. But the main thing is, Mr. Spurgeon finds his meal-tub replenished. The great majority of persons, whose barrels remain empty after prayer, complain. To reconcile them to this neglect, they are told that what they ask will be given to them if God thinks it is good for them. Christ did not say that. It would be the same thing as a merchant saying, when a bill he had given became due, he reserved to himself the right of judging whether it be good for the person waiting for the money to receive it. This would never do in commerce. There is no reason to think that Christ was a juggler. He made no condition of evasion. He honestly pledged his father to meet bills drawn in prayer. Imagine the distress God must suffer at being unable to take them up.

We know what parents say and suffer when a favorite child turns out badly and gives trouble at home. Christianity makes us believe that this must have happened above. The least to be expected of the Son of God was that he would be true to his own race. On the contrary, he ignored the contract enjoyed by the Jews ensuring them protection, so long as they kept the Mosaic laws. Besides this, Jesus became the most dangerous member of their race. It had been better far for them had Christ never been born. To this day his name is a legacy of scorn and torture. His father must endure torments of compassion for his favorite people whom he cannot deliver. The poets, as well as the priests and the populaces, believe that he will. Swinburne, in a late poem on the czar, cries:

> "God or man be swift, hope sickens with delay;
> Smite, and send him howling down his father's way!
> Fall, O fire of heaven, and smite as fire from hell
> Halls wherein men's torturers, crowned and cowering, dwell!

For near two thousand years this grand impatience has been expressed and heaven moves not.

In the year 177, under Marcus Aurelius, one Blandina, a girl, was imprisoned in the dungeons of the Abbey of Ainay. Blandina's dungeon had no entrance for light and was too small either

to stand or sit in. Pothmus, a bishop of ninety, was shut up in a cell still smaller, in which he died in two days. Blandina was torn to death by wild beasts. "We will see," said those who put her and others there, "whether God can deliver them out of our hands." And he could not, we must conclude, since he did not.

Many a martyr perished because he boasted that his God could and would deliver him. Is it unreasonable to ask, where was the angel Gabriel, who not long before was gossiping in the chamber of a Hebrew maiden, when Blandina cried for deliverance?

There would be no reason nor no pleasure in putting these questions, or making the remarks I have, were it not for the pretention that Christianism is a "consolation to the mind," that if we do not accept it we lose intellectual delights of a superior order. The Pagan theory of the gods living in a serene and distant region, which no moan of human misery ever reaches to mar their everlasting calms, is a vision which, if it has no hope in it, has no sadness. We are not distressed or perplexed to account for the uninterfereingness of God. The Christian condition is worse than the Pagan. The Christian is told to trust but he is not delivered. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God is a failure in the sense of help which we most need and which never comes. The Americans cry, as the Bulgarians cried before them, "God is far off and the Turk is very near."

Neither the theory of the God of the Bible nor the God of nature is thinkable or endurable. To either Deity it must be a dreadful thing to preside over a mean world like this, where millions only manage to live by preying on one another, and bear misery, need and death, in slavery or cheerless toil.

The subject is too terrible to pursue or to contemplate; but Christian theology forces it upon the mind. Better far the modesty and silence of agnosticism. Better for the finite and circumscribed mind to leave the ways of the Infinite alone. He who does not undertake to explain them is free from responsibility and from contradiction. He who refrains from theorizing on the ways of the Unknown makes no imputations upon it and creates no sadness in the minds of men. Reticence is far more reverent. To a generous and humane mind, it is happier far to be an agnostic than a theologian. Secular efforts seem the

natural province of man. To promote kindness and equity, to render labor preferable by making it profitable, to increase happiness that consolation may be unnecessary, to maximize morals and minimize speculation on mysteries which defy human unravelment, are the lessons of agnosticism which bring manly resignation, utility and repose. Sense and duty alike invite us to believe, with Locke, that "it may be of use to prevail with the busy mind of man, to be cautious in meddling with things exceeding its comprehension, and to sit down in quiet ignorance of those things which, upon examination, are found to be beyond the reach of our capacities."

We are told that the existence of evil is a problem no one has solved. On the supposition that God is all-good and all-powerful it cannot be solved. What should be the line of duty and belief for those who see that God gives no heed to the moan of the world in pain, is another question. All I seek to do in these three papers (written at intervals without the previous one before me) is to point out that the Christian theory of God being possessed of supreme goodness and overmastering power is not true, and the idea fills the mind with commiseration for the infinite sorrows of God. Now, for mortals to pretend to pity God is impudence, and to believe he has power to be good, and never uses it, is silliness. Thus Christian teaching leads us in insolence or foolishness and calls that "satisfying the noblest instincts and aspirations of man." The Rev. Dr. Middleton, in George Meredith's "Egoist," says, with great good sense, "When doors are closed I try not their locks." I attribute my health to an uninquiring acceptance of the fact that they are closed to me. The world is knocking at the locked door of the secret of things and is stupefied because it has no response to its knocking. Compare the fortunes of the beggar and the postman. Knock to give and the door is opened. Knock to crave and the door continues shut. Knock no more but "read your page by the light you have." Then you keep clear of impertinent commiseration, from foolish expectancy and daily disappointment.

OUR UNCHURCHED MILLIONS.*

BY THADDEUS B. WAKEMAN.

"The Proper Religion for an American Citizen is the United States of America."
—JAMES PARTON before the New York Nineteenth Century Club.

IT is not generally recognized, as it should be, that the large majority of our people are unchurched. Not a third of the population of the United States attend public worship, or could be accommodated if they desired so to do—but they do not desire to attend. They have unchurched themselves.†

The churches boast of their growth, but it is a growth left further and further behind by the general increase of population. The time must, therefore, surely come when but a small fraction of the masses of the people will be church-goers, and yet upon these masses the government institutions, character, and welfare of the great Republic must rest.

Whether this state of things will be regretable; whether a "godless" and "irreligious" people ought to be or not, it is hardly worth while to inquire. It is enough that such will be the immense majority of our people before the close of this century, if the old definitions of "religion" are to prevail, which commonly identify religion with some form of ancient supernaturalism. It may be that the people know what is best, after all, and that the evil consequences, often predicted as the result of the general neglect of the old creeds, may not ensue, but benefit rather. The reason that people do not go to church is, evidently, because there is no longer an impelling motive. Something of greater interest and importance takes the place of churches. There is in all this simply an illustration of the great law of evolution and progress, viz.: every disintegrative change comes about, because a new and a higher integration has called

* From *The Arena*.

† According to the last census the population of the States is 64,000,000. The New York World Almanac (pp. 154 and 209) gives the total population of United States, Jan. 1, 1890 (including Indian and other Territories), as 66,360,525. All denominations claim, according to the New York *Independent*, 21,757,171; but these claims are doubtless excessive; for instance, the Roman Catholics claim 8,277,039, but this claim includes the whole Catholic population, of which a large part have left the church forever. The rate of increase of the secular over the church population is very large—nearly double; but accurate figures are not obtainable.

away the forces, interests, beliefs, and feelings which sustained the old. When Sinbad's ship sailed by the magnetic mountain, all the iron was drawn out by attraction, and the vessel fell to pieces.

The old arks of the supernatural seem to be drifting into a new world so much more vast, real, true, and *necessary* than the old world in which they were built, that they seem like antediluvian curiosities which it will not pay to repair, and are, therefore, often regretfully left, but *left*, nevertheless, to the natural and disintegrative chemistry of time. In a word, Uncle Sam's people have concluded that it does not pay to go to church, that there is not much necessity for going, and so they go less and less.

There is a general feeling that the old creeds are not surely true; that they have been discredited by the astronomy of Copernicus, by the evolution of Darwin, and by the progress of history beyond the state of things contemplated in the old "revelations." In short, the sky now above us is no longer the old "heaven," but infinite space glowing with countless suns; the space below is the center of the earth, and no "hell." The earth's surface, with its teeming peoples, is no "state of probation" for the above or the below. That old, three-story tenement-house of heaven, earth, and hell, has vanished forever, and with it the creeds which were simply its description, and the adjustment of human fate here and hereafter to it. Even where the belief in "spiritual" manifestations is retained, the modern variety calls itself spiritualism, or theosophy, and claims harmony with science. The supernatural and miraculous are dropped, and natural immortality of the human soul, or consciousness in or about the earth, is substituted. Such a natural evolution of the spirit into another form of is life in itself a powerful disintegration of the beliefs founded upon ancient and miraculous manifestations, and it replaces them. Thus to the modern mind the new, true, and higher integrations of science have silently, and often unconsciously, discredited and replaced the former general belief in the supernatural religions, and left the masses of the people intellectually outside of the old churches. If we ask, What is the creed which alone satisfies the modern American? the answer is, That which he knows to be true,—and that, in one word, is *Science*. The majority of the American people are already *practically* secularists—people of this world.

If we turn to "the heart," or the emotional nature of young America, we find similarly, that the "touch which makes the whole world kin," *the human*, is the touch to which he responds. It is not something which has happened or is going to happen in some other inconceivable, unlocated, ghostly world, but that which affects him and his *now* in this world. That human touch makes it utter folly to try to *feel* that a heaven can be at all, as long as there may be a single *human* being in a hell; and without a hell where is the foundation for a heaven?

The common sense and hearts of the masses therefore say to the priests of the supernatural and the metaphysical,—We are no longer able to understand your dogmas. They do not agree with what we see and experience to be true, nor with what we feel to be human, good, and right. Some of our women, children, and weak or fashionable brethren, may from habit, fear, fashion, or social attractions, or special interests, patronize you for a while, but the great business and realities of this world will go on for the future with less and less regard to your ancient notions about spooks or ghosts, gods or devils, angels or fairies, churches and creeds. Because the census proves all this to be true, shall we say, with Schiller's hero, that the "beautiful race has emigrated," and lament that the "fair humanties of old religions are gone"? Shall we take refuge in the memories of old superstitions, and, like Wordsworth, find solace in "Proteus's changing form," and "Triton's wreathed horn"? That depends whether we continue to look backward or turn our faces to the dawn. For, when read from that direction we find that the disintegration of the old by inevitable law, means the integration of the new. Nothing can kill an old religion but the incoming of its greater successor. Our people are unconsciously welcoming the incoming sway of Science and Man; and this is proved by their absence from the churches.

The unchurched millions indicate a growing and healthy faith in things, and the laws of things, as they are. They find health in Emerson's prescription, that "the cure for false theology is mother-wit." Even the churches cannot escape this influence. The Presbyterians are voting their creed into a new and a humanized shape. Beecher's successor knows nothing of hell. Even Cardinal Gibbons abandons all hope of "coercion;" and the church which cannot enforce the law of its God, lives chiefly

to announce His practical abdication in the practical world. Whether this new faith in the actual, real, scientific world—or the *true*, and in the present human practical world—or the *good*, shall be called a "religion," is a matter of realization, definition and taste. The votes of those outside of the churches who seem most entitled to decide, are in favor of the continuance of the use of the old and often hated word, "religion,"—with the explanation, that the religion of the new, natural, real world is the reversal of the old. Thus Thomas Paine, in No. 7 of his "Crisis," charges the enemies of America with employing savages in warfare, and thus violating "THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY" and compelling war to the knife. He uses this happy phrase as though a natural and common one; but who used it before him? Auguste Comte, the great positivist philosopher of France, as all know, made this Religion of Humanity, as cast into form by him, the outcome of the grandest elaboration of the sciences and of history ever made. In Germany, David Strauss, following the inspiration of Goethe and Herder, gives us the "religion of the new faith" instead of the old. While Johannes Range, in Germany, had long before organized the "free congregations," to put into practice similar conceptions.

In England "Secularism," as a religion, is the result of a line of free thought that has come down from Hobbes, Hume, Cobbett and many others. It was reformulated by Holyoake, and continued by Watts, Bradlaugh, with the two Mills, Miss Martineau, Lewes, and George Eliot as side sponsors.

In America the attempts to form secular religions and religious societies, churches, ethical societies, etc., have been, and still are, multifarious. It is hardly a year ago that Mr. Charles Watts, the English secularist, formerly of London but of late years the editor of *The Secular Thought* at Toronto, Canada, appealed to Col. R G. Ingersoll for his view; which appeal resulted in the approval by that arch freethinker of the use of the word "religion" with the usual reversal and enlargement of its meaning and a disavowal of all supernaturalism. Thereafter in his famous reply to Dr. Field, the poetical colonel joined this new "church" in far-reaching words which have become the motto of the Boston Ingersoll Society, and which thousands are learning to repeat as a sort of secular confession of faith, thus:

"I belong to the great church that holds the world in its

starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy grains of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul."

The sublime oration of Victor Hugo on Voltaire is filled with similar secular religious sentiments. While in the almost equally grave and more epoch-making oration, Prof. Bovio, in consecrating the monument to *Giordano Bruno* at Rome on the 9th of June, 1889, in speaking for the whole world outside of the churches of the supernatural, distinctly makes the new religion the foundation of the new era of man in these memorable words:

"The nations assembled here are clearly aware that, as the year 313 was fixed by imperial decree in Milan as the era of the Christian religion, so this ninth of June is fixed in Rome, by the consent of free peoples, as the era of the 'Religion of Thought.'

"Is it, then, a religion? And is this its age and this its place?

. . . . . .

"This faith has no prophets: it has thinkers. If it seeks a temple it finds the universe: if it seeks an inviolate asylum it finds the conscience of man. It has had its martyrs, it insists from this day on that reparation shall not be posthumous.

"Rome may make this proclamation. Here have been celebrated the millenaries of the successive religions. All the gods of the earth met in the universal Pantheon—here, where law had become universal, and a church bade fair to become Catholic. Here, too, it is now possible to fix the new millenary, which shall replace the Catholicity of one man by the Catholicity of human thought."

"This is the time forecast by Bruno: O Rome, world-wide, universal, to-day thou dost truly reconcile thyself with the word '*Catholic*' pronounced not by dogma, but by the concordant thought of the nations!"

The new era thus referred to before assembled thousands by Prof. Bovio, in contrast to the Christian era established at Milan in A. D. 313, is none other than that of the NEW FAITH dating from A. D. 1600, the date of the martyrdom of Bruno, of the publication and public recognition of the Copernican Astronomy, the founding of the East India Company, the first steps towards the settlement of America and of the founding of International Law by Grotius,—an era which actually gave to mankind a new

heaven, a new earth, and a new brotherhood of the race, entirely independent of the old supernaturalism. If the reader receives a letter dated May 15, 290, let him remember that the "290" is instead of 1890, and represents this new era dating from A. D. 1600, as the era of Science and Man; i. e., from the death of Bruno and the recognition of the true solar system, with the attending historical events above noted, which gave the human race the first conception of its own extent, and of its solidarity and continuity.

From the above instances it is quite evident that the new "religion" or "faith" has made its appearance upon a solid, secular, scientific, and human basis; but it is equally clear that it is still in the process of being worked out, and that its era and fundamental conclusions are in actual formation about us. It is due to this fact that the older creeds and faiths are disintegraing. So rapidly is this the case that it is difficult to follow the meanings of the words used in theological controversy, such as, Infidel, Deist, Theist, Atheist, etc. Who of the last generation, for instance, would have understood the article on *Theism* in the last Encyclopædia Britannica, although written by a clergyman?

Take as another instance of thought-change the word "Monism," which has been brought to the front by *The Open Court*, a scientific *religious* weekly published at Chicago, as the last and best name for the new faith or religion. This term, Monism, was adopted by Prof. Hæckel, the well-known German biologist, as avoiding the limitations that seem to inhere in the words Materialism, Positivism, Secularism, Cosmism, etc., which had been previously used as names for this new birth of time. *The Open Court* has gone into the business of spreading the new and scientific solution of the world under this name, and is throwing a new light over the whole subject. It fights for and applies the new "religion" through the whole range of existence, from star-mist, through the protozoa, and up to MAN, and to the angelic "invisible choir" of the new faith described so grandly in George Eliot's exquisite poem.

We have so far referred only or chiefly to those theoretical and vocal *secularists* who publicly declare their new faith. The fact is, however, that the larger part of the two-thirds of the American people who do not molest the churches are silent but *practical* secularists; that is, they, in fact and in practice, attend

to this world's and their own affairs, and let the affairs of the other world go as they may. Their dissent is practical and even largely unconscious. Very generally no reason in words for their conduct is or could be given. The religion of this world becomes sufficient, and that is of the silent kind. They have no religion to "brag on," and they compromise by letting everyone have his own. They will agree that all sensible people have in substance the same religion; but what that is, it is better never to say. This feeling lay back of Schiller's often-quoted Zenion:

MEIN GLAUBE.

Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen
Die du mir nennst. Und warum keine? Aus Religion.

"Of what religion?" Of none may you name.
"Why none?" Because of my religion.

Yet both Goethe and Schiller could talk the new universal religion fast enough when sure of the proper audience. Thus Goethe's play on the word religion is a fine contrast:

Who science has and art.
Also has religion;
Who of them neither has,
Let him have religion!

Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt,
Hat auch Religion;
Wer jene beiden nicht besitzt,
Der habe Religion.

Here science is faith according to knowledge, and founds life upon what man does or can know, instead of what he does not. The art which adds to and supplements nature by the higher nature of human beneficence crowns the universal religion of man, which the great poets, Shakespeare and Goethe, more than any others, have helped to found.

Thus the religion of the churches gradually and generally is silently passing into the Religion of the World and of Man. The old names of religious ideas are either dropped or acquire new meanings. The old church with its anthropomorphic God, heaven, and hells, and creed have become symbols and are to be read with a scientific glossary, somewhat like this.

Instead of the old *personal God*, we find the "Not I," the

Infinite World or Universe; the sum of its laws, activities, and powers, which, when properly heeded, "make for righteousness."

The Christ has become the ideal man, or Humanity, and the historical Jesus vanishes from "definite history" as a person, to reappear as an Ideal of the best in human nature and history.

Heaven is no longer a place in the skies. Even "the firmament" has vanished into infinite space. St. Peter, or his papal successor, still holds the key, but the door is gone! In place of those "mansions" we dream of the heaven on earth, the ideal of the human race and its triumph.

Hell, which was the foundation of the old three-story tenement-house of theology,—hell, earth, and heaven,—has no place in the Copernican Solar System, nor in the modern human heart. The evils and misery of existence, and the remorse, obloquy, and reproach of evil-doing have taken its place. We have now a natural hell and a natural heaven, instead of the old supernatural.

The *Holy Spirit* flits no more between earth and sky. The only Holy Ghost recognized is the soul of man in communion with the world and its brother soul. Its assured immortality is in the future of the human race. If there is another state of existence, by natural law and all analogy, the only worthy preparation for it is the best and completest life here and now. Calvin was right: The beliefs and wishes of men cannot change the laws of God or of Nature here or hereafter. But by learning, conforming to, and using those laws, may we not, in Bacon's happy phrase, conquer all nature and fate by obedience? Thus man has acquired unbounded confidence and hope of progress. Heaven is re-located by science not in the *above* but in the *beyond*. Scarcely can an American audience be assembled, but to consult about some political, social, or other matter looking towards this new natural *millennium*. Even the churches have as much or more to say of this heaven, than of the old; while the end of this world, and the day of judgment which was to introduce their old heaven, have dropped out of the theological almanac altogether, and nobody believes they will ever come except a few half-demented Millerites.

The reader may continue this glossary at will. We can only note the general result. The sacredness of the old supernatural has happily begun its transition to the new natural

world replacing it. Even common things and relations are fast becoming sacred and earnest beyond the old conception. So was it with Goethe and Schiller, so is it becoming to the great exponents of the secular faith of every phase. The new reverence is often silent, but thoughtful and deep. Religion becomes the sense and sum of our relations to the All, to the World, and to Man. The duties imposed by those relations are the highest possible. Health is a personal virtue; the duty of unity with nature. Patriotism the duty of union with our country as a part of humanity, the true country of mankind. The State becomes the true Church. In the words of James Parton, *our* biographer of Voltaire, at the head of this article, the Republic is the grandest church known. The dual existence is at an end. One life with its infinite consequences is enough. Who can meet its requirements? None by dreaming of another.

The welfare of our great Republic as the ideal and leader among civilized nations is the supreme interest of our earthly life. In that the religion of humanity concentrates. Its future is the ideal of the world, the heaven of humanity, to realize which, each generation must provide that a better shall take its place. In this view it is a healthy sign to see how fast the ghostly hells and heavens are dropping out of view. They are believed in not at all, or in an incredible way. For this reason the advanced peoples are full of "reforms" which are the steps towards the earthly, human heaven.

This *idea of progress* is the great achievement of modern times. It did not exist, as we have it now, among ancient peoples or during the Middle Ages. It is the inspiration, the life, and the hope of our New World. The law of evolution is its discovery and its formula. The collective human will is the supplement and complement of that law, and by co-operation, acting in harmony with that law, and based upon it, our Unchurched Millions are taking hold of a new life and hope as much grander than the old, as the known universe of to-day transcends that of Ptolemy.

B. F. UNDERWOOD has engagements for all the Sundays that he can be in New England this year, but he can give a few week evening lectures within a hundred miles of Boston the latter part of December if applications are sent to him at once to 821 West Adams street, Chicago.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

POETRY.

By John R. Mackintosh.

THE harmony of nature,
Condensed in human sounds,
To move the living creature,
With energy abounds:

That man, the microcosm,
The harp of many strings,
May strengthen in his bosom
The virtue duty brings.

The simple truth in meter,
The highest work for man,
Affords a pleasure sweeter
Than any other plan.

The rule of cheats may vanish,
Deception pass away;
But truthfulness is finish,
In freshness that will stay:

And through the coming ages,
With reason, truth and art,
The past and present sages
Will move the human heart,

And place the highest fruitage,
That culture gives to thought,
With systematic usage,
Where genius may be taught:

Till prisons smile at Eden,
In justice, comfort, worth,
And none shall picture Heaven,
To favor crowns on Earth.

Clarksville, Arkansas.

LUCY N. COLMAN'S REMINISCENCES.—NEW SERIES.

No. II.—A True Story.

Some thirty-five years ago, a little company of women, whose eyes had been opened as regards the inequality of the law as relating to the two sexes, probably through the teachings of quite prominent reformers who had come among them, decided to enact a colloquy or dialogue that should present the women's side of the question in a new light. After the document had been prepared, a barn in the neighborhood, that had just been built, was obtained in which to present the colloquy to the public. Seats were properly arranged and a platform built to accommodate the actors and quite a large audience. As this is "a true story" and a generation has come and gone since the occurrence, I will give the name of the place, which was Holly, Orleans County, New York. To this exhibition many invitations were sent out to the neighboring villages. At that time I resided in Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Frederick Douglass was also a resident of that city and the editor of a paper there. The ladies who invited me sent an invitation to Mr. Douglass and requested that I add my own urgent solicitation and present it to him, assuring him that he would be cordially welcomed by the woman having the matter in charge.

The impromptu theatre was nearly a mile from the railroad station and carriages were provided to meet those coming by rail at the depot. On our arrival we found the carriages wholly inadequate to accommodate all who came. Mr. Douglass promptly offered to walk, and a young lady from my family, who came with me and who was well acquainted with Mr. Douglass, as promptly decided to walk with him. Great was the consternation when they arrived a little later at the place of meeting. Had Douglass been accompanied by some old lady, plain looking, and dressed in ugly fitting and somber-colored garments, etc., all this could have been borne, but that this really handsome woman, or girl (for although married and a mother she was hardly out of her 'teens), should have walked "by the side of a nigger," (that was the expression heard on many sides.) was perfectly outrageous. It mattered not that he was a true gentleman, "*'twas a shame—'twas not decent.*" Finally things got settled, and a good-looking woman ascended the "stage" and announced that after the play the audience were *all* invited to a door-yard, not far from the barn, where tables were spread, to which *all* would be welcome, after which there would be music, and dancing would be in order.

I do not remember much about the play, only that the "good-looking woman" was the "Aunt Hannah," and the only real actor of the dialogue. At the close of the performance speeches were called for. An editor from Albion, N. Y., spoke. Mr. Douglass was also called on for a speech; whether he responded or not, I do not now remember. If he spoke, he said very little. The insult he had received made him feel very uncomfortable, and Mr. Douglass, *to be* Frederick Douglass at that day, must feel that he was among decent people. At last I was called upon, and I hurt almost as much by declaring for "woman suffrage," *almost* as did the "handsome woman" by recognizing a gentleman under a *colored skin*. The people gathered around the table. Mr.

Douglass refused to mingle with the crowd. The Rochester people kept together, and "Aunt Hannah" waited upon us. The dance commenced. One of the principal getters-up of the entertainment invited the colored *gentleman* to lead the dance with her. He danced once with her and once with the "handsome woman" from Rochester. Mr. Douglass then went over across the road where quite a little gathering collected around him, and his tongue unloosened, and he then and there preached a sermon that was worth more than all that went before it. This was the way and the place where I made the acquaintance of "Aunt Hannah," who is one of the leading characters of the following TRUE STORY:

"Aunt Hannah" was born in Holly, N. Y., and at the age of twelve was left an orphan. She was not left destitute, as she inherited a good-sized farm with log-house and outbuildings, with the proper amount of stock, etc. This girl also inherited a good physical constitution and good mental powers. She had no idea of depending wholly on the farm for support. She proposed to support herself by her own labor, so as to be able to let what the farm produced go to its improvement, and by and by she expected to be able to build a respectable farm-house and furnish it in modern style. This she was doing when there came to that town two young men from Connecticut. They were from a large village, good looking and somewhat cultured, and, as a matter of course, attracted the country girls of that vicinity. They were mechanics, but wished to procure farms and wives. One of them was pleased with the farm belonging to this young lady and with "Aunt Hannah," and she was pleased with the young stranger. These brothers were very fond of each other, and it was a trial to each to part with the other. But neither wife or farm was obtainable in Holly but for one, and so the younger one traveled on until he reached Oregon. Oregon fifty years ago was a great distance from civilization, and the brothers, do the best they could, were unable to exchange letters oftener than about once a year—sometimes *two* years passed and no letter reached Holly from far-away Oregon. The day following the marriage of "Aunt Hannah" to the gentlemanly mechanic (I will call him Mr. Sam), he told his new wife that there was one rule he should make and require strictly kept, and that was, "*she must never, under any circumstances, run him* (Mr. Sam), *in debt to the amount of twenty-five cents.*" This bride of twenty-four hours had brought to her husband a loving heart, and a farm of three hundred acres of land, well stocked, house, barns, shed, etc., and by virtue of the marriage contract under the then laws of the country, she was now without home, only as the husband *allowed* her to share *his* (the law provided that *everything*, even the dress she wore, was now the husband's), and she was peremptorily forbidden to run the husband in debt to the amount of twenty-five cents.

This command long rankled in "Aunt Hannah's" mind, not adding even to the happiness of Mr. Sam more than to her own. Some five years had passed and the husband had brought to *his* home his mother, an old woman who had become entirely blind, and whom, I am glad to record, "Aunt Hannah" cared for with the tenderness due her from the wife of her son. The old lady, with Mr. Sam, talked often and long of the far-away son and

brother, and wondered why no letter had reached them from him for the last eighteen months. One Saturday afternoon "Aunt Hannah" found herself at the shoemaker's shop in the village, a mile or thereabouts from home, getting a pair of boots that had been made for Mr. Sam. As she went out of the shop the postmaster called from the door of his office: "Mrs. Sam, here is a letter from Oregon for Mr. Sam—I guess from his brother." "What is the postage?" inquired Mrs. Sam. "Twenty-five cents," said the postmaster. "I can't take it, I have no money." "Take it along," insisted the postmaster, "Sam will pay it Monday morning." But no amount of persuasion would influence "Aunt Hannah" to take the letter out of the office and run her husband in debt *to the amount of twenty-five cents*. This was *the* opportunity she had been waiting for for five years and she would now improve it. She remained at the shop longer than necessary, made some calls and managed not to get home until evening. Then there were chores to do and the blind mother to be made comfortable. At last bed-time came, too late to go for the letter, the office shut up and the postmaster in bed at his home the other side of the town. When Sam was well in bed and his wife in undress, she said, as if she had just thought of it, "O, Sam! there is a letter for you at the post-office from Oregon." "Why did you not get it?" eagerly inquired the husband. "I get it! *and run you in debt twenty-five cents*, an amount of money I have not had, as my own, for the last five years," replied "Aunt Hannah." Mr. Sam had no sleep that night, and he had all day Sunday to think about his manners, and he was most effectively cured, and "Aunt Hannah" told me that after this the money was put into an unlocked drawer and for the forty years that followed the first five, she used it as she pleased and was never questioned as to its use. 'Tis good sometimes "to see ourselves as others see us."

Some five years after the enacting of the dialogue in the new barn, one very severely cold day in February, a horse and sleigh, driven by a middle-aged man drove into the yard at Mr. Sam's. The driver helped out a person who was so cold as to be hardly able to help herself, came in with her and asked permission to warm themselves by the fire. In removing the wrap, which was very thin, "Aunt Hannah" discovered the wearer to be a young girl, hardly fifteen years of age, already far advanced in maternity. The man announced himself as the poormaster of a neighboring town, taking this child (she was not old enough to be a woman) to the county poor-house. The poor creature was broken down with grief and mortification, and seemed not able to endure another ten miles ride. "Aunt Hannah's" heart was melted, and Mr. Sam said to the poormaster: "Put your horse into the stable, stay with us to-night and the morning may bring milder weather. When everything was arranged for the comfort of the travelers, this was the account the poormaster gave of the young girl: She was the daughter of a man not much known to the people of the town where he resided, and, perhaps, would have remained comparatively unknown, only that the case of the daughter was presented to the town for help by the wife, the step-mother of the invalided girl. The step-mother said the girl was a real good girl, but that her husband—the girl's own father—had, in spite of all opposition, exercised his fiendish lust upon the poor child and her condition was the result. The father, who had disappeared, had been

raced to Canada where he had hidden himself, and could not be found (he was probably making himself agreeable to some of the Christian ministers and Sunday-school superintendents who, at this time, must have quite a settlement in that province).

"Aunt Hannah" was not a Christian, neither was Mr. Sam, but she was largely humanitarian; she immediately began to consider what could be done for the poor girl. She went first to her tenant house to see if she could get the wife of the tenant to take the young girl and care for her through her sickness. The answer was, *No, indeed, no!* they were respectable people. Why should they hurt their reputation by caring for such a creature? "Aunt Hannah's" large pay offered was no temptation, so "Aunt Hannah" returned to her house, and sat up far into the night, feeling that she *could hate herself* more successfully alone than in company. Why should she expect people to do what she shrunk from doing? and what was there to hinder her from taking that abused and wronged child to her heart, be a mother to her, and help her to bear her sickness and grief? Very late in the night, or early in the morning, she had conquered herself, and she told the poormaster, as she met him at her breakfast table, that he need not trouble himself any more about the child, she would keep her, and if she did not survive her confinement, she would *bury her also;* and now comes the *proof of* "*heredity*" which is so large an "exception, that it should prove the rule." In some two weeks there was born to this girl—whom I will call Maggie—a beautiful blue-eyed baby, perfect and healthy. There was but one trouble, the mother did not love it—she could not endure its presence, she did not wish to feed it or even touch it; but both Mr. Sam and his wife loved the child, and they determined that the mother should care for it as a mother, and so "Aunt Hannah" left her own bed and occupied with the young mother a room, so as to be sure that the baby should not be neglected. I visited "Aunt Hannah" when the little one was three weeks old. This infant was as beautiful a baby as is often seen; the mother had learned to love it a little and did not neglect it. When the baby was six years old, I visited my friend again, and the little one was not only pretty, but exceptionally bright and attractive. The mother had developed into a wonderful woman. I never saw a person so capable in every way as was Maggie. She not only run the house, but she run the farm; Mr. Sam said he would not think of working the farm, he would lease it, only that Maggie not only hired the men to do the work, but if they did not know how to do, she taught them. The house was in good order, and Maggie was the moving spirit—a daughter in very deed; but, alas! when the little unwelcome baby, who had become the darling of not only the house but the neighborhood, was eight years old, scarlet fever visited the school and she could not survive it, she died. And a Christian woman told me, in referring to the child's death, that the Bible said a bastard could not enter heaven. The Bible doesn't say so—we will not accuse the Bible of what it does not say—it only says, such a person (I don't like to write the dreadful word twice), "shall not enter into the congregation of the people."

"Aunt Hannah" visited me in Syracuse, when she was able to travel, having been entirely helpless or nearly so for three months; she had been thrown from her carriage and both arms broken, and otherwise injured. She said:

"My Maggie has cared for me as I think no other woman ever was cared for; she has not only waited upon me, but she has anticipated my wants." "Aunt Hannah" died about six years ago; Maggie was her constant attendant. Maggie now takes care of Mr. Sam in his old age with the help of her husband. She is pleasantly married, a little son bears Mr. Sam's name, and the farm, or a large part of it, is now owned by Maggie and her husband.

LUCY N. COLMAN.

REPORT OF THE NATIONAL CONGRESS OF THE AMERICAN SECULAR UNION.

THE National Congress of the American Secular Union met Friday, October 31, 1890, in Portsmouth, Ohio, and remained in session till Sunday night. Dr. R. B Westbrook, of Philadelphia, acted as President, Miss Craddock, as Corresponding Secretary, and both were re-elected for the following year. The Opera House, where the Congress was held, was crowded on all occasions, perhaps with the sole exception of Saturday when the business meeting was held; and we can say, without hesitation, that the whole convention was a great success.

On Friday Mr. Treuheart, President of the Secular Union of Portsmouth, greeted the guests and explained, in most sympathetic words, the need of secular reform in and out of the churches. Judge F. C. Searl read a poem of welcome, and Dr. Westbrook replied to both. Miss Ida C. Craddock delivered an address on "The Methods of Extending the Work of the Secular Union." She spoke of the different parties in the Union, the Radicals and the Conservatives, and proposed plans for educating the young. It must be remembered that the work of the corresponding secretary is of great importance as the adjutant-general of the president and as the connecting link among all the Unions over the country. Upon the good tact and circumspection of the secretary, to a great extent, did and will depend the fate of the whole organization. Miss Craddock displayed great ability and a woman's quick wit on all occasions.

On the succeeding days, addresses were delivered by Dr. Westbrook, who discussed the question: "Shall the Bible be read in the Public Schools?" He presented the negative of the subject with great vigor and competency. Mrs. M. A. Freeman, of Chicago, spoke on the "Battle for Bread." Her address was rather an unfolding of dissolving views than a lecture and, considering the beautiful language, might fitly be called a poem in prose. Mrs. Lucy N. Colman, the well-known abolitionist, related reminiscences of days long past. She was the woman Nestor of the Congress. She did not deliver addresses but talks, and there was no one in the audience who did not gladly listen to the words which welled like a never-ceasing spring from her lips, refreshing every heart; for her whole deportment and the sound sentiment of her utterances possessed the charms of womanhood which in advanced years surpasses even the beauty of youth.

Other addresses were delivered by Dr. Henrietta P. Westbrook, wife of the president, Judge Waite of Chicago, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, L. K. Washburn, of the Boston *Investigator*, Charles Watts and John R. Charlesworth. A short address by Dr. Carus is published in *The Open Court*. The discussion of ethical problems apparently claimed the greatest interest. Mr. Wakeman spoke impressively on the new world conception which has to become a new religion. Mr. Watts with enthusiastic fervor preached as a priest of this new religion, and although disclaiming all belief in prayer finished with a poetical orison to Nature's God, that carried the audience.

Miss Voltairine de Cleyre, who was introduced by the president as one of the most talented and at the same time most radical young ladies of the country, discussed the Ethical Problem with great seriousness and philosophical depth. The results of thoughts which she presented would have been more startling, if the audience had been able to follow her argument. She presented and criticized mainly two views of ethics; first, the egoistic interpretation of ethical impulses, and secondly the happiness theory of a refined hedonism. She rejected both these pet theories of the present age and replaced them by what might be called the ethics of natural necessity. Miss de Cleyre professes to be an anarchist, but in her lectures she dealt the deathblow to that kind of anarchism which is based upon the sovereignty of the ego. She understands by anarchism the abolition of rule, and demands the substitution of administration and regulation. The passages in Miss de Cleyre's lecture on the littleness of the "me" in comparison with the great universe, were most pointed and effective. Not in the "me" must the basis of ethics be sought, but in the universe. What is your little "me," she asked, but a bundle of traditions? And it grows whether you will or not, not according to your pleasure, or in consequence of your yearning for happiness, but because it must.

It must not be forgotten that among the guests were representatives, also, of the old creeds. Professor I. O. Corliss, the Corresponding Secretary of the National Religious Liberty Association, read an address in which, from the Christian standpoint of the latter-day adventists, he demanded the abolition of any Sunday-enforcing regulations, and Dr. David Phillipson, a liberal and well-known Rabbi of Cincinnati, delivered an eloquent address in the defense of the Bible, which was most enthusiastically received by this radical audience. He presented the other side of the question in opposition to Dr. Westbrook. But however different both views appear, they are not irreconcilable. Dr. Westbrook confined his objection solely to the indiscriminate use of the Bible as a school-book, declaring that the children were provoked by the methods employed to read the passages skipped; while Dr. Phillipson did not defend the orthodox interpretation put upon the Bible but praised it for its literary, historical, and ethical importance.—DR. PAUL CARUS in *The Open Court*.

"IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?" Do not fail to read the review of this book on page 653. Then we think you will order a copy.—ED.

R. M. CASEY'S REPORT.

Dear Brother Green:

A serious cut on my right-hand thumb has caused me to delay writing until I fear I am too late for December number of Magazine. I feel it to be my duty, as well as pleasure, to give names and make a report of all the aid I have received since January last. The following is a true statement, outside of what you have already published, nearly all of which has come to me through "Aunt Elmina." I can't give dates, as the donations came at different times during the year:

Chas. Bonaker, 1324 Brown St., Philadelphia, Pa., $2.50; W. L. Rolen, Manchester, Va., $2.50; M. Reiman, Chicago, Ill., $5.00; Thos. Goddard, St. Johns, Ill., $1.00; Leonard Geiger, Hudson, N. Y., $5.00; Annie McVey, Allegheny City, Pa., $1.00; Lida J. Albert, Cathlamet, Wash., $0.25; A Friend, Washington, D. C., $1.25; W. E. Pennington, McFarlan, N. C., $5.00; in all $23.50.

Bear in mind, these contributions are over and above those published heretofore. I don't think I have made any mistake; if I have, it is of the head, not of the heart, and anyone knowing of a mistake will confer a *special favor* by dropping me a card, so I can rectify. I may not have spelled some of the names correctly, but have aimed to do so. I have so often tried to express my gratitude and appreciation of the kindness and assistance from my many friends that words fail me. I can only repeat here, what I have said on former occasions, if gratitude would remunerate you all, my dear friends, you who are not already rich would soon be so. Gratitude is all I have to offer you, and if I could make you all realize just how I feel about you, none of you would or could ever have cause to regret what you have done for me during the last three years. My condition is anything but comfortable—but it is far better than when many of you first heard of my suffering, for which I am under life-long obligations to Liberal friends I never have, and, alas! never can see. Eternal love and gratitude to each and everyone. A tender good-bye.

R. M. CASEY.

THE EFFACEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY, WHAT WOULD FOLLOW.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake knows the art of saying the most revolutionary things in the most inoffensive manner. He criticises and demolishes an orthodox tenet with an imperturbable coolness which not only permits him to marshal his criticisms with telling effect, but even to lighten the sufferings of his opponents by diversions into anecdote and chatty allusion. It is difficult to answer Mr. Holyoake; and equally difficult to get out of temper with him. In the present pamphlet he takes up three points. (1) What are the tenets of Christianism? (2) The results of its disappearance. (3) Christianity considered as a legalized force against progress. As to the first, it would require the wisdom of a Solomon to devise a scheme of faith upon which all Christians are agreed. Mr. Holyoake precipitates seven dogmas out of the puzzling incoherency of orthodoxy, and in his second section he shows how little worth the having the world would lose by their effacement. In the third place, Mr. Holyoake accuses Christianity of having obstructed moral and mental advancement. But in this impeachment he is evidently looking back upon the older and harsher forms of theology. He remarks, dryly but truthfully, that 'Christian preachers are themselves effacing Christianity. It has been said that priests, like wild beasts, retreat before the approach of civilization. Certainly they efface their own tenets in the presence of science and ethical criticism.' —MIRABEAU BROWN in *Secular Thought.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

ALFRED THEODORE LILLY.*

ALFRED THEODORE LILLY was born in Mansfield, Connecticut, April 15, 1813.

His mother's maiden name was Jerusha Swift. She was born in Mansfield. A friend writes of her: "She was a very intelligent and most excellent woman; kind and benevolent, ever ready to assist any one in distress to the extent of her ability; she always had a kind word for the children, and was beloved by every one who knew her." She died in Mansfield, January 1, 1859, aged 76.

His father, Alfred Lilly, was born in Ashford, Connecticut. He moved to Mansfield, an adjoining town, quite early in life, where he learned the trade of blacksmith; after working at this trade for several years he engaged in the manufacture of screw augers and auger-bits.

The town of Mansfield is noted for its early efforts in the silk industry. In 1766, the State of Connecticut sent half an ounce of mulberry seed to every parish in the state, and for a time offered a bounty on mulberry trees and raw silk. Two hundred and sixty-five pounds of silk were raised in Mansfield in 1793; in 1830, thirty-two hundred pounds; and at its height it gave the people of the town an income of $50,000 per year. At this period the silk was all spun by hand. In 1827 or 1828 Edmund Golding of Macclesfield, England, came to this country when he was seventeen years old, and expected to find ready employment in the silk mills at his trade of "throwster." He sought employment in Mansfield in vain, till his money was gone, when he accepted an offer to work for a merchant in town for his board. Alfred Lilly, who was engaged in the manufacture of screw augers and auger-bits, took an interest in the boy, and invited him to spend his evenings at his house, where he described to Mr. Lilly his work as a "throwster," the mode of spinning silk

* Selections from a memorial pamphlet published by the Lilly Library Association, Florence, Mass.

by machinery in England, and made sketches of the winding, doubling and spinning frames. Mr. Lilly was familiar with the efforts to manufacture silk by machinery in Mansfield, and with their failure; but he brought the information of Golding to some of his townsmen; a company was formed of which he was a member; machinery was built, some of it in Mr. Lilly's shop, and put in motion under Golding's charge. This company was incorporated in 1828 as the Mansfield Silk Co., and carried on the business for sixteen years. It originated the silk industry in the United States which has since grown to such large proportions, but its result was disastrous financially to the incorporators. Mr. Lilly was the first of this company to yield to adverse fortune, failing in 1835.

* * *

Alfred Theodore attended the summer and winter terms of the district school until he was twelve years old, and the winter terms until he was seventeen. One who knew him at school writes: "He was a very bright and apt scholar, of quick and discerning mind, far ahead of his school-fellows, and always for the right. He set an excellent example for his school-fellows: 'commit no wrong,' was his motto, and he lived up to it." One who knew him both as boy and man, writes: "As a boy he was good, as a man he was noble." He was often sent by his father, when a small boy, on important business; as early as thirteen he was sent to Hartford, thirty miles, with a load of augers to deliver to merchants, and to bring home stock and groceries, and perform such other business as might be entrusted to him. He commenced early to keep his father's account books, and did his work neatly and correctly. When he ceased to attend school, he worked for his father at auger and bit-making until he was twenty-one. After he was twenty-one he worked for his father as a journeyman about a year—until the failure. The bank nearest to Mansfield was at Tolland. His father came home from the bank very much depressed, and told his son that he had been unable to obtain any money and should be obliged to make an assignment of his property for the benefit of his creditors; that the burden of supporting the family after that would fall upon him, and on this account he would make him a preferred creditor to the amount of his claim. The son thought of the matter over night, and in the morning told his father that he had

concluded to share equally with the other creditors, and his father complimented him on his decision.

At the age of twenty-two he assumed the burden thus placed upon him. He decided to go on with the auger and bit business, borrowed a small sum of money and for fifteen years he applied himself closely to his work. No defective work was allowed to leave the shop; all goods were of superior workmanship, and gave excellent satisfaction; he had orders from all parts of the country. He was punctual in all his affairs, no matter how trivial; and he gained at once a reputation for integrity by all who knew him. His health failed, however, and in 1850 he was obliged to give up the business. He took a position as Superintendent of the Rixford & Butler Silk Manufacturing Co., at Mansfield Center, where he remained one year when the company failed. Mr. Lilly then accepted for a short time a position as traveling salesman for George R. Hanks, a silk manufacturer of Mansfield. After this he went to Providence, R. I., and engaged in the business of retail grocer, where he remained until the spring of 1853, when he came to Florence and took a position as superintendent of the silk mill of the Nonotuck Silk Co., Samuel L. Hill and Samuel L. Hinckley, proprietors. He remained with this company until his health failed, February 1st, 1887.

* * *

If Mr. Lilly's father lost his property as a pioneer in the silk manufacture of this country, the son later in life acquired a competence in the same industry, and it is reasonable to assume that the son would not have been connected with the silk business at Florence, except for the early efforts of his father and the people of Mansfield.

Mr. Lilly did not acquire wealth as soon as he came to Florence. During the early part of the time it was difficult for him to meet his obligations; his own family, his father, mother and sisters received his assistance. His aid to them did not consist in visits and verbal expressions of regard and affection; to the extent of his ability he provided for them a comfortable home. A friend who knew him at this time writes:

"Mr. Lilly supported his father and mother for many years, devoting his early life and means to their comfort, and caring for them in every way; he was one of the kindest of sons to his

parents that it is possible to conceive of, and but few instances can be found where a man showed so much love and devotion to parents as Mr. Lilly showed for his."

Mr. Lilly wrote to a friend in 1888 with reference to this period of his life:

"Fifty-three years ago father failed in business and the house was sold over his head. I was just twenty-two years old, and from the time he failed, so long as he and mother lived, it took every cent of my earnings to keep our whole family comfortable. I suppose, as a good and dutiful son, I was serving God, for a bountiful reward has bestowed upon me since my parents passed away. I never have done a good or kind deed to my parents, sisters or brother, or to any human being, but that a living pleasure has been afforded me by the act."

A friend and life-long acquaintance writes:

"He was always kind and full of sympathy for anyone in trouble." Another writes: "He was ever ready to advise and assist all who applied to him, and he was always a safe and prudent counsellor."

To a distant relative advanced in years he wrote:

"I do not want you to be troubled for money. It is a great pleasure to me that I am in a condition which enables me to help you out of pecuniary troubles; with all my 'skepticism' I enjoy helping those I love. Be free to name the amount you need and I will forward it to you promptly."

He did a great deal more than is publicly known to aid others in various ways. To some he gave or loaned money to aid them in obtaining an education, to others to enable them to start in business, and to others to assist them in continuing their business. He gave to various enterprises for education and charity. Since his death it has been discovered that he distributed an amount of his income for such purposes far in excess of the amounts given by him in ways which are publicly known.

At his funeral, when Mr. Hinckley read, "I have given bread to the hungry," a poor woman in the audience said to herself in a low voice, "and that's the truth," and as he continued reading, "water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked and shelter to the stranger," she again responded in the same low tone, "and that's the truth, too." He was not indifferent to the good opinion of his fellow-men, and those who knew him intimately, can understand how the recognition of his useful life by this poor woman would have given him greater satisfaction than the praises of people of any other class.

At the age when Mr. Lilly ceased attending the public school, Benjamin Lundy had been endeavoring to interest people at the North in the great evil of African slavery as it existed in the United States. William Lloyd Garrison had commenced the publication of the *Liberator*. Two years later, Prudence Crandall had started in Canterbury, Conn., less than twenty miles from Mansfield, her school for colored girls, and the State of Connecticut had enacted a law making it a penal offense to establish a school for colored children not residents of the state. Mr. Lilly took an active part in politics; his first vote at a presidential election was in 1836 for Andrew Jackson, but he ceased to act longer with his party because he became interested in the antislavery reform.

* * *

During the rebellion of the South he was an uncompromising supporter of the government, and always felt that there was a large debt due the Union army. In many ways he recognized this obligation; he was a large contributor to the treasury of the Wm. L. Baker Post, G. A. R.; and in 1886 he presented it with a donation of $1,000. He was an honorary member of the Post, and in various ways sought to aid it, while on the part of the other members of the Post, they never failed to show their appreciation of him and his good will for them.

When Mr. Lilly lived in Connecticut all able-bodied men were required to do military duty from the age of eighteen to forty-five. He complied with the requirements of the law, and was early appointed on the colonel's staff as quartermaster sergeant, and subsequently became drum-major. He was an excellent drummer, and nothing seemed to excite him more than to play upon a drum. Next to drumming himself, he enjoyed hearing others drum. He encouraged the formation of a drum corps in Florence by a number of boys, and supplied them with drums and uniforms. It was called "The Lilly Drum Corps." He took great pride in this organization, and they in turn were always ready to play for his enjoyment. He enjoyed music from every variety of instrument. For a time a member of his household had her piano in his sitting-room; it was stipulated that she should play for him whenever he requested. He became so much attached to the playing that when she went away and this piano was removed, he missed it so much that he purchased one for his

home, and said that he found among his visitors a sufficient number to play for him to more than pay for the investment.

The singing of a school of children was to him a source of great enjoyment. He enjoyed being with children at all times and witnessing their amusements, while their happy voices engaged in singing school songs created in him intense delight.

He was much interested in the singing at Cosmian Hall, and the members of the choir were always remembered by him at Christmas; the last remembrance of this kind was a gift of an expensive, two-volume edition of "Robert Elsmere." He enjoyed reading this book very much, and contemplated having a sketch prepared tracing resemblances between the members of the Free Congregational Society and the characters in Mrs. Ward's book. His strength failed so fast, however, that this plan was never executed. His interest in the singing led him to desire something for the choir to use other than the hymns in common use. A collection of hymns prepared by Elizabeth Powell Bond and Rev. F. A. Hinckley was used at Cosmian Hall. In 1888, Mr. Lilly had prepared, with the aid of L. K. Washburn, at great cost, a book on the same plan as the Hymn Book used in churches for congregational singing. It was printed by Oliver Ditson & Co., and Mr. Lilly hoped that it would be found acceptable to all free religious societies and adopted by them. Some of the work on this book was done by Mr. Lilly only a year before his death. It was Mr. Lilly's intention to have a book of the highest moral sentiment united with the choicest music, free from all sectarianism. It is entitled "Cosmian Hymn Book."*

* * *

From boyhood Mr. Lilly was strictly temperate; he used neither tobacco nor intoxicating liquor in any form. His example and precept were constantly against their use, on the ground of economy, health and prosperity. Sometimes in his labors with young men he was very decided and emphatic in his expressions upon this subject. Years ago he was advising a young man to leave off the use of tobacco. The young man replied that he had formed the habit and could not leave off its use. Mr. Lilly said to him: "Then, if I were in your situation, I would go out

* This most valuable Hymn Book is for sale at the office of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE. In our opinion it is much the best one of the kind ever before published. The hymns are set to music and the book beautifully bound. Price, $1.50.

and hang myself; if I had come to the condition that I could not control my own conduct I would put an end to my life." At another time, a young man in poor health consulted Mr. Lilly about starting a "saloon" for the sale of confectionery, tobacco and beer, for the purpose of supporting himself and his family. Mr. Lilly heard him through patiently, and then said to him, that if he felt sure there was no other way for him to obtain a living except by the sale of tobacco and liquor, he had better consider seriously whether it was not time for him to die.

* * *

Soon after he came to Florence, under the school district system, he was chosen prudential committee of the district. He was a strong supporter of the schools and school teachers, and was always ready to assist them. He would labor with a pupil who did not seem to appreciate school advantages, and was glad to converse with those who were interested in their studies. For several years there was a feeling in Florence that the school terms ought to be as long in Florence as those of the same grade in any other part of the town. Efforts were made by Florence people to accomplish this with the money appropriated by the town for school purposes, but for a time the money had to be provided by private subscriptions. For several years the people of Florence asked the town for larger school appropriations to give them longer terms of school, and Mr. Lilly was one of the parties relied on to bring the question before the town meeting and to advocate it. At one of the town meetings the argument of "hard times" was urged persistently, and with the usual result. When the appropriations for lighting the streets came up for action, Mr. Lilly urged upon the meeting the consideration that if the "hard times" were such that money could not be afforded for schools, it was time the town economized in other ways, and he opposed the appropriation for street lights with such force that none was made. When the school district system was abolished, the care of the schools was taken from the people in the locality, but Mr. Lilly always maintained his interest in the schools, and in various ways aided in sustaining them.

* * *

Mr. Lilly was one of those selected by Mr. Hill as a Trustee and Director of the Kindergarten. Upon the organization of the Trustees, he was chosen President of the Board, and continued

to hold that office to the time of his death. He devoted himself to this work with the same thoroughness with which he performed all other work; he made himself familiar with the theory upon which the system of education is based, and found great enjoyment in visiting the sessions of the Kindergarten, and witnessing the children at their exercises. During the sixteen years that he was connected with the institution, he very rarely failed to attend the meetings of the Trustees, and endeavored faithfully to carry out the wishes of the founder of the institution. The course of training occupies four years, the last year of the course being devoted to preparing the children to enter a certain grade of the public school. The average attendance is about eighty. The experiment thus commenced has been continued a length of time with sufficient care and in a manner to demonstrate to every one who has taken pains to investigate it, that the Kindergarten system should be adopted as a part of the public school system of the city.

Mr. Lilly, by his will, gave all of his estate to the Trustees of the Florence Kindergarten. He provided for an annual payment to the Free Congregational Society, and a discretionary amount to the Lilly Library Association, and that the remainder of the income "shall be applied in accordance with the trust upon which all the property of said Trustees of the Florence Kindergarten is held."

Mr. Lilly belonged to a class of religious skeptics called "Agnostics," the class to which such men as Tyndall, Huxley and Herbert Spencer belong. He believed in the most exhaustive investigation, with provisional suspension of positive conclusion. He did not deny the Divinity, and did not reject creative energy as a possibility—he said he knew nothing about it. Mr. Lilly was greatly interested in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. He was familiar with all the grounds of such belief, and admitted the force of some of them, but while he would not assert that there is no future existence, he was not convinced that such is the fact. "He lived for this world; if there be another he will live for that."

* * *

No biographical sketch of Mr. Lilly would be complete without more than an incidental reference to his home and domestic life. He was married at Hebron, Ct., in 1838, to Lucy Maria

Crane, daughter of Isaac and Constantia (Young) Crane of that town. Mrs. Lilly was a quiet, thoughtful, kind-hearted woman, highly esteemed by all who knew her. She was an excellent judge of character, firm in her convictions, and very devoted to her friends. She was very much attached to her home, and found her enjoyment there. To his friends, Mr. Lilly often spoke of the cheerfulness with which she practiced economy and self-denial, in their early married life, that he might aid his father and mother, and often remarked that he owed his prosperity largely to his wife. It was noticed that as he acquired property, he never failed to procure whatever he could learn would be a pleasure to his wife. She found enjoyment in the cultivation of flowers, and a large part of the yard was devoted to this purpose. Nothing was spared by Mr. Lilly at this period to render the home all that his wife desired, and on her part the house was maintained solely for his comfort. This home was to him of the utmost importance; he could not have applied himself so continually to the active, responsible work which he performed, if it had not been for the rest and recreation of his home. Here he was at his best. To the stranger who had claims on his hospitality, to his acquaintances and friends, he devoted himself with a cheerfulness and consideration for their comfort and enjoyment which was the delight of all.

* * *

He was constantly visited by his friends and neighbors; even the children found enjoyment in calling upon him and bringing him flowers. On his birthday in 1887, several friends called upon him with congratulations and sweet remembrances of their call. A local paper reported the event as follows: "The flowers gave a surprise party yesterday to that flower that Solomon, in all his glory, could not compare with—the 'Lilly.' Early in the morning came the thoughtful pansies to remind him that the seventy-fourth year had begun, and bringing with them the lovely 'Lady Washington.' Then came the roses, the calla lilies, and from Cosmian Hall Sunday-school a large delegation from the rose family; but all these beautiful blossoms could not outshine the last visitor, the modest little English violet, which filled the air with exquisite perfume. Standing there, surrounded by all these rich exotics, the 'A. T. Lilly' was king of them all."

In the early fall of 1888, he arranged for the erection of the

Library Building, and the same season he provided by his will for the disposition of his estate at his death.

He was able to ride out till late in the fall of 1889, and continued to hope for a little improvement in his health.

Thus among his friends, surrounded by such recognitions of his useful life, his strength gradually failed, until the end came, January 21, 1890.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

We will here add, what we have a number of times stated before, that this Magazine owes its existence to the generosity of Mr. Lilly. We are glad to know that his intimate friends and near neighbors have published so good a "Memorial" of the grand Freethinker and Humanitarian. We are sure our readers will all be interested in his benevolent countenance as it appears in the fine portrait that forms the frontispiece of this Magazine. --EDITOR.

MRS. COLMAN'S REMINISCENCES.

THE old Abolitionists who are still living appear to be much interested in Mrs. Colman's new book and it is received with favor from Liberals generally. We have a limited number of copies left that are disappearing quite fast, and those who desire a copy to keep should order it at once. Below we give a few more personal and press notices, all that our space will permit.

Rev. Samuel May of Leicester, Mass., writes to Mrs. Colman:

"I wish to thank you, dear friend, for the book. Every such book has its value, in a day and generation when the long conflict with slavery is so little remembered, and realized still less. I fear that our country has not yet learned the needful lesson of its duty to the vast body of descendants to the American slaves. The portrait shows you to be no longer in the ranks of the young, which I might know from my own age, which can not be greatly in advance of your own. But the book shows that, in mind and spirit, you are still fresh, earnest and interesting, and so may it continue until the end."

Mr. Francis Jackson Garrison, son of the late William Lloyd Garrison, writes to Mrs. Colman of the "Reminiscences" as follows:

"It is a really valuable contribution to the records of reformatory work and action in the United States during the last half century, and as graphic in its description of

scenes and incidents in your long and remarkably varied experience, as it is simple and natural in style and narration. . . . I was very glad to secure your portrait from the Magazine in which it appeared as a frontispiece, for insertion in an album, or collection of portraits, of the Abolitionists which I am making for presentation to the Boston Public Library; and I am also illustrating very fully with portraits the four volumes of my father's life, for the same purpose. There are many fine faces and types among them. . . . With kind regards and warm appreciation of your long and devoted labors in so many good causes, and of your absolute devotion to truth and fearless integrity at all times, I am very truly and faithfully yours."

PRESS NOTICES.

FROM LUCIFER.

"Reminiscences," by Lucy N. Colman; H. L. Green, publisher. Of the few remaining antislavery apostles, of the times when women and men were mobbed, stoned, imprisoned and slain because of their friendship for the slave, Lucy N. Colman is one of the best and most favorably known. Her "Reminiscences" of the days that tried the souls of women and men will be read by freedom-lovers with increasing interest as the years go by. Very handsomely printed and bound. Admirable as a keepsake or pledge of affection from friend to friend. Price $1.00.

FROM FREETHOUGHT.

"Reminiscences," by Lucy N. Colman, comes fresh from the press of H. L. Green, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is a handsomely bound book, and contains a fine likeness of the author; a preface by Amy Post, also a picture of Mrs. Post, and a sketch of her life by Mrs. Colman. The author of these "Reminiscences" is nearly as old as the century. She entered the antislavery movement almost as soon as that movement was started, and never left it until the colored slaves were free. Her book is made up of anecdotes and a history of her labors. There is just enough of each to make the story so interesting that one does not know when to stop reading it except at the end of the final page. Since slavery days were over Mrs. Coleman has been in the ranks of Liberalism, and her voice has been raised in no unhesitating way against every assault upon liberty. She is in all respects a remarkable woman; has led an active life, had as many adventures, done as much good, and is as deserving of the gratitude of mankind as any woman of this century. We hope her book will have the large circulation it deserves, and to that end the Freethought Publishing Company will fill as many orders for it as may be sent to this office. "Reminiscences" by mail $1.00.

FROM THE NATION.

At a time when the elder abolitionists are passing pretty rapidly away, two memoirs come to our table from survivors who illustrated in their own persons the hardships of the moral agitation, and the tender mercies of the Slave Power. One is a thin but full volume of "Reminiscences," by Lucy N. Colman (Buffalo, N. Y.; H. L. Green.) Mrs. Colman, after her second widowhood, became a lecturer in the antislavery and other reformatory causes, and her excellent narrative vividly depicts the discomforts, exposures, and mob-perils of such devotion. It is a fit pendent to Parker Pillsbury's "Acts of the Antislavery Apostles." When slavery was practically done for by the war, Mrs. Colman naturally became a teacher of the freedmen at the capital. She had been a confidante of John Brown, and she gives us an account of interviews with Lincoln, as well as of her visit to Richmond after the surrender; in fact, in many ways

her "Reminiscences" possess a genuine historical value. They are defective chiefly as to dates, but there is a steady sequence in them. The phases of American civilization (not yet outgrown) which they uncover, cannot be retraced without a feeling of shame, nor also without moral profit, and a sense of high respect for the author's strength of mind and disinterested service to the outcast.

FROM THE INVESTIGATOR.

These "Reminiscences" of Mrs. Colman relate chiefly to that period of her life-work when she was associated in that great moral crusade in the United States, which resulted in the emancipation of the negro slave of the South. She tells with the fervor of a true reformer the thrilling story of those dark days that preceded the Southern Rebellion, and the story has the grander interest that it is largely the personal experience of the narrator. Mrs. Colman was at first a Universalist, then a Spiritualist, and is now a Freethinker, and not a little of the charm of her book comes from the religious, or irreligious views expressed therein. "Reminiscences" is the record of a woman's life, written without attempt at embellishment. There is not, however, a meaningless sentence in the book.

We do not believe that Mrs. Colman wrote to please anybody, but she has made a volume that will be read with peculiar pleasure by all Liberals. There are two reasons why this little book should have a large sale. It is worth it and the author deserves it. The Freethinkers of the United States should consider it an honor to testify their appreciation of the heroic and self-sacrificing labors of a grand woman by purchasing this little volume, and all who do so will have the satisfaction of doing a deed that will lighten the burden and brighten the path of old age for one of the most earnest workers in the ranks of Freethought. A portrait of Mrs. Colman adorns the volume. Price $1.00.

FROM THE TRUTH SEEKER.

"Reminiscences," by Lucy N. Colman. With portrait of the author. Preface by Amy Post. Price $1.00. Published by H. L. Green; sold at this office. As these recollections of ante-bellum and antislavery times were first published in *The Truth Seeker*, our readers already know their value. Some of our Southern readers did not like them, but as they are solid facts, that fault should not be charged to the author, but rather to the infamous social economy that so long held millions of human beings in chattel slavery. To us they are extremely interesting as revealing glimpses of the hardships and dangers encountered by that splendid band of heroes called Abolitionists, of which Mrs. Colman, Elizur Wright, Parker Pillsbury, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and a few others were the leaders. Mrs. Colman is an intense lover of liberty, a hater of meanness by whomsoever manifested, a deep moralizer, endowed with courage to say what she thinks, and with ability to make her stories read like thrilling romances. These "Reminiscences" are history and tales of chivalry combined. That in numberless instances they reflect upon churches and Christianity is to be expected. All truthful history does that. And now that slavery is abolished, and the church with her usual brazenness is claiming the credit for it, this book and Parker Phillsbury's "Acts of the Antislavery Apostles" should be widely circulated, that the truth may be known. And another reason—which Mrs. Colman may not thank us for mentioning, but which the Liberals ought to know—is that as Mrs. Colman is not possessed of too many dollars, the purchase will help her to be a little more comfortable for the few (would they could be a thousand!) years she is with us. Our gatherings will sorely miss the Mother of Liberalism, as she is affectionately called, when age and infirmity shall keep her at home. Buy her book, read and keep it, and cherish the author for her magnificent services to freedom of body and mind!

BOOK REVIEW.

IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD? A NOVEL. BY HELEN H. GARDENER. Arena Publishing Company. Boston, 1890. Pp. 257. Price $1.00, cloth; 50 cents, paper.

We are very sure that this is the first *real* Freethought novel that was ever published. It is true that *Liberal* novels have become quite popular of late, as witness "Robert Elsmere," "Looking Backward," and "John Ward," to say nothing of such old standard works as those by Charles Dickens and others; but, as some one truly says, all these have allowed their agnostic or "infidel" characters to be on the defensive, to ask pardon, or in some way excuse themselves for holding heretical opinions. The Liberal characters in this novel do no such thing. They present their views with the boldness and confidence of persons who *know* that their opinions are true, and in accord with the most advanced thought of the age. They do not stoop to claim that their philosophy *is a better Religion*—they do not call it a Religion at all. Here is what Harvey Ball wrote to his father when asked to help decide on a profession for his younger brother Albert. After giving very good reasons why he should not be a soldier, because war was a relic of barbarism, he comes to theology. On this subject he said:

"Here are exactly the same objections. War and Theology belong to the same age. They belong to the infancy of the race. The former is civilized by progress to the extent of Gatling guns and torpedo boats; the latter on the verge of sealing hell over, and reading the vicarious atonement and original sin out of good society. But in the nature of things Theology must get its light from the past. It is based on a revelation long since closed. It cannot say, 'We expect to revise this until it fits our needs, as in Law, Medicine or Journalism.' The religious law—revelation—is sealed. A clergyman who is honest,—and let us hope Albert will be that, no matter what he undertakes,—must go to the record of the dead past for his light, his inspiration, his guidance. The final appeal of any orthodox clergyman *must* be the Bible. He cannot doubt the justice of Jehovah and be an orthodox clergyman. He cannot question the goodness of the Jewish God, and be true to his ordination vows. He cannot throw over what may shock or pain him in the New Testament; he cannot maintain his mental integrity in discussing the miracles, and be an honest minister. In short, father, if Albert ever outgrows the creed of a dead age, he will either have to stifle his manhood and his mental integrity, or he will have to throw over his profession—one or the other. Everyone knows how hard this is for a minister to do. It means a loss, a struggle, a painful break with many years of his life, with many loved and loving friends, and—often it means a great deal more than that to a man so unhappily placed."

Mr. Stone, the infidel father of Maude, the girl who was first engaged to the young theological student Fred Harman, and afterwards married the noble, honest Harvey Ball, gives a pretty good Freethought lecture, from which we take the following extracts:

"Now what is the object of training children? To make 'em all alike? Not a bit of it; but to make them the best that it is in them to be; or, make them see the importance of being earnest and honest, and then let each come out with a different plan of salvation or system of government if he's a mind to. That is what I say. That has been our plan with Maude."

Speaking to the father of Harvey Ball, he said:

"You are in luck, Edward. You have got a boy to be proud of, and I am glad to see he has got backbone enough to base his opinions and his splendid personal character on a firmer foundation than the shifting sands of dogmatic and theological speculation.

"Look at that college mate of his—the one that was here—Fred Harman. He was trained to believe in traditional religion, as expounded by his mother and her rector. Well, he was made to base his

actions on that belief. Good or bad was weighed by these theological scales, and cut down or trimmed off to fit these patterns. The scales, of course, were hung on the Bible. Well, that boy had not gone far in his college course till he found his science and his scripture conflicting in places. Six periods of time might go down as what was originally meant by six days, if it wasn't for the context. Morning and evening of the first day—and all that sort of thing—rather gave the professor away. The boys who were bright badgered him, until he showed pretty plainly he was working for a salary. Well, they inquired into the sun standing still, and the Red Sea's antics, and the boys, who weren't fools, made up their minds that a salary was sometimes compensation not only for instruction in certain topics, but for the mental integrity of the instructor as well.

"It wasn't long until these promising young sceptics got to badgering their mothers. Then they were turned over to the rector. If he happened to be a 'reconciler,' he manipulated, evaded and patched up, and jumped over and construed, until a good many of the boys were completely mystified. Well, when anybody is completely mystified by a man, they think he is a small god. 'Great mind!' they say, 'Wonderful insight!' They knew they tried their level best, and could not follow his arguments to the conclusions he reached. They think that it is because they missed a link, and that he had it all there, only they were not clever enough to see it. Now, Fred Harman wasn't built that way. He saw very distinctly that the link was gone. He followed it up and chased it around, until he settled in his mind that what we call the advanced ministers didn't believe, and didn't *have* to believe, the creeds they had vowed to teach.

"The underpinning got knocked out from under his morals right there.

"He knew these men lead the Protestant church to-day. He knew that these people follow them like sheep. He knew they had sworn to preach a creed that they did not believe in any sense that carried par value to words. His morals were based on these creeds. Well, the result was, that the moment his belief in dogmatic religion was shaken, he had no foothold. Natural morality had no meaning to him. Goodness had none, apart from his creed-bound society—defined limits. The outcome is, that he absolutely doesn't know the moral difference to-day between a lie and the truth. He doesn't have the slightest prejudice, as he calls it, in favor of one line of action above another, only on a strictly commercial basis. 'Will it pay, socially speaking?' That is the test of conduct, of opinion, of morals. And he is one of thousands. I tell you, Edward, it won't do, it isn't safe to base morality and goodness in such shifting sands. Harvey is right. It belongs to the past, and its present pretense of readjustment to the needs of this generation is simply turning out a lot of Fred Harmans—and worse, if that is possible."

When we begin to quote from this most interesting and instructive volume, we do not know where to stop. But space will not allow of further quotations. The reader will be interested in reading all about this Fred Harman, who became a rector in the Episcopal Church and who married Miss Pauline Tyler, a very suitable wife for him. A woman whose "religion" consisted in going in the most "fashionable society." Poor Preston Mansfield! Everyone who reads this novel will pity him from the bottom of their hearts; the young man of splendid impulses whose life was ruined by his hypocritical father, who was a true type of many a man who stands high in the church in every community. The three principal young men characters in this novel are Harvey Ball, Preston Mansfield and Fred Harman. The first, is the honest, sincere, intelligent young man; the second, the young man of noble impulses led to ruin by bad associates; the third, the unprincipled Christian knave, who, like the whited sepulchres that we read of in the Bible, "appear beautiful outside, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanliness." We shall be glad to furnish a copy of this novel to every reader of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE.

ALL SORTS.

THIS Magazine commences its ninth volume with the next number.

LOOK OUT for a splendid Magazine in January. One that will be well worth half a year's subscription.

TO OBTAIN a prize for a club for the Magazine, your list and money must reach this office on or before December 10th.

THE portrait and obituary notice of the late Franklin A. Day, that we promised for this number, will appear in a future number.

WE REGRET to say that the "One Hundred Security List" is not yet full. It ought to be filled up before another month passes.

PLEASE read carefully "Gems of Freethought," on page 661 of this number of this Magazine, and order as many of them as you can afford to.

WE shall be glad to furnish any book that our readers may desire, at the publisher's price. By ordering books at this office you aid the Magazine.

WE ARE glad to learn that the Portsmouth Congress of the Secular Union proved a great success. See a report from *The Open Court* on another page.

VOLUME VIII. of this Magazine will soon be put into good cloth binding, and will be for sale at this office. Price $3.00, and 25 cents for postage.

WE DESIRE every friend of the Magazine to do his "level best" from now till January 1st, so as to give it a grand send-off for 291. *Send along your subscriptions.*

WHAT shall we do with the "Dago?"—a puzzling question that seems to take rank with the Chinese problem—is discussed in the December *Popular Science Monthly*, by Mr. Appleton Morgan.

THIS is the last number of Vol. VIII. Those who desire to take the Magazine for another year, and who have not already renewed their subscription, will please do so at once.

TOMMY—"Mamma, will it be wrong if I make a kite, to-day?" Mrs. Peterby—"Yes, my child; to-day is Sunday." Tommy—"Well, s'pose I make it out of the *Christian Advocate*. Will it be a sin, then?"

NEW SUBSCRIBERS for this Magazine were obtained on the twentieth of October, by Hon. C. B. Waite, Elmina Drake Slenker, W. J. Carpenter, Thomas Balkwill, J. T. Whitmore, Frank Steiner, H. O. Granbury and John Nilson. Not a very large number.

SINCE its last publication, W. A. Bennett, of Greenville, R. I., and Judge C. B. Waite, of Chicago, have added their names to the "One Hundred Security List," and paid the first installment, and Almond Owen, of Milwaukee, has paid in $15.00, paying his up in full. We will publish the List in next number.

WE must admit that the rebuke so well administered by the people of the United States to the Harrison-Wanamaker Sunday School Administration, is rather gratifying to us. Christian Presidents have never proved a success in this country—witness the present occupant and Hayes and Buchanan—whereas those of Liberal views, like Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, have been the best.

AT the last annual meeting of the "Friends of Human Progress," held at North Collins, N. Y., we heard a lecture by Mr. Willard J. Hull, entitled "The Ship and the Barnacles." It was a very able discourse and we have procured it for publication. It will appear as the leading article in the January Magazine.

"AUNT ELMINA" proposes, that as now cold weather is coming on, each of the subscribers of the FREETHINKERS' MAGAZINE send to our old friend, R. M. Casey, of Five Forks, South Carolina, a Christmas present, if only a few postage stamps and a kind message. To our certain knowledge, friend Casey is in very destitute circumstances, and we will take "Aunt Elmina's" advice and send him to-day 25 cents in postage stamps. That is a very small sum, but if every reader of the Magazine will do the same, he will be well fixed for the coming winter.

WE know of no better way to spread Liberal views than to circulate Freethought pamphlets from the pens of our best writers. We are, therefore, constantly publishing such literature, and shall continue to do so, if our friends will sustain us in it. We have recently issued in beautiful pamphlet form, Col. Ingersoll's article on "God in the Constitution." We sell twelve copies for $1.00. Reader, will you order one dollar's worth and send them to your intelligent orthodox neighbors?

IN the January number we shall publish, as a frontispiece, a fine portrait of Mr. H. Harmon, editor of *Lucifer*, and a sketch of his life. Mr. Harmon, as most of our readers know, is the man who has recently been in prison, and likely to get there again, for publishing in *Lucifer* a letter from a physician who writes against cruelty by the husband against the wife. The language used might have been a little more delicate; but, evidently, the letter was written and published with the best and most humane intentions, and the persecution of Mr. Harmon by the government, in our opinion, is a great piece of injustice.

MR. D. A. BLODGETT, the well-known friend of Liberalism, has, recently, lost his estimable wife by death. Below we give a short obituary notice of Mrs. Blodgett from *Secular Thought*:

"It is with profound regret that we have to record the death of the most excellent wife of our friend, Mr. D. A. Blodgett, of Grand Rapids, Mich. We subjoin a brief notice of the painful event taken from *The Telegram-Herald*. We can heartily endorse all that our contemporary says of the estimable lady from our personal knowledge of her many charming traits of character. She was certainly one of a thousand, and her many noble qualities won the admiration of all who had the privilege of knowing her. We deeply sympathize with the family who are left to mourn the irreparable loss. *The Telegram-Herald* says: 'A noble life is ended. Yesterday, just before noon, death entered the home to relieve the suffering of Mrs. D. A. Blodgett. Deceased had been a most patient and uncomplaining invalid for about two years. During all this time she has not been known to murmur or complain. Her sufferings have been intense, yet through it all she has been the kind friend, devoted mother and loving wife. Those who have seen the perfect beauty of her home-life will realize to the full extent what her dear ones have lost, and will mingle their tears with those who mourn. Not an ordinary mother was she, nor was she the ordinary daughter of her own mother. Her every thought and purpose in life was to brighten and beautify existence for those who surrounded her. Charitable was she in the most complete sense of the word, and many whom she has aided will revere her memory till death stills their beating hearts. Though loving life and brightness, she was not a woman of society, but found her truest pleasures in the family circle. Nature never conceived a more perfect gentlewoman.

"Her death had been momentarily expected for several days, and at the last she was surrounded by her family. Besides her husband, Hon. D. A. Blodgett, she leaves a son and daughter, Mr. John W. Blodgett and Mrs. Edward Lowe, and her aged mother, Mrs. Wood, to mourn her great loss. But many are the friends, who, though saddened by her departure, yet are happy for the quiet peace which has at last come to the tortured soul. Of such are the heroes and martyrs."

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