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TERMS:

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Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles south of Oneida and a few rods from the Depot of the Midland Railroad. Number of members, 205. Land, 654 acres. Business, Manufacture of Hardware and Silk goods, Printing the CIRCULAR, Horticulture, &c. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and Branches are not "Free Loves," in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system BIBLE COMMUNISM or COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to Free Criticism and the principles of Male Continence. In respect to permanency, responsibility, and every essential point of difference between marriage and licentiousness, the Oneida Communists stand with marriage. Free Love with them does not mean freedom to love to-day and leave to-morrow; nor freedom to take a woman's person and keep their property to themselves; nor freedom to freight a woman with offspring and send her down stream without care or help; nor freedom to beget children and leave them to the street and the poor-house. Their Communities are families, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent and sacred, to say the least, as that of marriage, for it is their religion. They receive no new members (except by deception or mistake), who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever. Community of property extends just as far as freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of the common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the Community.

ADMISSIONS.

These Communities are constantly receiving applications for admission which they have to reject. It is difficult to state in any brief way all their reasons for thus limiting their numbers; but some of them are these: 1. The parent Community at Oneida is full. Its buildings are adapted to a certain number, and it wants no more. 2. The Branch-Communities, though they have not attained the normal size, have as many members as they can well accommodate, and must grow in numbers only as they grow in capital and buildings. 3. The kind of men and women who are likely to make the Communities grow, spiritually and financially, are scarce, and have to be sifted out slowly and cautiously. It should be distinctly understood that these Communities are not asylums for pleasure seekers or persons who merely want a home and a living. They will receive only those who are very much in earnest in religion. They have already done their full share of labor in criticising and working over raw recruits, and intend hereafter to devote themselves to other jobs (a plenty of which they have on hand), receiving only such members as seem likely to help and not hinder their work. As candidates for Communism multiply, it is obvious that they cannot all settle at Oneida and Wallingford. Other Communities must be formed; and the best way for earnest disciples generally is to work and wait, till the Spirit of Pentecost shall come on their neighbors, and give them Communities right where they are.

CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

WHATEVER tends to increase civilization and to extend knowledge and power of discernment in the world, serves undoubtedly as an indirect agent in accomplishing its subjugation to Christianity. In this way many agencies are hastening the necessary preparations for the kingdom of God. Such are the steady advance of free, civil institutions in the nations, the wonderful and increasing facilities of local communication, commerce, banks, newspapers, missionary and tract societies, "evangelical alliances," etc. All these institutions promote a certain kind of intelligence, which reveals to men the universal ruin and chaos in which they are fallen, gives them an idea of a better state, and excites a restlessness and dissatisfaction which is favorable to the ultimate reception of truth. But to suppose that the conversion of the world is to be effected by these institutions, or with any and all the efforts of the nominal church, even if they were to tithe every dollar in Christendom for the purpose, is the most visionary of all suppositions.

It seems clear to me that the presence and action of miraculous power in those who profess Christianity is the indispensable, direct and appointed means by which that great event is to be produced. By miraculous power I mean that energy of God which, though variously exercised and manifested, is yet always the same, whether raising the soul from spiritual death, or "quickening the mortal body," or conquering the principalities and powers of the invisible world. Whatever you please to call it, this superhuman life, and this alone, can be available to effect the work which many expect to do by preaching and printing and praying. Of what effect are prayers for the advent of God's kingdom, while yet we shut him out from ourselves, and forbid every manifestation of his power that can be seen and appreciated?

The emancipation of the soul from sin, which constitutes true conversion, is itself a miracle, of substantial and enduring grandeur; it is the triumph of superhuman strength over superhuman bonds. How then is this thing to be done for the world without a notable and manifest outgoing of God's will? It is not simply the kings of the heathen and the Pope of Rome that are to be prevailed over, but the invisible "rulers of the darkness of this world;" whom nothing but the everlasting armor of the Supreme can overcome.

But we need only refer to the testimony and example of Christ and his apostles, to determine the means and manner of the world's conversion. They never preached "as dying

men to dying men"—their words were not the words of men; neither did they deliver a written letter from God; nor yet did they utter a mere message that they had learned of him. God spoke immediately through them; and like the lightning-stroke his word carried with it its own execution. "The words that I speak unto you," says Christ, "they are spirit, and they are life." Paul also says to the Thessalonians, "We thank God without ceasing, because when ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe."

As God dwelt in the words of the apostles, so he was manifest in their actions; and this, we conceive, in their case was no temporary or arbitrary arrangement, but one which resulted necessarily from their relation to him. We believe no one can come into that vital communication with God which is necessary to the salvation of his soul, without thereby finding a resource within himself equivalent to omnipotence. God is not to be limited in his manifestations; and whether he is seen in the working of physical miracles, as in the case of the apostles, or not, he will still be seen and honored in the words and actions of his children; and without substantially the same power in the church now that the Primitive Church possessed, it is vain to think of converting the world.

Clearly, the great test of the church of Christ is love—UNITY. Without this, there is no church; but where it is seen to exist in the strength for which Christ prayed, there a problem is urged upon the world which no other miracle or mystery could present. External signs and wonders may be falsely imitated; theoretical doctrines may fail; but love is a demonstration which can neither be counterfeited nor evaded. It is ranked by Paul above all faith and all wisdom; and as more indicative of God's presence than even the power to move mountains. It is this living demonstration in his followers that Christ relied on for the conversion of men. After praying for the disciples' sanctification, he continues, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them: that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me."—John 17: 20—23. "Again, a new commandment I give unto you, That ye love

one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. *By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples*, if ye have love one to another."—John 13: 34, 35.

In view, then, of the subjective attainments of the church which were originally considered necessary to fit her to cope with the world, what is the likelihood that the present "evangelical churches" will succeed in their enterprise of converting mankind? They begin by rejecting the victorious, effectual presence of God in their own hearts; much less will they be accused of acting in his power and speaking *his* words. Of immediate inspiration they are never guilty; and to say anything of their love and union would be too manifest irony to be taken as a compliment even by themselves. What then are the means with which they are to make war on the prince of this world? The answer is, Words and money. But men will not be vitally affected by mere words, be they never so good and true: much less by the wisdom which emanates from characters confessedly under the dominion of sin. Christianity will triumph by other means. The secret of its extension will be found in the reforming energy which it implants in its agents themselves; which causes them to become in word and deed living "epistles" of spiritual truth, "known and read of all men."

Let our hope, then, for a universal reformation proceed on rational ground. It must depend on the manifestation of a church in which the God of hosts himself dwells and walks. Such a church will be perfect in unity—richer in facts than in words—more zealous of spiritual improvement than of money and missionaries. Then will be seen again that triumph of God's light over all the modern systems of propagation which Isaiah predicts: "Darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising."

THE "A" OF EDUCATION.

Home-Talk by J. H. N.

WE may settle it in our minds as an everlasting truth, that the *only* object of education is to help us to know God. This is an all-comprehensive statement. The more we study the subject, the clearer will this idea become, that education is good for nothing except as it accomplishes this end; but with this end in view, the more education we have the better. Education in both its forms, subjective and objective, or, in other words, as a means of disciplining the mind and a means of filling it with information, is adapted to help us to the knowledge of God. The stronger our minds the better we shall be able to comprehend God; and the more comprehensive our knowledge of everything in the universe, the better we shall understand what God has done and what his character is. In other words, the more mental force we have, the better we shall know God; and the more we know about God's works, the better we shall know him.

We need seek no farther for the object of

education than this. Let us, as fast as we can, shape the education of both children and adults to this end, and no other. It may be a difficult thing to do, and will certainly require time, but this is our objective point—this is the port for which we are sailing. If we persevere in making education serve this end, we need have no fear but that it will turn out at last the best education that can be had in this world. We need not fear that we shall degrade education, or make it shallow or superficial. It will very likely be more practical than it is now, for as we develop this idea the connection between usefulness and knowledge will grow stronger and stronger, and the attraction for mere abstract knowledge will become weaker. Yet this last will have its place, also, in the subjective branch of education; that is, the discipline of the mind. Nothing comes amiss to that.

Having a definite object in view is a help to all classes of students. It quickens enthusiasm and nourishes hope; there is no uncertainty, no beating the air, as when study is pursued without distinct purpose or aim. Suppose a student in college intends to become a lawyer, and a person asks him what he is going through the *curriculum* for—what is the use of studying so many different things?—he will answer, "I am obtaining information and discipline of mind for the purpose of becoming a lawyer—all possible learning is useful to me for that end." So may a person in college or anywhere else, when asked what he is studying for, reply, "It is for the purpose of helping me to the perfect knowledge of God. That is what I live for, and everything I learn turns to that account."

A true understanding of this principle concerning the object of education will develop a strong digestion or power of discrimination, by which we shall appreciate what is good in all literatures, and distribute it through our system, while we reject and pass off what is worthless. A true instinct will modify our appetite. A person will refrain from certain things as dangerous at one time, when his digestion is weak or out of order, which, at another time, when his digestion is stronger, can be taken without harm. But if we discard this principle of discrimination, and pursue literature merely for the pleasure of it, without any reference to God, it will as surely be centrifugal in its influence, and lead to darkness and misery, as gluttony, drunkenness, or any other sensual indulgence.

This, then, is the corner-stone of our university—the *A* at which we begin—that *the object of education is to help us to the knowledge of God*.

THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY.

The Boston Radical club is a lively institution. Its sessions have proved so attractive that there is not room in the Chestnut-st. parlors for all who would be glad to attend them; and so Radical Club No. 2 has been formed. We take the following paragraphs from the *Tribune's* account of a recent session of Radical Club No. 1. The reader or essayist of the day was Prof. C. C. Everett of Harvard College. His subject was, "The Relation of Jesus to the Present Age."

Paul affirms that Jesus Christ is the same yester-

day, to-day, and forever. Christ was the same; yet, before the generation that he left upon the earth had passed away, his relation to the earth had changed. His work shapes itself afresh to meet the needs of every successive generation. Compare the Christ of the first, of the thirteenth, and of the nineteenth centuries. How various they seem, and yet Christ is always the same. His work is substantially the same; but, because the ages change, the methods of this work change. Nor is any age a recipient alone. Each age contributes something to the work of Christ. Christ is present to the nineteenth century at once as a problem and as a power. No questions have stirred more deeply the heart of the age than those which have to do with his person and his office. If the age, in any fundamental forms of its thought, seem to stand in opposition to Christ, this apparent opposition is only the antithesis of elements which belong together. Christ's work was of a kind which could not be done all at once. All that it was possible for any soul to do at one epoch he did. He infused into the world a spirit of love and faith and consecration, the enthusiasm for humanity. Then he left his trust in the world to be as the little leaven which by and by leaveneth the whole lump. His external history contains elements opposed to the spirit of this age. The very idea of a miracle is in opposition to the fundamental axioms of present thought. The writers who best represent this thought affirm with Strauss that the time is past when a miracle can be believed. But the miraculous is inextricably intertwined with the history of Christ. We have the testimony of Paul, one of the grandest souls that ever lived, to the most important of the miracles of Jesus, namely, his manifestation of himself to his disciples after his death. But if we cannot eliminate the miraculous from the history of Christ, neither can we eliminate from the spirit of the age that element which finds it hard to accept a miracle. The one complements the other, for it is in face of this determined incredulity that a miracle is first seen to be really a miracle. To the savage, one thing is as strange as another; everything is a miracle, or nothing is. From the background of absolute law, which this age has placed behind it, a miracle stands forth, demanding yet defying credence. It defies known law, yet proves the existence of unknown law, stretching far beyond our ken. The spirit of the age needs the miraculous to check its arrogance, to teach it that, much as it has attained, unknown worlds lie beyond. Within these external facts of Christ's history abides the vitalizing spirit of His teachings. And the heaven has not lost its power. The spirit of this age is better than we are in the habit of calling it. It is money-loving, we say; but it is, above all, truth-loving. Not the guest of gold, but the guest of truth, is the one for which future generations will remember it. Christ was not a truth-seeker. He was true, indeed; but the life was more to him than the truth; to be was more than to know. He spoke with authority; and to-day he still speaks with authority to an age which is disposed to reject all authority. To him truth came by spiritual intuition; to this age it comes by scientific scrutiny. As the voices of the natural world come to our ears without our listening to them, so the voice of God came to the ears of Christ without his listening for it. And this was the ground of the authority with which he spoke. He transmitted the word of God which he heard.

The truth taught by Jesus and the truth taught by the age need each other, moreover. Christ taught that God is love; this has to be supplemented by the truth that God is law, and this latter truth is the offering which the spirit of the age brings to Christ. Jesus bids us love our neighbor; the steam and the lightning of this age bring our neighbor at the ends of the earth near to us, and make it practicable for us to love him. But if the truth of Jesus needs the age, still more does the age need His truth. Hard and dry indeed would be the mechanism of the time, the laws of science, the maxims of political economy, without the interpenetrating truth of Christ. Always, when the spirit forsakes the body, the body sinks into decay. Behind the power of Christ's teaching is the power of His personality. The tendency of the present age is to generalize, to disavow personality. In war, it is no longer the might of the strong arm, but the skill of battalions. Hector and Achilles have fallen, but we have the needle-gun. Christ was possessed by the most intense sense of personality ever experienced by mortal. And yet He was no spontaneous or instantaneous growth; He was the Son of Man as well as of God—the flower of preceding ages. The sun indeed draws

from the plant the flower; but not the sun himself could kindle the flame of the rose upon the bramble's stalk.

An interesting discussion followed, in which Mr. Alcott, Prof. Stowe, Dr. Bartol, Mr. Wasson, Col. Higginson and others participated. Prof. Stowe of course played a conservative part among the radicals, and we must say, judging from the report, that he sustained his part well, though he should have advanced a step farther, and claimed, as he might fairly have done, that the best things characterizing the age are to be ascribed to the influences of Christianity—that, in a word, Christ's spirit is the true spirit of the age. The report says:

Prof. Stowe criticised the essayist's expression, "Spirit of the age." What is the spirit of the age? he asked. To speak of its demands is like saying the church requires this or that. She teaches, we say, but it is a very multitudinous she. Is she St. Anselm, Augustine, Luther, Melancthon? What church? What is the thought of the age? Is it the few points on which a few leading men agree? They say the thought of the age is scientific and opposed to Christianity. But do not Christians mold the thought of the age as much as scientists? If the thought of the age is opposed to Christianity so much the worse for the thought of the age. The thought of the age is always changing. At one time the age believes in hereditary royalties; later it grows republican. At one time it glories in wars of conquest; now it condemns them. The thought of the age is fallible, like the human mind. The human race has been a wonderfully foolish race, from the beginning. Its history is deplorable. So far as he could see, it would have been much more for the glory of God to make fewer human beings, and make them better. But he feels faith in God, who knows best. When a boy tosses a ball, it is a triumph over law, a small miracle. The boy's will and the boy's muscle set aside, for the instant, the law of gravitation; and when Christ called Lazarus from the sleep of death, his mightier will suspended the law of decay. Christ attached very great importance to miracles. "If ye believe not my sayings," he said, "believe my works." And the works which testified of him were works which no mere human power could have accomplished. But he believed there is no antagonism between science and religion. It is self-conceit, and not any candid search after truth, which leads to error. . . . He couldn't agree with Dr. Bartol in thinking Jesus came naturally out of humanity. Considering what humanity is, he didn't want such a God as it could bring forth.

THE INFLUENCE OF NOVELISTS.

We have been much interested in the following paragraphs in relation to the influence of novelists, from a recent work by President Porter of Yale College, on "Books and Reading." His statements in regard to the demoralizing effects of excessive and indiscriminate novel-reading are well put, and are not, we believe, in the least exaggerated.

No class of writers exercises so complete control over their readers as novelists do. This control reaches to their opinions and prejudices, if it does not insensibly control and reshape their entire philosophy of duty and of life. The fascination which they exercise becomes of itself a spell. No enchantment is so entire and delightful as that with which they invest the story which they recite. It is a very glamour which they pour not only over the scenes which they depict, but over the senses of the beholder. With this enchantment and fascination come the ready and even the forward acceptance of their practical philosophy, and even of their accidental prejudices. A favorite novelist becomes, for the time being, often more to his enamored and enchanted reader than preacher, teacher, or friend, and indeed than the whole world besides, casting a spell over his judgments, molding his principles, forming his associations, and recasting his prejudices. The entranced and admiring reader runs to his favorite when he can snatch an hour from labor, society or sleep. He broods over his scenes and characters when alone, he quotes from them as often as he dare, he cites proverbs and favorite phrases from his leading personages. He even aspires to be familiar with his slang and his cant. He warms with incensed ardor if his reputation is attacked. He defends him if he is criticised or unfavorably judged. He

is impatient if another is preferred to him. The partisan of Thackeray and Dickens is always ready to couch a lance for his favorite.

Indeed, we may go further, and say that the devoted reader of a favorite novelist often becomes for the time an unconscious imitator or a passive reflex of his author. Like the chameleon, he takes the color of the bough and leaf from which he feeds. He is more likely to absorb and reproduce his defects than his excellences. The admiring and passionate devotee of Dickens is in danger of copying his broad caricature, his not very elevated or elevating slang, and the free and easy swing of the society in which Mr. Dickens delights. On the other hand, the intellectual and high-toned devotee of Thackeray is likely to be not a little satirical, suspicious, and dissatisfied: to affect the *nil admirari* and the air of one who is compelled to live in a world of which he has already seen the hollowness, and for which he is a little too good. The admiring students of George Elliot take a pensive view of our human life, sympathize hopelessly with its sorrows and its tragedies, and above all, with its moral enigmas, seeing for it no redemption and no hope. "They are as sad as night only for wantonness." Their burden is, "The times are out of joint—oh, cursed spite, that we were ever born to set them right." Charles Kingsley's readers, on the other hand, are ready to set everything right by force of muscle and pluck, of bravado and faith. The admirer of the witty O. W. Holmes is crisp, Voltairish, and satirical. The devotee of Hawthorne is unrelenting in certain moody prejudices, epicurean in his tastes and aspirations, and dreamy and uncertain in his theory of this life and the next. The admirer of Mrs. Stowe is generous, rash, one-sided and positive, and given to a variety of overdoing. So complete a subjection to a single novelist, even for a limited time, is not desirable because its tendency is to make us one-sided and unnatural. For the same reason we should not confine ourselves entirely to current and contemporary novels. Strong as is the temptation to do this, by reason of the greater freshness of the novel for our own times, this temptation should sometimes be overcome, if for no other reason than to give the reader a wide range of vision, and to bring him back to his favorites of the passing hour with a fresher eye and a less partial judgment.

Nor should novels constitute our sole reading. The temptation is strong to make them so, especially with young persons, and those who are responsible only to themselves for the use and abuse of their time. It is not easy to turn to a history or scientific essay when an attractive novel is lying by its side, particularly for one to whom novel-reading is new. There is no fascination connected with reading to be compared with that experienced in youth from the first few novels. The spell-bound reader soon discovers, however, that this appetite, like that for confectionary and other sweets, is the soonest cloyed, and that if pampered too long it enfeebles the appetite for all other food. The reader of novels only, especially if he reads many, becomes very soon an intellectual voluptuary, with feeble judgment, a vague memory, and an incessant craving for some new excitement. It is rare that a reader of this class studies the novels which he seems to read. He knows and cares little for the novel of character as contrasted with the novel of incident. He reads for the story, as he says, and it usually happens that the sensation and extravagant, the piquant and equivocal stories, are those which please him best. Exclusive and excessive novel-reading is to the mind as a kind of intellectual opium eating, in its stimulating effects upon the phantasy and its stupefying and bewildering influence on the judgment. An inveterate novel-reader speedily becomes a literary *roué*, and this is possible at a very early period of life. It now and then happens that a youth of seventeen becomes almost an intellectual idiot or an effeminate weakling, by living exclusively upon the enfeebling swash or the poisoned stimulants that are sold so readily under the titles of tales and novels. An apprenticeship at a reform school in literature, with a spare diet of statistics, and a hard bed of mathematical problems, and the simple beverage of plain narrative, is much needed for the recovery of such inane and half-demented mortals.

The remedy here advocated would undoubtedly be beneficial in the cases alluded to; but we very much question whether any radical cure can be found for the evils of dissipation, both mental and moral, arising from this source, save by a change of condition in the society itself of which these very

novels are, in a greater or less degree, a simple reflex. In a thoroughly healthful state of society all departments of literature, including fiction, will become healthful; and we believe this desirable condition of things may be brought about, in part at least, by making society more natural, and surrounding the whole subject of the relation of the sexes with the elements of simplicity and purity.

V.

RESPONSES.

Calais, Me.

DEAR COMMUNITY FRIENDS:—It is with gratitude and love in my heart that I read your free paper from week to week. I have been much interested of late in the way you have shown your readers how to enjoy Communism at home. I am perfectly satisfied that those who cannot live together in harmony, in small families, can never enjoy Communism on a large scale. Communism like charity must begin at home, among husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters. I am happy to say that your paper which came to my address has been the means of making one family happy. Hoping that we shall all be members of the great heavenly Community,

I remain yours sincerely, J. H. J.

Hot Springs, Ark.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Please continue to send the CIRCULAR. It tells me so many things about Christ and things concerning him and myself, that I do not see how I can do without it. Thank God, I am different from what I was before I saw it; yet I am but just beginning to learn what I prayed for years ago. So far as I have gone I find no fruit by which to judge evil of the tree, but rather the farther I go the better I find it. Pray for me that I may be one with you in spirit, for I can never hope to be one of your number. May the peace and happiness of the O. C. never be less than at present.

I remain yours truly, M. A. O.

Brush's Mills, N. Y.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have for several years enjoyed the weekly visit of your CIRCULAR, and I should not like now to lose its company. I always welcome its pleasant, comely face, and am much refreshed by its wholesome and cheerful spirit. Though in person a stranger to you all, I am in deep sympathy with your earnest efforts to help solve some of the most important problems of human destiny. I cannot affirm that I agree with you in all points of theology or speculative belief; if you will keep open the lines of communication in your friendly columns, I will try to send you an occasional "message," since I agree with you in what seems to me to be the essential points of Christian fellowship, though I might not be able logically to define them to your full satisfaction.

Yours fraternally, H. J. H.

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—As I have for more than thirty years with great interest followed the development of reform ideas, and seen all attempts of reform in society at large fail, I see no hope in anything but Communism. But how shall it be accomplished? Mankind seems to be created with two propensities, viz., to rule and to possess. Now all laws that ever existed have been devised to protect these propensities. Is it possible to overthrow these principles without violence? That Communism is the only sure way to give education and happiness to all there is no doubt, but the rich and the mighty of the present day on the one side, and the ignorant working masses on the other, are so great barriers that the hope of realizing the system to whole nations seems quite impossible. However, what can work in a Community of three hundred can work in a Community of three thousand. I am myself already too old to think of any great achievements, but still I feel a desire to know whether there is any real hope for coming generations to escape the horrible slavery that yawns for the working classes, and the dangers of which they already seem to be aware.

Very sincerely yours, S. R.

South Hingham, Mass.

EDITOR OF CIRCULAR:—To you and the dear friends whose acquaintance we have made through the columns of your paper, we once more express our gratitude. Accepting the CIRCULAR as your

gift, each week, we silently return thanks, and look for each number as for letters from brothers and sisters. May the good time speedily come when many can be gathered into homes like your own. We must labor and wait patiently—make the most of things as we find them, and let no fear of public censure, nor love of praise, turn us aside to follow other guides than our own highest intuitions. It seems most necessary for those who live outside the O. C. to “go home” often. Mr. Noyes talks of “going home!” I know from experience the benefits to be derived from it; they cannot be told to one who never truly goes “home.” M. D. B.

St. James, Minn.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I like that religion which talks of an indwelling Christ—a Savior from sin; I like the truth which addresses itself to my inner being. This does the CIRCULAR; especially the Home-Talks by J. H. N. I think I can understand him when he talks about an indwelling Savior, and God giving us strength to overcome our adversary. “Without me ye can do nothing,” said the great head and heart of the church; and the great apostle of the Gentiles exclaimed “Through Christ which strengtheneth me I can do all things.” D. D.

ONEIDA CIRCULAR.

WM. A. HINDS, EDITOR.

MONDAY, JANUARY 22, 1872.

PROVED.

WHATEVER may be the future of the Oneida Community, its past is at least secure. Should it cease to exist next week or next year, it would still have accomplished much: its history would still profoundly affect the thought and experience of mankind: its example would forever stimulate efforts to realize perfect social harmony. It has made it impossible for all time to say that Christ's gospel of unselfishness is merely theoretical, and that the pentecostal exhibition of Communism was a temporary affair, rendered successful by special conditions which may never again exist. It has proved that those conditions are within the reach of all who thoroughly believe in Christ, and that the spirit which then swept away all distinctions of “mine” and “thine” respecting property in things may be safely allowed to sweep them away respecting property in persons. The world needed, demanded a solution of the question, Is selfishness in any form essential to the production of an enterprising, intelligent, happy society? That solution is found in the history of the Oneida Community. Selfishness has been abolished from its every relation; and it yet stands, even according to the testimony of its worst enemies, a conspicuous example of the virtues most prized in general society. The Shakers, Rappites, Ebenezers, and other religious Communities, had previously demonstrated that the anti-selfish principle could be trusted to a limited extent; but never before had it been proved that it could be trusted in all the relations of life; that all the human passions may be made to work harmoniously and safely without the restraints of selfishness, if persons can only find a way to attract the spirit that on the day of pentecost made all hearts flow together in the love of God.

If the Community had had a short-lived career, it might have failed to make any deep impression on the world's thought; for it would have been generally assumed and believed that its disruption was caused by internal dissensions; but it has lived twenty-three years; it includes three generations—the original founders, their children, and their children's children—and it is more harmonious, more perfectly at peace in all its internal rela-

tions, than at any previous period in its entire career. It may therefore fairly claim to have fully proved that selfishness is not an essential element of human society; and for this it merits and will receive the gratitude of mankind for all the future.

WHO ARE THE WITNESSES?

IT is a fact, which those who are interested in the Community may think noteworthy, that those who are most ready to rise in judgment and condemn it are they who—

- First, have never visited the Community;
- Second, have never read any of its religious publications;
- Third, have made no acquaintance with its leader or any of its members.

To form a correct judgment of the Community without having done any of these things would seem to be like attempting to make bricks without straw; yet there are people who make this a light task. They are content to forge the moral thunderbolts which they launch at us from time to time out of so poor material as unclean stories founded upon our social organization. In a late gust of newspaper wrath, in which the O. C. was the subject of much animadversion, we were curious enough to take note of the authorship of the three most denunciatory articles. These appeared in three highly respectable journals, yet not one of the authors had ever set foot in our home, or read or pretended to read our publications. One of these moralists was a student who had just graduated from college, and who candidly acknowledged that he knew nothing of us except what related to our social system. His knowledge of this even was not gathered, as it might have been, from our publications, but was based on floating stories. Yet he did not hesitate to represent us as the very offscouring of the earth, with neither claim nor title to consideration from civilized beings.

In view of the fact which we have pointed out, it is a pertinent question why the thousands and tens of thousands who have seen us in our homes and taken note of our daily life do not revile us. Denunciation and vituperation are easy. Where, then, are the voices, and where are the pens of these multitudes who have brushed by us in our very halls, and have looked squarely in our faces? They choose, with an honor of which we are not unmindful, to remain silent rather than to judge lightly of somewhat which they do not understand and of much which they suspect may be sacred.

Shall it be, then, the journalists alone who are content to judge of a matter by perverse stories and isolated, incoherent versions of belief? Is this to the honor of journalism? It seems to us rather a recklessness of which every honest mind will on reflection be sincerely ashamed and repentant. For the true things which relate to the Oneida Community are not obscure and difficult of access. There has been from the beginning no attempt to cover either their manner of life or their reasons for it with darkness. Its organization is as open as noonday to every reverent mind. It holds as its great justification the fact that it lives in the light. For twenty years we have steadfastly published a paper which, without obtruding on society, we have made free to whomsoever chose to send for it. For twenty years our home has been open to whomsoever chose to visit for civil observation.

The reviling of those who know nothing about us does not ruffle our minds. We can bide our time with patience. We do not, however, pretend to be insensible to the good opinion of society. On the contrary, we covet it, and there are many pleasant signs that we are gaining it in our own way. Though we are seemingly abused by those who judge us from afar, who shall enumerate the

kindly, admiring things which are spoken in our ears by those who visit our household? They would fill a book. Praise is sweet, and we love it. Only last summer an English nobleman, whose words were “like apples of gold in pictures of silver,” exclaimed in our midst, “You have with you the perfection of life.”

If, then, those who mingle with us are satisfied that the current of our life is not muddy, we shall not despair of sometime making friends with those who now arraign us so fiercely. It may be that when they see the brightness which Communism gives to home, their bitterness will be taken away. Indeed, who is there who would not increase the attractiveness of home?

“If any, speak; for him have we offended.”

G. N. M.

“THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.”*

III.

AS society is now organized, one half of mankind is debarred from competing for certain avocations, merely because they happen to be born of the female sex. This is a sweeping restriction. Certainly, it is a relic of an “old world of thought and practice, exploded in everything else;” for if one considers the spirit of the age, he cannot but see that in no other instance “are the higher social functions closed against any one by a fatality of birth, which no exertions and no change of circumstances can overcome.” There are many, we think, who would readily admit the injustice of this state of things in the abstract. Still, were the question to take a practical turn, there are few that would not hesitate to remove the restrictions that are at the root of this injustice, if for no other reason than this, that, as present society is organized upon a plan containing these restrictions, without them it would be likely to move with as dangerous irregularity as a steam-engine without its governor. This is reasonable caution. Yet, according to our essayist, society contains a more potent regulator than that of injustice. He reasons thus: If all social or industrial functions were left to the unfettered choice of all individuals, male and female, competition and the law of supply and demand would inevitably adjust the matter satisfactorily. This principle alone would insure that each post in society would fall into the hands of those best qualified to fill it.

“Nobody thinks it necessary to make a law that only a strong-armed man shall be a blacksmith. Freedom and competition suffice to make blacksmiths strong-armed men, because the weak-armed can earn more by engaging in occupations for which they are more fit.”

So if women cannot fulfill certain functions as well as men, all precedent goes to prove that competition alone would exclude them from even the attempted performance of such duties.

“The anxiety of mankind to interfere in behalf of nature, for fear lest nature should not succeed in effecting its purpose, is an altogether unnecessary solicitude. What women by nature cannot do, it is quite superfluous to forbid them from doing. What they can do, but not so well as the men who are their competitors, competition suffices to exclude them from; since nobody asks for protective duties and bounties in favor of women; it is only asked that the present bounties and protective duties in favor of men should be recalled.”

This, then, is what we are to understand: that if equality of rights were substituted between the sexes, instead of the present inequality, the regulating laws of political economy would with equal potency preside over social economy, and, reducing all its elements to order, leave the harmony of present society intact. This is logical reasoning. But is it practical? We once heard a man, remarkable for a wisdom not found in books, say, “there are a thousand ways by which one can make theories which seem to be perfect mathematical demonstrations; but which, notwithstanding, actual facts jump

* “The Subjection of Women,” by John Stuart Mill. Publishers: D. Appleton & Co., 1870.

COMMUNITY JOURNAL.

ONEIDA.

—The drought is becoming very inconvenient.

—The farmers are finishing off a neat little building for an office near the barns and forcing-house.

—Cold snaps once more; but no ginger-snaps to our knowledge. Coal-stoves and thick clothes are an "object" just now.

—L. F. Dunn has just finished a very neat self-registering machine for measuring the length of spooled silk. This is for the use of our agents and salesmen.

—The curious thing about our correspondence now is the number of letters we are getting from disloyal Shakers, who air their discontent, ask for the CIRCULAR, and write us to begin some sly communication with them. We don't do the last thing.

—During the last thaw the embankment which forms one side of the pond at Willow-Place came near breaking away, in consequence of letting the flush-boards remain on the dam. While the young men were at work removing these boards, the ice on which they stood broke away, and E. S. Nash, one of them, was carried over the dam and had a narrow escape.

—The reading of "Martin Chuzzlewit" still goes on. The plot gets on but slowly, yet who cares when one finds so much humor, poetry, by-talk, and description, to beguile the way? We are now among American scenes, to which the author sends his hero. The American characters seem at first to have been drawn with a coarse and unsympathetic hand. May be 'tis only distance which makes his English pictures appear so much better done. You think that you have never seen any such Americans: they are as unreal to you as you are to yourself when you chance to get your neighbor's idea of your sweet complacent self. But you have at last to own that Dickens saw things in us that we could hardly be expected to see without help.

—At supper last Sunday we had toasted cheese—a dish that had never produced any bad effects, perhaps, because our supper-hour is so much earlier than our time of going to bed. But on this occasion the effects were pretty serious, and in some cases almost alarming. About fifty of the adults were in the course of the evening and night taken with vomiting and diarrhea, accompanied with great distress and in some cases fainting. Investigation brought out the fact that we had been eating some cheese purchased for the occasion at Oneida. Whether the cheese was poisoned by the cows having eaten something bad, or by their drinking stagnant water, or by some stupidity in its making, we cannot say. It was *dairy* cheese, and the story should not be repeated to the discredit of any cheese factory. We may add that the sufferers are all doing well, and also that this experience has renewed our determination to never use any articles of food except the best. For several years we have sent our milk to the cheese-makers, and have depended on the farmers for our butter. The plan of making our own butter gets new strength from this experience with the cheese.

Sunday, Jan. 13.—In the evening we had a dance instead of the usual stage-entertainment. A Community, family-dance: the Hall is cleared a little after six; the tables and chairs are carried into the passage-ways and piled up on the stage, leaving just room enough on the latter for the musicians, the violins, the double-bass viol, and the horns. Those who mean to dance at first come in and seat themselves on the outer edges of the Hall below—mothers with the smaller babies, and nurses with the larger ones, come to look on with the rest. Those who mean to wait for the last dance go up into the gallery and look down from the front row

of seats. There is also a sprinkling of babies up there. When the music begins the little boys from the children's-house seat themselves on the front of the stage—their white collars turned over and their little legs hanging down. Boys want to see, you know, and they want to be pretty near the big drum, too. Mr. George Hamilton, who is "six feet two," and has the voice of a stentor, announces the figures and "calls off." The dancers take their places; and in the pauses, and while the sets are forming, there is a by-play between the young folks on the floor and the babies in the gallery. Fathers dance with their daughters; sons with their mothers; brothers with their sisters; young with the young; middle-aged with the middle-aged; the young with everybody. We have quadrilles, contra-dances, waltzes, polkas, schottisches, one or two of each. The waltzes and cotillions, however, are the most popular. A company of cheerful, serious dancers, who for the most part take the old-fashioned step, and don't go cantering through the changes, in a sort of mad gallop. No heated men rush to the bar-room; no heated women rush to the balconies and open windows. No man and woman astonish the company by the splendor of their dress, by the brilliancy of their dancing, and by their drunken devotion to each other. After a quadrille or two, a waltz, a contra-dance or two, the Hall is rearranged; we are all cheered up but not intoxicated, and we are ready for the meeting at eight, and for the more profitable work of improvement and edification. Narrow-minded piety will look on our dances with an evil eye, while reckless pleasure-seekers will regard them as no better than the feast of Barmecide.

Thursday, Jan. 18.—"The Greek Drama"—a lecture by James B. Herrick, A. B. This was a very instructive discourse, illustrated by a diagram of the old Greek theater. The drama began in the recitations of poems in the worship of Bacchus. Greek tragedy reached its height in Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, during the palmy days of Athens. Greek comedy blossomed in Aristophanes and Menander. Those who have not the old Greek plays can form an idea of the tragedy by reading Milton's "Samson Agonistes," a drama written according to the strictest rules of Grecian art. At this distance the Greek drama looks more artificial than ours. It has, however, stood as a model, and its influence will not soon be lost. That old Greek life comes very near us when we see Aristophanes making fun of Women's Rights and Communism two thousand two hundred and sixty-four years ago, just as you do to-day.

THEORY, GET OUT!

TALK ABOUT TENDER MEAT—INTERLOCUTORS, J. H. N. AND "THE CANADIAN TRAPPER."

J. H. N.—It is a common theory among epicures and amateur sportsmen, that venison, birds, fish, etc., are better for being kept till they are on the verge of putrefaction. What do you think of that?

S. Newhouse.—I think it is miserable nonsense. My theory is, that the sooner flesh, fish or fowl is cooked after it is killed the better. I will not touch venison that has the fashionable stink, much as I love wild meat. Our people sometimes have fish on the table that turns my stomach. I have told our stewards again and again, that fish which have dead, sunken eyes and white gills, are not fit to be eaten; but they forget it.

J. H. N.—Is not the semi-putrefaction theory common among woodsmen?

S. N.—No. I never knew a hunter or trapper that would eat anything but the freshest game he could get.

J. H. N.—Where do you suppose the fashionable theory came from?

S. N.—It didn't come from the woods, but from

through." To our mind, it seems possible that some of Mr. Mill's reasoning deserves this criticism. He says everything that can be said against some of the most vital forms of the present organization of society; he out-herods Herod in this respect; and still, so far as we can judge, he is its adherent, and, while proposing emendations, believes and desires it may be retained. This belief of his will show itself more than once as we proceed with our review. Surely, this is patching old garments with new cloth—putting new wine into old bottles. He proves, so far as reasoning goes, that even with the radical changes he would inaugurate, the machinery of society will run as smoothly as ever. We fear not. Instinct and common sense tell us that this is one of those cases of apparently correct mathematical reasoning that actual facts are likely to jump through. Our author's strictures are true. His emendations just and needed. But we believe that the present machinery of society will scarcely stand the strain the innovations he proposes would bring to bear upon it. It must needs be taken all to pieces and reconstructed on entirely new principles before such improvements can be introduced. Until mankind is ready for this, it behooves those who, on the whole, really reverence and admire the present organization of society to consider well the possible results, especially to marriage, of the innovations they propose.

But to return:

After proving the needlessness of such strict prohibitions as exist in the way of women aspiring to all that man aspires to, Mr. Mill ironically suggests that perhaps there is another motive for these restrictions, unconfessed by those who uphold them:

"The general opinion of men is supposed to be, that the natural vocation of a woman is that of a wife and mother. I say, is supposed to be, because, judging from acts—from the whole of the present constitution of society—one might infer that their opinion was the direct contrary. They might be supposed to think that the alleged natural vocation of women was of all things the most repugnant to their nature; inasmuch that if they are free to do anything else—if any other means of living, or occupation of their time and faculties, is open, which has any chance of appearing desirable to them—there will not be enough of them who will be willing to accept the condition said to be natural to them. If this is the real opinion of men in general, it would be well that it should be spoken out. I should like to hear somebody openly enunciating the doctrine (it is already implied in much that is written on the subject)—'It is necessary to society that women should marry and produce children. They will not do so unless they are compelled. Therefore it is necessary to compel them.' The merits of the case would then be clearly defined. It would be exactly that of the slaveholders of South Carolina and Louisiana. 'It is necessary that cotton and sugar should be grown. White men cannot produce them. Negroes will not, for any wages which we choose to give. Ergo they must be compelled.' * * * It is not a sign of one's thinking the boon one offers very attractive, when one allows only Hobson's choice, 'that or none.' And here, I believe, is the clue to the feelings of those men who have a real antipathy to the equal freedom of women. I believe they are afraid, not lest women should be unwilling to marry, for I do not think that any one in reality has that apprehension; but lest they should insist that marriage should be on equal conditions; lest all women of spirit and capacity should prefer doing almost anything else, not in their own eyes degrading, rather than marry, when marrying is giving themselves a master, and a master too of all their earthly possessions. And truly, if this consequence were necessarily incident to marriage, I think that the apprehension would be very well founded. I agree in thinking it probable that few women, capable of anything else, would, unless under an irresistible impulse, rendering them for the time insensible to anything but itself, choose such a lot, when any other means were open to them of filling a conventionally honorable place in life: and if men are determined that the law of marriage shall be a law of despotism, they are quite right, in point of mere policy, in leaving to women only Hobson's choice. But, in that case, all that has been done in the modern world to relax the chain on the minds of women has been a mistake. They never should have been allowed to receive a literary education. Women who read, much more women who write, are, in the existing constitution of things, a contradiction and a disturbing element: and it was wrong to bring women up with any acquirements but those of an odalisque, or of a domestic servant."

(To be continued.)

the cities. Folks that can't get wild meat till it is half-rotten try to console themselves with a theory in favor of that state of things; and the butchers and market-men are natural defenders of such theories. But you may be sure there is no such idea among those who live in the woods, where they can get what they want.

J. H. N.—But is it not true that semi-putrefaction makes meat tender?

S. N.—Yes; and so total-putrefaction makes it still tenderer. If you wait for meat to get tender in that way, why not wait till it falls to pieces?

J. H. N.—I confess I don't see why any distinction should be made between wild meat and common butchers' meat, in respect to this matter. If semi-putrefaction is good for venison, it must be good for beef. In that case we may have satisfaction in the well-known fact, that the dried beef which we buy in market, always consists of pieces that have hung in the butchers' stall till they are too stale to be saleable.

SUBSEQUENT OBSERVATION BY T. R. N.

Prof. Blot, who is a great authority in all dietetic matters, recommends to keep meat several days after it is killed, i. e., as long as it can be kept cool and sweet; because, he says, that changes take place in it, when so kept, that make it tender; and chemical science favors this idea. But neither Prof. Blot nor chemical science gives any countenance to the epicurean theory that venison or any other meat is better for being a little tainted.

THE DOMINANT.

Good is stronger than its opposite, evil,
The one is of God, the other of the devil.
Whatever is beautiful, lovely or bright,
Has God for its Author, pure spirit of light.
But sickness and sorrow, all wrangling and strife,
That darken this world and poison our life,
Proceed from the devil, the father of lies,
Who stalks through creation with ravenous eyes.
Then courage, good soldiers, your victory's sure,
If faithful and true to the end you endure.
How glorious the thought that for the ages in store
No evil nor sadness can trouble us more.

E. V. J.

A NEW RACE.

TALK WITH AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

I HAVE lately received a visit from my old friend Hugh Nathan. We were schoolmates in our youth, and intimate friends after attaining maturer years, and were in the habit of discussing together such topics as Phrenology and Fourierism as well as religious subjects. I am inclined to think, however, that the object of these discussions was more that of exercising our mental powers and skill in argument than that of finding out the truth.

After showing him everything that I thought would interest him about the Community, we sat down in the Library and engaged in a conversation somewhat as follows:

Nathan.—I am very much interested in your unique establishment. My experience and observation as a business man have convinced me that success in any department or direction of human effort is, as a rule, the result of some innate capacity, and not of blind chance. It is easy to conceive how a single person, with a sufficiency of pluck, perseverance and insight, can carve out a fortune where he alone has the control of the matters pertaining to his purposes, but how two hundred or more of intelligent people can be made to work together enthusiastically in building up a common fortune is a little beyond my ken.

Myself.—I have accounted for it by adopting the theory that this Community is one of many symptoms of the introduction of a new race of human beings on the earth.

N.—Ha! ha! ha! Well, if that is not a curious idea! I wonder what Darwin would say to it.

But seriously, I would like to know how you would establish such a proposition as that.

M.—I hold that all history, rightly interpreted, is chiefly valuable as an account of the conception, birth and growth of this new race. I believe that Paul had this idea in his mind when he said, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." You and I believe that Jesus Christ is a cross between the divine and human natures. Ought we not to expect that a new race would be the result?

N.—Yes; but we nowhere read of that race being perpetuated through the process of generation.

M.—True; but we have a very distinct account of a certain process called *regeneration*, a process by which it is said that persons are "baptized into Christ," by which they become "dead and arisen with him," by which they "put on Christ," &c. If these expressions mean anything they mean a great deal. Paul, in announcing this novel doctrine of regeneration, seems to have had some misgivings lest his hearers might doubt his sanity, as indicated by his words: "For whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God: or whether we be sober it is for your cause. For the love of Christ constraineth us: because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then are all dead: and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again. . . . Therefore if any man be in Christ *he is a new creature*." Does not a new creature belong to a new race?

N.—Admitting the truth of what you say, I would like to know, in the first place, what you regard as some of the most prominent characteristics of this new creature or race, and, secondly, something about the change from the old to the new.

M.—One of the most prominent characteristics of the new race is *salvation from sin*. What is commonly considered the normal condition of human nature is that in which persons are under a continual sense of having violated the laws of God, and in which they feel estranged from him, somewhat as wild animals are from human beings. The new race is free from all this sense of condemnation and estrangement from God.

Secondly, the new race is characterized by a *renewed mind*, rendering them capable of discerning and making use of all needful wisdom from day to day in the affairs of life.

For another thing, they have hearts that, instead of leading them to look on others with suspicion, and to seek safety or power by the study and practice of the various arts of offense and defense, dispose them to live in harmony with all that are like them.

I will mention, finally, that this new race is characterized by an *unquenchable desire for progress toward perfection in all things*.

It now remains for me to refer briefly to what I regard as some of the indications of the advent of this race on earth.

The work of God during the entire Jewish dispensation, beginning with Abraham, culminated in the production of a single perfected specimen of this new race—the model leader of all the rest—Jesus Christ. He was the seed of the new race; it was planted, we may say, in the hearts of men and in the harvest of the Primitive Church at the Second Coming, we have the first-fruits. In regard to the history of mankind in this world since that time, the careful student cannot fail to detect evidences that the processes of gestating and propagating the new race have been going steadily forward.

For one thing the old grim principality of war seems to be dying. During the middle-ages, the whole of the so-called civilized world was one vast encampment, every institution being suggestive of oppression, offense or defense. How wonderfully has that condition of things changed! The immense growth of manufacturing and commercial interests that have spread their net-work over the whole earth, have put the nations under the heaviest of bonds, to keep the peace. The late treaty at Washington is a specimen of the way in which nations are learning how to settle their differences. Then the wide-spread intelligence and manifold blessings that are the outgrowth of the art of printing, and the discovery and uses of steam and electricity, were not intended for selfish and wicked men. To make real blessings of them, they

need to be complemented by a corresponding improvement in the moral and spiritual nature of man.

N.—Thank you very much for this explanation. Whether I ever fully adopt your views in this respect or not, this explanation of your theory of human life will materially assist me in forming an estimate of the objects of this institution.

H. J. S.

HOW THE COAL-BINS WERE FILLED.

Sketch of a Lecture at New Haven, Jan. 5, by Prof. Dawson of Montreal.

THE first of a series of six lectures, to be delivered under the auspices of the Yale Scientific Club, was given on Friday evening by Prof. Dawson of McGill College, Montreal. Prof. Dawson, I have since discovered, is a man of authority among geologists. Dana quotes him in his *Geology*, and Prof. Verrill of Yale tells me, that although Dawson differs from many geologists in some of his views, on points still unsettled by the scientific world, he nevertheless is regarded as one of the "great lights" in his speciality, "the Primeval Flora," which formed the subject of his New Haven lecture.

He was introduced by President Porter, and is a middle-aged, pleasant-looking man, with a clear, ringing voice. He took for his text a bit of coal, and talked for an hour and a half without a break. Occasionally, he turned around and explained some of the pictures of great trees that hung behind him, but he never paused, scarcely glanced at his notes; and those scraggly geological and botanical terms fell from his lips in a way that put me in mind of the boy's whistle.

I am not going to give a scientific account of the lecture, for I don't know enough about the subject; but will try to tell about two or three things that I remember.

He commenced by giving us some idea of the great divisions of past time according to geological classification. I was agreeably surprised to find there are but four from the point of view, way back where the world seemed to begin, to our day. First, the *æozoic*, as he calls it (instead of the *æozoic*, as it is usually named), which includes all the time from when the world was a molten mass to the first appearance of life; next, the *palæozoic*, about the middle of which our great underground coal-bin was filled, and the cover put down; third, the *mesozoic*, when those huge animals lived; last, the *cainozoic*, or *cenozoic*, which we are going through.

Then the lecturer took up the coal formations, which formed his special theme for the lecture. One kind of tree—the *Sigillaria*—he said, made the greater part of our coal—a huge, clumsy-looking tree, with no branches, but covered with long, grass-like leaves, and growing only in swamps and marshes. But the most curious feature about the tree was its bark, which made up more than a third of its bulk; and it is from the bark alone that we get our fuel. When the tree died the wood always rotted away, while the almost imperishable bark slowly turned to coal. He talked about this with as much familiarity as though he had been an eye-witness. I rather wondered how he knew so well, when he presently began to prove his statements.

As one huge forest after another grew up and passed gradually to decay, the ever-increasing mass of fallen trunks pressed heavily on those beneath, the wood gradually disappeared, and the hollow column of bark became flattened to two thin scales of coal, varying from one-sixteenth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. But in these scales the peculiar bark of the *Sigillaria* is readily recognized. The professor has himself taken forty-nine specimens of it from different strata in the same mine. Between these scales is sometimes found a trace of something like charcoal—all that remains of what was once the wood. Here and there stumps remained standing—these, as the wood gradually rotted away, leaving the thick bark standing, were filled with dirt and sand, during those mighty inundations which occasionally, sweeping over the vast swamps of our continent, would stop for a time the formation of coal. These hollow columns of coal ("coal pipes" the miners call them), although a source of some

danger, as they are liable to drop suddenly down when the coal is taken away from beneath them, are of great interest to the geologists, for in them the complete botanical history of the trees is read. The Sigillaria occur in every coal formation in the world, in more or less abundance.

Another kind of tree, the Calamite, grew more particularly on the edges of the swamps, and helped largely to preserve the purity of the coal during the long periods of submersion. Several other varieties of trees he mentioned, but none of such importance as the Sigillaria.

He gave us, in passing, some idea of the time which was occupied in the coal formations. The layers of coal vary from a few inches in thickness to ten, twenty or even thirty feet. Remember that each layer is made up of generation after generation of trees, which have grown up, flourished, decayed, and been slowly pressed to the merest scales—this period followed by one perhaps equally long of submersion, to be again succeeded by coal forests. In one mine in Nova Scotia Prof. Dawson counted eighty-nine layers of coal, piled up with alternate strata of sand—one hundred and seventy-eight distinct ages in the coal epoch alone!

He alluded, in closing, to the singular fact that most of the great coal measures in the world are in countries held by the English-speaking races, and drew a moral therefrom. Several times in the course of the lecture he referred to the Creator in a simple way that showed that he at least knew how to reconcile science and religion. K.

[Longfellow closes his late work, "The Divine Tragedy," with the following beautiful rendering of the never-dying legend that the "beloved disciple" is still waiting for the coming of his Master, founded on that saying of Christ (already fulfilled). "If I will that he (John) tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"]

SAINT JOHN:

Wandering Over the Face of the Earth.

The Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years;
My hair is as white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow.
The earth is wet with my tears!
The kingdoms crumble, and fall
Apart, like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river's ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind!
The world itself is old;
The portals of time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the weight,
Like the hinges of a gate
That hath fallen to decay:
But the evil doth not cease:
There is war instead of peace;
Instead of love there is hate:
And still I must wander and wait,
Still I must watch and pray,
Not forgetting in whose sight
A thousand years in their flight
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam
Of light that comes and goes
Like the course of a Holy Stream,
The cityless river, that flows
From fountains no one knows,
Through the Lake of Galilee,
Through forests and level lands,
Over rocks, and shallows, and sands
Of a wilderness wild and vast,
Till it findeth its rest at last
In the desolate Dead Sea!
But alas! alas for me,
Not yet this rest shall be!

What then! doth Charity fail?
Is Faith of no avail?
Is Hope blown out like a light
By a gust of wind in the night?
The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again!
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

And Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the corn-field's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wild,
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes:
Before him the demons flee;
To the dead he saith: Arise!
To the living: Follow me!
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be!

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men:
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen:
Bewildered in its search,
Bewildered with the cry:
Lo, here! lo, there! the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,

By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

—It is only when our attention is turned away from outward attraction and the desire to swell, and turned inward towards deep faith experience, that the heart is fully satisfied. However much trial and suffering it may cost, it will be found to be the only sure way of knowing God. We must say with David, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Our experience the last year has been that of interior discipline and searching of heart; faith has been tried, strengthened, and established on a deeper and broader basis; our purpose has taken deeper root, and we have been led to say over and over again, God is good; he has arranged all our circumstances, and his Spirit is silently and surely working out our salvation. We are thankful to apply Paul's advice to believers; "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." E. L. H.

HOW TO KILL COCKROACHES.

"BRAVE bug!" exclaimed Ichabod; then drawing a long breath, he added, "There, that exclamation came from the very bottom of my sentiments. Not because I have any sympathy for a live cockroach, though—oh no, not a bit of it! but a dead one; yes, give me a dead cockroach or none. The very fact that he is after all, like other bugs, subject to the tranquilizing effects of death, is so cheering that I at once pardon the parasitic, paramount ugliness of his nature, and breathe easier. Hot water won't hurt him though, not at all. You may sling hot water right and left, high and low, fore and aft, till you have drowned out the baby and scalded half the hair off the old gentleman's bald head, and you won't get your roach. No sir-ee.

"You can't chase him down either. O, no, you don't! There's where you are lame again. Why! my house was full of 'em once. And one morning, jest about as I was going to take Josh Billings's advice 'to sell out and flee to the mountains,' I saw a big cockroach coming down stairs. 'Now,' said 'I old fox, I'll give you my parting salute; and I went for him. Down he came, five steps at once, and landed in a pile of tin-ware. 'Seek-'im, Sniffles!' I shrieked to the dog; and you ought to have seen how the tin-ware flew. But roach knew what he was about, and in his own good time he just made one streak across the floor, and in a twinkling was behind the table-leg! 'Stop!' I shouted; 'just give the table a shove, and he's tight! But, O, horrors! off the table went a jar of apple-sauce, bottom side up on the dog, and thence to the floor, breaking into half a dozen pieces and crushing the cat's tail dreadfully. Cat howled, dog barked, and baby cried. Roach took advantage of the general confusion to strike out straight across the floor for his favorite hole. 'But just hold on there, you old greased pumpkin seed, you haven't gone yet.' Upon that I made for him, hotter than ever! 'Stamp on him! Stamp on him!' shouted Nancy. 'That's what I'm going to do as soon as I can,' I roared, 'but if you are in a hurry, stomp on 'im yourself.' Then I made another desperate jump; but, goodness gracious! when I came down I lit square on top of that apple-saucy dog; and as I came to the floor my legs took a notion to dissolve partnership; for the left one struck out a due north-westerly course, and the other went a little south of southeast. Mercy on me! I thought I should never reconcile 'em again; but finally compromised the matter by tipping over and striking the floor against my nose, about six inches west of roach's hole. Thus you see I had got in

position to bring my guns to bear on the enemy. Dog joined the cat in one prolonged and tremendous howl. Roach got safely in; faced about; looked me in the eye; elevated one smeller, then the other smeller, then both smellers; then, looked compassionate. Oh, vinegar! wasn't I mad! I just gave the hole a tremendous jab with my little finger; but roach popped his head out of another hole a little way up the ceiling, and went through a similar maneuver. Then I jabbed at 'em again. Then he popped out of the first hole, and I jabbed. So he kept popping, and I kept jabbing, about twenty times, till, just as I had got my grit fairly up Joe Slumsy came in, and Nancy called out, 'What are you doing there, Ich? Come, get up; you don't present the prettiest figure that ever was.' 'I'm giving on 'em fits,' gasped I, 'and shan't git up till I git ready; and what's more I don't care a snap for your figures. Them aint what I'm after.' 'My good friend,' said Slumsy, taking me by the arm and raising me up, 'let reason persuade you to moderation, and let moderation fan you; for the truth is, you are dreadfully hot.' 'Hot!' I shrieked; 'I'm just as cool as a parched pea; but the fact is, Joseph, these critters are the death of me, and I am going to leave this house in less than three days.'

"Do calm yourself, my dear Ichabod!" said Joseph. "Just buy one-half pound of powdered borax (you will find it cheap, best quality, at Baxter & Smith's, or Peterson & Jones's, just around the corner), and sprinkle a little at the mouth of that roach's hole. He will help himself. Also scatter some in the cupboard, and along the cracks of the warm ceiling behind the stove, and above all, on that big bunch of roaches in the corner by the oven. In short, put it wherever the traces of cockroaches are to be found. Roaches like borax, but borax don't like roaches. It gives them the stomach-ache—a kind they don't get well of, either." "O, Joseph!" I gasped, seizing him by the hand; and as soon as Nancy tied my little finger into a bag of bread-and-milk poultice, I made a rush for Baxter's. I got some borax, and followed Joseph's advice to a hair and splinter.

"Two days after, I went around to see what my borax had done. Bless my stars! The habitations of cockroaches were as desolate as the grave. I sat me down on a cider-barrel and wept for joy; and yet there was a shadow of sadness in it—a kind of goneness came over me; and when the cat looked up into my face and mewed to comfort me, I said, 'Hist, pussy! here's where the dead live.'" GLKZ.

FACTS AND TOPICS.

The cream-colored limestone with which Chicago was built, but which did not stand the test of fire, is likely to be replaced by a newly-discovered sandstone at Waveland, Indiana, of various colors, from white to black.

A diamond weighing 154 carats has been found in Africa, and is on its way to England. A rumor of its discovery is, that it was found glittering in the night in the dirt with which the walls of a native hut were built.

The product of the iron mines of the Lake Superior region the past year was about one million tons of ore, and forty thousand tons of charcoal pig-iron. The total value of both copper and iron produced in the same region is about twelve million dollars.

The increase in the production of pig-iron in the United States since 1865 is said to be from 931,000 tons of 2,000 lbs. in 1865 to very nearly 2,000,000 tons in 1871: and the increase in the make of rails in the same period is from 356,292 tons to 720,000. The increase has been greatest in the Western States.

A Convention of American dairymen was held at Utica, N. Y., the second week in January, at which several subjects of deep interest, both to the producers and consumers of dairy products, were discussed. Mr. Millard gave an account of the process of condensing milk, and statistics relating to the cost of a factory and the requisite apparatus, together with an estimate of the expenses and probable profits of the business. Mr. Greene explained the management of butter factories, and their more general introduction was recommended as a means of improving the quality of butter, as the quality of cheese has been improved. But the subject of most general interest was contained in the address of Mr. Arnold on poisoned milk and cheese. He

said various and rigid analyses had failed to detect any trace of mineral poison in such cheese, but numerous experiments had shown that cows that drank stagnant water produced poisoned milk. The same spores that the microscope shows in stagnant water are revealed in tainted milk; and undoubtedly it is the same cause that produces in poisoned cheese an excess of fermentation. Children, and adults of weak constitutions, are often poisoned by partaking of such milk, though seldom fatally. Agitation and exposure to the atmosphere are the best means of purification. Nature purifies water in this way.

THE NEWS.

AMERICAN.

Mayor Hall has returned to New York, and resumed the duties of his office.

The Grand Jury has indicted Edward S. Stokes for the murder of James Fisk, Jr.

The Cuban volunteers have opposed the change in the governorship of the island, and the Spanish Government has consented to let Valmaseda remain in office.

The new Post-office appropriation bill prohibits the printing on any government envelopes of any notice except a simple request to return it to the writer.

The Mexican Government troops have occupied Oaxaca, and Diaz is retreating to Puerto del Angel; and the report is that the backbone of the revolution is broken.

At a reception recently held at the Executive Mansion in Washington the only woman not dressed in "silk, satin, velvet, or the three combined, was the wife of the British Minister."

The cause of woman suffrage has been argued before the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate, by Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Hooker, and Miss Anthony, and the Committee has reported adversely, and asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

The largest fire that has been known in New York city for several years occurred on the morning of Jan. 14, on the East-river side of the city, between 31st and 32d street, destroying property estimated at \$300,000.

The Legislature of Illinois has enacted a law that no person shall sell intoxicating liquor without a license, and no license shall be granted to any person unless he shall give a bond for three thousand dollars, with good sureties, to pay all damage that any one shall suffer in person or property in consequence of such sale.

Senator Trumbull has introduced a bill into Congress to relieve the Supreme Court of some of its business. The court decided two hundred and fifty cases at its last sitting, lengthening its term by about two months; and it still has some seven hundred cases on the docket. The bill provides that no appeal shall be taken to this court where the sum in dispute is less than five thousand dollars, and allows it to settle questions of law only, and not of fact.

A bronze statue of Dr. Franklin—a full-length figure twelve feet high, on a granite pedestal of the same height—has been placed in Printing-House Square, New York city. The statue was unveiled by Prof. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph, Jan. 17, the 166th anniversary of the birth of Franklin, and was followed by a banquet at Delmonico's in the evening, attended by the press generally. This is the largest statue that has ever been cast in this country.

The Mormon murder case of Salt Lake City has been argued before the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington. The point in dispute is whether the Grand Jury that found the indictments was legally constituted. By a law of the Territory of Utah, all juries are to be drawn by lot from a list furnished by a board of county officers. In this case the jury was selected by the Sheriff, with an open venire, from the populace, for the purpose of excluding all Mormons, the court claiming that this discretion is allowed by the U. S. laws. The case is not yet decided.

The steamer America, from China and Japan, reached San Francisco Jan. 15, bringing a Japanese Imperial Embassy, consisting of Iwakura, the Prime Minister of Japan and several other high dignitaries of that country, with a retinue of attachés, secretaries and servants, amounting to nearly one hundred persons. The steamer, highly decorated, and with the Japanese imperial ban-

ner at the foremast, was met at the wharf by a committee of citizens and city officials. The embassy is composed of "progressives," and its object is to consult with the Governments of America and Europe in relation to a revision of the treaties now existing. The Mikado, in a late edict, speaks of the change from old to new ideas, and calls for the aid of the wise and strong-minded, and advises that youth, both boys and girls, should be allowed to go abroad and learn the ideas of the world. The revolution in Japan is every way a marvel.

FOREIGN.

The Catholics of Ireland protest with energy against making education in the public schools entirely secular.

The estates of the Marquis of Waterford, in Ireland, have been divided into small portions and sold at auction, to be held in fee simple.

A contract has been signed in London, by which the Telegraphic Construction and Maintenance Company agrees to lay an Atlantic telegraph cable from England to New York direct.

In Persia there is a Mohammedan sect of some two hundred thousand persons, which attempts to reconcile the creeds of Islam and Christianity, and acknowledges the Bible as the word of God. The sect is much persecuted.

The Tichbourne case in England, which was adjourned early in December to January 15th, was resumed on that day, when the defense proposed to prove that the claimant was a conspirator, perjurer, forger, and a common impostor and villain.

The Ministry of Spain has given orders to the governors of provinces to suppress all organizations of the Internationals within their jurisdictions, but not to interfere with the liberty of speech, as the laws of Spain provide no punishment for such an offence.

About three hundred compositors in the printing-offices of Stuttgart, Germany, have quit work on a strike, and fears are entertained of disturbance in consequence. There is also a very extensive strike among the workmen of Charleroi, Brussels, for higher wages and a reduction of the hours of labor.

Espartaco has declined the title of Prince of Vergara offered to him by the King of Spain. Espartaco, the son of a mechanic, rose as a soldier and statesman in the estimation of his countrymen until he was made Regent, and finally the crown itself offered to him; but it was refused as the title of Prince is now refused.

Count Andrassy, the Austrian Premier, in reply to the address of a deputation of Catholics, said, that the Pope was under no constraint, for he had just appointed some thirty bishops; that the relations of Austria and Italy were on a good footing; and he knew of no Catholic power that could be justified in offering the Pope an asylum.

The proposition of the Government of France to tax the raw materials of the manufactories meets with violent opposition; and orders have been sent to the military at Lyons, Marseilles, and St. Etienne, to suppress any disturbances that may occur in consequence. A red flag has been raised in the Department of Hautes-Alpes, but it was immediately lowered by the authorities, and ten men engaged in the movement were arrested.

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