

A CHRISTCHURCH QUACK UNMASKED,

OR
THE LIFE AND TEACHING
OF

A. BENTLY WORTHINGTON,

Alias SAMUEL OAKLEY CRAWFORD, **alias** EUGENE SAMUEL
BOUVIER WALTON, **alias** MAJOR EUGENE BOUVIER,
alias EUGENE BONNER, **alias** E. R. BANNERTON,
alias MONS. BENNATEAU, **alias** MAJOR HORACE
OAKLEY WOOD, **alias** ARTHUR WOOD, **alias** W. D.
WOOD, **alias** ARLINGTON BUCKINGHAM WADSWORTH,
alias GENERAL A. B. WARD, **alias** JOHN D. CRAW-
FORD, **alias** R. J. QUIGLEY,

AND

MARY H. PLUNKETT,

EXAMINED AND EXPOSED

BY

REV. JOHN HOSKING,

*Methodist Free Church Minister, St. Asaph Street,
Christchurch.*

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From *The World*, July, 1889.



A. B. WORTHINGTON

"WORTHINGTON is about forty-eight to fifty years old, of medium height, weighs about 140 to 150 pounds, has dark grayish hair brushed smoothly well down on the left temple and parted diagonally, steel-blue grayish and expressive eyes, perfect teeth, is a fluent and easy talker, sociably inclined, with fine address—in fact he is considered a very handsome and attractive man; he wears no beard and his manner is that of a well-bred gentleman."



A. B. WARD.

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or, The life and teaching of A.

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STARTLING REVELATIONS

OF

Worthingtonianism in America

And Christchurch.

FOR nearly three years two persons have been disseminating peculiar teaching in Christchurch. They are known as Mr. and Mrs. Worthington. A society has been formed called the "Students of Truth;" a building has been erected called "The Temple of Truth;" a small magazine is issued to the public monthly, called the "Comforter," by which the public may become acquainted with the teaching of the above-named individuals. We have interested ourselves in this remarkable movement and have in our possession a number of facts about this teaching and its propagandists.

In the *Australasian* of Oct. 12th, 1889, we find the New York correspondent writing Aug. 18th as follows:—

"This country has been suffering for some time from a plague of 'Christian Scientists,' whose title has the appositeness arising from the fact that they are neither Christian nor scientists, but either uncommon fools or simple swindlers, or, as sometimes happens, a combination of both. They are the successors of the spiritualists who spread over the land some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and many of whose victims found their way to the insane asylum or the grave. They claim to be able to detect and cure disease by means quite unknown to any school of medicine, and indeed despise all medicine, relying on their influence over patients whom they can first inspire with absolute 'faith.' It is a very convenient arrangement, as anyone can see. If the patient gets better, or thinks that he or she—generally she—is better, why the result is credited to 'faith;' if the contrary happens it is because there is a lack of 'faith,' and naturally the Scientists are not to be held accountable. There is no denying that the *peculiar* state of the mind and nerve into which weak persons can be thrown by appeals to their emotions does sometimes produce very curious effects upon their bodies; and there is no end to the cases of cures that would indeed be remarkable if one were not too exacting in the matter of evidence and are quite puzzling in any case. But the consequences when a number of human beings of either sex get to feeling that they are in direct communication with the divine will, and are independent of and above the ordinary laws of society, are sure to be mischievous, and are sometimes disgusting. For instance, a few weeks ago it was announced in the papers that a certain Mrs. Plunkett, who maintained a shop of Christian Science in this city with her husband, and ran a weekly paper devoted to the propaganda of their patent faith, had divorced herself from her

husband with his consent, and had set up a separate establishment, both professional and domestic, with one Worthington. The fact excited no more general interest than would the story that a noted gambler had had a row with his 'girl' and taken another. But shortly, as the story percolated through the country press, facts began to be reported as to the male member of the new firm of Christians. It appeared that he had been married before, and not in the slipshod way of his present associates, but in due legal form, and not to one only, but to eight different women; that he had deserted one after another, after having robbed them of whatever money he could lay hands on; that he had left his last-named wife penniless and about to become a mother, taking some 12,000 dollars, which was all she had in the world. He had also swindled a number of men, some in quite large amounts, and, in several cases, with the aid of forgery. He seems to have been a very accomplished scoundrel, with a curious faculty for fascinating men as well as women. In one case, with only a few hundred dollars in cash, he settled in West Virginia, bought a handsome country place, lived for six months in luxury with two women, whom he introduced as his 'sisters,' decamped, and in the next six months made several thousand dollars more by selling West Virginia land that he had never seen, to one of the shrewdest of our politicians and speculators..

"When facts like these came to the knowledge of Mrs. Plunkett-Worthington, the scamp made a confession that he pretended was complete, and she put him in hiding and prepared to meet his various victims. So far she has had to deal only with the women, and she says that she has convinced them that their heartless mate is now a 'pure soul' purged by faith, and preparing to lead a life of holy service to his race, by which the past shall be compensated and redeemed, and he be fitted for an eternity of bliss with her. But if she has to make terms with the detectives, I imagine she will need some more satisfactory and substantial basis of argument, and though she says that it would be the worst of hells to believe that she must live without him, in this world or in the next, so long as she conceals his whereabouts the law may at any time seize her as an accomplice after the fact to some very vulgar swindles, and put her where her idea of hell will be fully realised. When such things are possible in this city among persons some of whom, like Mrs. Plunkett, are of more than usual intelligence in ordinary matters, what wonder is it that the grossest superstitions prevail among the utterly ignorant negroes of the south. Of these the latest example is the appearance in the mountains of Georgia, of a negro exhorter who claims to be Jesus Christ, and whom his people in great numbers are following blindly. So long as the results were harmless they were let alone, but when one poor mother strangled her babe at the dictation of the black Messiah to save it from some devil that was pursuing it, the law interfered and the chief with two or three of his most active aids, including the mother, were seized and sent to the country lunatic asylum. Thereupon another negro, who also had always lived in the

neighbourhood, and was as ignorant as the rest, came out and proclaimed that he was not Jesus simply, but the veritable God re-appearing on the earth in human form to call to repentance those who would be saved. Some of the reports of the utterances of these poor deluded creatures are infinitely pathetic. Through their rude degraded language rung now and again with weird emphasis, taken from the distortion of thick tongues the familiar and sublime biblical phrases. The delusion is evidently complete and the wretched field-hands who leave their harvests to rot in the ground to follow one whom they believe to be the Son or the Father himself, strewing the paths beneath his black feet with palmetto leaves, mounting him on a plantation mule and in every way imitating as far as they can the scenes of Palestine, are objects of profound pity. The modern world reads of Leon Tolstoi donning the peasant garb in the far plains of Russia, and washing the feet of those who were his servants, and eloquence and genius with which he tells his own story, redeem the essential lunacy of the experience. To my mind the Georgia negro is the less displeasing."

A gentleman in Christchurch wrote to two friends of his in America, anent Worthington, and received the two following letters in reply:—

"All communications on Editorial Business should be sent to Orange, New Jersey.

"New Church Messenger, 20, Cooper Union, New York,

"Rev. C. H. Mann, Editor,

"Orange, N. J., April, 21, 1892.

"My Dear Mr. Thompson,

"Your letter of March 21 has been this morning received. I am very grateful for your appreciative words in regard to my work. Such appreciation is most helpful to me. It seems to me very probable, and indeed almost certain that the Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Worthington and Mary H. Plunkett are those of whom we heard a great deal in New York about two or three years ago, and who then disappeared from public knowledge. It was stated at that time that Mr. Worthington had left for parts unknown. What became of Mrs. Plunkett I had no knowledge. While I cannot answer in any way for their past lives, or present possibilities of usefulness, most especially being doubtful in regard to Mr. Worthington, I think that it is only just to them to suspend judgment based upon past life, and to receive them according to their present possibility of being useful to the community. By that test they should be tried. Whether teachings of the character suggested in the circular, and formerly promulgated in the paper conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett in New York, could be made of use by New Church people, I am inclined to think it very doubtful. I believe that there is a better and more Christian Science than this. But I am ready to let Mr. and Mrs. Worthington go on their way in peace. Hoping that this letter may be of use to you,

"I am, most sincerely yours, C. H. MANN, Ma. Fr."

"Drs. Holcombe and Aitkin,

"288, St. Charles Street Avenue,

"New Orleans, La. April 21, 1889.

"Mr. John Thompson,

"Dear Sir: I do not remember having ever met Mr. A. B. Worthington. I saw Mrs. Plunkett last for two or three weeks in Chicago in 1887. I was struck, as everyone was, with her talent, her zeal, and enthusiasm. She was not happily married, and her temperament was so sanguine, and so intensely nervous, that she was just the woman to be swept away into some kind of a cranky, unconventional eccentricity. Her open and deliberate desertion of her husband and children for Mr. Worthington excited the indignation of all who knew her, and the pity of all who loved her, and their name was Legion. Her conduct inflicted a terrible blow on Christian Science in this country, from which it has never recovered.

"They are not New Church people in any sense of the word. They are working out the problem of life on altogether different lines from ours. They may be or may have become very good people. It would be Christian charity, such as I would attempt to exercise if called upon to do so, to ignore their past, and take them for what they really are, or seem to be at present. Let them have a fair field and a good chance to perform any uses of which they may be capable.

"Believe me, dear sir, yours truly,

"WM. H. HOLCOMBE."

In the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE Monthly Magazine of America we found the following letter which appeared about three years ago:—

"SPECIAL NOTICE by the said Mary H. Plunkett and John J. T. Plunkett.

"We the undersigned, having dedicated our lives to the service of The Good, and determined to speak, act and live in accordance with it, do declare both to you who faithfully serve, and to you who earnestly seek, the truth as follows:

"For many years, we have recognized that the affection between us was purely fraternal, and we have lived and worked together as friends. Having feared the results of its publication and the possibility of our example proving dangerous to others, we have hitherto concealed this fact. *We have now gained riper wisdom: we know with deep and glad certainty that Truth always and everywhere proves a blessing, not a curse; we know that our action, far from being a stumblingblock, will only aid the many who are striving to solve the same problem. We therefore, from the most profound conviction of duty, do jointly declare our marriage contract null and void in so far as it lies in our power to render it so.* In thus candidly taking this stand before humanity, whom we love and strive to serve, we experience that 'peace that passeth understanding' which the

world and the opinion of the world cannot give or disturb. The Truth has made us free !

"JOHN J. T. PLUNKETT.

"New York April 3, 1889.

"MARY H. PLUNKETT."

Dr. Talmage of America preached a sermon bearing on this teaching when it was known by the name of Spiritualism. In his sermon entitled "The Religion of Ghosts" we read as follows :—

"I indict spiritualism also, because *it is a social and marital curse*. The worst deeds of licentiousness, and the worst orgies of obscenity, have been enacted under its patronage. The story is too vile for me to tell. I will not pollute my tongue nor your ears with the recital. Sometimes the civil law has been evoked to stop the outrage. *Families innumerable* have been broken up by it. It has pushed off hundreds of young women into a life of profligacy. It talks about 'elective affinities,' and 'affinital relation,' and 'spiritual matches,' and adopts the whole vocabulary of free-lovism. In one of its public journals, it declares '*marriage is the monster curse of civilization*.' 'It is a source of debauchery and intemperance.' If spiritualism could have its full swing it would turn this world into a pandemonium of carnality. It is an unclean, adulterous, damnable religion, and the sooner it drops into hell from which it rose, the better both for earth and heaven. For the sake of man's honour and woman's purity I say let the last vestige of it perish for ever. I wish I could gather up all the raps it has ever heard from spirits blessed or damned, and gather them all in its own head in one thundering rap of annihilation."—Sermon, "The Religion of Ghosts."

"*Parting husbands and wives is one of the notorious tendencies of spiritualism*. The oldest and most influential teacher of spiritualism has had two wives, each of whom he encouraged to get divorced before he married them. When one of the most eloquent trance-speakers left her husband, he came out and stated that he knew sixty cases of media leaving companions. We heard one of the most impressional speakers say to a large audience that *she was compelled by spirits to secede from her husband with whom she was living very happily*. We lately heard a very intellectual, eloquent, and popular normal speaker say, in an eloquent address to a large convention of spiritualists, that 'he would to God that it had parted twenty where where it had parted one.' In short, wherever we go, we find this tendency to Spiritualism."—"Spiritualism as it is," pp. 10, 11.

"After years of careful investigation, *we are compelled, much against our inclinations*, to admit that more than one half of our travelling media, speakers, and prominent spiritualists, are guilty of immoral and licentious practices that have justly provoked the abhorrence of all right-thinking people."—*Ibid* p. 20.

Mr. Worthington published a volume of lectures some time ago in Christchurch, and dedicated it, "To her, whose gentle love drew me from the 'paths of sin'—whose life each hour is more Christ-like than any I have ever known—my companion, co-labourer, comrade, friend, and wife." From this dedication we have the right to infer that the author was, at one time of his life, in the "paths of sin."

It appears that the students are divided into two classes,—the outer and inner circle. For the "inner circle" a book has been published, called the "ORDER OF THE TEMPLE" and in that book we read that:—

"The object of this Order is to quicken mankind into the consciousness of the kingdom of heaven at hand. The distinctive feature of this Order is its interpretation of man as the Two-in-one, whose conscious realization must reveal to him an ascending scale in spiritual manifestation, which compels the animal to give place to the spiritual in the surrender of any and all sex commerce, and substitute therefor the transforming of body or embodiment through the renewing or development of the mind instead of through birth and death. The Order is absolutely unsectarian, and recognizes no creed, nationality, colour, sex, or superiority of individuals, but rather regards humanity as a unit inseparable. All applicants for membership must apply in writing. *Only those will be received in membership who, of their own free will, choose and are determined to live lives of chastity and continence.* Each member is required to remit one guinea (five dollars) upon joining the Order, and one guinea every six months thereafter. All moneys will be used for propaganda of the objects of this Order throughout the world. Should a member at any time undergo a change of mind, relative to the obligation of the Order, he or she is required to make a statement of that fact to the Secretary in writing, which act shall operate as a release from the Order. No member so released will be eligible to membership thereafter within the period of twelve months. Personal inspection of any and all books, accounts, proceedings, records, and minutes will be afforded any member of the Order upon application. There is an old-fashioned tradition, almost universal, that God lives and is manifest only in a place called heaven; a limitation that excludes Him from the life and conditions of this world. This delusion must be overcome—grown out of—destroyed, for it is a 'covenant with death,' and an 'agreement with hell,' as is seen in the oft-repeated preparation for—the expectation of—death, as the means by which we enter heaven and see God. Education in the tradition, or belief called death, fastened upon all as soon as they are old enough to be taught, is, as it were, the great red dragon watching at the birth-couch of the race, and planning its funeral rite before it has been born. Infancy is christened 'a worm of the dust.' The entire thought of the parents, family, and acquaintances, together with the education of the child itself, are based upon, regulated and controlled by their agreement with

death and the grave. This mental habit of an absent God and heaven must be abandoned when we know the Truth, for 'Our covenant with death shall be disannulled, and our agreement with hell shall not stand.' In Truth alone is freedom from flesh bondage. We understand that all things desirable are promised to him that overcome, and that in no other way can they be gained; therefore we seek to overcome the world while we remain in it; seek to be in it, not of it, expecting thereby to attain a higher overcoming than would be possible in hermitage, convent, monastery, or any place where we should be shielded from temptation. We realize there is but one sure and safe control, which is the self-control of a life that has found itself in God. *We realize the second coming within ourselves already, and by this aid we strive to be perfect, even as our Father is perfect. We hold the absolute, primal virgin concept, original and immaculate*, that we are now members of the body of Christ, the only begotten of God; that all that we ever were, or can be, we are now. Birth, Death, and Re-incarnation belong to the law and prophets which were until John; since that time the Kingdom of God is preached. 'As surely as the tender glory of God's love came into Jesus, so surely the same is coming into humanity at large. The gentleness and clemency of this love so prevails in the spiritual atmosphere in which the true selves of men live and think, that, unawares, the hard and vindictive thoughts of their forefathers are melted out of them. The natural human race is becoming concerned, and is asking how to become a divine human race; and they will soon hear what they have never heard, and understand what they have never understood, and rejoice as they have never rejoiced. How great will be their exultation, to see their whole nature intact, on a higher plane, the virus of lust and the poison of sin alone excepted! Humanity is humanity to eternity, a *richly complex, dual unity*. Blessed are they who have entered into a divine discontent with the *natural* form of this unity. The natural man and woman have no conception of the divine form and bliss of their nature. In its twelve-fold, jewelled purity, it is now coming down from God out of Heaven. Many are receiving it with intense delight. And all who are ill at ease under the degradation of their natural, are being prepared for the evolution of their divine-natural, condition.' *This Order holds up to the world the purest, whitest light known*, showing that at last man has reached that stage in his evolution when the trammels of the flesh can hold him no longer, and henceforth he lives only to lift up the Christ. To this light all men shall be drawn, there to await the next step in knowledge of their Father's will concerning them. We already understand that:—The object and necessity of Creation is the manifestation of God—the Good. That which the Christian calls God; the Jew, Jehovah; the Hindoo, Brahm; the Mohammedan, Allah; the Chinese, Supreme Cause; the Physical Scientist, Force; and Jesus, Spirit—is Abstract Being, or the Universal Principle—Love, in process of unfoldment

and manifestation. It appears to man as divine tenderness, or a 'consuming fire,' according as he obeys the inner self, or the seductive claims of sense—the outer self. The 'fall of man' was towards God, *instead of away from God*; the first step in Spiritual evolution from ignorance to wisdom, from image to likeness, from Lord to Christ. The Atonement is the reconciliation of man to God, and is made to reveal God's love, not to satisfy His justice. The Atonement is not the cause of God's love to man, but the flowing out of that love. Jesus the flesh, the son of Mary, was nailed to the tree. Christ the Son of God felt no nail, knew no death, was lifted up and is drawing all men unto Him. Jesus brought life and immortality to light. He claimed for mankind, collectively and individually, **ALL THAT HE CLAIMED FOR HIMSELF.** When we rise to an understanding of ourselves, we shall know ourselves as Spiritual, and that our fleshly representative is but one of many bodies which we have used in our unfoldment. Reform efforts fail because they try to cleanse the sepulchre by dressing up the outside, while the only possible remedy is that taught by Jesus Christ, which is the supremacy of realization, by man, of his spiritual nature, and consequent privilege of dominion. The so-called miracles were wrought in keeping with a higher law of externalization than is generally understood. The husbandman produces bread and wine, and is as ignorant of HOW he does it, as he is of the HOW of the miracles. In both cases it is the work of God—or First Cause. Jesus the most advanced evolution ever upon earth, brought the externalizing power to bear directly, without the intervention of soil, rain, and sunshine. These supplies exist in an inexhaustible abundance, and **THOUGHT IS THE EXTERNALIZING POWER.** It may work slowly through means, or directly, and at once through one imbued with understanding. Through this understanding, and this alone, must come the solution of all social, political and ethical questions. With all our getting, let us get this true understanding, nothing else is worth while."

Mr. Worthington asserts that we can be educated to such a state that we can be "**two in one**," i.e., as he interpreted it publicly one Sunday evening at the Oddfellows' Hall, man and woman in one body. He teaches that God is **He, She, and It.** The passage in page 155 of lectures reads "The conception of God as a anything, shuts out the true conception of Him who is at once He, She, and It. Who as such, is not Person, But its opposite, Principle."

Now we look upon such teaching as the direst blasphemy, and however the Christians of Christchurch can be gulled with such quackery is a very vexed question.

MORE REVELATIONS ABOUT WORTHINGTONISM.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Britten, in a lecture delivered by her in Boston, in 1873, and reported in the Melbourne "Harbinger of Light," for October of that year, says:—

"I wish now to speak of that *popular doctrine* which is identifying itself with spiritualism *over the length and breadth of the land*, which proposes to reform all the evils of our social system *by the abrogation of the marriage tie*. It has been too publicly bruited, too universally admitted that *the spiritualists are the only sect, and the only class of persons who largely and openly maintain this doctrine*, for us to shrink or evade the responsibility of speaking of it. . . . I have nothing to say against those who say that the social evils can be eradicated by the abrogation of the marriage tie; but what I have asked of them, what I have pleaded for, and that for which I protested against them to high Heaven is, that they should not affirm that spiritualism and their doctrine are one and the same thing. . . . I cannot consent to have my holy religion identified with this *wild and insane attempt at reform*, which I consider to be the *darkest blot that has ever rested upon the hemisphere of social life*. I cannot; I will not."

There are certain matters that we intend to examine that are somewhat peculiar to Mr. Worthington, such as the denial of the reality of sin, pain, matter, death etc. These we will deal with in the present course. I have carefully examined the teaching of Mr. Worthington, and have no hesitation in saying that he is the rankest infidel I have met. By smooth words and graceful gestures, by an oily tongue and mesmeric influence, he is leading many into the dark paths of doubt. Many are befooled because they see him using the Bible, but did not the Devil quote the Bible to our Lord in the wilderness? Many are gulled with this deceitful conveyor of old junk because he uses the hymns of Sankey, Wesley and others in his religious services. But I happen to have in my possession the Hymn book specially prepared for the "Students of Truth" and let me give a few specimens of the medley that is being tuned by the worshippers of Diana in our modern Ephesus.

Worthington's Version.

SAFE in the steps of Jesus,
Safe in the paths He trod,
For, by His life directed,
Will we be one with God.
Hark! to the voice of Spirit,
Calling from earth away,
Into the realm of Substance,
Waiting for you to-day.

True Version.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

WORTHINGTON'S VERSION.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I am hiding now in Thee;
And the water and the life,
Manifests to us Thy love;
For our sin a perfect cure,
Saving from its guilt and power.

All the labour of our hands,
Meet at once the laws demands;
Now that we have learned to know,
That our tears need never flow;
For our errors to atone,
Christ destroys them all alone.

Nothing in our hands we bring,
Simply to the Truth we cling;
Never naked, needing dress,
Christ is all our righteousness;
He's the refuge, always nigh,
And in Him we never die.

What is called this 'fleeting breath,'
Pushing mortals into death;
And the dreaded judgment throne,
Brings us purer joys unknown;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
I am hiding now in Thee.

HAPPY day, happy day,
When Truth took error all away;
By It I've learned to watch and pray,
Live free from sickness every day;
Happy day, happy me!
For Christ the Truth has set me free.

In darkest shades the Truth is near,
Turning the night to day; [star,
Christ is our soul's bright morning
And He the shining Way.

My soul rejects this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Runs up with joy the blessed way,
To know more of my Lord.

Fearless of hell and dreaded death,
I'd break through every foe;
The fire of love and strength of faith,
Will bear me conqueror through.

TRUE VERSION.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Not the labour of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow;
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

HAPPY day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun; [star,
Thou art my soul's bright morning
And Thou my rising sun.

My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

WORTHINGTON'S VERSION.

JESUS teacher of the Truth
 That our Father's always nigh
 When the waves of error rise
 And the fierce temptations try ;
 He does hide us, safely hides
 'Till the dream of sin is past,
 Safe into the Truth He guides
 Which we find is rest at last.

Other refuge there is none
 But the Truth of God with thee,
 And with It I'm not alone
 It supports and comforts me ;
 All my trust on It is stayed
 All my help from It I bring,
 And It covers now my head
 With the shadow of Its wing.

Christ the Truth is all I want
 Everything in Him I find,
 Hope to fallen, strength to faint
 Health to sick, and sight to blind ;
 God and Good, His holy name
 Giving me His righteousness,
 For my sense of sin and shame
 Filling me with Truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Him is found
 Grace that roots out all my sin,
 Now the healing streams abound
 Make me, keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the Fountain art
 I am drinking now of Thee,
 Find Thee springing in my heart
 There for all eternity.

These are only a few samples out of many that could be given. They are enough to turn the ashes of the dead poets in their graves, and the living poets ought to proceed against A. B. W. for fraud and defamation of character. It will be seen that this so-called "profoundly original thinker," is the veriest of plagiarists, palming off upon his hearers the old objections and heresies of past ages with a fresh galvanic shock, and he hides the rich jewels of Christianity under the garb of his own self importance. He gives his followers the worn-out paste of past junk and poses as a philosopher of the first order.

Let us now give a few examples of the robbery practised at "The Temple of Truth," (or rather "The Temple of LIES" by A.B. Worthington L.L.D., (which a youth interprets to mean Long Legged

TRUE VERSION.

JESU, Lover of my soul
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
 Till the storm of life be past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd
 All my help from Thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find,
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;
 Just and holy is Thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness,
 False and full of sin I am :
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin,
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee,
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Diabolus) and **M.A.**, which an older man interprets to mean **Master of Asses**. We write the following examples from **Worthington's** lecture on **Re-incarnation**, and a **Book** by **E. D. Walker** on **Re-incarnation**, and we ask the public to judge:—

Re-incarnation by Worthington, pp. 8-9

Guido followed generations of great painters. Paschal was preceded by a long series of mathematicians. Pope lisped his infant lines in an atmosphere which was the closing of a vast procession of poets; Mozart's childhood stepped into an era of music. The great minds of history appear in galaxies, when the fulness of time for their capacities draws them together.

The Sanskrit sages, the Greek poets and philosophers, the Augustan writers and generals, the Italian artists of the Renaissance, the German musicians, the Elizabethan authors, the nineteenth-century scientists, all exemplify this.

When Christianity first swept over Europe, re-incarnation was lodged in the thought of its leaders. The Church sought to destroy it, but failed, and through and beyond the middle ages it appeared and re-appeared. All great intuitional souls, such as Paracelsus, Boehme and Swedenborg, have adhered to it.

In theology, from the times of Origen and Porphyry to the present day, the doctrine of re-incarnation has shown its influence. The Chevalier Ramsey and William Law, Julius Müller in his work on "The Christian doctrine of sin," Dr. Dorner, Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks, have all upheld and disseminated it.

See page 10 of Worthington.

It promotes the solidarity or brotherhood of mankind; it destroys the barriers of conceit and circumstances raised between individuals, families, nations and races.

The strongest objection to re-incarnation, that we have no remembrance of former existence, is met by the universal fact running through all nature and experience, that progress depends upon forgetfulness.

See page 15 of Worthington.

Re-incarnation by Walker, pp. 314-315

Guido followed generations of great painters. Paschal was preceded by a long course of mathematicians. Pope "lisped in numbers" after a vast procession of poets, and Mozart waited until the new era of musical harmony had been well inaugurated. . . . Yet it is noticeable that the great minds of history come together in galaxies, when the fulness of time for their capacities draws them together.

Witness the Sanskrit sages, the Greek poets and philosophers, the Augustan writers and generals, the Italian artists of the Renaissance, the German masters of music, the Elizabethan authors, the nineteenth-century scientists.

When Christianity first swept over Europe, the inner thought of its leaders was deeply tinged with this truth. The church tried ineffectually to eradicate it, and in various sects it kept sprouting forth beyond the time of Eugena and Bonaventura, its mediæ advocates. Every great intuitional soul, as Paracelsus, Boehme and Swedenborg, has adhered to it.

In theology, re-incarnation has retained a firm influence from the days of Origen and Porphyry through the scholastics, to the present day. Chevalier Ramsay and William Law have also written in its defence. Julius Müller warmly upholds it in his profound work on "The Christian doctrine of sin;" as well as Dr. Dorner. Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks have dared to preach it.

See page 67 of Walker.

It promotes the solidarity of mankind by destroying the barriers that conceit and circumstances have raised between individuals, groups, nations and races.

The strongest objection to re-incarnation, our ignorance of past lives, is met by the fact permeating all nature and experience, that progress depends upon forgetfulness.

See page 21 of Walker.

Hosking. We could go through the whole of Worthington's lecture and show to any impartial jury that here we have the most barefaced robbery. A man is as much a thief if he steals a lecture, as a man who steals a five pound note, only the one is sent to prison and the other is allowed to be at large.

We have then E. D. Walker to deal with, and not A. B. Worthington, so far as the subject of Re-incarnation is concerned. We will deal with the subject fully in our pamphlet on the Immortality of the Soul, which will appear soon. For the time being let us remember that this is a dogma of darkest heathenism. But what was advocated by some of the Early Fathers, and what is believed by some Christian Thinkers to-day is what is called "The Pre-existence of the soul," which Worthington mistakes for Re-incarnation. There are three opinions on the origin of the soul. 1 The Theory of Pre-existence, or that all souls were created at the time referred to in Genesis, first chapter, and that they are kept in a heavenly treasury until bodies are created for them. 2 The Theory of Traducionism, or that soul and body are produced in the same way, the soul of the child being derived from the soul of the parent. 3 The Theory of Immediate Creation, or that God creates souls by His own fiat as bodies are being produced. The pros and cons of these theories we will deal with in the ordinary course of theological thought.

There is a humorous as well as a sad side to this teaching in its effects upon the religious community. A prominent Student of Truth in this city, told the writer that he was a Mother in the last body and had eleven children. We remarked "Well you are making a bad use of the present body as a man, and you are better to go back and be a woman again and see if you cannot do better." This particular "Student of Truth" was present, he says, at the building of the Tower of Babel. But some other "Student of Truth" remembers helping him to paint the ark. A workman of the student referred to got the impression that he was Moses in another body. He went to a painter and said "I think Mr.— I am Moses," "Well" said the painter "you may be, you know, there are far more unlikely things than that." "Do you think," said the workman, "that it is right of you to keep Moses working for thirty shillings a week?" "No" said the painter. "I'll give you two pounds per week in future." The workman got the best of it.

The same painter saw a man beating his horse in the street and said, "Why are you beating that horse? How do you know that that horse is not your grandfather? You may be beating your own grandfather." "Oh no," said the driver, "My grandfather had more sense than to be troubled with a hoss when he was alive, and I'm jolly well sure he'll not bother with hosses when he's dead. Why mon you must be a *hidiot*, I s'pose you are a Worthingtonian." The driver whipped his horse and cleared with a good laugh.

But what buffoonery! What trash for a Yankee Quack to gull people's minds with!

Seventeen pious frauds have appeared in Christchurch during the last thirty years. It is generally understood that Clampett, *alias* Sullivan, met Mr. Worthington as the latter was journeying on the New Zealand soil and said to him "If you want to get on you go to Christchurch. I never met such a lot of fools in my life as there are there. I should have succeeded admirably there had it not been for the drink." He then mentioned a few soft heads that he must get over and success is sure. An eminent authority has said that a flat country has a tendency to flatten the heads of people. Whether that be so or no, there are a few flat heads on the Canterbury plains, and they will rally round any fraud who comes along. An honest sort of a man, but good at heart, whom we call Jim, went to hear Mr. Worthington lecture. He listened attentively to the lecture until Worthington said "The Fall of Man was a fall upwards." "Ogh," said Jim to his friend, "I'm going to clear and I can't stand this. How on earth could Adam fall upward more than anybody else? Why that lecturer is a fool. Anybody knows that man cannot fall up." "Well," said his companion Bill, "He's a clever fellow now." "Yes," said Jim, "So's the Devil."

Worthington. "What we do say is, that we believe petition, supplication and beseeching are inherently wrong, and that they are used through ignorance of who and what God is, as well as a lack or want of belief in, and understanding of, Omnipotence and Omnipresence. It is no less blasphemy and idolatry, however unconscious the devout Christian may be that it is so." (See Comforter, vol. i., page 84.)

Hosking. According to this the Christians of Christchurch are blasphemers and idolaters, for they pray. The Bible teaches supplicatory prayer both by precept and example. Our Saviour prayed. Mr. Worthington referred to Rev. Mr. Cox, of Sydenham, as a "*Japanese praying machine*." Other Christians are referred to by him as "*curs barking at the street corners*," simply because they are not willing to have the old landmarks of religion removed from the path of life.

Worthington. "I look upon myself as an untamed beast, when I turn back the leaves of my life; I can see the animal dethroning the God, and I know that it is so with most men . . . We go back in this teaching to the primal introduction of generic man, and we find that he is male and female. In the first chapter of Genesis, the man who was made in the image of the Father-Mother God is masculine and feminine. That in the expression of creation. 'And God said let *us* make man in *our* image.' When it comes to representation, the woman is taken from the within and they seem to be separate; but when representation is completed as in Jesus, and manifestation perfected as in the Christ, we see the two-in-one again . . . When this is understood, it will be recognized that every man and every woman in the world, in their completed individuality, present that

two-in-one. Because of this fact no man or woman having reached the conscious realization of this sublime and mighty truth, will adulterate that holy nature by the sex act . . . The mind that has reached this stage of growth is prepared to overcome, forswear and deny all sex commerce."

Hosking. The above remarks, when delivered in public, were received with jeers of derision from the respectable part of the audience. It seems incredible that any lady with the least sense of modesty should sit and listen to this obscene twaddle, much less believe it. The mere mention of the teaching is quite sufficient to refute it.

Worthington. "Woman was to be an instrument in the work. She was to become a mother in pure liberty, which acknowledged neither human laws nor rites of priests. The very birth of the man was to be a hushed up reproach." (Comforter, vol. i., page 88.)

Hosking. It is to be hoped that this kind of teaching will not be believed by the youths of Christchurch. If Mr. Worthington wants women to become *mothers in pure liberty*, acknowledging *neither human laws nor rites of priests*, and that births are to be *hushed up reproaches*, then the sooner the citizens of Christchurch demand that his license to marry be taken away, the better for all concerned. We may expect a huge crop of immorality presently if this teaching is allowed to go unchallenged. Silence on our part is criminal. We must let our protest be heard. A correspondent writes :

To the Editor of *The Christian Shield*.

Sir,—Allow me to thank you for the stand you have taken in refuting the errors in our midst that are doing much mischief. My home has been made miserable by Worthington and his teaching. My wife and family have been under his influence, and I hope they will see the error of their ways. I wish I had never heard of the scamp, Worthington, and if the husbands and fathers of Christchurch, whose homes have been broken up by the Yankee Quack, were in my turn of mind, he would be driven out of the place with a horse-whip. I cannot keep my wife and family from him. He must mesmerize them or something. You may publish this as widely as you like, and I hope others will be warned of the immorality of this man's teaching. I remain, yours etc.

A CHRISTIAN FATHER

Another correspondent writes:—"If I were asked what conclusions I have been able to arrive at, by experience and observation, on the Worthington teaching and its fruits, I can only answer that it is a hellish blast! an enemy of holiness, **a curse to my home.** Its effects are damnable and ruinous, both to body and soul, lamentable indeed. As a Christian husband and father, I would willingly lose the last drop of blood from my veins in a struggle for its overthrow for the good of all."

A lady who had great trouble with her husband because of his accepting the Worthington teaching, made a determined stand. She said that her husband arrives at home in the early morn, that he merely reads the Comforter when sitting in the house, that he treats her as a common servant, and not as a companion: but she would not tolerate it any longer. One bright Sabbath, when the Students of Truth were apparently drinking in the Yankee mixture from the lungs of the professional hypnotist, as they were in a semi-sleepy state, the woman commanded her husband to leave the place. But he declined. He seemed fixed to his form. But she was not to be beaten. "Come out," she said, calling him by name. The woman then told the lecturer to go to America, and look after the wives he left behind. But still he kept repeating his sleepy lecture, and lulling his dupes as in a cradle of dreams. "Come out," said the woman again to her husband. A man came forward then, who was a staunch supporter of Clappett when he was here, and he took the woman by the hand to lead her out. But her blood was warm, and she dashed the man against the wall, and said, "You pimply-face old clown, I'll push this umbrella down your throat, if you don't leave me alone." The chief deacon of Worthington's gang then quickly took his seat, with a pale face and shivering limb. The husband left the building, and travelled on in obedience to his wife, who would not be fooled.

O Worthington, O Worthington,
I gaze at thee on high;
Sleek is the coat upon thy back,
Immaculate thy tie.
Beneath the thunder of thy voice
Adorning housemaids quail,
The blushing shop boy shifts his seat,
And trembles and turns pale.

O Worthington, O Worthington,
Thy wondrous speech affords
A Gargantuan wealth of phrase,
Sesquipedalian words,
Yet when thy flatulent discourse
Swells like the surging sea,
Methinks I hear thee whisper, "Lord,
What fools these mortals be!"

Plato we know, and Swedenborg,
Hegel, Spinoza too,
The gentle-minded Emerson—
In truth, a learned crew!
Yet since philosophy was first
In German fog interr'd,
In vain her net is spread in sight
Of any knowing bird.

O Worthington, O Worthington,
You prophesy no peace
Until the brutal marriage-bond
Becomes the marriage-lease.
Till drafts on matrimonial Banks
Shall honoured be at sight,
And all the little boys and girls
Are born hermaphrodite.

The world, in that ideal state,
Will peopled be, I wis,
By some particularly pure
Parthenogenesis,
And even "vegetable loves"
Will flicker and die out,
'Tis possible—yet times must change
For this to come about.

Ye proselytes of Worthington,
Give ear unto my lay,
Beware of prophets when they charm
Your womankind away;
Temples of Truth howeverfine
They plaster'd be with lies,
And prophets when translated now
Go seldom to the skies.

A FEW OF WORTHINGTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

Worthington. "The day is fast approaching when the artist will need neither colours nor canvas, for mind to mind will flash the idea, quick as the electric currents." (p 78)

Hosking. Cheer up Artists! A good time is coming for you. Brushes, paint, and canvas, are doomed to fall according to Worthington the new prophet. But if this remarkable seer has the right to suppose that artists will soon be able to do without paint, brush, and canvas, we have the right to assume that the mechanic will soon be able to do without tools. Imagine the coachbuilder making coaches without hammer, saw, chisel, paint, and timber! He thinks! A coach is made! That will be a very happy time. Mr. Worthington ought to have waited a little longer before he employed carpenters, masons, and painters, to erect his structure.

Worthington. "Two friends are sleeping in a room without ventilation. One rises and tries to open the window, and failing, he takes his boot and breaks the glass and goes back to bed refreshed by the cool current of air. When he rises in the morning he finds that he broke the glass of a book-case and not the window at all." (p. 130)

Hosking. This is an old yarn. Why don't you give us something new? I heard that when a boy. Here is one equally as good:—"Two students (Gough says), who occupied two different beds in the same room, came home drunk one night, and groped their way to bed the best way they could; but it so happened that both tumbled into one bed. "How d'y'e get on Bill?" cried one to the other. "Why, there's another fellow in my bed. How are you getting along?" "I have got a fellow in my bed, too." "Oh, then, we'd better kick 'em both out;" and at it they went, when by-and-by one of them was launched into the middle of the floor. "Well, Bill, how have you managed?" "Why, I've kicked my man out. What have you done with yours?" "Oh," said he, "my man has kicked me out."

Worthington. "The impelling force is not in the brain; the function of synthetic thought has been accomplished an hour before death by a man whose skull when examined twelve hours afterwards was found to be absolutely empty of brain tissue." (p. 131)

Hosking. That means, of course, that it is possible for a man to think without brains, at least an hour before death. But who was the man? Where did he live? When did he die? If a man can think an hour before death without brain, why not for a day, a week, a month, a year? In fact, if man can think for one hour without brain, he ought to do without brain altogether. Hence the brain is useless. That there are men with little brains we admit, but that any man thought in its absence is a baseless fabrication. There must be some competition among the Students and Worthington to see which can tell the best yarn. It reminds me of two Irishmen who competed for a kettle. They sat at the roadside near Antrim, with the copper kettle before them, and the one that could tell the biggest lie got the kettle. A bishop was walking past them, when he said,

"Well Patrick, what are you doing here?" "Och!" says Pat, "Shure we are seeing, your reverence, which can tell the biggest lie for this kettle." "I am utterly astonished at you," said the bishop, "wasting your time in that way. I never told a lie in my life." "Shure," says Pat, "your reverence has got the kettle, we can't beat it, take it, and go on your way."

Worthington. "Mrs. Layman, of Fortieth st., New York, came very near dying a short time ago, because she *believed* she must. The partial plate of teeth she wore was missing one morning and could not be found. She had gone to bed with the teeth in her mouth, and had no recollection of taking them out. After giving a thorough search for the plate, she concluded that she must have swallowed it during her hours of sleep. From the moment that this decision was made, she became conscious of a severe pain in the stomach. The physician she consulted could give her no hope of living if she had really swallowed the plate. Her symptoms became more and more alarming after the first day, until, without hope she lay waiting for death. The third day brought the missing plate to light. It had been dragged by a rat or a mouse to the fireplace and left in the ashes, where no one would think of looking for it. She must have taken the teeth from her mouth while sleeping. From the moment they were found, Mrs. Layman saw that she was the dupe of fear; her pain ceased and she grew strong at once."

Hosking. A variety of conclusions may be drawn from this remarkable incident. Firstly, Mrs. Layman was not very clean, or else she would not have allowed the ashes to remain in the fireplace for three days. Secondly, she did not believe in Worthington, or she would be able to masticate without false teeth. Thirdly, she did not believe in thought healing, or she would not have sent for the doctor. She would *think* herself well. Fourthly, Worthington does not know whether it was a mouse or a rat that dragged the teeth away. Well, he ought to have known, because he says that he has "all knowledge." Mrs. Layman is said "*to have taken her teeth from her mouth while sleeping.*" That is very unlikely. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Layman will take more care of her teeth in future.

We are often told that Worthington teaches that we must "judge not." This is the way he judged the Rev. H. C. M. Watson after Mr. Watson gave four lectures in Christchurch:—"To prove the truth of this, one needs *only to recall the exhibition of ignorance of the fundamental doctrines of religion, philosophy and ethics displayed in this city last week in the treatment of subjects upon which the Church should be best informed*, and busy in its constant teaching, instead of the spasmodic, hysterical and emotional efforts that descend into opportunities for venting personal spite. It is a sad sight when the Church has failed to maintain her power by splendid edifices, that have become the *garnished sepulchres of dead hope*—or through the social cordon within which the tyranny of the Middle Ages is carefully preserved, though the band of steel is now covered with velvet;—or when the dead corpse of a deserted parish is sought to be

resuscitated, and its famine-stricken people fed with imported stimulants. Let the church be draped in black, and her music be a requiem, in honest confession of the dead ashes they worship. Let the high priests be taught by the people whom they have failed to teach that the gospel of Christ aims at uniting the world rather than dividing it into creeds and sects."

A few questions could be asked at Worthington's next lecture on this matter. Question 1. What right had Mr. Worthington to denounce a clergyman as ignorant of the principles he taught? Question 2. How does Worthington know that the lectures referred to were "opportunities for venting personal spite"? Question 3. What people are "famine-stricken," and "fed with imported stimulants"? Question 4. Is there not a clear contradiction between Worthington teaching "judge not," or censure not, and practising the art of stabbing a man blindly who has not in any way attempted to injure him?

How to Cure Short Legs. Worthington has given the Church people some wonderful ideas, but the most ridiculous seem to be the method we must adopt to get both our legs the same length, supposing one is shorter than the other. In the "Comforter" we read: "Before healing can take place; we must form in our mind a distinct idea or picture of the organ, or limb, or person in a perfectly healthy condition. *If one limb is shorter than the other*, get a picture of both limbs the same length; if there is a tumour, get a picture of the body without it; if there is a plethora of blood, get in your mind's eye an exact picture of the person free from that condition. A Scotch metaphysician makes the statement that sight is possible without the external organs. Sir William Hamilton makes the statement, and says that it is proven beyond a possible doubt."

Question for next lecture: "Give chapter and verse from any of Sir William Hamilton's Works where the above statement is made?"

Worthington says: (*Comforter*, p. 52) "When man fully understands his great gifts—who he is—storms, tempests and earthquakes will cease. The discord within man has produced the discord without."

Hosking says: Then the sooner man understands his great gifts the better.

Worthington says: "Whatever we wish to be that we truly are."

Hosking says: That is a very easy way to be something astounding. I wish to be preaching the Gospel in the Temple of Truth? But Worthington will not let me. Cheer up boys! A Student of Truth told a friend of the writer's that he expects to get a pair of wings shortly, he declares he has the *stumps* already.

Worthington says: "If every student will practise closing the lips, and breathing in deeply through the nose they will be amazed at the results, both in spiritual and physical expression. Close your lips when you sleep or when you walk, whenever you think of it, and draw great long breaths that go through the entire body. You can take in

great draughts of spiritual power from the atmosphere by deep breathing." (*Comforter*, p. 68.)

Hosking says: That if the Students of Truth will keep their lips closed, they will no doubt be benefited thereby, they will not be such intolerable slanderers and prevaricators.

Worthington says, "Disease is want of ease. It is as much a disease to be poor as to have rheumatism; to be angry and break furniture as to have yellow fever." *Comforter*, page 70.

Hosking says, "This is a wee bit puzzling." If to be poor is to be diseased, to be rich is to be in health. That is how Worthington wants so much money. He is afraid of being diseased.

Worthington says, "A cancer represents a quality of thought; a perfectly healthy cuticle represents another quality of thought. The physical material blood of the body may be poisoned by thought; the healthy red globules may be turned into watery humours by unhealthy thought. There are no children in disease, for every child is as old as we are, and will continue to be born in flesh as long as it is under the dominion of flesh." *Comforter* pages 74-76.

Hosking says, That he does not understand this, and he hopes he never will.

EXTRACT.

The following letter appeared in the New Haven *Morning and Evening News*, April 23rd, 1892, from some person in Christchurch, New Zealand. The correspondent says:—

"In this city we have an American called Worthington, who has established a new system of religion, so far as New Zealand is concerned, and they call themselves 'Students of Truth.'

"In this city we have an American called Worthington, who has established a new system of religion, so far as New Zealand is concerned, and they call themselves 'Students of Truth.'

"Mr. Worthington teaches the most extraordinary doctrines, such as the transmigration of souls, God is an essence, no devil, wrong and idolatrous to pray, &c. &c. Not much attention was paid to him for some time (he has been here for two years), but of late people are asking, Who is he? and why did he come here? Some one has fished up the fact that he was a lawyer in New York, and that he skedaddled from that pure city. It is possible that many people will do him an injustice in many ways and believe him to be guilty of all the crimes in the decalogue, justly or unjustly. The fun of it is that none of his followers really know what he does teach. When you ask them, they say, 'No, it is not so and so, but I can't explain it. Ask Mr. So and So.'

"He has a following of about 500 people and a few in good positions, who swear by him, through thick and thin. I went to hear him once, but I confess I could not understand him and came away as wise as I went.

"Mr. Worthington and his followers are now building what they call a 'Temple of Truth' to hold 1,000 people, and are going to convert the city to their views. There is no denying that there is much that is attractive about Worthington in many ways, but he is too much like Mr. Pecksniff in Dickens's 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' You cannot rouse him, and he takes all the insults that can be heaped on him like Uriah Heep, 'umbly'"

Correspondence.—It is evident that many people feel very strongly on the Worthington teaching, judging from the number of letters we get. Here are two or three among many. The names of the correspondents are withheld out of respect to the families involved. A gentleman writes:—

DEAR SIR:—You will be surprised to receive a letter from one you do not know anything about. But as I have followed up A. B. Worthington for some time, I think it my duty to write to you, and to inform you that I find his teaching a dangerous delusion. We have in our midst a monstrous building, where moral danger of life stands thick around its entrance. Worthington tells his students to keep away from those who differ from his opinion. The devil says the same thing. I could tell a tale connected with his teaching that would harrow up the feelings of the greatest infidel. He is one of sin's most miserable slaves, one of Satan's most degraded vessels, and one of hell's most legitimate victims. His teaching allows gratifications which degrade the man into the brute. The danger here exceeds all the alarm that I could possibly give. A friend of mine gave him all the money he could find, and now I fear from a conversation I had with him that he will find his way to the asylum. I will willingly help to overthrow Worthington, should I lose my life in the attempt."

Another writes:—

DEAR SIR,—A friend of mine in Fendalton wrote me, telling me you would like to get letters from those who have been affected with or by Mr. Worthington's teaching. I have a daughter who was a Christian when she left my house to go to service in town, but how she became a Worthingtonian I cannot tell. Before she became a Worthingtonian she was a very obedient girl, but since then she will only do her own will. She got married by Mr. Worthington very much against the wishes of her mother and myself, who wanted her to come home and get married; or if she got married by any minister in town we would come down to the marriage; but no, she would have none other to marry them. She seems to think his teaching so much higher and quite above the teaching of any other, and in accordance with the Bible. Poor thing, she is so blinded by him. Before she was so blinded by him she was a good, kind girl: she is kind yet, but only blinded by him. Please help me in prayer that she may have her eyes opened to see that she needs a Saviour to save her soul from eternal death as much as ever. Trusting your efforts may be blest with success."

Worthington Weighed in the Balances of the Bible and Found Wanting.

The tenets of Worthington are contrary to the Word of God. He denies what the Bible expressly affirms. The Bible must be ignored if Worthington is believed. Let me give a few examples:—

(a) Is God a Person or a Principle ?

The Bible says Person.

Christ says, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." John xiv. 9. "And the Lord passed by before him (*i.e.* Moses) and proclaimed the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty; visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, and upon the children's children, unto the third and to the fourth generation." Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7.

Worthington says Principle.

"God is Principle, the Principle of principles. God is Principle, *not* Person." Lectures, p. 34, 35. Do not believe that God is a Person. Man has made for himself a God and a devil (156). The conception of God as anything shuts out the true conception of Him who is at once He, She and It. Who, as such is not Person, but its opposite, Principle (155). To say, a Being; a Spirit, a Principle, is incorrect; for these terms with the article are not consistent with Omnipresence. If God be All in All, then any claim to another power and presence must be false."

Hosking.—The word Principle has a variety of meanings. The Imperial Dictionary gives the following:—Principle—(It., *Principio*; Fr., *Principe*; L., *Principium*.) 1 In a general sense, the cause, source or origin of anything; that from which a thing proceeds, as the *principle* of motion; the *principles* of action. 2 Element, constituent part, primordial substance. As Watts uses it, "Modern philosophers suppose matter to be one simple *principle*, or solid extension diversified by its various shapes." 3 Being that produces anything, operative cause. Tillotson says "The soul of man is an active principle." 4 In science it is used of a truth admitted either without proof or considered as having been before proved. In the former sense it is synonymous with axiom; in the latter with the phrase *established principle*. 5 Ground, foundation, that which supports an assertion, an action or a series of actions or of reasoning. On what *principle* can this be affirmed or denied? He justifies his proceedings on the *principles* of expediency or necessity. He reasons on sound *principles*. 6 A general truth; a law comprehending many subordinate truths; as the *principles* of morality, of law, of government. 7 Tenet; that which is believed, whether truth or not, but

which serves as a rule of action or the basis of a system, as the *principles* of the Stoics or of the Epicureans. 8 A *principle* of human nature is a law of action in human beings; a constitutional propensity common to the human species. Thus it is a principle of human nature to resent injuries and repel insults. 9 In chemistry the word is sometimes applied to certain proximate components of organic bodies, such as bitter *principle*, febrifuge *principle*, narcotic *principle*, etc. This use of the word is now almost dis-used. 10 In the fine arts *principles* mean those general and fundamental truths from which the rules and maxims of art are deduced.

Now in what sense can we speak of God as a principle?

(b) Is Man a Person or a Non-entity?

The Bible says:

Man is a compound being consisting of body and soul. "And God said let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Gen. i. 26. "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed." Gen. ii. 7, 8. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it." Eccles. xii. 7. "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." 2 Cor. iv. 16. "And the Lord God took the man and put him in the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Gen. ii. 15. "The first man is of the earth, earthy." 1 Cor. xv. 47.

"The first man, Adam, was made a living soul." 1 Cor. xv. 45.

Worthington says:

"Man is not substance, but shadow." "Every man is the expression of God in its entirety." "Man is never God; God is the abstract truth of which man is the concrete expression. Man has no life of his own; he is merely living the life of God: he has no mind of his own. Man is the idea of infinite mind. Infinite mind is God, manifesting all of Itself in man. The Image of God, or the Man of the first chapter is the Lord God of the second chapter." "Spiritual Man is the Lord God of the second chapter." L. 25. "Man is the effect of First Cause. Lord God or Man is the Creator of the second chapter. The Cause of Man's being is Principle—Spirit. The quality of Man is that of God, Man is always man, Man is co-existent and co-eternal with his Cause. Every man is the expression of God in its Entirety. God is the sum of all cause, man is the sum of all effect."

"Adam was not the first man, but a type of consciousness—a degree of evolution of mankind." (89)

(c) Was Jesus the same as the Christ?

The Bible says:

"But these are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God." John xx. 31. "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is Antichrist that denieth the Father and the Son." 1 John ii. 22. "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God." 1 John v. 1.

(See our article on The Trinity page 125 No. 6 of *The Christian Shield*. Various passages of Scripture are quoted there)

Worthington says:

"Jesus was the man grown to personal vision, Jesus was the flesh, the son of Mary, the son of man, and must not be confused with Christ the son of God. Jesus was the word made flesh—the personality of Christ, the Individuality. There was nothing real nailed to the tree. Jesus the personality, the flesh, the instrument, the representative, was not the Real, the Christ, the Individuality. No nail could pierce Christ the Individuality."

(Lectures, pp. 126, 117)

(d) What about the Fall of Man and the Nature of Sin?

The Bible says:

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." John i. 8. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Rom. iii. 23. "Whoso committeth sin transgresseth also the law, for sin is the transgression of the law." John iii. 4. "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin: and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Rom. v. 12. "If we say that we have not sinned, we make him (i.e., God) a liar, and his word is not in us." 1 John, i. 10. "Out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies; these are the things which defile a man." Matt. xv. 19.

Worthington says:

"Departure from truth in conception is man's first sin—mistaken error—or the beginning of so-called evil." *Lectures*, p. 156. "There is no sin, sickness, or death to man's spiritual life" p. 165. "I deny that sin, sickness, discord, or anything else that would cause me suffering, has reality or power over me. They are my own creations, my own misconceptions" p. 181. "Evil has its existence only in man's thought" p. 824. "Don't believe that sin, sickness, and death cannot be overcome. Don't believe that you can be lost. Don't believe that anybody can be lost for ever. As long as we think there are two powers, good and evil, and forget that God created nothing but the good; as long as we think we are bad, totally depraved, worms of the dust, so long will our lives be warped and unhappy" p. 92.

MARVELLOUS DISCLOSURES

ANENT

WORTHINGTON, PLUNKETT & COMPANY

THE information in this pamphlet has just arrived from America and the facts here stated fully confirm what we have previously published. We leave it to our readers to judge whether we have exaggerated the facts relative to Christian Scientists (so called).

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

From the "Republic:" St. Louis, June 30, 1889.

HOW IT SOMETIMES LEADS ITS VOTARIES INTO FREE LOVE.

Mrs. Plunkett's Peculiar Marriage Doctrines Evoke a Protest from One of Her Late Administrators and Supporters.

The separation of Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett from her legal husband, and her peculiar alliance with A. Bentley Worthington, announcement of which was made in *The Republic* some time ago, has created no little stir in the ranks of the Christian Scientists. The following communication will doubtless be read with much interest by the followers of the tenets which Mrs Plunkett-Worthington has so earnestly advocated in the past:

To the Editor of *The Republic*.

St Louis, Mo., June 28.—As you devoted considerable space to the peculiar marriage doctrines of Mrs Mary H. Plunkett of New York and her own and her accomplice's declaration that their new style of divorce and marriage was the outcome of the teachings of Christian Science, you will only do an act of justice to the many Christian Scientists among your readers if you publish the correspondence herewith presented. My letter to Mrs Plunkett voices the sentiments of at least 99 out of every 100 Christian Scientists, whether they ever considered Mrs. Plunkett a faithful expounder of their doctrine or not. A former letter, referred to in the same, protested against the inference drawn from Mrs Plunkett's letter of divorcement, that Christian Science leads to celibacy or proposes to discredit marriage. The answer to my letter, although very brief, is quite important, because it confirms the suspicion that Mary H. Plunkett has been swallowed by one Mary Bently Worthington in the same manner,

and for similar motives, as was little Red Ridinghood's grandmother in the fable. The many friends of the late and lamented Mrs Plunkett are generally agreed that an adventurer's greed for money and notoriety has had more to do with the fate which has overtaken her than any natural tendency of her own. THEO. GESTEFIELD.

The Rejected Letter.

St. Louis, Mo., June 17.—My dear Mrs. Plunkett: It is just possible that you do not like to be addressed any longer by the name which was in a fair way to become a household word for all that is pure, brave and noble, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, when you felt impelled to disown it and to assume another one, but you can hardly be angry with your friends when they feel like refusing to call you by any other name than that which they have learned to associate with their own salvation. Nor do I really know of anybody's right, spiritual or otherwise, to call you otherwise than by the only name you can, for the present, at least, bear or assume without conflicting with the laws of the community of which you are a member and which demands an obedience to its laws, which the Master Himself taught us to render. Therefore you will bear with me if I do not even mention a name by which some people are now designating you.

My last letter must have shown you plainly that I did not in the least expect the steps you have taken, since publishing your special notice, concerning the mutual abrogation or annulment as far as possible of the contract which binds you as a wife to John Plunkett, who still continues to be your lawful and only husband, and whom, if I know anything of the laws of this country, no court of justice will ever divorce from you. His connivance at your entering upon a life of open, undisguised adultery bars him from a divorce should he seek one, while you could under no circumstances obtain a legal severance of the marriage between you and him, unless you were to resort to perjury, which, on account of the publicity your relations have already obtained, would be a very risky thing to do. Forgive this frank language, but I am your friend, and as such must not mince matters. I do not say this is in a spirit of condemnation or criticism, but simply as one who wants to aid you in what he considers the most critical period of your life. Do not think that I want to judge you, or that I mean to heap any blame upon you individually for the steps you have taken. The "Neither do I condemn thee" of the Master rings constantly in my ears, when I feel called upon to judge anyone's action, and I also always remember that I might do no better than the apparent sinner, were I placed in a corresponding predicament. But that does not affect my duty as a teacher on the Master's science to protest against any and all attempts of foisting false doctrines upon the same. With your acts I have nothing whatsoever to do, but when you try to not only justify, but even glorify them, as you are reported to have done, as the fulfilment of the teachings of Christian Science, it

becomes my duty to speak out with no uncertain sound. As I said before, your special notice did not make me suspect even, that it was to be the beginning of the proclaiming of the affinity doctrine as part and parcel of the science you represent as one of its foremost teachers and apostles. Had I suspected you of such intention, my letter would have been different. When I read in the newspapers of the alleged new marriage into which you have entered, I was perfectly stunned and deeply grieved, because I knew what a terrible blow this new departure on your part would be to many dear children, to whom you had come, as you did to me, as an angel of light. I did not want to judge your position as a scientist even then, however, before I had seen what you would say concerning the matter over your own signature, and therefore concluded to suspend all judgment until the publication of the June *International*. But the magazine has come without a word of explanation, but with only an indirect acknowledgement of the truth of the newspaper stories concerning your domestic relations, and the promise of a statement in the next monthly issue. This indicates a cowardice and temporising on your part for which you will find it extremely difficult to find even the shadow of a warrant in your own, or anybody else's Christian Science teachings. Instead of giving your readers and subscribers the explanation they had a right to demand, if necessary, in the interests of promptness, in a special issue or circular, you publish communications and contributions which place their authors in the light of being your supporters even now, when you have proclaimed a new and startling innovation upon their teachings. Among others you printed a letter written you by me before you published your special notice, and which I certainly should not have written had I dreamed of the possibility even of your becoming an avowed advocate and practitioner, in defiance of all law even, of affinity or other free-love doctrines, or anything conflicting with existing marriage laws. That widow, whose mite I sent you, will, with many of her neighbours, be turned away from the truth, which they were just finding, and some of the people whose names are mentioned in that extract from my letter by name, while you print only my initials have every reason to be indignant over the use you have made of their names in an issue, every line of which is searched for some indication as to who may be in sympathy with you at the present time. Now, my dear child of God, if you remember who you are, you will not wait until next month, but you will, without delay, give an explanation of the whole matter through the means of a circular to your subscribers and former students. To withhold such explanation is dishonourable, and will do the most incalculable harm to the cause of impersonal truth, of which your magazine has always been considered the foremost organ. If you insist on keeping us in the dark, then you cannot blame us for speaking our minds freely, and for ascribing to you motives which may have been foreign to your mind at the time. I will not believe you guilty of wilful and malicious perversion of the truth to your own purposes until I have heard from

you in an authoritative manner, but you must not expect everybody to be as kindly disposed towards you. I write to you as your friend, willing to befriend you in the face of the most adverse circumstances and appearances, and not because I want to add to your suffering. I will frankly say that I do not believe that you can explain your various steps towards a higher freedom as in harmony with the science, and that as I read and understand the teachings of Christ, I consider it the first duty of us scientists to respect and obey the human law as we find it, so far as our human relations are concerned. When we find laws oppressive, we cannot make them any less so by defying them and the authority behind them; our only remedy is to treat them like any other error—to submit as Christ did, and to trust to the truth to assert its majesty, as it certainly will, sooner or later. Our marriage and divorce laws are far from what they should be were the spirit of Christ more universally recognised; but reform must come there, as in everything else, from within, and not through rebellion of pressure from without. If we can make a sick and feeble body to be harmonious with our desires, we certainly can make our husbands or wives what we want them to be; suicide is as defensible to me as the correcting of marriage relations by divorce. I do not care how bad a man or woman may be, the married partner has no right to abandon them, unless they have gone beyond their influence, as has been the case frequently. You could discover your affinity as readily in John Plunkett as in anybody else, had you sought it as the child of God, and not as the vain and foolish woman you are when you forget the truth.

Now I will say good-bye for the present, in the earnest hope that you will do what honour and the interest of the truth demands from you. May, the all-loving Father teach you His way, that you may do the right, and serve Him to the exclusion of all selfish lust or vanity. Be brave and true! Your brother in the truth,

THEO. GESTEFELD.

P.S.—Will the pages of the *International* be open to articles on the marriage question, even if they differ with your own views? Please answer this.

GESTEFELD.

NO!!!

MARY BENTLY WORTHINGTON.

The insolent assumption and undignified criticism of the within letter renders it unworthy of consideration, much less of an answer.

A. BENTLY WORTHINGTON.

A DIVORCE APPLIED FOR.

John J. Plunkett Begins Proceedings Against His Late Wife.

Special to *The Republic*.

New York, June 29.—John J. Plunkett, the Christian Science healer, whose wife unmarried herself from him and married A. Bently Worthington, another healer, signed affidavits to-day in divorce proceedings, and the papers were at once served upon Mr. Worthington and his wife. The complaint, which was drawn up and signed in the office of Here & Townsend, contains the single allegation of adultery with A. Bently Worthington, going further than the allegations heretofore made, only that it declares that Mrs Plunkett and Mr. Worthington were unduly intimate before their so-called marriage ceremony. Plunkett's lawyers have a letter written by Mrs. Plunkett to a friend on the day after her marriage with Mr. Worthington, which says:—

"Well, darling, it is over. My class closed yesterday, and at 8 o'clock last evening, in the presence of Almighty God and a few chosen friends, I took to be my husband, forever and forever, the one who has in all the past eternities been such as God made him so, and promised by His Divine assistance to be a loving and faithful wife. To-day I am the happiest wife in all the world. God bless you."

Mr. Plunkett has been hesitating a long while whether to sue for the divorce. Christian Science is as adverse to lawyers as to doctors. Mrs. Plunkett's example in going to law to secure \$5,000 in insurance policies decided her husband to use the law against her. Besides, he knew of no other way of getting his children. In his suit he prays for an absolute divorce and the custody of the two children. Mr. Plunkett said that now he had begun proceedings he meant to push them.

"I dealt with her at first," said he, "as I would deal with a patient, gently, believing her to be in a temporarily abnormal state of mind—such a state as we all are subject to on many occasions. But I have now given her up, as any conscientious physician would give up a patient whom he could not cure."

Mr. Worthington smiled when a reporter told him that Mr. Plunkett's wife was being sued for divorce. He said he expected it. He frowned when told that the complaint alleged infidelity before the date of the new marriage.

"What!" he exclaimed, and then added later: "If I chose I could pull that divorce suit down over his ears."

The complaint wherever the name of Mr. Worthington occurs intimates by its phraseology that the name is not genuine. The lawyers said they believed it to be an assumed one.

WHO CAN GEN. A. B. WARD BE ?

From "The World" (circulation 2,350,000), July 22nd, 1889.

The Publication of his misdeeds aggrieved A. BENTLEY WORTHINGTON.

HE EVEN CONSULTED A LAWYER.

But Mrs. PLUNKETT'S "Affinity" Pooh-Poohs the idea that there is any connection between the General and Himself—Mr. Plunkett says he has heard things of the Destroyer of his home.

THERE are two persons in this city who read the story of Gen. Arthur B. Ward, of Grand Forks, Dak., *alias* Arlington Buckingham Wadsworth of Spokane Falls, **king of dead beats and husband of many wives**, printed exclusively in yesterday's *World* with unusual interest. John J. Plunkett, who was formerly connected with the *International Magazine of Christian Science*, read the story because he thought he was well acquainted with the fellow who had been leading such a mysterious life in the West, swindling people right and left, and inducing innocent daughters to marry him for the purpose of obtaining possession of their fortunes. A. Bentley Worthington read the story because as he told a reporter for *The World* yesterday, he wanted to take legal advice in order to ascertain whether the publication was libelous, notwithstanding the fact that the name, A. Bentley Worthington, was not mentioned in the *The World's* special from Grand Forks, Dak. Just exactly why Mr. Worthington should have taken such an interest in the case of Gen. A. B. Ward, *alias* Arlington Buckingham Wadsworth, could not be ascertained.

Mr. Worthington came to New York last February. He said he had just come from the West, where he had been a mining operator, and was on his way to Europe. While walking along Forty-second street one day he entered the office of John J. Plunkett at No. 13 West Forty-second street, where that gentleman and his wife, Mary Plunkett, were editing the *International Magazine of Christian Science* and teaching a class the truths of their creed. Worthington is about forty-eight to fifty years old, of medium height, weighs about 140 to 150 pounds, has dark grayish hair, brushed smoothly well down on the left temple and parted diagonally, steel-blue grayish and expressive eyes, perfect teeth, is a fluent and easy talker, sociably inclined, with fine address—in fact he is considered a very handsome and attractive man; he wears no beard and his manner is that of a well-bred gentleman. He became a pupil under Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett, and finally fell desperately in love with the latter.

One day Mrs. Plunkett told her husband, to whom she had been married twenty years, that she was not meant for him but for Mr. Worthington. According to the doctrines of Christian Science as preached by the Plunketts, Mr. Plunkett took the announcement in good part and told his wife that as she did not love him any more and preferred Mr. Worthington's company to his own he would give her up and leave his rival in charge of his home. Mr. Plunkett packed his trunks and his books, hired an express wagon and had his earthly goods transferred to his new home at No. 125 West Forty-second street, while Mr. Worthington had his trunk and hat taken to the Plunkett homestead at No. 13. A few days later Mr. Worthington and Mrs. Plunkett send for their friends and told them what had taken place. "There was no need of a marriage ceremony," argued the couple, and Mr. Worthington introduced Mrs. Plunkett as his wife. Since then the couple have been living at Mr. Plunkett's former home, while Mr. Plunkett, sacrificing his Christian Science precepts to nineteenth century ideas of right and wrong, has applied to the courts for an absolute divorce from Mrs. Plunkett-Worthington.

"When Mr. Worthington first came to our house," said Mr. Plunkett yesterday, "he said that his home was in San Francisco. A short time after he had succeeded me in the affections of Mrs. Plunkett, I received a letter, wherein the writer informed me that my wife's 'affinity' was not what he claimed to be, and advising me to seek further information in the West. I had learned that he had been known under the name of Gen. A. B. Ward, and I made up my mind, in order to protect the lady who was once my wife, that I would learn something more about him.

"One day, about two weeks ago, Mr. Worthington and Mrs. Plunkett, or rather Mrs. Worthington, were strolling on Fifth avenue, I walked up from behind unnoticed and, tapping Mr. Worthington on the shoulder, said to him: 'How do you do, Gen. Ward?' This had a great effect upon him, he suddenly turned around and before he could see my face, answered, 'Oh, how are you.' When he saw me he became much alarmed and laughed at me, but it was a very nervous laugh. I then told him that he was known to me and left him to go his way."

Mr. Worthington was seen yesterday by a reporter for *The World* at his office at No. 13 West Twelfth-street.

"Have you read the story about Gen. Ward, the king of dead beats, printed in *The World*?" asked the reporter.

"I did read it," he replied. "I thought it was a personal attack and libelous. I saw a lawyer, and he told me it was not."

"But your name was not mentioned in the story. How could it affect you then?" asked the reporter.

Realizing that he had evidently said too much, Mr. Worthington repeated that his lawyer had told him as much.

"Then you went to a lawyer to consult him about the matter?"

"No, I did not. The lawyer came to my office about some other business and I spoke to him about it."

"Are you A. Bentley Worthington?" asked the reporter.

The new editor of the *Christian Science* said he was.

"Were you ever known as Gen. A. B. Ward?"

"No, I was not, and I don't know Gen. Ward. It seems to me that this man Plunkett (referring to his wife's husband) is trying to make things unpleasant for me. But I can assure you, sir," and here Mr. Worthington raised his face heavenward and conjured a smile to his countenance, "that I am not afraid to meet any charges that may be preferred against me. Here I am, right here at my house, and here I can be met by anybody who has anything to say against me or against my character. I am at home to all who want to see me, and if Plunkett has anything to say about me he can say it right here."

"When did you last reside in Grand Forks, Dak.?"

"My dear sir, I don't know where Grand Forks, Dak. is. I have never heard of such a place and certainly never was there in all my life."

A letter was received here yesterday from W. S. Wilder, of Grand Forks, who was a law partner of Gen. Ward, wherein the former says that he would like very much to have a few minutes' conversation with the "General." Additional information received yesterday indicates that that mysterious and much-wanted individual has not less than seven *aliases*. They are Samuel Oakley Crawford, Eugene Samuel Bouvier Walton, Major Eugene Bouvier, Eugene Bonner, E. R. Bannerton, Mons. Bennateau, Major Horace Oakley Wood, Arthur Wood, W. D. Wood, Arlington Buckingham Wadsworth and Gen. A. B. Ward, or any other name or combination of the above. He is said to have been a banker, lawyer, political speaker, real-estate operator, spiritualist, literateur, mining speculator and organiser, bigamist and confidence man generally. The circular which contains the above information states that he of the many *aliases* has operated in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Texas, Utah, Kansas, California, West Virginia, Georgia, Washington Territory, and North Dakota. He is wanted for a four-thousand-dollar forgery, on an indictment for larceny after trust and for obtaining money under false pretences, also on a bail-bond surrender. He has eight living wives and three daughters, respectively aged eight, twelve, and twenty years. Two wives have procured divorces on the ground of desertion.

The circular further states that Gen. Ward, with his eleven aliases, has been in Canada several times, and in Europe once, and that when despondent, through ill health or impecuniosity, he threatens suicide. He can shed copious

Crocodile Tears,

and bleed freely from his lungs, whenever the occasion requires. He

never omits an opportunity to "Young-Men-Christian-Union-ise his victims," is devout or devilish by turns, but always suave and sympathetic, unprincipled but not given to violence.

Such is the description given of Gen. A. B. Ward.

GRAND FORKS, Dak., July 22.—The story of the notorious "Gen." Ward's latest escapade in connection with the Plunkett family, is just told here by New York parties. When Ward left here he went to New York, where he assumed the name of A. Bentley Worthington. He formed the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Plunkett, who have stood at the head of the Christian Science school of belief for two years. Mrs. Plunkett has become Mrs. Worthington, the wife of our famous "Gen." A. B. Ward. The story of the affair forms mighty interesting reading for those who know Ward.

HE WAS JUDGE CRAWFORD THEN.

Under that Name, Worthington Swindled West Virginians.

[SPECIAL TO "THE WORLD."]

Charleston, W. Va., July 25.—In December, 1885, a man registered at a hotel in this city as S. O. Crawford, and with him were two women who he said were his sisters. In the following February he leased a fine estate near the city, purchased a horse and carriage and went into retirement, because, he claimed, his health was very bad and he wanted to be in retirement, as the air of the Eastern resorts did not agree with him. He refused to see anyone for some time, but as his health improved he began to form acquaintances, and charmed all who came in contact with him. In the year 1886 he was introduced to J. E. Dana, an extensive coal operator here, and who was also interested in a large and valuable tract of timber land in one of the back counties. Crawford said he could sell the land, and told Dana great stories of his moneyed influence in the East, principally in New York. Dana offered him the land and Crawford, who had by this time become Judge John D. Crawford, quit housekeeping and took the two women away. He wrote Dana from the Hoffman House, New York, that the land was sold, and he then returned to this city, where he showed a contract for its sale. A gentleman in Washington had an option on the land, and as Crawford wanted to consummate the sale at once, the gentleman must be bought off. Crawford went to Washington and on his return showed a receipt for money paid the gentleman. Dana, and all who were interested in the land deal, knew the gentleman's signature well and believed it genuine. There was an undivided interest in the land owned by a Mr. Millar, who resided in Nebraska, and to push the sale Dana gave Crawford \$3,000 to buy this interest. Crawford left here then, and it was the last heard of him till he turned up in Griffin, Georgia.

Dana, through a photograph left here, found that Crawford had been near Bennington at one time, also that he had a sister living at Dorchester, near Boston, and that the two women who were here with

him were not his sisters. One was a Mrs. Sargent,—the name she went by—and the other her sister, Miss Louise Jenkins. He brought them here in order to procure a divorce for Mrs. Sargent, whom he was to marry. It turned out that he was playing them, as the divorce showed by Mrs. Sargent proved to be a cunning forgery, like all Crawford's papers. It was found he had a law office under the Parker House, Boston; that he was out of funds and had to do something to raise a stake, so he made love to the woman and got her to furnish him a year's living by the promise of divorce and marriage. She put all her money in his hands, and with the year's support he came out \$1,000 ahead.

Crawford left here March 10, 1886, shortly after which he married a young lady in Griffin, Ga., whom he swindled out of about \$20,000. He took the lady to Europe on a wedding tour. Upon his return to Griffin he proposed starting a bank and had everything arranged, and went to Cincinnati to purchase a banking outfit. The next heard from him was at Spokane Falls.

Mr. Dana told a *World* correspondent that Crawford's sister at Dorchester knows all about his career, as does a man named Sampson, who claims to be a Boston detective. The sister telegraphed Dana to meet her in New York and made him believe that she would settle the matter when he reached that city. The woman failed to show up, but wrote to him to visit Boston, which he did. The female put up a story of poverty and wished her brother dead, and said all she wished to see Dana for was to find out about her brother, as she claimed not to know of his whereabouts. This was about April 1, 1886.

The sister went to Griffin, Ga., and saw Crawford married as H. O. Wood. In the following August, Dana would have written up the sister for Boston papers, but failed to do so on account of letters from the mother of Crawford's Georgia victim. When Dana threatened to do so and told the sister in very plain terms that he would, she sent the alleged detective, Sampson, after him with threats of prosecution for blackmail. This female wrote as much to Dana's Business partner, who forwarded the letters to him. Sampson is supposed to be in with the gang. The sister wrote letters here as a blind while Crawford was in Griffin.

From a letter written by a professor of Columbia Law School to a gentleman here it appears that Crawford has served a term in the penitentiary. Crawford has made swindling a study. He would write letters to James G. Blaine and other prominent men, post them and then show replies. The fellow knew several persons in this city when he came, as he had been a Union soldier and was wounded in a battle near here.

SAMUEL O. CRAWFORD IS HIS NAME.

He was born in Saugerties and served a term
in Albany Prison.

[SPECIAL TO "THE WORLD."]

SAUGERTIES, N.Y., July 25.—There was a man born here about

1848 named Samuel Oakley Crawford. He was a son of Samuel and Susan Crawford. There were four children, two sons and two daughters. The eldest brother, William, was a wild and reckless character, who left Saugerties many years ago and is supposed to be dead.

Samuel Oakley lived here until about February, 1864, when he enlisted and went into the Union Army. After the war closed he resided here a year or two. He was given a good common school education and for a time was student in a law office, and is said to have subsequently graduated from the Law Department of Columbia College.

As a young man Samuel aspired to popularity and self-advancement, ventured early before the public and pretended to have studied for the ministry, having, it was said been admitted to preach in New Jersey by the Methodist Church. In his native town he appeared as a lecturer on temperance, in addresses before Sunday-school entertainments, etc. His conduct was questionable as to sincerity, and but little faith was placed in him.

His first business transactions are said to have been as an insurance agent for a company in New Jersey or Pennsylvania. He was then located in Albany, and there married a telegraph operator. Crawford lived extravagantly, but his business career at Albany was brief, as he was arrested and convicted of false dealings. He was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary, but was released before the expiration of his term. After his release Crawford is supposed to have gone West, and from that time led a roaming life.

WIVES 4 AND 7 HEARD FROM.

Also from "The World" 1889.

When Worthington Married No. 4 his name was Bannerton.

As a Lawyer in New Lisbon, Wis., He Forged Cheques—He was known in Charleston, W. Va., as Judge Crawford, and skipped with \$3,000—When a Youth he did time in Prison.

If A. Bentley Worthington, editor of the *Christian Science Magazine*, king of dead-beats, forger, betrayer of innocent women, bigamist and confidence man generally, has not skipped from his eighth wife, Mrs. Mary H. Plunkett-Worthington, that lady certainly deserves great credit for keeping her new husband in such close confinement that he cannot well make his escape. If Worthington, *alias* Wadsworth, Ward, Major Wood, Crawford, &c., was seen at his residence yesterday it was only by his wife, who seems to be very anxious to hide her husband and keep him concealed from the eyes

of all the friends of his many wives. To all callers who inquired at his residence, at No. 13, West Forty-second street, A. Bentley Worthington was not at home. To a messenger boy who wanted to deliver a personal letter addressed to the editor of *Christian Science* yesterday, Mrs. Plunkett-Worthington said that this could not be done.

"My husband cannot be seen by anybody. There are so many persons, especially WORLD reporters, who would like to see him that he has decided that for at least three or four days he will keep perfectly quiet."

Mrs. Plunkett-Worthington would not say whether the editor was in, nor would she allow the letter addressed to her husband to be delivered. A coloured porter, who is engaged as handy-man in the office of *Christian Science*, said that he did not think Mr. Worthington was in. Whether he has left town to flee from justice, or whether he is still in hiding at No. 13 West Forty-second street, remains to be seen; but it is generally understood that he is at the former Plunkett home. Just exactly why Worthington should keep in hiding and be afraid to see anybody cannot be imagined, if he is not Gen. Ward, of Dakota, or Arlington Buckingham Wadsworth.

Not even Fritz, the barber who has shaved Mr. Worthington every morning, was admitted yesterday. Fritz was told that Mr. Worthington would not require his attention any more.

Worthington is now known under two more aliases. They are Eugene T. Bannerton and Monsieur Bennateau. Bannerton was his name when he married wife No. 4 or 5, while Bennateau was only his stage name. He has been an actor, and usually took the part of the lover, which seems to suit him well, although the rôle of the villain of the play would have been more appropriate.

Worthington, alias Eugene Bannerton, married a well-known actress in Toronto, Canada, December 26, 1878. He was then playing as Eugene Bennateau with the Helen Blythe troupe. His wife was starring with the same company. Her name is withheld from publication by special request of her brother, who is also a prominent actor now in this city and who is very anxious to meet his brother-in-law, the present husband of Mrs. Plunkett-Worthington. At the close of the theatrical season Mr. and Mrs. Bannerton left the stage and settled in New Lisbon, Wis., where they purchased a handsome little house. Here the young married couple lived happily and contented, while Bannerton practised law. He did well and became the partner of a prominent lawyer of New Lisbon, and was trusted by everybody in town. He naturally made good use of his opportunities by borrowing money from his friends, which he, however, always forgot to return. He had been married about three years when little Kate, a pretty child, now about eight years old, was born. Two other children had died shortly after their birth. While in New Lisbon he forged a number of bonds and checks. His partner, who believed he had found in Bannerton a true friend, tried to settle the matter quietly. He went on Bannerton's bond and a few days after

Bannerton, or Worthington, or whatever his name may be, left for parts unknown. Mrs. Bannerton has not heard from him since that time. The little woman went on the stage again and by hard work succeeded in paying off all her husband's debts. She obtained a divorce from him some years ago on the ground of desertion.

Mr. John J. Plunkett received a letter yesterday from Mrs. A. B. Ward, of Grand Forks, Dak., the seventh wife of Worthington. Inclosed in the letter was a photograph of "Gen." Ward. Ward, after robbing his young wife of all her property, amounting to over \$12,000, left her penniless and in destitute circumstances. The photograph is a true likeness of Major Horace Oakley Wood, who has now a wife in Griffin, Ga., and Mr. Plunkett had no trouble in recognizing the portrait to be that of the present husband of Mrs. Plunkett-Worthington. Mrs. Ward says in her letter that it is a good likeness of her fugitive husband, although when she first met him he wore no beard, and at the time of his disappearance from Dakota he wore side-whiskers, while the picture shows Ward with a heavy mustache.

"I have no doubt that Ward and Worthington are one and the same," writes Mrs. Ward. "I have my marriage certificate and wedding ring. We were married in Providence, R. I., November, 1887, by Rev. Daniel Henshaw, rector of All Saints' Church, in the home of a friend of mine, who at that time lived in Public street, South Providence. The minute I saw the picture I inclose I knew it was his. When I first knew him his face was smooth, and when he left here he wore small gray side whiskers. He represented himself to me as a single man, and I never knew anything different until he went away. Some time after I received proofs of his having been previously married several times, and in each case deserting the wife, who never heard anything further from him unless through the papers or detectives.

"He left here last January, telling me he was going to Bismarck on business and that I was to go to him there in a few days. That is the last I ever heard from him directly. He left me in a destitute and delicate condition, and I have had to work ever since, when I really ought not to have done so. He robbed my mother of almost all she had. He spares neither widow nor orphan; as the saying is, 'all is fish that comes to his net,' as Mrs. Plunkett will find to her sorrow. I wish I had money enough and his career would stop short and he would go where he deserves to be put.

HE THINKS IT VERY 'RAW.'

Worthington Says He Doesn't Wear Mr. Plunkett's Trousers.

The Former's "Darling" advises him not to pay any attention to the Baseless Story.

"Won't you read it out to me, my eyes are bad," said a silvery-haired but otherwise young-looking and very handsome man to a reporter yesterday.

He was A. Bentley Worthington, who has wedded Mrs. Plunkett after the fashion evolved from Christian Science.

The "it" referred to was an interview with the discarded Plunkett, in which that gentleman is reported to have said:

"To-day my lawyer received information that A. Bentley Worthington is an *alias*, and the man now in charge of my wife and children is R. T. Quigley, formerly of Texas. Further information is expected next week. When Quigley or Worthington, or, whoever he is, came to the school he didn't have a change of clothes, and Mrs. Plunkett, Mrs. McCoy and the matron, Mrs. Farnsworth, prevailed upon me to make an opening for him. Mrs. McCoy, Mrs. Plunkett and I were co-partners, and it was decided to admit Quigley-Worthington as business manager at \$1,200 a year. He caught on at once, and in less than a month he had everthing I had, even to my clothes. From the first day he called to this hour I hadn't the slightest idea who he was." He never received letter, postal card nor visitor.

"I'm not through with the case by any means. The children are home from school, and I understand they have been renamed Pearl and Paul 'Worthington.' They are my children, however, and I shall have them both when my divorce is obtained."

"That is pretty raw," said Worthington. "I had made up my mind not to say anything more to reporters, but a man can't stand everything. Just come upstairs and see what my wife has to say about this."

Mrs. Worthington-Plunkett was reclining on a lounge in a sitting-room furnished with artistic taste. She is gray or silvery, and so, by the way is Plunkett. Mrs. Worthington, or Plunkett, is about thirty-five years old. She is slight, dark, comely in feature, with large brown eyes that look very intense and appealing. Her conversation is that of a well-educated and refined lady. Beside her sat a slim little brunette, who embraced her and caressed her on the slightest provocation, and even at other times when the intervals between provocation seemed too long.

Worthington's manner was not half so confident here as below, and he told Mrs. Plunkett-Worthington his errand with considerable embarrassment. They are still in the "darling" stage of their affinity, and that word occurred and recurred with distressing frequency.

In firm tones she read aloud the statement of her late unlamented husband. It made her very angry. She straightened herself up on the couch, and the intense look deepened in her eyes as she said almost passionately:

"No, I will not reply to this—not in the press. What is the use? All the common people are prejudiced against us, and no good will come of discussing the matter. We will not be understood. Mr. Reporter, you can say I decline to make a statement of any kind. I have my own magazine and I propose to make a full explanation of the case in it's next number."

"But, darling," hazarded Worthington, "this is pretty raw. I'd like to know what trousers Plunkett has that will fit me."

"Why don't you say exactly where you come from, and who you are?" said the little brunette, "that would stop all this talk."

Before Worthington could reply, his wife snapped out: "No, darling, I won't have it. No statement of any kind will do good."

"But, darling," again ventured the man, "I can't let myself be ground to powder. I'd like to have just five minutes' talk with that rascal."

"There spoke the old Adam, darling," reproved the priestess. "You should let yourself be ground to powder, if it is for the truth's sake."

"Well, I would like to meet that man, and have him tell me I wore his clothes." Mrs. Plunkett declined to say anything about the suit she has taken to recover the amount of a policy she holds on the life of Moses W. Field, the late Detroit millionaire, who is the father of her boy Paul.

On the way downstairs Worthington said: "I should really like to tell you all about myself, but there are family reasons for silence—two old ladies, my mother and aunt, who would be very much grieved and hurt if this story came to their ears. I must protect them. But that fellow Plunkett knows who I am. This attack is his last effort, the struggle of a despairing man."

Plunkett now has a silver plate announcing "The Christian Science Healer," fastened near the door of No. 125, West Forty-second street. His quarters are of the most sumptuous. He had nothing further to say about the quarrel between himself and his wife. He did not know who Worthington was, and he was trying to find out. A large capitalist told him that Worthington once called himself Quigley, and lived in Galveston. The society would not be affected by the trouble. It had over 100,000 members who would remain united, but not with Mrs. Plunkett. That lady and her affinity would soon find themselves in an unpleasant position when deprived of the support of the society.

Yes, he knew how Mrs. Plunkett obtained the policy on Mr. Field's life. He was Mr. Field's private secretary about ten years ago. At that time he and Mrs. Plunkett were organizing the White Cross Society, which was very successful.

Mrs. Field and her two daughters were members, and through them Mr. Field got to know Mrs. Plunkett. He then transferred his policy, in the Berkshire Life Insurance Company to her. The transfer states that the reason of the gift was the donor's desire to testify his appreciation of Mrs. Plunkett's Christian labors and charities. The premiums on the policy were regularly paid by Mr. Field himself.

He was a peculiar man, for he bequeathed very little to his family, not enough for them to live on. Nearly all his property and several insurance policies were transferred to Mrs. Mary Goring within a few months of his death. This lady was a very close friend of the dead plutocrat. She is one of the best known and most prominent ladies of Detroit.

At the office of Mr. Charles May, counsel for the Berkshire Assurance Company, it was learned that the company was quite prepared to pay the policy whenever the courts decide to whom it should be paid. The daughters of Mr. Field are suing to have the transfer to Mrs. Plunkett set aside, charging that it was obtained fraudulently. The company will file an interpleader in the case brought by Mrs. Plunkett and await the decision of the suit taken in Detroit. The amount of the policy is over \$8,000.

Auckland Campaign.

IN the Auckland *Herald* of January 23rd, 1893, we have a brief report of Mr. Worthington's campaign in Auckland. The report says: "He (Mr. Worthington) had learned that renunciation was possession and now could honestly say that he had not a single desire. His principle now was, Resist not. That was why he had never mentioned the name of a man who had systematically attacked him for more than a year, or even referred to the attacker, until that night. He (Mr. Worthington) could easily have proved the untruth of the statements made, but he had asked himself should he so get false sympathy? There had been the essential fact that while what had been said was not true, in his consciousness he knew that he (Mr. Worthington) had done things worse than was said of him."

There were, says the reporter, about 60 persons present.

Statement of Mary Bently Worthington AND A. Bently Worthington.

In *The International Magazine of Christian Science*, August, 1889,
edited by Mrs. Plunkett, we have the following article entitled—

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The deeply thoughtful students of ways and means for elevating the moral standards of the world, have long felt the inadequacy of old methods, and longed and prayed for better. The answer has come. No one need longer wait until "they die to go to heaven," for Christianity in the present tense has come, and its vitality is so intense that it can go right down where men and women live, and sin, and suffer, and by its own potency carry them up out of the swamps of error, into the clear sunlight of usefulness *here and now*.

Almost everybody's life is clouded more or less by some act of weakness or indiscretion in their past. It has long been believed that "once disgraced, always disgraced." Experience has almost proven this a proverb, when lo! Christian Science came forward, and with one wave of her stately hand, called a halt! while she whispered anew into the mighty silence the sweet, potent words, "neither do I condemn thee, go sin no more." The effect has been electric, and runs from heart to heart with a power that promises to unite the entire people in one unbroken brotherhood.

I have decided to copy from the New York "*World*" and "*Sun*" the communications of Mr. Worthington and myself of July 28, knowing comparatively few of our readers will have seen them. I desire that there shall be a clean, clear understanding between our office and subscribers. I do not wish anybody to remain with us in our labours for those who seem to be the "lost sheep of the fold" unless they do so from choice and fitness. So long as one has the "I am holier than thou" feeling, he is illy prepared to comfort the wounded and broken.

The effort of our office is dedicated especially to those in direct need; to those who, having followed error's ways are faced at last with despair, and *must* have help. Come, everyone, believe not it is "too late." There is no such word in our creed. "*Now* is the accepted time." Will you not, dear readers, such as sympathise with our effort, go alone five minutes each day, and, over the silent wires of

"The Good only," send us thoughts that will make us strong in our battle of non-resistance, and bring us comfort in our seeming isolation. Already I hear your—"yes."

"Go! winged words, across the sea
And say to all in misery;
The time *has come* that was to be,
The day for open ears to hear,
The day when love should cast out fear,
And 'Christ' in glory should appear."

No. 13, West Forty-Second Street,
New York City, July 28, 1889.

To the Editors of the "World" and "Sun":

With your kind permission I will give the facts in this sad case as far as I understand them, hoping they may be of service. No one who knows me will dispute that I am a sincere, earnest worker for Truth as I understand it. I believe those who differ with me and criticise my methods are equally honest, and that they are in duty bound, as responsible citizens, to continue to criticise until wiser laws concerning the most vital point in every life are evolved. Unless the sanctity of our homes can be more sacredly kept, the destiny of our national life is sealed, and we cannot escape the fate of those seemingly powerful nations of the past.

There are very few people who believe, however much they profess, that to tell the honest, straightforward truth, without fear or favour, about every little detail in life, and to act frankly in every particular, with no effort at deception, is possible or desirable. Consciously or unconsciously, they all feel that the bare Truth is a little too rugged, and needs its edges smoothed by innocent (?) deception. This practice is carried on in the homes, and the children soon become experts in little deceptions. These children become the men and women who make up the social and business world into which they bring their ever-growing tendency to deceive wherever they think it will bring them favour or success, and the world approves and says, "she is a bright woman," or "he is a brilliant fellow." It has come to the point where men and women of the world do not pretend to trust or believe in each other; on the contrary they are keeping as sharp a look-out as they can to avoid being cheated and defrauded in every direction.

Five years ago I belonged to the deceiving and deceived class. I really believed that if I was sincerely truthful I should become a non-entity, and be trampled under the feet of my intellectual companions. My inmost self, however, hated prevarication and deception, but once on the path (and who is not?) I saw no way out. I was nigh unto death, when an angel of a woman spoke to me in a language I could understand. She said that through a method, which was now being much thought of and studied under the name of Christian Science,

it was our privilege to approach Truth and gain her blessings to a degree never before believed possible, and that in proportion as we turned our minds to the study of the more important forces, which are always invisible, should we gain that understanding of the life problem, the answer to the whence, whither and where that would bring the health, peace and satisfaction we all so greatly desire. She said Truth, though invisible, like electricity, is a working principle, which will make everybody free who embrace her, and consent to be guided by her rules. In my despair I listened and begged to be told more, and more, and more and—*more*.

I dare not take space for details, but suffice it I was raised from my bed of pain and began immediately to practice being truthful, and instead of growing weak and fearful (everybody is under fear who deceives), I found that I had added health and strength, hope and power, for usefulness with each new day. I found, in the brief space of three months, I could accomplish more real good than I had ever before dared hope to in all my life. From that hour to the present I have worked untiringly day and night, in and out of season, as thousands can attest. There is not a man or woman living who will dispute this from evidence.

When Mr. Worthington entered my regular monthly course of lectures I gave him the same careful instruction concerning perfect truthfulness that I gave to the others. After the lecture, in which I told them that every man and woman in essence is divine, pure and good, and that no number of sins and mistakes in one's past could hold them captive if they would forsake them, and be honest and sincere in all their dealings thereafter; that it was not true (as had been so long believed) that once your fair name is gone there is no hope of regaining it this side of the grave, but that every one could, impossible as it seemed, become a beloved and respected member of society, here and now, because by their power to heal the sick, which always comes with the understanding of our connection with our source, and their ability to aid and comfort those in distress, they would very soon have opportunity to prove their words by their works. I repeated the promise that "Though your sins be as scarlet."

He told me afterward that when he heard that there really was a way out of a horrible past, not only for himself, but for all, it was with the greatest restraint he was able to keep his chair, and, after going to his room, he walked the floor most of the night, saying, "Oh, is it true; is it true; can it be true; is there hope for me? It sounds too good to be true! Dare I try it? Dare I trust it?" Before the lectures closed he decided to try and trust it.

Here I will say, and I ask all who read to believe, that as I hope for heaven, as I love my beautiful children, who are shielded from all this storm, and hope for their future usefulness and happiness, as I stand in the presence of Almighty God, I am stating my honest convictions. You may differ with me; this I expect, but I ask that you will believe me sincere. Time alone can prove whether my conclu-

sions concerning marriage are true to your minds, but to mine there is no more doubt than that two and two are four. I believe I know them to be true and in harmony with eternal principle.

Marriage is a divine institution. The old saying, that "Marriages are made in heaven," contains a deep truth. It will be found by close study that much that is commonly called marriage is but a very crude and counterfeit expression of that holy union, which is the God-given, God-made right of every man and woman, and to which they must attain through the law of evolution, whether they will or not, as surely as a child must grow into manhood. None of us are outside the Divine law, so poorly expressed by man-made laws, and we must on. There is no other power to cleanse and help shape the statute laws of our land so that they would be conducive to the highest welfare of the people, for their needs are sore indeed.

When Mr. Worthington came into my presence I knew instantly that he was my conjugal mate. I do not think that people leading ordinary worldly lives would be able to know, as I knew, nor would I think it at all safe for them to act hastily upon their impressions. I had been four and one-half years working constantly along spiritual lines, and my spiritual vision is often much illumined, not, however, in any way different from others, were they doing the same quality of work. But you ask instantly, How about him? He also knew as well as I, but no word was spoken. His mind is spiritual to a degree rarely met, and it has come through an experience so full of pain that nothing short of Divine Providence could have sustained him.

Mr. Plunkett and all our friends knew that he and I were no more mated or intended for each other than water and oil. We frequently talked about it as naturally as we would speak of the affairs of others, and he often expressed a perfect willingness to aid me, should the time ever come when I desired freedom from our contract. We were living as brother and sister, and I saw no reason why we should not continue, since all our friends, and such others as had a right, knew the true state of the case and hence could not charge us with deception. Whether Mr. Plunkett has kept his promise and tried to aid and protect me; whether he has proven that his methods are spiritual, not worldly; and that he forgives as he hopes to be forgiven, *I leave to the public and himself.*

Before the close of the lectures Mr. Worthington and I spoke to each other of what we silently knew, and that I might be absolutely true to my determination to deceive not at all, we together, on the same evening, told Mr. Plunkett. The day following I called together the corps of clerks, teachers and healers connected with the office, and Mr. Worthington and I together told them what we believed our relation to each other to be; that we had not decided upon any course, but desired them to act in perfect freedom about remaining. Mr. Worthington then said to me that he would exercise no will in

the matter; that he had decided to devote the remainder of his life to the healing and helping of those in need, and that he would be guided by my judgment as to when and where.

Immediately the class closed Mr. Plunkett said to me, "I wish you would have Mr. Worthington leave the city." I was so wholly undecided as to what was right and best that I asked Mr. Worthington if he would be willing to leave the city and not correspond with me, that I might have time to think. He said he would, and left for a neighbouring city that evening with letters of introduction to friends of ours. Just before he left I said to him, "There are many matters connected with my 'past' which, if you knew, might change your feelings toward me, but for four and a half years I have lived just as true as I could every hour."

He replied, "Oh, do not speak about your past; everybody can see what you are now, and that is sufficient; besides, you taught us in the class room that we must not look backward. I, too, have a 'past,' from which I thought there was no escape; now I see a way out and I will follow it."

I then bethought myself that I should practise what I preached and said, "do not tell me your 'past';" all I need to know is that you have forsaken it and you will do all you can to repair any wrong you have done and will press forward to the time when you can aid others to do the same.

Oh, how little I then knew what I was saying or the meaning of the sad gladness that was in his face when he said, "If Truth can do what you say she can, by her aid *I will atone for every wrong I have ever done.*"

After a little over a week's time had elapsed, during which I did not communicate with Mr. Worthington, but came faithfully every day to my office and work, Mr. Plunkett said to me:

"I am going out of the city."

"Where?" said I.

"I am going to bring Mr. Worthington. I do not think it is right for me to separate you two."

Of course I was glad, but my course of action was not yet decided upon in my own mind; so after he returned we talked again, and I, lest I might be influenced by my sister, who was pressing me every moment to *ignore all civil law*, and calling me positively cowardly because I would not live with him as his wife immediately, left the city for Washington, where I taught a large class in Christian Science. I returned after four weeks of the most desperate struggle any woman ever survived, and told Mr. Worthington that I had decided fully that the work in the future could be best carried on by our united effort.

We knew that the world would not allow us to work together without a suspicion that would dampen all our effort unless we were married, so we began at once to talk about divorce, and the more we studied it the more impossible and hopeless became the situation.

There are no provisions for an honourable divorce. During this study I learned facts concerning statutory law that I had not dreamed were in existence. (All this was relative to my divorcement. I don't know why, but *the thought never entered my mind that he might be married*).

I saw there was no hope through an institution that makes heart and love quality subjective to convenience and lust, and that the most civil law can do is to satisfy or recognize a union already existing in the inmost selves of the contracting parties. I saw it was outrageous and indecent that the proceedings of the bed chamber should be paraded before the world, in the court room and in the public press, and that there could be no sanctity in the home until this blighting order of things was changed. *Civil law cannot regulate the soul, and it has no right to claim to deal with marriage*, save in temporal matters, as it deals with other contracts or partnerships. *The place for the settlement of matrimonial difficulties is in the home and not the courts.*

We both knew that, inwardly, we were divorced from any other on earth, and as surely married to each other. There was no opportunity for civil law-divorce or marriage, so we decided, after much deliberation, to announce what was true interiorly and go on with our work. We sat talking one evening just before the time set for our announcement to our friends, and he seemed so very troubled that I said,

"Maybe, if you will tell me what troubles you, I can aid you."

He said, "Oh, don't!" and burst into tears, adding, "I never meant it, I never loved it, but I couldn't help it! I was so young, so inexperienced!"

Gently I told him that, if he felt willing to tell me, I was sure I could help him with mental treatment. With great effort he finally said that, *when a lad not yet twenty years of age, he, through a falsehood, got into trouble that caused him to assume a name for a time*, and that the fear of its being known had followed him like a horrible spectre ever since. He said that, although he had tried study, work, travel, he had never seen a happy day since. I bade him forget it all and press forward.

Shortly we called a few friends together, and told them plainly that before God we believed we belonged together, and we had decided we could do the greatest service to the world in this way. (Any one desiring a fuller account of reasons, etc., can obtain it by sending for the July number of our Magazine.)

Everything moved on as smoothly as could be expected where reformatory work was carried on. I found that he was thoroughly familiar with every subject, religion, and philosophy ever mentioned or heard of, save Christian Science. Whenever it came up he always conceded to my judgment and said frequently that, but for the hope it offered, he would not think life worth the struggle. Sometimes he would say:

"Would it be possible, could anything come that would cause you to leave me?"

I always answered, "No," and that he must not talk about such things. And he said:

"Were you to find out that my past was worse than you have supposed, would you separate from me?"

I answered, "Oh, no; for you would need me all the more." Several times he said:

"If anything ever comes that causes me to go from you, it shall be to death. I will never, never try to live away from you."

I told him he would never be asked to do this unless it was best. He frequently said, "There is no suffering or pain I can conceive of but I could endure, if need be, save that of bringing sorrow to you; it would be the one thing I could not bear!" If ever he noticed me the least bit pale or saw the slightest indication of disturbance in my face, he would say:

"Our religion teaches perfect trust; now, if you had perfect trust you could not be anxious about anything."

I saw that he was hanging his hope on my ability to live in that exalted state of faith, and knowing how young he was in the knowledge of the rules prescribed by Christian Science, I felt that I must rise to the high requirement, that I might not become a block of stumbling to him.

Four weeks ago a lady whom I do not know called upon him, after which he came up stairs looking very pale. Soon he said:

"Something very dreadful has come to me."

I said, "Can I not help you?"

He answered, "Oh, I cannot endure that pain shall come to you, but I am threatened with *an exposure of all my past* unless I leave here, and, dear, it would break your heart!"

I said, "Oh, no; nothing can break a heart whose trust is in God. Let us drop it now; we won't talk, but do. Just as soon as we can get started again we will make up for the past the best we can." He did not talk more. He would had I permitted him, but, on principle, I avoid talking error's ways.

Reports began coming one way and another until his suffering, day after day, was so intense that it would have moved the pity of a stone. I did not know what was true or false, and I did not allow him to tell me, because it could do no good. *He was my soul-husband, my mate from the forever to the forever*, and whatever fate awaited him was mine also.

At last, one day, when an unusual oppression seemed to surround him, he said:

"I must tell you that, *before I came to New York, I used another name.*"

Had a thunderbolt from heaven struck me I should not have been more surprised or wounded, but he was looking at me, and I knew if I flickered so much as an eyelash, it would be all over with

him, so I answered, "Tell me about it," and he then told me of his Dakota home and the sad event which caused him to leave it. I am positive he did not dream of *the condition* of Mrs. Ward, for when he heard it from a reporter his suffering exceeded anything I have ever witnessed. I soothed him as best I could, and said:

"Now we will find out if it is true, and if it is we will do everything in our power *for her and your child.*"

He would not believe it and does not now. He also spoke of an affair with Mr. Dana, and said he would like to write to him and tell him he had *changed his way of living*, and that, as soon as possible, he would *pay him every dollar he owed him*, but he would wait, for if he wrote it now Mr. Dana would not believe him. He said, "Dana has a good heart, and if he knew I really meant it he would wait for me."

In handling my money, of which he has had entire control, he has been scrupulously careful, wise and saving. He could have taken every dollar had he desired, but he felt that my business was his, and he has shown an economy and thoughtfulness in little things that has been a revelation to me. He is the embodiment of persistence and application. I really believe that he would stand at his post of duty twenty hours out of twenty-four without one word of complaint. He has more strength, both mentally and physically; more courage, determination and perseverance than I have ever met in any half dozen persons, could they be combined in one. He has *a strong will and quick temper*, which, however, in the brief time he has been practising science rules, has come under very good control. His deportment in the home is sincere, chaste, thoughtful and tenderly dignified. He possesses such tremendous force that, once thrown off the track, one might expect to hear *just such things as we have heard.*

Last Wednesday afternoon, when all sorts of reports were coming thick and fast, I felt that I could have much clearer judgment if left by myself, and I asked him if he would be willing to go away for a few days and allow me to attend to the situation. He said:

"No, indeed. I will stand right here until I am taken away, if that is to be my portion. I have given myself absolutely over into the hands of Truth and I am willing to take whatever she metes out to me, knowing it will be just and right. You know I have already done exceptionally good healing, and if I may be allowed I will do more good to the world than I have done ill, great as it is. If not, if I must go to punishment, I will patiently study and wait my release, then serve Christian Science the rest of my life, for it is the only thing that could have brought me hope in any direction."

It may be that I was hoping against hope, but I felt somehow, if only the true facts could be known, that *those whose lives he has wronged* would give him a chance to do all the good he can, and it would be very much. I cannot see how anybody would be helped by his punishment, nor can I find anything in the teachings of the Master, whom we try to follow, that indicates that He desired punishment should be administered to those who were repentant. To the one

who had erred most flagrantly He simply said, "Go, and sin no more."

He finally yielded to my solicitations. Just before leaving he asked me to write the following at his dictation, and commending his soul to the care of the Truth he has promised to serve, he went out into the night, and my little companion, who never leaves me for a single hour, day or night, and I were alone. But we keep the flowers fresh on his desk, we set his plate and chair at each meal, and we are following him with prayers that heaven cannot refuse. If he never comes to us again his place will remain sacred to him, and my soul looks always forward to the time when it shall join his in conscious presence again, for my brief life with him is all the genuine happiness I have ever known.

Meanwhile, I will go on as I have done, ministering to all who are in need of my service. He helped me to finish the last work on the August Magazine before going, and I *will* believe that he is to be saved to a life of usefulness to the world.

While I do not believe one hundredth part of what has been printed, I ask that *everybody who has cause against him* will present it to me at once and I will arrange, by the aid of Truth, to cancel every obligation in the near future. I know God will help me to do this. *Particularly do I wish Mrs. Ward to communicate with me and allow me to serve her.*

Truth is mighty and will prevail.

MARY BENTLY WORTHINGTON.

Mr. Worthington's Communication.

Oppressed with the heaviest sorrow known to a heart acquainted with grief, and on the eve of separation, at her request, from the person whose life is linked to every pore of mine, my true wife, and knowing that my word will have little weight or credence with the mass, because I have not earned the right to be believed, yet something tells me that the sad story of the truth will find lodgement in the hearts of some whose feet are in the way that leads to this. Especially are these words addressed to young men who, from some one cause or another, are at this moment, perhaps, entering upon the unfortunate pathway of small deceptions. Be assured that I speak to you from a soul so heavily burdened that nothing but Truth itself could sustain me in this hour.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago, before I was twenty years of age, I told a falsehood in so small a matter that the money value involved was less than \$200, but the consequence was the blighting of a life full of promise and hope. From that day until last February the years were full of deceptions, mistakes, and foolish efforts to hide the first offence by others of greater or less magnitude, until *my life became a living falsehood*. When the past caught up with me in one place I fled from it to another, often forced to do a wrong in the haste of the necessity of flight, compelled to take up the

life at a new place, without a past to which I could refer; through weakness or necessity, *multiplying the mountain of falsehoods* until my soul stood shuddering in the presence of its own turpitude, with the feeling that the hand of every man was turned against me. Yet, never for one moment, as I hope for peace hereafter, did I love sin or wrong *per se*. On the contrary my nights often filled the silence with agonies and such scalding tears as only he suffers whose prayers arise to an unknown God who can bring no relief.

It was with these burdens tugging at my heart until reason seemed deserting me that I, through the advice of a stranger, (to me) sought with trembling doubt the statement of Truth as taught by Christian Science, of which I had not previously heard. It taught me my relations to my Source, as well as my fellow-men, in a way that my reason could accept and my judgment confirm, and, best of all, it pointed a way out of the labyrinth of sin and enabled me to determine to never tell another falsehood, practise another deception, or fly from the past. I have decided to *live modestly, yet fearlessly, for the future*, and devote my life to the promulgation of the truth I have learned.

With the knowledge that I might be compelled to face this past at any moment, I have stood at my post in this office for eighteen weeks, ministering to the poor, the sick, the discouraged and down-trodden with all possible faithfulness, hoping thereby to begin my work of repairing the past. Every sense has seemed trembling with expectation of calamity, which Truth alone has enabled me to bear, but I have always been hopeful and determined to *make good the past at whatever cost to myself*, so far as lay in my power. *There is much that cannot be repaired*, but nevertheless shall the remainder of my life be dedicated to that effort and the good I can do for all on my way.

I go away *only briefly, at the solicitation of her who is dearest of all on earth to me*, who feels that those most intimately interested will not willingly add to my burdens, or seek to crush me unnecessarily when once they understand my determination to follow the ways of Truth henceforth. With the understanding that should any of those interested in my affairs demand it, after a knowledge and consideration of my attitude of mind at this time, I will return and take the consequences of their desire upon me. No one could hold bitterness toward me did they know the suffering of this hour.

A. BENTLY WORTHINGTON.

PATIENCE

DEAR READERS: I ask that you bear with me this month. I promise you shall not have personality served up to you hereafter, but the exaggerated state of affairs seems to demand that you be given the plain unvarnished facts this month. Two days after the above was published, I caused the following to appear in several of the New York papers.

"Will you kindly allow me space to say that no paper can truthfully or with my permission charge me with sickly sentimentalism. Mr. Worthington and I stand absolutely alone in the world to-day in our degree—with the demonstration of true conjugal marriage, and a plea that those who have a 'past' of which they have repented may be heard and given a reasonable opportunity for proof.

"That no one may question my intention to fulfil all I have promised; that Mr. Worthington is equally sincere; and that we may prove to all the power of our faith in the kind hearts of his accusers, when they really understand the situation, I now declare that as soon as those whose names have been mentioned in the press as having cause for action against Mr. Worthington, shall have presented their claims fairly and squarely to me, I will ask him, through the public press of New York City, to return here, and thereby prove our faith by our works.

"Many ask what I shall do if I find his name is not Worthington? I reply, that makes no difference to me. Mary Bently Worthington is the name I have taken, and I shall carry it so long as I live. He has a real name, which he nor any other can ever change. It is 'a child of God.'

"If he has the manhood I claim for him, he will come when I call him, even if he knows it is to his death. He went away *only* at my solicitation, and he will *more* readily return.

"MARY BENTLY WORTHINGTON."

DIVORCE BY METAPHYSICS.

From *The World*.

And Re-marriage of the Christian Science High Priestess on the same Principle.

"There is a true soul mate for every person, and we are conscious that we have always been married," said the pleasant-spoken A. Bently Worthington yesterday when I called on him at the Christian Science Healing Temple, at No. 13, West Forty-second street. He is one of the healers, or mind physicians, of the new system of curing disease without medication. His remark referred to the recent taking unto himself of a wife in the magnetically charming person of Mrs. Mary Hodgkins Plunkett, one of the most successful priestesses in the new science.

The marriage, so called, was very peculiar, and it threatens to create a revolution among the twenty thousand adherents of the new sect.

Mr. Worthington and Mrs. Plunkett first met several months ago and immediately fell in love. He was a bachelor. She was, and is, a decidedly attractive woman. She had a husband before she met Mr. Worthington, it is true, but a little thing like that did not disturb her equanimity nor his.

The Strange Wedding.

Their so-called marriage took place in the presence of a few friends at the Forty-second Street Temple. The couple advanced to the centre of the parlor, and the groom repeated the following:—

"In the presence of God and you my friends here assembled,
"I take Mary Hodgkins Plunkett to be my wife, promising,
"with Divine assistance, to be unto her a faithful and loving
"husband, forever and forever."

The bride repeated a similar formula, and after congratulations, a little kissing and some cake and wine, it was all over.

A week prior there had been another peculiar performance. Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett were married in the good old way about twenty years ago in Massachusetts. Two beautiful children were born to them. For two or three years, however, Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett have been unable to live harmoniously. Finally both agreed to dissolve marital partnership, and the husband, the wife and the lover (Mr. Worthington) met by appointment, and a compact on metaphysical principles, by which Christian scientists arrange things in decidedly unconventional fashion, was patched up between the three.

A Metaphysical Divorce.

Mr. Worthington and Mrs. Plunkett declared they were "soul mates" and couldn't help it. Mr. Plunkett said he couldn't help it, either, and he and his wife signed this document:—

"From the most profound conviction of duty we do jointly declare our marriage contract null and void in so far as it lies in our power to render it so."

This "divorce" was cheap, convenient, quiet, and strictly according to metaphysical ethics. But the subsequent "marriage" was a startler to the most enthusiastic theorists, and they haven't got done gossiping about it yet.

"Whacking Up," Metaphysically.

The "divorced" husband and wife divided their wealth; she retaining the "temple" with its profitable "healing" business and her new lover, while Mr. Plunkett picked up his traps and moved further down the street.

The fair lady sighed slightly yesterday as she said, "Our hearts and our consciences tell us that God has approved our marriage although it is contrary to human laws."

Mr. Worthington said, "In the eyes of our spiritual faith we are fulfilling the law." At one bound he has succeeded to the office of chief healer in the temple and ex-officio husband.

I asked Mr. Plunkett to tell me, from the results of his studies in the realm of mental and metaphysical phenomena, whether marriage was a fail—

"Don't talk to me of women again," he said sadly. He added that he should not sue for a legal divorce, although he thought his ex-wife had been a little rapid in taking up with the other fellow.—
The World.

Tit Bits, Rare Bits, and Funny Bits

From the *International Magazine of Christian Science*, edited by A. B. Worthington and Mary H. Plunkett. Published in New York, 1889.

The following notice to subscribers is very significant: 'We ask that those who are in arrears shall pay at once, or, if you cannot, write and tell us so; otherwise your names will be struck off our list.'—Unity Publishing Company. In the July (1889) number of the *International Magazine* we have another statement of A. and Mary Bently Worthington:—

'The hasty and frivolous judgment of flippant criticism, which has represented us as being without regard for law, would seem unworthy of notice were it not for the coloring given by the one act which, of necessity, seemed to disregard the civil law. Upon this subject we insist there shall be no misunderstanding, that no honest mind be left in doubt as to our purity of motive, which can never be associated with violation of law. The necessity of the hour is so great that we have decided to embody this holy relation at any personal sacrifice, and not to spare time, money, position, or energy, in openly laying the corner stone of a social system in which the relations between men and women shall be divinely regulated and sex purity established.'

'We find ourselves unable to do justice to our subject without intruding our personalities to a degree, which, to us, is so unpleasant that but for the grave importance of this vital question, we should find it quite impossible.'

'This presentment, by reason of the large number of people interested, and our position as religious teachers, involves an answer to questions collateral to our own action, and suggested by the situation resulting therefrom.'

'Let the general reader kindly remember that those things which to him seem uninteresting and not germane, are, perhaps, of the greatest importance to others connected with the science, or in pursuit of its study; and that it is necessary, in deference to the large number of interests involved, to discuss the several relations of social and religious life, as well as a plan for the future dissemination of this truth, through the medium of healing, teaching, and preaching.'

'Our departure from the civil law was born of that necessity which creates inspiration, to do an innovation, as the *dernier* which will disturb the stoicism and engage the keenest effort of public sentiment in the direction of such reform as will place the mantle of perfected law, with all its protection, about the victims of this great wrong, and usher in the proof of the legal maxim that "no wrong shall exist without a remedy," when, as Wendell Phillips said, "The greatest crime shall no longer be written in the highest law of the land."

'The only standpoint from which our action may safely be judged is that of spiritual interpretation, because *it is conceded on all hands*

that it was without the sanction of the civil law. Justification, therefore, is not expected from, nor blame attached to, those who are ignorant of spiritual law, or those whose study of that law has not reached the demonstration of it.'

'Up to this it (*i.e.* Christian Science) had solved the problem of healing the sick and *almost raising the dead* in several instances. While teaching and preaching the truth, witnessing its demonstration to the extent above stated, we realized that, if truth was omnipotent, the sex problem must of necessity be as obedient to it and as capable of solution within it, as has been the healing, etc. Admitting this, the opposition are driven to the statements "that the world is not ready," or "the time is not ripe," or, that we "were not the proper representatives;" to all of which we answer: There never was, and never will be a time when error is ready to entertain truth. In spiritual reckoning there is no past nor future. Now is the only time. In all the history of God's dealing with His children, He has chosen the weak to confound the mighty. In the presence of this consciousness, the false appearances which attend living in the marriage relation without conjugal love, constituted a species of deception at variance with the basic principles of our teaching.

'The first step taken was the dissolution of the false relation, which was done in the only way possible to us and our faith, with the present unjust demands of society made in the name of law, and of which you were advised in the April number of this magazine. It was the only way it could be done because the civil law refuses absolutely to divorce people who are willing to be divorced. Our action could only be justified by the position and obligation we were under to be faithful to our convictions.'

'Now, in the light of Christian Science, we see no more as through a glass darkly, but face to face, and we know that *divorce is no more sent of God, than the other falsities which we have been taught were sent by Him, such as sin, sickness, insanity and death.* Now we know all these are the results of ignorance, and that they have no place in the realm of the real, which is the new kingdom now descending to earth.

'This idea is not new, but having been misinterpreted, it has remained unfruitful.'

'*Divorce is a putrid cancer on the body of social life.* It had its origin in ignorance, and it is fed and kept alive by lust and selfishness. It can only be healed by uncompromising surgery.'

'DIVINE MARRIAGE. In the beginning, God, the good, or Brahm, or Jehovah, created: male and female created he them. If we were created male and female, there is not now, nor ever has been, any power which could uncreate or change us. That which is to come into manifestation, ever was, now is, and ever shall be in the realm of reality, therefore *all the children of God are complete, whole, married already*; for in this real realm there is only the ever present now. God made them male and female; then, when they were created they

were also married; and what God hath joined no man *can* put asunder.

'Every soul is, in reality one; in manifestation, two. In our descent into the belief of materiality, we appear as two persons, while, in reality, there is but the one, cut in two as it were—disconnected, alone, lonely, dissatisfied without knowing why, madly exhausting every promise of diversion, at last plunging into matrimony, only to tire of it like all the rest. This is succeeded by divorce and remarriage followed by a repetition of the disappointment, and furnishes that condition of society which unblushingly pronounces marriage a failure.' No, marriage is not a failure.'

Swedenborg says: 'The love of the sex is love for many and with many of the sex, whereas conjugal love is love for only one and with one of the sex. Moreover, love for many and with many is a natural love, for it is common with beasts and birds, which are natural; but conjugal love is a spiritual love, and is peculiar and proper to men because they were created and are born to become spiritual. Therefore, so far as a man becomes spiritual, he puts off the love of the sex and puts on conjugal love.'

'The carnal mind—or natural man is a polygamist, the spiritual man a monogamist. Man has consciously been but a half child heretofore, now, through the affirmations, as found in Christian Science, he has begun to declare himself whole, and when his thought outpictures, he will have awakened to his completeness manifestly, which will be a harmonious marriage. The other half of each man has always been joined to him, and always shall be, though thousands of miles, according to mortal measurement, intervene. The reason this is true is because God made them so. Christian Science authority sustains this position as follows:

"Marriage is the legal and moral provision for the generation among the higher species. *Until the spiritual creation is discerned, and the union of male and female apprehended as in the vision of the Apocalypse—where its spiritual sense was revealed from heaven—*This rite should continue under such moral regulations as will secure increasing virtue."—Science and Health, page 133.

'Here is the perfect vindication of our action so far as *Science and Health* is concerned. We claim, through Science, a discernment of the spiritual creation, and the perfect union between male and female, as given by Jesus, [Mark X.] From the beginning of the creation God made them male and female, and, before Him, in Genesis [I,] "so God created man in his own Image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.'

"*Union of the masculine and feminine sentiments seems requisite for completeness. The masculine mind reaches a higher tone by communion with the feminine while the feminine mind gains courage and strength by the same communion. These different individualities meet and need each other, and their true harmony is in spiritual oneness.*" S. and H., [page 134.]

'If this union is "requisite" to "completeness," this "completeness" can only be attained by the "union." The evident purpose of the writer was a reference to those unions described by Swedenborg as conjugal, and by him as well as this author, confessed to be almost unknown on earth to-day. In short, the discovery of this, has been and is the ultimate of all religious inquest.'

"A separation takes place when the motives for marriage are not suited to individual progress and happiness." (S. and H., page 137.)

'This is precisely what we claim. Individual progress is the basis of national prosperity, and any condition which forbids individual progress is opposed to all the laws of God, and all that is not of God is of sin. It is a serious question for our legislators to ponder to-day. Is our marriage code suited to individual progress?'

'There is a general feeling among all classes of people that our meeting and loving each other was not so very odd or culpable. Hundreds have said to us: "It's all right if you would only KEEP IT TO YOURSELVES," to which we have answered: "That would be but adding one more to the innumerable intrigues that deform the character and threaten the peace of social life. If it is good and pure, there is no reason for concealment. If it is evil and impure, it should be put away for ever. We knew in our hearts that it was pure as heaven, and we refused to conceal it or put it away, but immediately confessed it to each other, and simultaneously told it to those most intimately concerned.

'Again it was asked by many: "Why not sacrifice it for *the good of the cause*?" Our answer was: We would willingly and gladly sacrifice our love, and our lives also, to the cause of good by going apart, had not the more difficult and trying task of remaining together, confessing the truth, and bravely bearing the consequence, been assigned us.

'SACRIFICE SACRIFICED.—The burden of sacrifice was the Nemesis of all religions until science came and dispelled it into its native nothingness. It was the favourite hobby of priests and charlatans, and often made the scapegoat of selfishness and dishonesty. Upon it were built the infamous tithing systems, which swelled the coffers of the churches and the commercial side of ecclesiasticism. It was the flagellation that met every trembling penitent, from whom it demanded its pound of flesh, for which it gave in exchange its questionable merchandise. No sooner has any good or desirable thing been obtained by a religious teacher than the cry has gone up, "You should sacrifice it for the good of your cause." We do not wonder that the people are losing faith in a God who asks constant sacrifice of all his best gifts. Why does he give such noble gifts, if we must forever sacrifice them? He does not; it is a base lie, born of ignorance, and belief in a God that afflicts his children. Knowing this, we felt impelled to demonstrate the substitution of obedience for sacrifice. Sacrifice was itself sacrificed in the Tragedy on Calvary.'

The Coming Church.

'The church of the future will be without official staff, or code of discipline, spectacular ritual, or iron-bound creed, priestly ordination, or irresponsible tribunals, where *ex parte* adjudication robs the individual of God-given rights without appeal.

'The effort before referred to on the part of Christian Scientists to organize church societies, subservient to a central power, upon plans similar to the orthodox churches, is subject to the criticism that, while they are far in advance through their more spiritual interpretation of the Word, they are still preserving the same elements of confusion and disintegration that have characterised the elder experiments in church government, and will result in the same failure; for it is a house built upon the sand of personality, whether disguised under the name of "individuality," "God's anointed," "chosen revelator," or "Apostolic succession." Truth carries no trade-mark, but is forever, and forever will be, common property.

'It may be that in the evolution of spiritual economy, the chasm between the old and the new must be spanned by this partial compromise with external methods, but they will pass away, and in their place will be raised a million altars to the true and living God. Every fireside will become a miniature church, and every member of the family a communicant. Beside home altars there shall be public temples of truth open every day and evening, where, whosoever will may come, without question as to name, place, faith, or condition. Those whose lives are sufficiently consecrated to minister at these places will require no passport from the applicant.'

'Under these roofs there shall be class-rooms, with teachers who give instruction in the science of religion, as well as a general auditorium for public service, free meetings for inquirers, Bible readings and lectures.'

'The charge has frequently been made that Christian Science teachings bring trouble into the home. While there is sometimes an appearance of the truth of this assertion, quite the opposite is the fact. There are thousands of homes in which the intensest forms of deception were hiding their hydra heads when some member of the family, husband or wife, perhaps, became interested in Christian Science. From that moment a change became apparent in the home. The interested one has heard that deception in all its forms is one of the chief causes of sickness, and begins to feel afraid to practise it longer, lest a worst thing come upon her. She tells the simple truth, and it is such a new thing that it makes a little flutter, and this is what has caused the remark that it brings trouble in the homes. On the contrary, it begins to uncover and uproot long, deeply-hidden deception, which has been the dry rot eating out the heart of the family, though covered by luxurious externals.'

'Every life, in its process of evolvment, must pass through the experience described by "go sell all thou hast," or learn to give up

all, that you may possess all. When this is perfectly accomplished in a life, the conjugal mate, through a law unvarying as that of gravitation, will stand face to face with its other self. Absolute self-renunciation is the method, Divine marriage the accomplishment. "Behold, I show you an open door, and no man can shut it." Rev. iii. 8.

'In conclusion we submit to you the foregoing statement, oppressed by its crude and unfinished character, in the hope that sincere conviction and honest purpose will prove acceptable substitutes for elegant diction and scholarly attributes, while our hearts quote the words of a great and good man who closed the language of one of the most historic papers ever written, with these words: "And on this act I invoke the just judgment of all men, and the approval of Almighty God."

A. BENTLY WORTHINGTON,
MARY BENTLY WORTHINGTON.'

AN OPEN LETTER.

'I have not one dollar in the world which has been earned in Christian Science. On the contrary, I have worked almost day and night for four and one half years, and I have put all I have earned back into the work, and almost six thousand dollars beside, given to me by friends who had confidence in my methods.

'The *International Magazine*, in which I am only part owner, my present husband having become interested therein, has never paid the expense of producing it. A very large number of its readers, having been unable to pay the subscription price, have had it sent them free or at half price, so that it has consumed over four thousand dollars of the six referred to. I know, however, that it has carried hope, health, and healing into many a home that would not have been reached otherwise, and I bless God I have been allowed this privilege.

'In this connection I will also say, that the report that I have turned over money and securities of any kind or character to my present husband, or retained or possess any money or securities belonging to my former husband, is an absolute and unequivocal falsehood. On the contrary, I wish to state just as emphatically that my present husband is possessed of ample means to aid me in carrying forward our work, and but for this we should be seriously embarrassed in the execution of our plan. We hope and believe, however, that the present increased interest is real, and that no subscriber will permit us to carry an unnecessary burden. If you can afford it, you ought to help us by subscribing for those who are not able.

'Some reference has been made to an insurance policy on my former husband's life. The facts are these: For twelve years I have paid the premiums on a policy for thirty-two hundred dollars on his life. I earned every dollar paid thereon, and own it as absolutely as my clothing. I am willing, however, to turn it over to anyone who will repay what it has cost me. I do not at present possess over two

hundred dollars that has not been a gift to me outside my family; nor do I wish to. If I should earn five dollars, or five millions, it would make no difference. I should do as I always have, put it *all into the work* and then feel I had but poorly paid for my prize, for, when Christian Science found me, I was in the deepest pessimism. I had no hope, no faith, no belief or understanding of spiritual things, no health, no joy. Despair for myself, and all the world, had taken possession of my mind, and my body was held on a bed of racking pain, waiting—for what? I knew not, but prayed it might prove to be annihilation. Oh, the blessed rest of annihilation! for I was weary unto death of the world and its ways. I had studied every religion, 'ism and 'ology that promised help and heaven. I had watched the lives and dealings of those calling themselves good orthodox Christians. I had turned from all their promises and deceptions heart-sick and faint, and cried, there is no God, we are all victims of blind fate; of a great relentless force; there is no absolute truth, there is no justice, and conscience is a matter of geography. Oh, for some power to end it all! But, what, whence, whither, where? At this awful juncture, when my eyesight was nearly gone, and my body too ill to be moved from my bed, a little woman came into my life and told me that my physical body was not me at all, that my body, instead of being my master, would become my servant when I understood more about the laws of mental action. She said all sickness came from ignorance, and that what we had been taught about God sending us trials, etc., was all wrong. I was very incredulous, but willing to try anything, for I was driven to willingness by pain. I need not describe more. You all know somewhat of the wondrous power of mind over disease. Suffice it, I have been able to labour incessantly since, and I shall never cease until my hand drops and my voice is silenced, for I am assured that only through the science of religion can the answer to the demand for happiness and peace come. Theology is man's opinion. All religion is one.'

'While Mary B. G. Eddy may sometimes have seemed severe with some of us, I am convinced that but for her determined and oft repeated warnings, many, and I am not sure but all of us, because of our belief in materiality, would have fallen back into mind-cure, will-cure healing, instead of rising to the purely spiritual.'

QUESTIONS.

'Among our many letters are the following questions which I will briefly answer:

Question.—"Would you allow articles in your magazine against your position?" *Answer.*—No; for the reason that "spiritual things must be spiritually discerned." They are foolishness to the carnal mind, which displays itself at every possible opportunity for controversy; intellect argues, spirit discerns.

Question.—"Poets have written and many believe there are a hundred different persons in the world of whom any one would fit us quite as handsomely as any other; is this so?" *Answer.*—In the realm of attraction this is probably true, but in Divine marriage this can never be so. There is one, and only one, who is your complement. And, best of all, "our own are seeking us."

Question.—"Can we marry again without a divorce?" *Answer.*—No; marriage is not *your* first need, but more knowledge of truth and more consecration.

'To show you how much in earnest I am, I will tell you what occurred just before our marriage. My husband said to me: "You must not take this step without considering the worst that could follow; would you do it if you knew that you would be obliged to go to court and thence to prison?" I answered "Yes." "Would you do it if you knew the going to prison would cost you your life?" I said "Yes."'

'Dear students, your work is slow and your success is mediocre, because your minds are in bondage. You approach people in a half apologetic, half ashamed manner, and coax them to listen or to be healed, or to allow you to serve them in some way. This is not the best way. You are leaning too much upon yourselves and too little upon the power of the Truth, which is trying to speak through you. If you would trust it, and stand up and preach it without fear or favour, you would have more work—more than you could attend to. Your hearts are filled with pride and self, and the little corner reserved for Truth is so small it won't hold enough to attract many to your words. You are afraid to have your acquaintances hear about the Science unless it can come through some refined, educated, well dressed person, with charming manners and a spotless reputation.'

Dear students and Scientists, I want you to study very carefully our Statement, for in it you will find the Bible statement of true marriage and the only one you will ever find compatible with Christian Science. I know all about how scared you are, how full of fear lest our whole cause fall into disrepute. This, again, you see, is a lack of confidence in the ability of Truth to take care of herself. Now, students, the first thing for you to do is to study and satisfy yourselves whether our Statement is *from* and *in* Truth. If it is, you must fight for it, if not, you must boldly stand against it until the scales fall from your eyes through the effort you will make to put it down. To all who have judged harshly, or hastily, I desire to say, forget it, as I have done. The situation has been exceptionally trying and severe, because the furnace was heated with the fuel of "free-love," "affinities," etc. Now that you know the Truth, it shall make you free. If you approve my course, I send you love; if you disapprove, love, still, which will burn away all error and hate.'

MARY BENTLY WORTHINGTON.

Psychology, Animal Magnetism, Mesmerism, Hypnotism.

A SHORT ADDRESS TO STUDENTS BY MRS. WORTHINGTON.

'A LITTLE book called "Mesmer and Swedenborg," published nearly fifty years ago, startled the world with the seeming discovery of a modern philosophy that was, in fact, nothing more than ancient psychology in a new form. This little book proved a new light on the hidden path of occult studies, and led to authentic exposition of mental law, and the development of exact psychology and practical metaphysics. The usual period of inaction seemed to follow this publication until Truth, forcing the issue with ignorance and error, demonstrated through such minds as Charcot, Binet and Féré that Mesmerism or animal magnetism actually existed, as counterfeit of spiritual Truth.

From the mendacity of the charlatan, this subject has been rescued, and made to contribute to scientific experiment and demonstration, where the resulting phenomena must be above suspicion!

The last decade has added every link in the chain of proof, until the whole subject is capable of absolute demonstration in this realm. The transfusion of thought and sensation, the transmission of volition under special conditions, the enormous exaggeration of the senses and the increased power of memory, while the subject is hypnotised, the outward and the hidden conditions of the conscious and the unconscious personality, the innumerable illusions, as well as the almost unlimited subjectiveness of the person influenced, have all been accomplished beyond dispute. While in this state we know that apples become potatoes to the taste, and potatoes are apples. Absent people appear to be present and people very near are invisible. The mind is industriously filling space with its imagery, all induced by the action of one mind upon another, often continuing after the subject has awakened apparently from the influence, through indefinite periods of time. In one case Charcot told his subject, "When you awake you will not be able to see, hear, or know Mr. ——— who is now here." After waking, this subject saw everyone else except the one named, did not hear that person when he spoke to him and could not feel his hand on his shoulder. Another was shown a bottle on a table—the bottle removed—and the subject told it was still there. On awaking, the subject declared he saw the bottle, and insisted that it was palpable to his touch. These are not isolated, selected cases of peculiarly constituted people, but examples of what all may undergo. It is universal in its application, so that the real may become unreal, and *vice versa* to all appearance. Empty imaginations become actualities inhabiting space, with shape, taste and weight—in short, fully material as the world knows it, and during absolutely so-called normal conditions. Time does not limit their fancies, they may extend over years.'

'I am not a physician, and yet I entertain myself and friends with mesmerism; and I submit that the proclamation of Dr. Charcot, from his chair in the Saltpetriere, Paris, that every laic mesmeriser ought to be prohibited by law from "meddling with this dangerous power," is somewhat cooler than Nova Zembla, in view of the fact that a great layman, Mesmer, first brought it to the attention of mankind, and was hooted, derided, persecuted, robbed, and driven into exile and poverty by the bigoted guild of which Dr. Charcot is so illustrious a member. This is a prohibition that will not prohibit.

One evening at a reception, a curious thing happened. I transported a young man and two ladies to Paris on the magic carpet, and left them enjoying and commenting on the pictures in the Louvre while I turned aside to superintend a personation of the President by another. When I returned to the tourists they had absolutely forgotten me, and I could not in any way make my presence known to them. They did not see my face or hear my voice, but continued their absorbed enjoyment of the great art galleries. I was compelled to unmesmerize them and start again from the beginning.

This same young man proved an expert penman. I filed out a check on the Lincoln Bank of New York City with the sum of \$100,000, and then, producing a genuine signature of Cornelius Vanderbilt, I induced him to imitate it with great accuracy in a signature at the bottom of the check, my arrangement with him being that he should have one half of it when collected. I suggested that I would collect it and then rejoin him; but he was too shrewd and suspicious for that, and insisted on accompanying me to the imaginary bank, informing me with more than the unction of Sairey Gamp, that he would "knock my head off" if I did not "divvy square." I do not see why a depredating mesmerist might not thus make use of an innocent accessory to complete a felony.

At another reception I was more successful in the matter of burglary. I made private arrangements beforehand with a neighbour, half a block off, who concealed a plethoric pocket-book in a bureau drawer upstairs, then locked the bureau, the room and the house, and brought me the three keys. When I had mesmerized my agent I told him he was the famous robber, Dick Turpin, and that I had a job for him. I called his attention to the fact that he was on the earth and must look out where he stepped. I told him where the house was, and described it minutely. I made a diagram of the interior, of the stairs, the room and the bureau, gave him the keys, and introduced to him a "pal" who would keep watch. He asked if there were any dogs. I reassured him on this point, gave him an imaginary revolver, and started him off. I requested some gentlemen to follow him, to see that no harm befell him, among whom were General Greely, Senator Kenna, and W. E. Curtis, the well known journalist.

He went to the house, skirmished slyly about it, and finally unlocked the door, groped his way up the front stairs, unlocked the room and the bureau and got the wallet. Then he began to exceed his in-

structions by plundering the house * * * He came in noiselessly, but with triumphant air, and demanded three-quarters of the spoil, which I gave him on the spot—at least to his satisfaction. He left the bureau open, but locked the doors, on leaving. On being restored to himself, he knew nothing of the adventure.

So it seems obvious to me that burglaries at a little distance, can be committed under the most favourable circumstances by the employment of an innocent agent, who is quite unconscious of any violation of law or of equity. There are strict limitations to this power of vicarious crime, but the possibility that it may occur should be enough to excite the solicitude of neurologists on the one hand, and the attention of jurists on the other.

Sexless, Sexual, Bi-Sexual.

A SHORT ADDRESS TO STUDENTS BY MRS. WORTHINGTON.

‘Religious ecstasy and devotion have forever vacillated between the sexual and the sexless conception of their ultimate, while nature, sexual itself, has witnessed man’s development as bi-sexual. The unit of the race has ceased to be the individual homo, and the sexes now antithesize each other. “All that man is, woman is not, and all that woman is, man is not.” When disturbing causes are removed, each in fulfilment of the divine law must answer the want created by this antithesis.

True morality is not found where the sexual principle in the abstract is found, but exists alone in recognition of the bi-sexual principle. Polygamy and Polyandry are immoral because they violate the bi-sexual. As conditions in the evolvment of man, they represent a half-way station between promiscuity and monogamy in the transition to conjugality. The mere ceremony of our marriage of to-day is the legal binding of discordant opposites. The immorality of the relation is one step above polygamy in law but not in morals.

Partial truths to which we are confined through fear of violating established proprieties prevent as full an exposition as we could desire, and may lead to inferential error.

One class of theorists claim that man in his final condition will be neither sexual nor bi-sexual, but sexless, for which they seek the dogma of celibacy. We remember an ancient picture of such a monastic heaven where bleak nothingness answered inane idiocy.

Other equally earnest advocates have touched the opposite extreme and contended that the regenerate were to combine in one vast general intercourse. These positions are equally untenable and without foundation other than in speculative invention. The Harmonists, Behman and Swedenborg, furnished attractive thought on either side of the issue, while such recent authors as Mrs. Browning and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, have drawn inspiration for fervid writings from this great latent truth. The whole subject has gathered force and

new impetus all over the world, through the "Statement" made in the July *International* by us. The thought had waned and paled in the dull custom of married life, as accepted, which had proved to be a flower-garden that terminated in a pest-house; commencing with a promise, which outweighed the riches of imagination, and ending in a fulfilment that was the grave of hope.

Contemplation by philanthropist and philosopher had brought them shoulder to shoulder with the victim of its oppression, together with a partnership in belief, that the coil of deformity, the monster puzzle of all races and conditions, confronted them and defied solution.

The rules laid down for the demonstration of divine marriage, in our "Statement," referred to, will become the text-book and guide of all students of this thought, through which the spiritual discernment of the pure in heart shall see God, in His relation to the question of sex. The death-sleep which has locked its mystery is broken by the divine touch, and the rock upon which so many religions have been wrecked, has proved to be the "stone which the builders rejected and has become the head of the corner." Dear readers, you cannot study our "Statement" of divine marriage and its method of attainment too long or often. You will all be able, sooner or later, to enter the spiritual world (which is a state, not location) alone; but no one can ever enter the celestial world without the conjugal mate.

The natural man is a polygamist. The spiritual man is a monogamist. The celestial man is the Two in One.

(Parts of this address are so obscene and positively immoral that we felt bound to omit them.—J. H.)

After the Battle.

BY MRS. WORTHINGTON.

'After the smoke of the battle has lifted, the customary truce for the burial of the dead, and care for the wounded, the repairing of lines, and estimate of loss and damage, brings us to the consideration of the esprit and moral. This condition is suggested by the effect the "late departure" has produced among the Christian Scientists. The whole gamut of anger, malice, doubt, dismay, and demoralization has been run, from the high-pitched treble of the shrewish, would-be dictator, full of pedantic verbosity and selfish platitude, all the way down to the deep sub-bass of unmitigated lust, that hides itself under the lowest expression known—anonymous letters.

During all this time the principle of Christian Science has stood silent witness to acts and utterances on the part of those who claimed her fair and holy name, which should make them hide their heads for very shame. They have lifted anew the serpent of error upon the pole, and fallen prostrate before its claim to power. They have, so far as they are individually concerned, silenced the still small voice of Truth, "Lo, I am with you always." God the good is all, and there is naught beside, and in its stead, have raised the cry, "Woe is me! Truth has fallen!"

One says, "Personality has overshadowed Principle!" "We have become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn, a derision to those that are around about us!"

Another: "You are held by an iron chain of mesmerism!"

Readers, does the quotation above, "You are held by an iron chain of mesmerism," suggest that the writer recognizes the power of the "good only," or is she suffering from a belief in two powers, good, and mesmerism?

Again, listen to this infant: "You have received charitable consideration beyond all you had a right to expect! We feel a just and righteous indignation! You must be quiet; we who are earnest, sincere workers for the Truth that indeed frees from mortal vanity, excitement and passion demand that you no longer put forth your 'statements!'"

The placid self-righteousness of the above command and *pronunciamento* to one, whose right hand was unlocking the mysteries through which she entered the sacred precincts of the Holy of Holies, while her left was teaching the alphabet of Christian Science to this swaddling, suggests a pity that must avoid comment.

"Evil hath come upon us, and usurped one of our holy places! An apparent child of God is in reality a scoundrel and villain, and represents within himself the one place outside God's presence and power, furnishing the single illustration of an error that cannot and shall not be erased—denied!"—

Think a moment. Does matter suffer? No! Does Immortal Mind suffer? No! If then there is an appearance of suffering, what suffers? Mortal mind! What is mortal mind? An appearance composed wholly of beliefs. Does matter sin? No! Does Immortal Mind sin? No! If then there is an appearance of sin, who sins? Mortal mind. What is mortal mind? An appearance composed wholly of beliefs. How shall we free ourselves from these false beliefs? Deny their presence and reality, and affirm their opposites. There has never been given any other way.

All this reminds us of unhappy childhood lying prone upon its face with closed eyes and fists, the picture of screaming impotency.

Are we children of God or victims of error, disciples of a Principle or advocates of a theory; is Christian Science a pleasure-yacht for inland lakes, neath sunny skies, or a stout craft for ocean storms; is your individuality founded in God or personality, are you eating of the bread of life—spirit—or are you starving on the husks of materiality and respectability? Whatever you are doing, remember Truth stands in the arena for the destruction of error, from whence she calls the centuries that have witnessed the conflict, to bear testimony to her final triumph! The law is the same as in the beginning! It is the pledge of God to the race! Detraction cannot weaken it! Calumny cannot stay it; the fiat has gone forth, and Phœnix-like, she rises from the flame of this crucible to multiply the unit of her followers now, by the thousands of the future.'

Special Concluding Note by Rev. John Hosking.

A. B. Worthington came to Christchurch in January, 1890. He said that he came from London where he had tried to start a cause, but could not succeed. He left America, it appears, towards the end of 1889, and travelled in different parts until he settled in this City of Christchurch. It is claimed by some that he came to Christchurch from Melbourne; but that seems very unlikely. The probability is that he came to Christchurch from America *via* London.

When he came first to this city he represented himself to some of our citizens as a very poor man. He even needed the necessities of life. He commenced lecturing in the Oddfellows' Hall, and there was the ordinary collection. His lectures were considered by some at that time to be somewhat advanced, but very few paid any heed. He then started a private class, to teach metaphysics, mind-cure, and so on. A few joined. The charges were moderate at first.

He then issued cards stating that if you are sick, or in trouble, or have any special perplexities, you must go to him and he will treat you. Several went to him, and were infatuated with the novelty of his appearance and teaching.

His next move was to have socials at the Oddfellows' Hall on Sunday evenings, giving people tea, coffee, cake, &c. This, of course, drew a large number. At last he devised a scheme of erecting a temple wherein to hold his meetings. Several of the citizens advanced him sums of money on the debenture system, and many of them put themselves to great inconvenience financially to erect the structure. After the temple was duly erected, he wanted a house to live in. Money for this also was forthcoming, until he had a most magnificent residence. Then he wanted a social hall. This was also erected. Now there are three most imposing structures, well furnished throughout, at a cost of several thousands of pounds. Some rumours were freely circulated, as to the conduct of the two individuals, which arose from the discovery of an article in the *Australasian*, found on page 1. Many were trying to find out what would be the ultimatum of his teaching—what he was driving at. He gave a lecture to men only, and printed it, which quickly put some people's minds to rest on this. It was found that he enjoined celibacy and continence, that man may be immortal in the flesh, that he may overcome sickness, poverty, and even death itself. As a result of his teaching on the marriage question, many homes have been broken up, husbands and wives have separated, fathers and mothers have turned against their children, and children against their parents, and free-love takes the place of honour and fidelity to the marriage vow. All the

teaching leads up to this climax—free-love. We undertook the task of investigating the whole case, with the result that we got full information from America which we have issued,

Then the question crops up: is the Worthington in Christchurch the same Worthington to whom the American papers refer? We answer, yes. Because (1) The description of the man as sent us from America answers exactly to the man Worthington in Christchurch.

(2) The American papers say that Mr. and Mrs. Worthington took two children with them, named respectively **Paul** and **Pearl**. The two children living with Mr. and Mrs. Worthington in Christchurch are called **Paul** and **Pearl**.

(3) The American Papers say that Mrs. Worthington *alias* Plunkett, separated from her legal husband, John J. Plunkett, and joined in free marriage to Mr. Worthington. The Worthingtons of Christchurch teach this conjugal marriage and have advised some husbands to leave their wives, and some wives to leave their husbands. Thus the conduct is confirmed by the teaching.

We are now in communication with the American parties, and the probability is that Mrs Ward, or one of the seven wives not legally divorced, will be in Christchurch in due time, and sue the male member of the firm of teachers of the Students of Truth for bigamy and desertion. We advise all those people who have any money in the firm to get it back before this crisis comes.

I hereby challenge A. B. Worthington to prove that he is not the man to whom all these things apply. If he has any manliness in him, and is an innocent man, he would accept this challenge. Until he does so I shall hold him at the bar of the public opinion of this city as an unfit representative of any teaching tending to purity of morals. "But he has reformed," say some; "he is living a good life now." I reply emphatically, No. A man cannot live a good and pure life whilst he is living with another man's wife in opposition to the laws of the Bible. Not only so, but he defends his action in leaving seven wives, and living with the eighth in defiance of the laws of morality. He tells the people of Christchurch that he is perfect; that they must follow in his footsteps. If it is right for him to take Mrs. Plunkett (*alias* Worthington) from her legal husband, and live with her, and if the Students of Truth regard him as a worthy exemplar to follow, what guarantee have we that the Students will not be practising the same teaching on the marriage question as Worthington practises and defends?

Again, can Worthington be living a just and honourable life under a false name? His name is Crawford. Why does he change it? Again, has Worthington made due restitution to the people whose lives he has embittered? Has he paid back the large sums he has swindled from one and another? He came to Christchurch with scarcely a pound to bless himself with. He is now rolling in luxury at the expense of some of the Christchurch dupes who have

given him large sums of money. If I were asked to describe the teaching of Worthington in two words I would say it is "Religious Humbug. One of the professors in Harvard University was a great bugologist. He had all sorts of bugs the world ever saw, in frames, and he studied bugology until he knew all about it, and had thousands of different sorts of bugs. And the mischievous students took the legs of one bug and the body of another, and the wings of another, and put them all together, just like nature puts them together, and carried the bug into the old professor, with his thick glasses on, and laid it on the table, and said:—'Professor, what sort of a bug is that?' The old professor looked at it, and turned it round, and looked at it again, and said he, 'Gentlemen, this is a humbug.' And this is just what we mean by religious humbug." He hashes up the old heathen mythologies, mixing them with modern scepticism, puts in a bit of truth alongside with miserable counterfeits. He opens his sails to the breezes and gives his followers anything that they like. No Devil, no sin, no hell, no Heaven, no God, no Christ! You are Christ; you, dear people, are good; you are in heaven now. Give me your money, that's all I want of you dear people. I think, now, that I have done my duty. I have thrashed this matter out at considerable expense to myself. I have borne patiently the taunts, sneers, and lying misrepresentations of the Students of Truth. I have warned the people against this gigantic fraud by word and pen. The Christchurch public papers have failed to expose the affair. They have allowed this huge swindle to develop into immense proportions. My thanks are due to some of the ministers of Christchurch, who have helped me by their timely advice and cheering words. My thanks are due to the people of my own church who have borne patiently with me in lecturing against Worthington's teaching. And now, if the people of Christchurch will be deceived, they cannot say they have not received due warning. If I allowed this matter to go on, having all the information that I have in my possession, and declined to make it known, then the very same people who have abused me now, would, after finding out the fraud, have called me a coward; and rightly too, because they would say, "Hosking knew all about it, and was afraid to make it known." But they cannot say that. I now ask that the Christian community make this pamphlet as widely known as possible, in order to prevent the teaching from taking root in other parts of this Colony.

Orders for any of my pamphlets must be sent to my address—

26, Durham Street, Christchurch, N.Z.