

THE
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THINKER

HENRY FRANK *Editor*

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HENRY FRANK, EDITOR.

Vol. I.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 10.

BRITON AND BURGHER.

O England have thy gory hands once more
On weaker nations laid their brutal grasp?
As Egypt, Afghan, India, fell before,
Must these brave Burghers bend at thy behest?

If thou destroy their rustic liberty,
Blood-bought and hallowed as the stars of heaven:
If thou canst thus offend humanity—
The promised bond 'twixt thee and us is riven.

For never shall Americ's guiltless breast
Receive the friendly clasp of bandit's arm;
A threatened world appeals to us to wrest
From tyrant's grasp the power to harm.

O false Custodian of Freedom's wealth,
No more canst thou deceive by courtly smiles,
If by thy prowess or by cunning stealth,
Those noble people suffer from thy wiles.

In Civilization's magic march thou lead'st
With trail of human gore and footprints red;
The lust for gold and greed's demand thou heed'st
More than the sound of Freedom's sacred tread.

Britannia, Britannia, beware,
Eternal stars and ancient suns contend
With humankind for Justice; and we swear
Whom Freedom's cause inspires we shall defend!

H. F.

MORALITY UP TO DATE.

It is the right time of the day to interject just a word about the moral *poseurs* who are exhibiting their wares in the public places. I do not refer to the fellow who hoists himself on stilts and rebukes underlings for not being as exalted and uplifted as he is. I am not now referring to the "holier than thou" species. I make no reference to the cunning hypocrites who court shaded nooks and deceptive moonbeams for their midnight roosting while presenting brazen fronts of austere conservatism to the garish day; that horde of tongue-twisters and logic-branders who can prove by holy and unholy writ that what is sin in the harlot is virtue in the priest, and that Nature's laws swerve from east to west, according to the stiff-wind of respectable authority; but my present contention is with another class—the opposite.

It has become fashionable to-day to sneer at old-time Virtue; to refer condescendingly to the especial characteristics of our grandmothers, whose strict moral habits gave birth to an offspring of stalwart boys and irreproachable girls, who in their turn became trustworthy citizens and tender-hearted mothers.

The art of motherhood to-day is demeaned. The woman who bears children is an animal, and in watching with life-long sacrifice over her offspring displays nothing more than the physical qualities which one may observe in the *ursa materna* protecting her cubs, or the mother hen cackling over her chicks.

She is the idol and ideal of womanhood with us whose crisp and curly hair, short-shorn, bedecks a broad, impertinent brow; whose pretty pug nose reaches the exact angle of audacity and defiance; whose flat-lipped, firm-set mouth looks as formidable as the embrasure of a fortress, and against whose flinty and redoubtable heart poor Cupid's darts fall broken and defeated.

Love, with her, is not a passion but a privilege, not a care but a convenience, not the fruition of sincerity but the Dea-Sea fruit of pretense and deception.

She wears her Chastity not as a spotless robe—emblem of her heart's own purity—a talisman against all danger—but as a commodity to be bartered as the price of social honor, individual enterprise, or mercenary gain.

Woman's greatness consists to-day not in her amiableness or personal attraction, but in her bold abandonment of conventional restraint.

The social belles of our grandmothers' time, who filled the air with a riot of colors, tripped mincingly and bowed and smiled with innocent grace—incarnations of innocuous abandonment—would be as insipid to the "chappies" of our day as beer after a champagne dinner, or water to a bilious tongue.

Those old girls didn't put enough "ginger" into their conversation; their "suggestiveness" was not sufficiently suggestive to lead to serious results; they would not "rise to the occasion" and meet the supreme moment with assurance and temerity; they were timid, cowering and cowardly creatures—they still shuddered at Fear and halted at Consequence!

But She is the Grand-Woman to-day who owns herself and puts what price she chooses to upon it. If the world doesn't like her price it needn't buy, but she at least does not hesitate to "post" it.

There's nothing man can do which this modern Minerva cannot and will not do. She pleads for a common standard of morals not to elevate man to her superior height, but to reach his level wherever that may be. She envies man, his freedom, and she will possess it at whatever cost.

What a silly fool the moral coward is, to be sure! She alone is the true heroine who dares to be bad, and flaunts her badness before a shocked and horrified world.

What's to be lost? Nothing but the world's opinion. And what's that worth? Nothing but the shrug of a shoulder and the kick of a dainty foot. Nothing more.

It's so jolly to do just what you want to, dontcherknow! If you're satisfied with yourself, what matters it whether anybody else cares for you or not?

"To hell with Reputation—it's a bubble that bursts with every pricking, and as somebody will prick it at some time I'll do it first and save him the trouble."

Thus prattles the modern woman triumphant in her own conceit.

And the Modern Man? *Mehercule!*

Well, there's one item at least in his favor—he's becoming honest; he's throwing off the mask of insincerity and refuses to be the hypocrite his grandfather was.

The modern Hercules sings the praises of Desire. His god is gratification—his devil, fear; the one he worships, the other he defies. He

achieves his twelve triumphant labors in the boudoir of his mistress while writing sonnets to her eyebrows. She becomes the object of his adoration, who for an hour may quench the devouring flame and awake the inspiration of his Genius.

Goethe, Burns, Shakespeare—what was the cause of their immortal fame? Not surely that they stole burning coals from the altars of heaven to ignite the fire of their souls, but that they discovered the uses of women and appropriated them to the necessities of their genius!

Shakespeare found a new love every day, Byron wept for want of more feminine worlds to conquer, and Goethe moved like a God among men, trampling Conventionality beneath his Titanic feet.

Genius awakes when ancient morals are abrogated. Not God, but the Grand Passion, is the mother of painters, poets and dreamers.

A beautiful woman, rising like Aphrodite from the foam, bedecked with sunbeams and iridescent mist—one's long-awaited soul-mate whose entwining arms give birth to genius and whose adorable bosom pulsates with the promise of immortal fame—this is the Ideal of the Modernist, whose preachment is Free Love and Anarchy—the rehabilitation of primitive Phallicism in the guise of refined philosophy!

Ah, Messieurs and Mesdames shall we not call a halt to this reckless guidance, or shall we continue to kneel at the shrine of Desire, embrace the bosom of Gratification, and let the devouring dogs of disease and damnation seize the masses while we few "intelligents" rise unscathed from the stench of Gehenna and ascend on fiery chariots to the heaven of our imagination?

The philosophy of Free Love—by whatever name—means free harlotry for woman, and miscellaneous indulgence for man.

However finely spun be this philosophy in the silken meshes of poetry and eloquence it means simply:

Let Virtue be spurned and Love become common,
 Though the devils of hell to damnation summon;
 I'll choose as my mate from hour to hour
 Who o'er me may cast the spell of his power:
 I'll live with Apollo till Adonis aspires,
 And follow the vane of my shifting desires.
 I'm free to live as I will and to win
 By Virtue, or if I choose by Sin.

THE OLD AND THE NEW METAPHYSICS.

Ancient metaphysics was a philosophy. It was speculative, logical, analytical, dogmatic.

Modern metaphysics is a profession. It is pragmatism, assertive, self-complacent, and lucrative.

Ancient metaphysics was masculine; modern metaphysics is feminine. The former gave rise to great minds—Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Schopenhauer—the few great souls who abode on inaccessible mountain peaks whereto the common herd could not ascend. The masses could hear only the faint echo of their profound expressions—vague and half-intelligent—like distant thunder breaking on the edge of the far horizon.

Modern metaphysics has awakened the deep waters of humanity; stirred the heart of the race, till now even babes and sucklings declare the triumphs of saving knowledge.

Metaphysics is not mystery or muddiness. It was once thought that he who uttered the most unintelligible nonsense was the profoundest metaphysician—provided he had the trick of casting his ideas in grandiose verbosity.

To-day we know that there is nothing in metaphysics which cannot be expressed in the vernacular of simple folk; just as old Socrates used to employ the language of the curbstone to confound the awful unintelligibility of pompous sophists.

Whoever talks metaphysics unintelligently is not talking metaphysics, but *meta-foggicks!* Write him down a fakir.

I have found at times as much good metaphysical writings in Helen Willmans' books—for example—as in Kant's. But this is far from saying that Helen Willmans is another Kant. Helen once in a while hits off a truth with finer point than Kant; but I doubt whether Helen could read Kant's "Critique," and understand it. She possesses, however, the intuition of her sex, coupled with masculine audacity.

She dares to say what she feels—whether or not she knows what she is talking about; then trusts to good luck to its being O. K.—and quite frequently it is.

But Helen's sudden ascent from poverty to prosperity (the Republican party will kindly overlook my failing to spell the latter word with

a big P)—from the valley of Hinnom to Pisgah heights—has somewhat unsteadied her balance, and she sometimes exhibits curious phases of dizziness.

She is beginning to believe almost too much in herself (a venial fault), and inclined occasionally to sit in judgment on others (not so pardonable a fault).

Recently in commenting on the advent of THE INDEPENDENT THINKER, she does us the honor to say that she had "casually glanced" at our pages, and remarks that the one lecture on "What is Matter?" published in the May issue, was almost good enough (but not quite) to be republished in the exclusive columns of *Freedom*.

It really sent a thrill through my bones when I learned how nearly I had been swept through the gates of Paradise, without knowing it!

But Helen compensates her acts of omission by condescending to say that she thinks the editor "possesses the true metaphysical mind."

Another lucky stroke for the editor of this journal. For I understand Helen has invented a new instrument—the "Metaphysicscope"—by which she is able to measure with scientific precision the exact psychological capacity of every human being.

Helen says when her keen Western eye drops on the new metaphysical literature, she "gets a smile on her beginning with about two inches and gradually increasing to six or thereabouts." But Helen deposeth not how many inches her hat band has increased since she discovered herself.

I found her a few years ago way down in Florida, where she edits *Freedom* and "heals the sick" (who have the price), on a bewitching strip of land that floats between a pearly arm of the sea and the broad, booming ocean. And it's a "hummer," *Freedom* I mean—not the sea. I once fell beneath the radiant spell of her aureole locks. Helen is a magnet. You see the flames in her red hair. She throws volts of lightning with both hands. She's a greater than Minerva, for she not only steals Jupiter's thunderbolts, but hurls Jupiter himself at whomsoever she will. If Helen can't cure you she'll kill you; and a man would better be dead than alive—and sick. She sells her paper at \$1.00 per capita in the shambles at Sea Breeze, Fla.

WAS JESUS THE IDEAL MAN?*

In justice to the ethnic religions of the past, as well as to Christianity itself, it is but right that we put a fair and honest interpretation upon the life and character of Jesus Christ. Who shall deny that he is the most important of all historical characters? Not since the record of history began has there been a single life which has so profoundly and universally impressed the human race. Whether the indirect influence of his teachings has been right or wrong, whether intellectual progress would have been less retarded had his name not so completely conquered humanity, these are debatable problems; but notwithstanding these discrepancies it cannot be denied that there is scarce a home in all the world, rich or poor, cultured or uncouth, progressive or primitive, but that through its portals the voice of the alleged Savior of the race has penetrated.

Nevertheless, though the name of Jesus is so glorious in Christian song and legend, students of history are well acquainted with the names of other religious heroes whose splendor shone as brilliantly on the pathways of their votaries as that of Jesus over the modern world.

As Jesus charms the Christian devotee and kindles his soul's inspiration, so among pious Mongolians rule the names of Confucius and Lao-tse; among Semitic Orientals the names of Moses and Zoroaster; among the dreamy dwellers of the Nile and the mystic pyramids, Tresmegistus; among the swarthy inhabitants of the plains of the Ganges and the shadows of the Himalayas, the name of Sakya Muni; as in every clime and among every people in all ages some supreme characters have arisen and overmastered the common mind with their spiritual ardor and moral grandeur. These great historic characters on whom we gaze through the perspective of time affect us much as when we approach some scenic mountain region and look upon the vast, lone peaks which rise solemnly above the humble foothills that cluster at their base.

Sometimes, as I have beheld Mt. Hood or caught glimpses of far-away Shasta, among the lowlands of the Sacramento, I have been overwhelmed with the sudden vision of splendor which burst upon my view, and wrapped in wonderment and joy all else has vanished from my contemplation. For that hoary head which seems bent with the weight of

* A lecture delivered by Henry Frank in Carnegie Lyceum, New York City, rewritten and revised by the author.

ages, whose locks are gray by the pressure of Time's finger, first among its sister peaks receives upon its rugged front the golden hint of morning's advent. Anon, while all the nether ranges sleep in shadowy gloom he lifts his golden crown to heaven, and swings the flaming censer of the skies around his form till one vast flame consumes him. Ere long his robe of splendor fades slowly into ashen tints, while beneath him the drowsy peaks begin to stir with sinking beams that light upon their waking brows. And while he thus awaits their waking he stands with sombre grandeur—a silhouette of solitude against the skies. Denuded of his glory, he still commands and ravishes the observer by the gloomy aspect of his sun-black summit.

Gazing on this transporting peak one forgets all else—the world has vanished—the nether peaks, the shaded foothills, and the far reaches of the running ranges curtained with blue mists that merge in vanishing horizons.

Thus, while from a vantage ground I behold the peak it reigns supreme among the ranges. But if perchance my point of view is changed and the angle of incidence is more acute, the loftiest peak may be overshadowed by one far inferior though nearer to the view.

Similarly do we contemplate the towering characters of human history. Their figure, their import, their proportions are all commensurate with the perspective of our viewpoint of observation. From the point of view of Christian civilization, from the vantage ground of our Western development, the figure of Jesus rises like Mount Shasta among the Sierras, superimposing and sublime—a matchless King among the moral peaks of humanity. But as when we change our point of view Mt. Shasta sinks into comparative inferiority, thus when from the view point of an Orientalist we again study the life and character of Jesus, his proportions seem somewhat minimized, and we learn to compare him with other characters who rival him in moral and spiritual prowess.

As we penetrate the corridors of time we meet individual leaders of thought, each of whom becomes to his inferior votaries preternatural, whom they exalt to the highest pinnacles of honor.

Hence if we would understand any one of these overpowering characters we must study him by comparison with the rest, or we shall not justly weigh him in the balances of truth.

The religious impulse is in all ages among all peoples the same. It is the aspiration after the Ideal—but an abstract, undefined ideal

is insufficient to kindle the untutored mind. Hence it seeks to transmute the ideal into material expression, and thus come gods personified, and temples for the indwelling of images, and idols that fashion forth the form and figure of some deity. When once the mind has embodied such conception, either in the voiceless marble or in animate flesh, it bows down and worships it, as the visible expression of inarticulate human hope. He who comes in human form claiming to be the fleshly expression of such desire or aspiration is deified and exalted to the loftiest niche in the temple of eternal fame. And every people has, either through the fancy of its poets and dreamers, or through the egotistic enthusiasm of some charmed hero, sometime possessed such a character whom joyfully it has exalted to the sublimest pinnacles of adoration.

Far-away, mysterious Egypt had not only her gloomy and foreboding deities, her Ra and Two Truths and Isis, Horus and Osiris, but the beloved intercessor and guide—divine Hermes Tresmegistus.

As sings the poet concerning the great lost soul of the past, so may we sing of all:

Was he one or many, merging
 Name and fame in one,
 Like a stream, to which, converging,
 Many streamlets run?
 Till with gathered power proceeding,
 Ampler sweep it takes,
 Downward the sweet waters leading
 From unnumbered lakes.
 Tresmegistus! three times great!
 How thy name sublime
 Has descended to this latest
 Progeny of time.
 Happy they whose written pages
 Perish with their lives,
 If amid the crumbling ages
 Still their name survives.

To the followers of his vague and dreamy faith doubtless this "weed-encumbered, sombre, stately" character was as inspiring and sublime as is that of Jesus to the teeming millions of Christendom.

For each individual who rises as a supreme moral character among his cotemporaries is the highest ideal which his age can conceive.

Therefore he is to them the loftiest, sublimest character the earth can engender. He rises so supremely above them, is so utterly lost in the clouds of myth and miracle, faith and fancy, that his feet are hoisted to the pinnacles of the gods, till one of them seems to have descended and become incarnate in the flesh.

While, as I have said, the name and character of Jesus Christ are really supreme in history, nevertheless it is manifest that he has been exalted to this height through the force of conspiring circumstances, of historical contingencies, which, wanting, would have caused him perhaps to have been comparatively unknown. It was the juncture of events that caused the name of Jesus to overshadow that of Plato and Socrates at a time when they were uppermost in the cultured thoughts of men. Indeed we might show that had it not been for the restoration of the influence of those philosophers, ages after the advent of Jesus, his religion had perhaps fallen into desuetude.

Were it not for Saul of Tarsus it is probable that the name of Jesus had never been lifted above the plane of obscurity. Paul was the first who conceived the sublime and extraordinary proportions of his character and the universal application of his teachings to the needs of mankind. All the rest of the apostles were narrow, clannish, constrained by tribal bigotry and superstitious fear. Paul saw there was something in Jesus which would appeal not only to the Jew of the Sanhedrim, or the market-place, but as well to the legislator on the Areopagus or the philosophers of the Porch, as to the curbstone dreamer who was wont to listen to Socrates' dialectics. Hence he preached Jesus to the Gentiles; hence he cried, "Here is neither bond nor free, Greek or barbarian, Jew or Gentile"—all alike were susceptible to the approaches of the divine fascination of Jesus Christ.

But it may be asked why was Paul so broad and tolerant, while the rest of the Apostolic College were so limited and contracted by the Hebrew traditions. Had Paul penetrated into a profounder and more ancient avenue of wisdom than what the oracles of the Temple had taught him? Had he come in contact with teachers who were in touch with the fountain of knowledge, which not only Socrates and Aristotle, Plato and Epicurus had imbibed, but even the far-off spiritual potentates of India and Egypt?

In order to reach a just conclusion concerning this question we must closely study the career of Saul of Tarsus, the source of his education and the natural trend of his philosophy.

In the Epistle to the Galatians Paul distinctly informs them that soon after his conversion to Christianity he went into Arabia and remained for three years before returning to preach the gospel in Jerusalem. Let us inquire what is meant by the term "Arabia" and what revolutionary possibilities in the religious life of Paul were made possible by his travel in that far country? Conybeare and Howson, in the "Life of St. Paul," say: "From the time when the word "Arabia" was first used by any of the writers of Greece or Rome, it has always been a term of vague and uncertain import." In all probability he traveled into Egypt or Persia, where existed the strange religious schools of the Therapeutæ. Eusebius, the Christian historian of the fourth century, assures us that "the ancient writings made use of by this sect were in all probability none other than our *own gospels and apostolic writings*, and that certain Diegeses, after the manner of allegorical interpretations of the ancient prophets, were the *epistles*."

This curious admission of Eusebius lets in an abundance of light on the career of Paul and the source of his religious knowledge.

It must not be forgotten that most of Paul's epistles were in existence long before the publication of any of the Gospels. It must also be remembered that the teachings of St. Paul colored the entire subsequent Christian system, and that his teachings were contrary to those apostles through whom he received his conversion. Witness his quarrel with Peter at the Council of Antioch. Paul, therefore, who had been originally a Pharisee and a member of the Sanhedrim, had evidently been converted to the mystic doctrines of the Essenes. All the apostles and Jesus himself are believed to have been members of this sect. The Essenes and the Therapeutæ were one and the same. Calmet has observed that neither Jesus nor the evangelists ever mentioned the sect of the Essenes, whereas they constantly rail against the Sadducees and Pharisees. This would seem to indicate that they were members of that secret sect. Hence when Paul was converted to the sect he goes for three years into Arabia (Egypt?) to become fully initiated and attain the spiritual intuition and prowess of which the leaders were said to be possessed.

Philo describes the manners and teachings of the Essenes or Therapeutæ and shows how they pursue the study of mysticism to its full length and deliver "explanations of the Scriptures by *mystic expressions in allegory*"; the same method that Jesus employed in the deliverances of his parables and Paul in interpreting the old Scriptures.

Also let us recall that Philo, years before the advent of Jesus, gave a complete and detailed account of the character, teachings, life and career of the Savior who would be; showing that this ideal hero already lived in song and prophecy in the inner teachings of this mystic sect. Hence when Paul lived for three years in "Arabia" he became profoundly imbued with the prophecies and precepts of the sect of which Jesus became through Paul's evangelization, the supreme representative.*

It is therefore manifest that through Paul's profound penetration into the mystical anticipations of an ancient and obscure sect, he exalted Jesus into the lofty niche of honor and adoration, where ever since he has abode.

Paul caught the intuitive interpretation of the universal Messiah or Savior, which had been before undreamed of. Each nation—each religion—each sect had conceived of some individual savior who would come to redeem the members of their own household or mystic brotherhood. But Paul was the first to conceive that a savior had come who would redeem the entire world and gratify the long desire of the Nations.

Of course hints of such a world-savior had been rendered in the writings of other religions, but none was bold enough to seek to evangelize the world on such a theory. Perhaps the nearest approach was the overture of Buddha, as finally conceived and delivered by his advocates to the world. In the language of Edwin Arnold, the burden of the Buddhistic scripture seems to be as sublime and universal as the Gospel writings of the Christians:

"The Scripture of the Savior of the world,
Lord Buddha—Prince Siddartha styled on earth,
In Earth and Heaven and Hells incomparable—
All honored, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful,
The teacher of Nirvana and the Lord!"

The one supreme Ideal has in all ages vaguely but alluringly uplifted the race with the anticipation of some sublime hope to be fulfilled in the course of time.

It seemed never to have come till the time of Jesus; for in him, in the complete conception of this rounded character, are mingled all the varying hues that make up the perfect picture of the moral Ideal.

But perhaps the Pauline conception of Jesus had ultimately failed, and the Christian ideal would once again have been overshadowed by the pagan, had not the resurrection of Plato and Aristotle in the schools of

* Müller, "Psych. Religion," p. 371.

Alexandria led to the commingling of the two in the teachings of Origen and Clement and the great leaders of the early church. The Jesus which has finally come to us through this tortuous avenue of thought is wholly different from either that which Philo conceived or Paul preached, and yet it is the same as both they and Plato and Socrates foreshadowed, all mingled in a common ideal, whose dissimilarity from each emphasizes the coalescence of all. The Jesus of the Catacombs is not the Jesus of the Creeds, nor is the God-Man of Plato suspended in the heavens identical with the mystic savior of Philo—nevertheless in the Jesus of the Gospels and the modern hero who has evolved therefrom, we have a sublimer and a purer because a less unnatural and therefore more effective character.

(To be continued next month.)

LITERARY COMMENT.

The most fascinating volume of a scientific character which has recently come my way is "From India to the Planet Mars," by Th. Flournoy, Professor of Psychology at the University of Geneva. This book has succeeded in creating a genuine sensation. Heretofore we have had all manner of psychological possibilities presented to us, but never has any experiment with psychological subjects forced upon the consideration of the scientific world so many startling situations as have the experiments of Prof. Flournoy with Mlle. Smith, his subject. To be brief, she, herself, is thoroughly convinced that she is a medium through whom discarnate spirits operate; conceives herself to be the reincarnation of Marie Antoinette; of a former inhabitant of the planet Mars, around whom a fascinating romance has been developed; and of a former princess in ancient India, through whom quite wonderful revelations relating to Indian lore have been delivered. These experiments run through a period of some seven years, in which Professor Flournoy claims that his subject was held to the strictest scientific restrictions.

She began first by obtaining through an accident spontaneous automatic writings. Little by little these deliverances of her alleged former incarnations came through her until a complete history of her various ancient personalities was built up, all of which developed into a remarkably readable romance. It is impossible in this brief review to give the story, even in broad outline. One must read the book to know what wonderful results were achieved. The scientific world will perhaps be more interested in this revelation than those who are avowed devotees of the cult

of spiritualism. Mlle. Smith herself insists that she is inspired, but Professor Flournoy, the scientist, thinks that he can explain all these startling phenomena by the theory of telepathy, and has introduced some remarkably ingenious arguments in support of his conviction. Whether, however, we agree with the author in his alleged scientific conclusions, or with Mlle. Smith in her apparent conviction that she is operated upon by spirits, and that when she is under this control she once again reimpersonates the old characters in which she was formerly incarnated, nevertheless the book as a whole must command the attention of the thinking world, not only as one unusually interesting, but suggestive in a high degree. One of the most convincing features of this work and a point with which science must seriously concern itself, is that Mlle. Smith speaks when in the Martian incarnation in a language wholly unknown to the linguistic world. But Professor Flournoy seems to have been able to ferret out the elements of this language sufficiently almost to establish it in the family of classical tongues. Without stating my own conviction whether the phenomena have been successfully explained by Professor Flournoy, or whether Mlle. Smith is correct in her assertion that she once did live in the ages which she seems so skilfully to describe, nevertheless I would advise all readers of this magazine not to fail to peruse this wonderful publication, if for no other purpose than to see how closely the keenest scientific researches of the present day border on those phenomena which a few years ago were ostracised from the realms of intellectual respectability. The book is published by the Harpers, and consists of some 450 pages. The mechanical work is of the highest order.

Suggestive Therapeutics, by Sidney Flower, is, I believe, the earliest of the magazines which advocated the new psychology. It is especially devoted to hypnotism and psychological research in all their phases, not halting at Spiritualism, Christian Science, or Mental Science, or any of the numerous schools of modern investigation and study. It is extremely broad-gauge and tolerant. The history of the magazine is somewhat interesting. The editor was, I believe, originally a student and practitioner of hypnotism. His works upon the subject are well known and popular. Through the liberal quality of his mind he was inclined to investigate beyond the limited scope of mere hypotism, and seems to have found such kinship with the principles he advocates in Christian and Mental science, that he has practically incorporated them as departments of study in his publication. The magazine each month is fairly

weighted down with thoroughly practical and instructive dissertations on all phases of the new psychology, and cannot fail to be profitable in way of instruction to all people who are interested in these lines. It is a thick magazine and sells for \$3.00 a year.

CHATS VIS-A-VIS.

"Rev. Henry Frank has come out from the church and set up a thinker of his own. THE INDEPENDENT THINKER is issued monthly at a dollar a year, from 30 and 32 West Twenty-seventh street, New York. Henry Frank is out of the Church, but he hasn't quite got the Church out of him. He needs a good dose of Elbert Hubbard's thinks in October *Philistine*, page 136. But Rev. Henry is on the right track, and he is alive enough to get rid of the Church bacillus in due time. Send ten cents for a sample of his pretty and vigorous THINKER."

These few touching words are from *Nautilus*, a daring little monthly edited, of course, by a woman, at Holyoke, Mass., and sells for 50 cents a year. It snaps and scintillates as only a bright, brave woman can. But Elizabeth, dear, you do us wrong. You say, "Henry Frank hasn't got the church out of him." If everybody will keep his church where I keep mine, no harm will come. It is because the "church" got *outside* of men and established a rigid organization on a fixed creed that trouble came into the world. A church founded on absolute freedom of thought and brotherly love can do no harm, for its bond of union is harmony and its spirit is truth. When these fail the church goes down. This church is invisible and abides within the soul. The outward form of a church is merely the symbol of the inward spirit. Don't be frightened by a word, my dear; "church," as an incubus and "bacillus," has had its day; "church" as an invisible force, a symbolical organism, a visible medium of spiritual unity and fraternal coöperation is just "aborning," and I am delighted to be present and assist at the *accouchement*. Elizabeth, you are already a member of my "church" in spite of yourself, as is every one who accepts Truth whenever discovered and makes Love the guide and rule of life. I claim every disenthralled and freedom-loving son and daughter of the earth as a "member in good standing," and my "church" is already as wide as the world and has as many communicants as there are children of Light. Sister Elizabeth, I accept you into full and fraternal fellowship and anoint you with the "oil of gladness."

"THE BUNGALOW," HOLBROOK, L. I., May 17, 1900.

MY DEAR MR. FRANK:

I thank you very much for the list of books you so kindly made out for me. I feel that it was hardly fair to so trespass upon your time, which I know to be very fully occupied. Believe me, I am most grateful to you, and for the meditation of last Sunday—one of the three blessed days that I have missed; indeed, were not my pen as well as my tongue so poor and lame I would tell you with words of fire of my deep, deep gratitude to you for the light you have shed upon my path, for the noble work you are doing for all of us who have ears to hear.

I hope your summer may be restful and sweet.

Believe me truly your friend,

MARGARET FAY REYNOLDS.

P. S.—Please read, if you have not, Herron's "Between Cæsar and Jesus."

I rejoice to learn any member of my congregation delights in Herron's noble book and I hope all the rest will.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., 15 SIBLEY PLACE, May 3, 1899.

REV. HENRY FRANK, NEW YORK CITY:

MY DEAR SIR: One cannot be other than glad when 200 to 500 persons associate themselves regularly to help each other to wider vision and deeper living of truth. If they keep themselves humble as seekers rather than self-asserting as finders of truth, they are opening one more spring of good in the world. Trusting that this is your own spirit and that of your people, I congratulate you on any success so far, and hope it will grow larger and finer.

Yet you may have written me under some misconception of my sympathies. I am wont to measure religious liberalism by its disposition to emphasize the unities rather than the differences of spirit, and faith and ideal—its gladness to celebrate the things wherein it agrees with the traditional creeds or biases rather than those wherein it has to depart from them. This on the ground that the things held in common are *really* the more important things. The "original features" of one's thought or one's program are more apt to be overvalued by oneself, I think, than undervalued by others. But the "objects" of your church, as stated, are certainly noble; and happy the people that earnestly try to make them real in life!

Yours truly,

W. C. GANNETT,

Pastor Unitarian Church.

This learned minister shies at originality. But fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and I have to plead the fool.

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