



THE NEW MAN,  
THE NEW NATION,  
AND THE NEW RELIGION.

An Address Delivered by  
HON. A. B. FRENCH  
At Cleveland, Ohio, and Reported for  
The Progressive Thinker.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Man is a forward-looking being. He is never quite content with his present condition. His eye turns to the future. So anxious is he to penetrate the future he has implored the dumb agencies of nature to speak for him. He has tried to read his fate in the flight of birds, the smoking entrails of wild beasts, the configurations of the hand and in the soft light of the stars. Kings have been honored and priests revered, but prophets have always commanded the highest admiration. When Daniel interpreted the dreams of King Nebuchadnezzar, he touched a higher height than all the wise men of ancient Babylon. Cazotte, when he foretold his own doom and that of his friends when the red flames of revolution were about to make the sky of France hideous with their terrific blaze, was wiser than any Louis who has held the reins of that wonderful empire.

Cover it up if we choose, evade it if we will, yet we live in the future. Tomorrow is the echo of every song, the secret of each plaintive sigh, and the burden of every prayer.

I do not come to you to-night in the role of a prophet. My vision is far too dim to penetrate the thick veil which hides the future from our view. Prophets are born, and only now and then does their advent make luminous the pathway of a nation or a race. I am here simply as a plain business man, immersed in the active cares of life. I try to reason from that which is to that which is to be. Moreover, there are two views of the future I equally deplore: The one is the pessimistic view, which sees everything through inverted eyes. To him all virtue belongs to the past. He is a chronic cynic sighing for the good old days now gone forever; a man who is hunting for Eden in graveyards, with his back always turned towards the sunlight. The other, the view of the enthusiast, who looks through a high-magnifying lens of imagination, and to whom the golden age is always visible. There is probably no word in our language more freely used than *progress*. It is upon the lips of every sophomoric, and a hackneyed theme for the spiritualistic nostrum; but let us remember that all progress is local, ethical and finite. There can be no such thing as infinite progress. All evolution must be either preceded or succeeded by involution. Among the five great races, the Anglo-Saxon alone manifests any marked signs of progress. The Mongolian of a thousand years ago was the same as to-night. You may search Central Africa in vain for great cities or any of those monuments of art which mark the career of a progressive race type. It is only where touched by the quicker blood of a rapidly developing race that he manifests signs of intellectual growth.

I have said we look to the future. This desire rises above our mere selfish impulses and touches at our relation to the world. We naturally ask ourselves, what will be the conditions of this grand old earth of ours a hundred or a thousand years to come? Will the coming years wrinkle his brow deeper with the beds of railways and channels of commerce? Shall the lakes and the oceans be slowly sinking, and the continents rising up to meet the kisses of the mountain peaks and the deserts be garnished with flowers?

No one fact is more impressed by our scientists than that this is a changing world. Earth, air and sky are mutable. There is nothing permanent under our feet or over our heads. Look at this earth from any point we please, and change is there.

Turn we to the north and we soon see that Iceland and Greenland once had a warmer climate.

The cold Northlands are changing now. *Merrill Glacier* is retreating, and the so-called eternal snows on Alpine heights melting away. The proud Mont Blanc may yet melt into rivers of warm waters, that shall bathe bleak and icy valleys, and kiss them into verdure? Who knows but in cold Kamtschatka, where the mother is to-night nursing her babe in an icy prison, cottages may yet be built covered with green vines and fragrant with the breath of flowers? The great deserts do not doubt once covered with waters. The stately Andes are slowly sinking, and continuing long since vanished rising from the ocean's floor. Storms are beating down the mountain and hill sides, and rivers bearing their burdens to the sea. Our solid earth and rocks upon which we tread are only the dust of older continents, and Time's deft fingers has picked them toatoms, and then wrought out again into new forms. We walk over ancient graveyards, and our children play above uncounted tombs. The Empire of China has lived to see rivers turn in their course, and since man came the entire surface of the world has changed.

The man of to-morrow cannot receive the world as we found it; and in our country the indications are that he will take it under greatly improved conditions.

Not less significant are the changes occurring in all vegetable and animal life. The rank vegetation of the carboniferous age has been swept away, and even now many forms are becoming extinct. Some of our scientists tell us that the great trees of California are the last of their species, and when they shall bow

their stately heads in the valley of the Yosemite not another will appear. With the advance of civilization the coarser forms of vegetation give place to the more perfect. In many places the wild rose and thorn have yielded to the beautiful flower and luscious fruit.

Races of animals are constantly disappearing. The earth everywhere is filled with the dust of those that have departed. Scientists are now regretting the departure of some one to be seen in the future. It needs no prophet to see the fate of numerous species of wild beasts that, for a long period, found here their homes. As the surface of the earth is constantly undergoing great mutations the man of the future cannot take his world as we have received it.

It has been our misfortune to appear when earthquakes were raving and muttering under our feet, and volcanoes spitting fire and smoke over our heads. Ours is the era of storms, cyclones, tornadoes, fire and flood. We are the advance guard, sent out to destroy forests, explore caves, track out the path of winds and storms, smother tempests, and chain the fiery lightnings in their western frontier. The Indian once conquered on barren rocks, and then told them to make the best of their fate or die. Here she mocked him with scanty harvests, and pinched him with long and cruel winters. But man refused to be the slave of nature. He set the dashing streams to turning wheels and sundials, and smiled at the obstacles she put in his path. He fought her, and he died a world arrayed against him. He is garnishing and making it lovely as a bride for the *New Man* soon to appear.

Nor can the man of the future possess the same ethnic relations we now hold. In a larger and more universal sense, rare types are no more permanent than individuals. What are a few thousand years for a race compared with an infinite past and an infinite future. It is the boldest assumption that we have a knowledge of all the races who have lived upon this planet. As our continent is wrought out of the dust of older continents, so may we hold in our bodies the ashes of races and dim outlines of generations who have lived and died uncounted ages ago. How little we know of Palolithic man? His Neolithic age is largely enveloped in darkness.

Some of the existing race types seem to have reached their zenith, and are merging into feebleness and decay. As I speak to you the clash of the sword and the echo of musketry are heard on the North American Indian. The smoke of his wigwam is dying away. The land he pillaged from others, we are now robbing from him. His light bark canoe has gone from our streams. The forests which echoed with the shouts of the war dance have disappeared. We have pushed him further and further toward the sunset. Our plowshares have torn up the graves of his dead. Cities have been built upon his hunting grounds. Soon the dusky shadows of the western twilight will envelop him forever. Not a trace will be left of his camping ground. Not a painted warrior with his dusky maid in forest glen. Where he now dreams of happiness to come, great wars will soon arise and a new type usurp his place.

Moreover, we are rapidly developing a *New Man*; one who, in every sense, will be a typical man. The Yankee will soon be lost in the mighty swell of the human sea rising upon this western continent. He will have called a new nation, but it has already outgrown this narrow nomenclature. We are now a reservoir into which all nations pour their streams of life. We are here emphasizing all European life. Every vessel that lands upon our shores brings to us the sturdy sons of Europe. If there be any more of the sons of Europe, they will come from the hills of the Scotch, the lakes of Killarney and the heather-covered hills of Scotland. They come to us from the Seine, the mild valley of the Po, the Tiber and the Danube. As birds emigrate to a southern clime, impelled by a strange instinct they can't control, come from the banks of Europe are moved by an irresistible impulse to this western nation.

We have not to-night a purely American city. Our great centers of commerce are places where scattered Europeans meet and mingle. We are here unfolding a new man, a truly cosmopolitan man. He will have the persistency of the English, the keen wit of the Irish, the warm love of the German, the industry of the Swede, and the ingenuity of the Yankee, all combined. In his veins will course the currents of universal history. He will inherit Italy's ancient art and the valor which made the old Roman the pride and terror of mankind. He will have the thorough scientific spirit of the German and the liberty-loving spirit of the Irish, added to the indomitable energy of our New England type. Do you here meet me with the objection that we do not draw the better classes of Europe? Do you tell me the streams of life are colored by poverty, ignorance and the coarser elements of European society? I answer: Poverty and ignorance are not necessarily foes to rapid progress under new conditions. Indeed, no other European element could plant here the broad foundations of the nationality and religion so soon obtain. Poverty is the magical loom which weaves the fabrics of wealth, and ignorance the fetid night-soil that quickens the seeds of knowledge. Genius has always been rocked by the bony hands of toil. Art generally spends her childhood in poverty's wretched hut, and then blossoms out like a white poppy lily from the stagnant waters of want. We do not call the wealth and nobility of Europe, nor do we want it. The bloated veins of aristocracy cannot thrive in a soil like ours. We call the mothers who nurse their orphan children, and not those who destroy them in the palaces of wealth and luxury. Those who come to us know the blessings of freedom and wealth because deprived of them.

Do not tell me such an element can't build a great nationality. Remember that a mere handful of benighted savages on the banks of the Tiber planted the seed of the mightiest empire this world has ever known. How great must be the progress of this new man! How much has been done to fit this virgin soil for him. We have filled for him the forests, exterminated the wild beasts, drained the swamps and marshes, and bridged for him the streams.

Moreover, there is geography in all progress. Soil and climate are always important factors. Now, if that little stretch of soil along the Aegean could give ancient Greece her civilization; if the banks of the overflowing Nile could give to Egypt a civilization whose time-defying monuments the mind cannot grasp; if in the early struggle of a nation the higher arts are not emphasized. Art reaches its triumphs as age and wealth increase. Our day of art is coming. When it arrives temples shall be built outlasting a Solomon, and what songs and poems are yet to be written here? Our sculptors shall voice in marble the tenderness of love, the madness of passion and beauty undefined and inexpressible. If narrow, creed-bound England could give to all the world a Shakespeare; if changing, unstable France could make luminous the nineteenth century with a Hugo, what songs and poems are yet to be written here?

Here, too, is to arise the typical nation; a nation foreshadowed in the dreams of liberty, which have haunted the oppressed and down-trodden in all the history of man. Man builds wiser than he knows. In great emergencies he sometimes erects a temporary bridge which becomes a permanent pathway in the history of the world. Our fathers built wiser than they knew. They probably did not realize it; yet when they proclaimed the Declaration of Independence, they were as fully inspired oracles as ever sat upon mystic tripod, or gazed on Sinai's brow, torn and quaking under the frowns of a Jewish god. They did not realize the audience to whom they spoke. They were speaking to the future, but God was speaking through them to a great posterity, a posterity that shall yet number three hundred millions, and dot this fair land with altars of liberty from ocean to ocean. It was the boldest utterance ever heard in the face of kings and queens, and blood-red thrones.

We are slowly working out the ideal they proclaimed. Much has been accomplished already, yet more remains to be done. We have given the right of suffrage to black men, but we still withhold it from white women. Are our white women less essential to this nation than black men? Who, if not the mothers of a people, are the best guardians of its liberty? Yet our jails and prisons are full of women, and our jails and prisons are full of women, and our jails and prisons are full of women.

Our institutions for the punishment of criminals and the prevention of crime are all to be revolutionized. The stars on our flag are born in heaven, and come down freighted with the incense of the skies; but our jails and prisons are born in hell, and unwashed devils often guard them. All punishment should be remedial. Moreover, each degree of crime should have its own treatment, society, etc. But we put the marks of Cain upon them all, hurry them to a prison, just as our orthodox friends rush the whirling dervish to one little heaven. Then we turn them over to keepers and guards, the creatures of political preference, who are generally no more fit for a reformatory work than an Egyptian mummy is to take charge of a locomotive.

Our eleemosynary institutions will be enlarged and improved. Godless and helpless age must find a peaceful sunset under the clear sky of the State, when the hand of misfortune or death has broken the home altar; orphaned childhood find larger and better care, and the charities all emphasized and augmented. We shall, one of these coming mornings, discover that the healing lymph of love is better than any poison virus for the poor drunkard, with dipomania gnawing his inflamed passions.

And in passing here, what shall I say for the insane? There are many objects of pity in the natural world, and the winter of poverty is cold and cruel; age, has its sad retrospection and solitude; disease gnaws like a hungry wolf at human vitals, and death suspends his keen-edged sickle over the green fields of life. But what is poverty, age, sickness and death, compared with the loss of reason which lifts us above the empire of beasts? How terrible the maniac's inverted world? Do you ever stop to think a single step may take you there? It is only a hair's breadth from you and me to that sunless and starless realm where frightful images hold high carnival, and reason's sun is hid in darkness. The crushing out of a great love, the breaking of a single nerve, or the destruction of one fond hope, may lead us there.

How little we know of the physiology and pathology of the human mind! How little do we understand psychic conditions, or the treatment and care they should receive? What an insult to common sense and justice, that the cure of any so unfortunate should be dealt out by political favor and reward? But these reforms will all come in the new nation we are unfolding. Moreover, the relations between capital and labor will be readjusted. When that day comes, we shall find they are not strangers, but friends. Indeed, they are the children of the same mother. What is labor but unorganized capital? And what is capital but labor, concentrated and crystallized? We can never have the highest labor until it can see in the fullest the fruit of its toil. When labor becomes co-operative with capital, sharing alike its successes and failures, then will it develop toward the highest art. Not alone on canvass and in marble shall art then speak; but the hand that guides a

plow, or beats a forge, or throws a shuttle in the loom, will render artistic service to the world. Many of the artists "yet to be" are living and toiling now. Some are toiling in field and factory, on land and on ocean's broad expanse, and some in the dismal darkness of tunnels and caves; but the highest artists this world ever has or will see are garnishing with deft fingers the altars of our homes. They put lights in the windows to welcome the tired feet of toil from labor's ceaseless battle-fields. They plant vines by humble hearths, and sing in love the seeds of flowers. They rock and sing to sleep love's incarnate angels, then kiss velvet cheeks with eyes made luminous by affection's tears. They do not need the glittering paraphernalia of gold and wealth to make home beautiful, because they gem it with pearls and diamonds that ocean and mountains cannot give, and paint it with colors sun and stars cannot reflect.

The new nation will find its strength and greatness in its homes; hence, all social economics, all national progress, all that pertains to human liberty, all that makes reforms necessary, and all which carries them forward to final success centers here.

Industrial reforms must and will come, but the dreams of the enthusiast can never be realized. No nation can make all its subjects healthy, happy and rich. You may divide the property of this nation equally among its subjects to-night, and in a few days we should have pampered wealth and squalid poverty, theodolites and theodolites, and theodolites can never float over the new nation; nor can either the tyranny of capital or labor obtain. The tyranny of capital is equally as dangerous as that of labor; even more so, because it touches the dependent in society. Strikes, although often justifiable, reveal at their core the same human selfishness which builds thrones and destroys empires. All are not born fortunate, and misfortune has many sides. A dying queen would no doubt, exchange her crown for a pauper's health, and many a gilded and empty castle sighs for the winsome music of childhood. Moreover, life has its vernal and autumnal equinox; its summer and winter solstice. Napoleon was a proud picture on the crest of the Alps, but the reverse side was visible at Helene. Labor is great, and capital is also great, but you must wed the two in loving and reciprocal union. In the new nation their nuptials will be solemnized by the altar of co-operation.

This new man, so soon to come, will be deeply and intensely religious. We can never divorce religion from the human heart. It is the bright light of man, and education and intelligence only enlarge it. When man was a poor savage, nesting in caves, temples, or trying to shelter his uncovered head under the brawny arms of trees, religion found him, and bent over him like a loving mother, and kissed his sooty cheeks, brushed his matted and tangled hair, and bade him battle bravely with wind and wave, with the tender arms of his beasts. Through all his unwritten and written history she has walked, like a good genius, by his side. Man's oldest monuments are his temples and his tombs. In the one he has turned his thoughts to his God in prayer, while by the brooding silence of the other he has thought and dreamed of immortality.

Through his religious and atheistic materialism in the human heart. Atheism is the soul's midwinter; the flowers are dead, the leaves are gone, the mountain rills are silent, the birds refuse to sing, the sun has no heat and the pale moonbeams fall upon sullen mountains of ice and snow.

And what is materialism? It is the horror, the midnight of doubt and fear. It is the somber shadow the sunlight of immortality casts behind the tombstones of our dead.

Do not talk to me of a typical man and a typical nation devoid of religious sentiments. Skepticism builds no monuments, carves no statues, writes no epics, and builds no altars. Its monuments are rayless and hopeless caverns; its statues gloomy spectres; its poems the bleak moan of wintry winds through deserted castles; its pictures the black shadows of despair, floating in empty chaos.

Science is not irreligious—it is deeply religious. As its core science does not account for the origin of life; it simply points out the methods of its evolution. Look behind protoplasm, and intelligence is there. Look behind heat and light, and universal and eternal force, and intelligence is there. There is intelligence at the bottom of this universe, and over it. This new man cannot be atheistic. He will be a philosopher, and he cannot fail to see that with every finite comprehension there is an infinite in the perspective; that the knowledge of the bounded and limited forces, brings recognition of an unbounded and limitless. He will feel as man has in every age, the touch of the beautiful. This impression will come to him from flowers wet with the loving kiss of night; from light falling from moon and star; or shot from the burning quiver of the sun. A thousand objects will call it forth, and while he knows the flowers will fade and the rays of light go out in darkness, yet with each cognition a sense of the all-beautiful and infinite will touch him with its distant and silent power.

This man will be a scientist, and he will perceive there is method in all motion; rhythm in all force—persistence everywhere! Moreover, that the motions of nature are self-recording; that the Infinite Mother keeps her ledger. Not a star pales and fades in the blue of the sky, nor a leaf burns out in its socket—or drops cold and dead into the bosom of the sun, but this self-recording angel keeps a record of its birth and its death. He will open this book and read the psychometric eyes this record. On its everlasting pages shall be found man's unwritten history, all the accidents and incidents of his legendary age, and heroes, lovers, poets and sages will speak again through the long night of buried centuries.

He cannot be an atheist, but the God he will love shall have a new name. He will not bow to a Jewish Jehovah, red with the blood of the innocent, or to the Hindoo Brahmin, or Mohammedan Allah, or to any of the deities, gods whose eyeless skeletons mark the path of the ages. His God will speak, but not from the stony breast of a Memnon, or Judean battle-field, or falling

stones on Arabian deserts; but he will speak in singing bird, in sighing wind, in the sad sea's moan, and plainer in the soul within and through the pure lips of a child. He will believe in one universal source of inspiration teaching all nations, and his most sacred book will be the illuminated scripture of the universe. In his religion, science, philosophy and universal inspiration will form a sacred trinity.

He cannot be a materialist. His dead will meet him; his buried loves return and wipe from his swollen eyes the falling tear, and heal with the loving words the wounds that death has made. We are now pressing near the invisible side of life. The gates of the eternal morning are opening to view. Many of us can see beyond willow and cypress, beyond death's valley, cold and damp, the dim outlines of a world lit with the glory of a new sun. The eyes of the coming man will be clearer than ours, and his faith in, and knowledge of, the soul-land stronger.

In short, his will be the universal religion. It will put a new interpretation upon all past books and records; but it will not condemn the past. It will accept each ethnic with local faith as a new step in human progress toward the cosmopolitan and universal. The more men know, the less creed-bound and selfish are they. Superstition and ignorance go hand-in-hand together. It is only the ignorant who set bounds to knowledge, and attempt to measure past and future by their own limitations. As knowledge increases, religion becomes more charitable. The man of knowledge is alone competent to sit in judgment upon the past, and deal kindly with the experiences of childhood.

The great defect with past religions has been that in them gods were the central figure, and men, women and children always in the background. The religion of Judaism was not for the people of Israel, but for that bloody Moloch, the Jewish Jehovah. Mohammedanism has little, indeed, for the wandering Mussulman gazing his camel on the arid waste of the desert, but everything for Allah. To do honor to him, he must journey under the burning sun to the holy temple. His parched lips may never have been moistened by the kiss of a child, wife or lover, but if they touch the black stone Allah dropped from above the thunderbolts of heaven, all is well. In the older Brahminism this fact is so pronounced that the highest thought in the mind of the faithful is final absorption in Brahmin. Christianity is above the older religion in this respect, as a natural result of man's ethical evolution; but it gives, tolls, builds temples and mausoleums, all "for Christ's sake."

In the new religion it will do all this for man, woman's and child's sake. It is very pleasant to me to think I am loved by the overarching intelligence of this universe; but it is far sweeter to feel I am known and loved by those who walk with me through life's sun and shade; to feel the tender arms of love, the sunlight of the new day already dropping the curtain before life's stage, they will go behind it and gather up mistakes I could not rectify, follies, foibles and errors, and cover them all with the white mantle of the love I have earned in trying to perform a path forced upon me by the ignorant of the past. The gods can care for themselves, but their noblest work ever has and ever will need mutual help to walk the untrodden paths of life. Hence, while the religions of the past have been to emulate the gods, the new religion will be to exalt and make better the condition of man.

My hour has already passed, and yet I have scarcely touched upon my theme. However, I have said enough to convince you that I am no pessimist. The future, to me, is pregnant with hope and joy. In life's serene moments I seem to catch the foregleams of the coming day. Man here is pushing forward. The dust of ancient errors clings to his weary feet, but the sunlight of the new day already bathes his brow. What matters it to you and I if we cannot remain on earth until the new appears? Our work will live. The echo of the blows we strike can never die. The words we speak or voice in song will live when hearts have ceased to beat, and lips are cold and dissolved in dust. From those serene heights where our loved ones dwell we can look back in conscious joy that we have helped to pave the way for the New Man, the New Nation, and the New Religion, so soon to possess the world.

A Word to Chicago Spiritualists.

Traveler writes as follows: "As a recent visitor to your city, I was asked by a gentleman accompanying me to take him some seance, or show him something about Spiritualism. I tried my best, but found it impossible to gratify either him or myself. I think as if the Spiritualists, or the mediums, should get some place easily accessible from the hotels and the central parts of the city, and keep the same open for the entertainment of visitors. Mediums might take turns; arrange it among themselves, and the writer thinks it would pay the mediums, as such visitors would be willing to compensate them. Spiritualists would meet from different parts of the country, become acquainted, learn from one another, and much good might be done. If there was some central place, it need not be an expensive one—no doubt many city Spiritualists would find their way there many an evening, and you would have a nucleus, a centre from which would radiate much which is not thought of now. Spiritualists of Chicago, think of this, and act on it. It will pay for itself from the start, and will be just what you should have during the exposition."

Dom Pedro, the ex-Emperor of Brazil, has planned to spend the Summer at Bushey Park, England, the residence of the Duke de Nemours.

Vladimir Korolenko, the talented Russian writer, is now a prisoner in the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. His arrest is due to a series of articles entitled "In Deserted Palaces."

Our Crowning Triumph! It consists in furnishing for 14¢ per copy, as much reading matter as our city contemporary does for 5¢.

INFIDEL.  
Afraid of Being Called One.

The above expression, as applied to the Corresponding Secretary of the American Secular Union, has been going the rounds of our liberal papers of late. So long as it was the expression of people who are not members, or who give nothing whatever to support the society, it was unworthy of official notice. Recent letters from one or two members, however, indicate that the expression is finding credence among our own people. The Secretary therefore thinks it incumbent on her to publicly define her position, not from personal motives—as she long ago learned to live above her neighbors' misapprehensions, but because the business welfare of the society demands it.

Those who know me best know that I am never "ashamed" of letting any of my opinions, upon any subject whatever, be known. I was educated at a Quaker school, where the Quaker principle of "bearing testimony for the truth" permeated the entire moral atmosphere; and at this moment I know of no motto which I would prefer for my inspiration to those splendid words of Lucretia Mott: "Let us have truth for authority, not authority for truth."

But while I am proud to call myself everywhere and at all times a Liberal and a Freethinker, I protest at all times and places against the term "infidel." I protest because I consider it an incorrect term. *Infidel* and *infidelity* convey the idea of *unfaithfulness*, both etymologically and in popular acceptance of the term. Where a Freethinker is sneered at for "infidelity," it is not so much his variance from the Christian or any other religion which his opponents think of when they utter the sneer, as it is the fear which they have (an unbiased fear, to be sure, but none the less real to them) that he is false to what he professes to believe. The word "infidelity" is based on the erroneous assumption that the term "Freethinker" is a misnomer of the true Liberal as "thief" or "liar" would be; and, to my way of thinking, it should be as indignantly repelled by any self-respecting man or woman.

I am aware that some who read these words will differ with me upon this matter. They will claim that "infidel" is based on the erroneous assumption that a man might in time so live as to make even the epithets "liar" and "thief" terms of honor; but they would be none the less incorrect terms, if applied to an honest man. So, likewise, do I protest against the application of the word "infidel" to a Freethinker.

It is true that Webster's Dictionary gives, as secondary definitions of "infidel," one who disbelieves in Christ, or in the divine origin and authority of Christianity. I, however, dare to differ with that authority on this definition, although it is quite probable that when Webster's Dictionary was first compiled the definition may have been a correct one. Evidently this definition is based on the erroneous assumption that the majority of Englishmen and Americans are professing Christians. Is this presumption correct? You know that it is not. You know very well that the majority of the people, both in England and in America, are either non-professors or non-attenders (regularly), of church, or decided Liberals, or else are infidels. Even Dr. Stevenson, the Secretary of the party which is opposed to us, when talking to a church audience and congratulating Christians on the triumph of Christ's cause, estimated only one in every five as a follower of Jesus! And yet he was turning the fair side to London when he made that estimate. With these facts before us, can we then call a man "infidel" correctly apply to a non-Christian, even under Webster's definition? The faith of the majority of the people in England and America is to-day not Christian, what ever else it may or may not be. Consequently, it is incorrect to call a Freethinker an infidel, under this secondary definition by Webster.

But even stripped of its offensive meaning of falsehood to humanity, and confined to the narrower meaning of falsehood to the Christian creed, "infidel" applies to few, if any, save Christians themselves. For who have departed from the practice of the founder of Christianity if not Christians? Who are laying up riches on earth, and insisting on oaths in courts of justice, and resisting those who try to rob them (or who merely, in cases of labor oppression, try to get back their own if not Christian) who are infidels? It is upon the Freethinker to-day that the duty has devolved of emphasizing some of these very precepts, such as, for instance, "Swear not at all; but let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay." And thus, my friends, I hold that, even under the least offensive definition possible, "infidel" applies more particularly to church people than to any others; so that, if only for this reason alone, it should be resented when applied to a Freethinker.

In conclusion, I beg to quote part of a letter which I lately wrote to one of our members on this matter:

"My objections to the term are based entirely on its etymology, its dictionary meanings, and its popularly-accepted significance; and not at all on any fear that I have of my opinions on religious matters being generally known. I am only too glad, at all times, to have an opportunity of 'bearing testimony,' as the Quakers phrase it. It is true that I prefer to bear that testimony in my own way. In meeting strangers, I do not care to blur out my Freethinker views at first—not because I am afraid, but because I can do better for the cause by having a little patience, and gradually surrounding the individual whom I want to conquer with breastwork after breastwork of argument, and then suddenly and swiftly bearing down upon him from all quarters, so that he has to cry for mercy. When I fight for Freethought I fight to win; and I must be allowed to fight in my own way. A coward I am not, and never have been."

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As to martyrdom, I think it very foolish to seek an opportunity for that; but, when it is inevitable, I have always borne it without flinching.  
IDA C. CRADDOCK.  
Cor. Sec. A. S. U.  
Philadelphia, April 11, 1891.

A FLATTERING OUTLOOK!  
It Comes From the Pacific Coast.

THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY HELD IN ABEYANCE.

In the San Francisco Chronicle, April 7, 1891, is found this report of the status of religion in the Bay City. It was at a ministers' meeting, who met to discuss the late census returns. The clergy were disappointed and dissatisfied with them, and met to consider what could be done.

"Mr. Henry first called attention to the imperative need of church work, particularly in this city, where, he said, there are more heathens than in all the rest of the State besides, and notwithstanding the increase of population there are fewer people attending church than there were twenty years ago."

This is a prodigious admission to come from the church hierarchy. When reason and veracity rise to the ascendant, law, love and liberty rejoice. The above is the effect of the spread of correct and rational knowledge.

From the limited store of material within reach, the writer counted up the number of liberal journals and papers printed in the United States twenty years ago, or 1870. They only amounted to six or eight. Now, each reader can count for himself, but the number runs up to the neighborhood of thirty. This is a growth, on the side of science and liberal thinking, of over one a year.

So the world moves, and moves up grade. Take courage. Do what you can. Take pains to be correct. Be honest with yourself, that you may be with others, and stand by your convictions.

There is another recent event that we of the State of California feel happy over. We have gained a glorious victory over the worldly bigots, the doctors and their greed.

The "fraternity of San Francisco" a bill introduced into the last legislature "to regulate the practice of medicine." It was shamefully narrow and wicked. It aimed directly at mediums and healers. It set forth the pretense that the measure was "for the protection of the people, and to suppress quackery." This was a cunning falsehood, as was soon discovered by their own confession. In *The Pacific Medical Journal* for Aug. '90, the editorial said: "Let them [the doctors] understand it [the medical law] is a matter of dollars and cents with them, and work accordingly." Here their cupidity got the better of their prudence.

The bill met strong opposition in the committee room; but then it was reported out to the House of Representatives. It encountered so vigorous a protest from the people, and also by many physicians, the solons were surprised. Petitions loudly objecting to the measure came pouring in from numerous towns and cities. In San Francisco public meetings were held denouncing the infamous scheme. The law makers opened their eyes, and the doctors took alarm; so they hurriedly altered the bill, reducing it to a mere skeleton, and left out many of the worst features of it. This passed the Senate. But in the lower house, where it originated, the session adjourned without the doctors' bill being again spoken of.

The bill, as amended, is now dead law being unconstitutional is an old letter, and so admitted by the medicals.

A few of us became aware of the plot six months in advance. Hence we were on the watch, and ready to act at the earliest moment.

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A Remarkable Example of Spirit Power.

D. Boynton, of Riverside, Mich., writes that the 43d Anniversary was celebrated at the School-house. Mr. S. P. Merrifield was assisted on the rostrum by Mrs. Levi Wood, of South Haven, a splendid test medium and psychometric reader. Mr. Boynton relates the following interesting incident:

"Some 25 years ago Mrs. Wood had her hair cut off by unseen hands. For some time she had been troubled with headache premonitory symptoms of brain fever, and had been advised by her guides to have her hair shingled; but had disregarded the admonition; but one day she felt hands cutting her hair, which was done up under a net, and calling the attention of her husband and daughters to the phenomenon she got the reply: 'Mother, are you getting crazy?' She answered in the sentiments of the illustrious Paul in his reply to Festus: 'I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness.' On this occasion the first trial was not complete, and a second was had, she feeling the operating hands, and after the second trial she was still a few little tufts of hair still remaining unremoved, and a third trial was had, which resulted in the hair being as evenly and nicely cut all over the head by the unseen as could have been done by the hands of denizens of this mundane sphere still in the form."

The Rev. Thomas James, who was born a slave at Canajoharie, N. Y., in 1804, died a few days ago. When he was 17 years old he was sold for a yoke of steers and a colt. In his youth he was called Tom and Jim, and he afterward united the two names and became the Rev. Thomas James.

Surgeon-General Hammond is said to have collected a fee of \$5,000 for removing an ordinary wen from the scalp of Senator Stanford's wife. It isn't so much the opportunity as to know when to seize it that makes success.—*Tribune*.

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