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A CURE FOR WORRY.*

BY PAUL TYNER.

When He giveth quietness, who then
can make trouble?—Job xxxiv:29.

There is no more noxious weed in the garden of life than worry. Unlike the quality of mercy, it is twice cursed. It curses him that worries and him that is worried. In fact it is an injury to every one who comes in contact with it, or who is within the thought radius of the worrier. As nine out of ten people are addicted to the vice, this means that the world to-day is poisoned by worry—poisoned in mind and body; weakened, disordered, tortured, killed.

Hardly a day passes that we do not read of the death from "heart disease"—generally sudden and unexpected although it is about time we got over our surprise—of a man or woman in the prime of life.

*An address delivered before the Metaphysical Society of Colorado Springs, July 31, 1898.

Often it is a man eminent for his brilliant mind, a woman loved for her large philanthropy. When the doctors cannot tell the cause of death, they generally call it "heart disease." Among themselves, they frankly confess that the term is indefinite and unscientific.

In plain English, these people are worried to death. Sometimes they worry themselves to death and so are unconsciously suicides. Quite as often they have been worried into their graves—unconsciously murdered—by their loving friends—particularly by anxious wives and mothers.

This worry habit is especially characteristic of our own land to-day. It is contracted and cultivated by our feverish haste to get ahead. Generally this means to get more money, or place, or power than other people are getting. We attempt to excuse the strain and rush and fever and fret, by laying it to the compulsion of the competitive struggle for *a living*. As if it were reasonable or sensible to poison ourselves and our friends in order to live! In many cases, its deadly influence is found at work in the minds of men and women with ample if not great possessions, and who are ever haunted by a constant dread of losing their money.

Worry is the cause of all the so called deaths from "heart disease." It is the cause of ten-tenths of the deaths from "consumption." Under the *nomme de guerre* of "dyspepsia" it slays thousands of Americans every year. "Nervous prostration" is the name under which it claims other thousands of victims to whom it has made life an agony and death a relief. It is always present as an important factor in the deaths from "a complication of diseases," for its nature is to make bad worse and confusion worse confounded. Its name is "legion." It has been said that intemperance has wrought more havoc than wars, plagues, pestilence, floods and storms all put together. But the destructiveness of worry—its crippling, paralyzing, poisoning slaughter—is to that of whiskey as a giant to a pigmy.

Professor Elmer Gates has shown that worry produces a katabolic change throughout the body; that it chemically changes the blood to a poison of which a few drops is sufficient to kill a dog; that it tears and destroys nerve filaments, breaks down muscular fiber and throws brain, heart, stomach, lungs and liver all out of gear. It works the same way morally. More than half the pauperism and crime which blot our civilization can be

traced to worry. Fear, anger and worry are one—an evil trinity of form animated by the single negation of fear—the *sin* or lack of recognition of Truth—by which sickness and death entered the world—the Usurper long enthroned in the human mind, but whose reign is fast approaching an end. Why? Because people everywhere are waking up to these facts:

Worry is wrong!

Worry is unnecessary!

Worry must go!

What are we going to do about it? Just what we do with the weeds in our garden; pull it up by the roots; refuse it soil and nurture in our souls, our minds, our bodies.

You have no more right to go about worrying about anything or anybody than you would have to go about among your friends as the Chinese go to war—beating tom-toms and stirring stink-pots. If it is a sin to poison yourself and others, it is a sin to worry. In even the slightest degree, worry is impertinent, intrusive and the worst of bad manners.

Worry has been compared to the canker-worm, which, hidden in the rose, insidiously eats its way through the flower's heart, turning a thing of beauty and life into a hollow mockery, dead and de-

caying at the centre; its bloom blighted, its color dimmed, its fragrance lost, so that it falls to pieces at a touch. So does worry eat out the heart of the man or woman in whom it is allowed to find place and to grow. Slowly but steadily it gnaws at the vitals, sapping all power and joy in life. It may be cherished in secret and not outwardly acknowledged, even to one's nearest friend. One may keep up even a brave show of cheer and calm. But the canker-worm of worry eats its way none the less surely and the man or woman who appeared so strong and brave and happy, some day suddenly succumbs to the insect—all his pretense of joy and power a poor painted lie. Or the worrier, with more honesty if less grace, wears his heart upon his sleeve and publishes his vice to the world in face, speech and manner. He makes it his business to worry industriously and constantly. Everything that happens and everything that does not happen is made an occasion for woe. He wails over the troubles of the dead and gone past and is wrought up into an agony of dread over troubles he anticipates in the unknown future.

If we would but remember that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," we would find ourselves easily able to cope

with the troubles that come to us for overcoming, and so most sensibly prepare for, or prevent, to-morrow's trouble, and let the dead past bury its dead.

The open and shameless worrier lingers longer and does more harm, perhaps, than the secret worrier. He has less to worry about, of course, although he succeeds as a rule in deluding himself, if not others, into the belief that Fortune has singled him out for peculiarly hard and cruel affliction. "The shallows murmur but the deeps are dumb." He soon gets into the habit of considering the role of misanthrope, cynic and pessimist generally as belonging to him, and feels himself expected to play the part. He reminds one of the "mutes" at English funerals, earning a living by assuming a woebegone expression of countenance to match their black crepe hat and sleeve bands. Of course, the open worrier is the more cowardly of the two; but in either case worry is an indication of littleness of mind. The foolish pride of the brave man who suppresses, as far as he can, the evidence of his suffering, is matched by the pitiful vanity of the timid soul who parades his wounds as credentials to attention and sympathy.

In either case and in all cases, worry is utterly unnecessary and utterly useless. What virtue is there in enduring an evil which you need not endure and whose endurance can accomplish no good? The heroism and endurance that is wasted in our homes every day in worrying would suffice to fight fifty battles, even were all as terrific as that at Santiago. Better still, the same energy rightly directed would heal and feed and enlighten multitudes of our sick, starving and benighted fellow beings.

I am not abusing the worrier. Abuse won't help him. Any hard words I have written are intended simply to characterize the thing and not the man. He must understand that he is going to be helped into true manliness and manhood by reading and hearing the truth about worry, even if it takes hard words to tell the truth. I should like to see every self-respecting man as much ashamed of secret or open indulgence in worry as he would be of the opium habit or of stealing. When he is really ashamed of it, he will stop it.

To enlarge on the heinousness of this worry evil without pointing out a remedy would be an unprofitable expenditure of time and thought. In fact, the only justi-

fication for calling attention to an evil is that we may thereby more sharply emphasize the importance of the remedy to be offered at the same time. Pope struck at the root of the matter when he wrote:

“For every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.”

This is the practical plan to pursue in regard to any and every trouble man is called to meet. Paradoxical as it may seem, the poet's prescription for the evil without a remedy points to the only real and efficacious remedy: *Never mind it.* If there *is* a remedy for the particular trouble that afflicts me, I have no business to worry; it is my business to find and apply the remedy. If there is no remedy, so far as I can find, I have still less reason to worry. Common sense points the foolishness of worrying over what can't be helped. “It's no use crying over spilt milk.” That proverb has a good scientific basis. There are proverbs that are based on silliness; such as, “What can't be cured must be endured.” It is not true. We need not “endure” anything. It is the part of wisdom to refuse to endure any of the “ills that flesh is heir to.” By “never minding” we have found

and applied the great remedy for all the "remediless" evils under the sun. They vanish into thin air when refused recognition. By refusing to endure, the "incurable" is cured.

The one irresistible force in the world is non-resistance! Worry is a worse than ineffectual fight against besetting foes. It is a stirring up of hornets' nests, a rousing of sleeping dogs. It grows by what it feeds on. Worry feeds worry, begets worry, gives it all the life it has. There is a world of philosophy and sound sense in the jingling rhymes of that melodious metaphysician, Mother Goose:

"Little Bo Peep, she lost her sheep
And didn't know where to find them.
Let them alone, and they'll come home
And carry their tails behind them."

This was plainly the sensible thing to do. If we will only stop worrying, our sheep will come home safe and sound. If we don't stop worrying, we soon find ourselves in worse trouble. Let the trouble, whatever it is, alone and it will disappear. As was shown in last month's *TEMPLE*, evil is self-destructive in its very nature. Let it die easy. Do not interfere with the natural and sanitary process of its dissolution. To worry about the past is to keep its corpse above ground;

to worry about the future is to prepare shroud and coffin for the unborn. There is little danger, however, of a man's worrying about the future after he has given up worrying about the past. Once his face is turned to the morning, he will not clip its wings nor shackle its limbs. He will go forward in the smiling gladness of youth, which finds new birth of life in every dawn—go forward in faith, in hope, in strength and never ending joy of youth.

Revolutions are part of evolution and the early stage of every revolution in human ideas is marked by negative and iconoclastic tendencies. It is always destructive rather than constructive, to begin with. Robespierre and Marat prepared the way for Fourier and Saint-Simon; Patrick Henry and John Quincy Adams for Jefferson and Franklin. The social revolution which had its birth in the Reign of Terror is, after a century of struggle, emerging from the negative and entering upon the positive stage. The revolt of Luther opened the way for Comte's positivism. Emerson's transcendentalism is the natural outgrowth of the erstwhile "irrepressible conflict" between science and religion.

As yet we are but babes in the racial apprehension of the science of being.

Proof of this is found in the wide and growing attention commanded by teaching which deals almost entirely with the negative side of the science. We hear much more of Mrs. Eddy's denials of matter and of evil than of her affirmations of Good. So with Horace Fletcher's "Menticulture" and "Happiness as Found in Forethought Minus Fearthought"—excellent works both and deserving the remarkable popularity they have attained—but dealing distinctly with the negative and infantile stage of the reform. Like the newly landed Irishman who was asked his politics, all these pioneers are "agin the government." Throughout the literature of the New Thought, the insistence and emphasis is on the sin of wrong thought, rather than on the virtue of right thought. There is too much force laid on the folly of dying, too little on the wisdom of living.

Punch's advice to those about to marry has the merits of brevity and simplicity. It is repeated at great length and with many variations for the benefit of those about to worry and those already in the snare. It is prescribed not merely as a preventive, but also as a cure. "Don't Worry" is the title of a book by a popular New York clergyman and it is said to

have had a large sale. "Don't Worry Clubs" are the fad in fashionable circles, and like the Eddyite denial of matter attract the lion's share of attention.

One of the most prized prerogatives of the Briton is that of growling. So long as he can free his mind in a letter to the Times, he will never resign hope. It is curious to note that the "Don't Worry" movement is, in some quarters, resented as an invasion of the liberties of the free American citizen. Nothing would seem more a matter of course than the advice, "Don't worry." Even the man who is himself worrying over his own troubles feels impelled by kindness and common sense to proffer this counsel to a worrying friend. We deem it the thing to be preached, even if we do not practice it. Just as we say "don't cry" to a child, we show a natural objection to the suffering of the child of larger growth expressed in his foolish substitute for tears. But to a recent writer in a health magazine the movement, seemingly, has not this innocent character. "It's all very well," he declares, "for these comfortable, well fed and well cared for people who have everything they want and nothing to worry about, to complacently advise others not to worry; but if this advice

were followed, the world would relapse into barbarism. It is the people who worry that build our railroads and cities and who keep things going in laws and learning, art and commerce, while those who don't worry are the idle and shiftless who shirk their burdens onto the shoulders of the worriers."

That this writer should fall into the inconsistency of describing the nonworriers as comfortable, competent, wealthy and serene in the first part of his outburst and wind up by regarding them as the shiftless, idle and dependent, is not to be wondered at. Worry is inconsistent in itself and has no consistency with anything else under the sun. "It is worry not work that kills," says Herbert Spencer. Worriers as a rule are poor workers and they do not last long. The truth is that the work by which the world is fed, clothed and housed is done by the workers, and not by the worriers. The efficiency of any worker depends upon the absence of worry and the presence of faith. This is true in regard to the work of the farmer, the artisan and the man of business—of the labors of all the vast majority which support human life and make growth possible. It is not less true of work on the higher plane—the

work of the thinker, investigator and explorer in science; the work of the inventor and discoverer, of the teacher or preacher, the writer or artist. "Faith without works is dead," we are told. Works certainly are the evidence of faith. If there are no works, it is proof that there is no faith. It follows logically that work without faith is dead.

The mercenary is always a despicable foe. He fights for pay and not for love of country, or even love of fighting. Similarly, the work of a man who works only for wages and only "because he has to," is soulless, lifeless work. The work decays and suffers; the worker suffers and dies. This is the trouble with most of our work to-day. Low wages and long hours are incidental results, not primary causes of industrial distress. Every honest worker has a hearty contempt for the creature who is in a cause "for what he can get out of it." The Hessian in politics justified the stinging satire of Dr. Johnson's saying that "patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel." That the evil is not less prevalent in our own country to-day than it was in the England of a hundred years ago is shown by the open and undisguised influence attributed to "political pap," "the plums of office," and the "pie

counter of patronage," in our national, state and local electioneering. The Hessian in literature and art is responsible for the "pot-boilers" of trashy fiction and lifeless daubs, and last but not least, for "yellow journalism"—in which not only brains and character, but the enormous power of influencing public taste and morals on a scale unprecedented in human history are recklessly and unblushingly prostituted to the pursuit of pelf. The publisher of the jaudiced journal not only degrades himself, his office and his hirelings, he drags millions down with him in infamy, poisoning the thought and corrupting the character of whole communities by his persistent pandering to depravity. Beside the journalistic Hessian, the woman of the pavement is respectable.

We are waking up to the dangers of Hessianism in politics and literature. For the most part, we seem to be blind to the presence of the same evil in our schools and churches, our factories and business establishments. Why isn't teaching and preaching for pay as bad as politics, journalism or "reform" for what there is in it? Is it not plainly to be seen all about us that the very vitality and power of teaching and preaching—and of the teacher or preacher—is sapped by the substitution

of the mere mercenary motive for the inspiration and strength found only in unselfish service?

The same rule applies to all work. If in the doing of it the worker is not animated by faith in the good, the beautiful and the true,—by love of the work for the work's sake,—then is his labor but a weariness to the flesh, producing only abortion. Ninety per cent. of those starting in business in the United States, it is estimated, fail sooner or later; then ten per cent. are filled with the faith which makes failure impossible. Time was when quality rather than quantity counted in estimating "success" in mart, manufactory or forum, and there were other tests than output, sales and fees. The reign of commercial competition has introduced a reign of cheapness, and cheap goods means cheap men. Merchants underbid each other to secure trade; laborers underbid each other to secure employment. And always the standard of service and character, of body and soul, is lowered—to the deterioration of life and work in every field. In the selfish struggle for the dollar, the many *must* fall while the few rise. Even the rise of the few is uncertain and ignoble. Like Sisyphus, they roll the stone to the summit of the hill only to have it roll

down again and the fruitless task must be taken up over and over. When we have turned the competition in getting into a competition in giving, the end will crown the work for every soul. No man's success will be gained at the expense of another man's failure; wealth and comfort in one section of society will not rest on want and wretchedness in another.

Is it not perfectly plain that "seeking first the kingdom of heaven," in the serene, unworrying unfolding of our human faculties and functions through their exercise in loving service, "all these things shall be added unto us"? We have several millions of idle "unemployed" in this great, rich and growing country to-day—unemployed on the verge of starvation, unemployed recruiting the ranks of pauperism and crime at a rate unprecedented in our history. We have this awful problem and awful shame, this misery in the midst of plenty, because the vast army of unemployed and the vaster army of more or less employed, are not work-seekers, but *wage-seekers*. Did any man ever seek work in vain? Not theirs the blame. They know not what they do. The darkness in which we grope is a false condition. We have so long been hypnotized by false teaching in the churches, false

teaching in the schools,¹ false teaching in the press, false teaching from political platforms—aye, and worst of all, false teaching in the home—that we have for the most part accepted as natural, true, and “dispensations of Divine Providence” a distortion of life against which every honest impulse of our natures protests and rebels. Even while obeying the hypnotic suggestion that we “cannot open our eyes,” we struggle against it.

This is not meant for a Jeremiad. I am not unaware that many, very many, men and women today are inspired and energized solely by the love of service and the joy of production,—thinking little and caring less about material reward. The magnificent work of our navy in the war just closed is an unquestionable demonstration of the quality of work done by brave men through pride in their profession, *esprit de corps*, and desire to serve with utmost loyalty and excellency. The very thought of monetary reward—or any reward promised in advance—as a condition of Dewey's exploit at Manila, or Hobson's heroism at Santiago, would be an affront. They *are* honored and re-

1. In Denver schools rewards or prizes for proficiency have been abolished to a great extent, and in some of the lower grades cost and money, as factors in arithmetical problems, have been abandoned.

warded, and rightly—but not because they sought rewards. In each case the real honor was in the achievement; advance in rank and pay or the blazon of fame are only outer recognition,—the “things added unto them.” So also in our schools and colleges, as in art and literature, many workers, consciously or unconsciously, work for the work’s sake, regardless of pay. Indeed, I would emphasize the fact that *all* the work that is well done—all the honest, solid, noble and beautiful work done every day all over the world—is done *not for pay, but in spite of it*. What I do assert and assert strongly is that work and workers are fearfully handicapped by our system of paying for service; of making pay a preliminary condition of service, instead of letting it follow as a natural and inevitable result. Eliminate this “stand and deliver” attitude from the public mind, and we shall have eliminated involuntary idleness, the greatest source of pauperism and crime; we shall have eliminated strikes and lock-outs, panics and hard times, commercial dishonesty, adulteration, and the cheap and nasty features of the sweat-shop and the bargain counter. “The laborer is worthy of his hire”—but not when hire is all he is working for.

Bread is necessary, certainly. All the material accessories of comfortable and cultured living—abundance and variety of wholesome food, good clothing, comfortable houses, adornment, books, pictures, music, travel—all these *things* which *minister* to healthy, happy living and which money may command—are good; they all belong. The mistake of the ascetic is in despising them and refusing them their proper place. Our mistake is in giving them *first* place—in seeking first the *things* instead of the kingdom of God, in making the loaves and fishes not merely accessories of life, but its aim and object. Do we not, as a race, ignore in actual practice the self-evident truth that “the life is more than the meat and the body than raiment”? Are we not, as a matter of fact, governed in our daily life by the mistake of considering meat as more than life and raiment more than the body? Do we not give our minds to being ministered unto rather than to ministering?

“Unless a man work, neither shall he eat.” It is trifling with the text to interpret it as a threat to the indolent or a bribe to endeavor. The words plainly declare the natural law that work must come first in the thought and, unless this is done, we shall eat to no purpose or not at all.

Work is the initial part of the process. Only *after* exertion is the system in condition to enjoy, digest and assimilate food. No man can work well on a full stomach. To eat before we work is a violation of physiological laws. Dr. Dewey of Philadelphia has cured thousands of dyspeptics by stopping their breakfast. Unless a man work he will not be able to eat—although he may stuff food down his throat, burden his stomach, poison his blood, and disorder heart, nerves and brain. So also is it divinely ordained (which means naturally and scientifically and for the very best) that if a man works he *will* eat—will have an appetite and the wherewithal to satisfy it. Yet he is not to “work for his living,” but work for the work’s sake, for the human satisfaction of achievement, production or creation. He may never even think of what he is to eat or when he is to eat, yet inevitably as result follows cause, he is fed according to his need, or rather the need of the work.

The sovereign remedy for worry, then, is WORK. As George MacDonald says, “For illness, it may be that work is the only cure, or if no cure, yet the best amelioration,” and again:

“Weep if thou wilt, but weep not all too long,
Or weep and work: for work will lead to song.”

Nor does work mean restless activity. The great Master Workman is ever working; but unhasting and unwasting, He alternates activity and rest. His lightnings are swift, but their force is gathered slowly and silently as the seed germinates beneath the sod. His light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, but it takes fifty years to travel to the earth from the north star. "Work as if every day was your last and as if you had a thousand years to live," was the wise injunction of Ann Lee to her followers. We must work with untroubled mind, deliberately, patiently, faithfully doing our best, because God and our own souls demand nothing less; satisfied with our best, because "angels can do no more." My best may be very different from another man's and in the world's eye may be counted little in comparison, but comparison is not called for. In the perfect plan, my best is as necessary and important as any other man's best, and "best leads to better."

Mr. Bellamy has painted a delightful picture of the freedom and happiness of life under a social organization in which all material wants are provided for and the worker is not under the bondage of carking care for the morrow. We can every one of us have this most favorable

condition here, now and at once, if we will only open our eyes to the truth that we are living in God's world now, that all is perfectly planned and ordered, and that planting our feet on the solid basis of fullness and perfection of power and provision in Being, there is nothing to worry about, and strength and sustenance are sure.

To "hustle" is to vulgarize work; it is evidence of a cowardly fear of "getting left." All things come to him who waits, because he also serves who only stands and waits. Waiting is an accomplishment much neglected in our day, but one well worth cultivating. Fabius, the Roman general, won many victories by a policy of waiting and watching for the opportune occasion and then striking quick and hard. Washington, from an appreciation of the like course during the War of Independence, was called "The American Fabius," and Admiral Dewey owes his success to Fabian strategy. Perhaps the most enlightened and hopeful of the forces of social reform in England and America is that which is slowly but steadily moving forward to its goal under the banner of the Fabian Society. "He who hustles gets the persimmon," but he also

gets deserved contempt, and sooner or later he comes to grief. When a thing is badly done, we know it was done in a hurry. If you would not worry, don't hurry, don't hurry anyone else, and don't be hurried. This does not mean that we are to dawdle over our tasks; it means simply that we are to make haste slowly, to recognize that order is heaven's first law, and move surely and with due deliberation, and swiftly or slowly as the occasion demands. When you are tired, wait; when you are worried, wait. While waiting you may get up steam, may gather momentum, renew your strength. "Even the youths shall faint and be weary and the young men shall utterly fall. But *they that wait upon the Lord* [whatever their years] shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."¹

This serene and perfect faith was taught by Jesus at every turn. Implicit and unquestioning reliance on the One Source not only as sufficient, but as an essential to perfect and harmonious development, is the keynote of the true Christian philosophy; it is the burden of all that teaching

1. Isaiah xi:28-31.

by precept and parable, action and example, that the Saviour imparted to the race.

And he said unto his disciples, Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; neither for the body, what ye shall put on. The life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment. Consider the ravens: for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them: how much more are ye better than the fowls? * * * Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. (Luke xii: 22-27.)

Thought is dissolved in satiety; carnal gorging absorbs everything; nothing survives of the grand sovereign creature inhabited by the soul; the belly (pass the expression,) eats the man. Such is the final state of all societies where the ideal is eclipsed. . . . Man at this day tends to fall into the stomach; man must be replaced in the heart, man must be replaced in the brain. The brain--this is the bold sovereign that must be restored! The social question requires, to-day, more than ever to be examined on the side of human dignity. . . . There is something beyond satisfying the appetite. The goal of man is not the goal of the animal. A moral lift is necessary. The life of nations, like the life of individuals, has its moments of depression; these moments pass certainly, but no trace of them ought to remain. . . . To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded to the heart. To live is to know what one is worth, what one can do and should do. Life is conscience.—*Victor Hugo.*

Let each one obey what is deepest, highest, purest in him. That is the word, the revelation, the Adesh of God. . . . The struggle for existence in a truly spiritual man points to absolute fidelity to the ideal, while hunger and fatigue stare him in the face. . . . The bread that man eats is a small matter, and the sure accompaniment of what he holds as his highest pursuit. But he that sacrifices his ideal to his bread finds, when it is too late, that man does not live by bread alone.—*P. C. Mozoomdar.*

THERE IS NO DREAM WAYWARD.

There is no dream wayward in the last stretch of
the day,

There is no soul lost in the final count of the race,
The old denials are denied, the guards of life and
death are dismissed, the long distrusted stream
is left to its course,

Gods who disown are self crucified, no hell is so
black as the court that condemns to it.

Self service is self benediction, self rule is self
restraint.

We are wayward in the dream of revolt, we bring a
free passage for all.

The toll for our keep is paid, we cross by the slave
pass no more:

The child now has risen to man, the Man has so
risen to God!

—HORACE L. TRAUBEL, *in the Conservator.*

Vibration the Law of Life is a volume which explains in explicit manner an original and useful system of vital gymnastics, giving a plan of practical exercises in harmonic breathing and movement. W. H. Williams is the author of the work, and he writes in a vein calculated to attract, not using the technical methods of applying instruction. but imparting information more in the method of dialogue.

—Albany (N. Y.) Times-Union.

MAGDALEN.

Albeit she was a sinner, yet she knew
 Through all her sensuous frame a cleansing life,
 As, heedless of the murmurs and the strife
 Among His followers, she let the dew
 Of love and sorrow o'er His feet to flow.
 Ah, who has dried the tears that overbrim
 The eyes of wounded womanhood like Him,
 The gentle Jew who lived so long ago?

—LUCY L. STOUT DOWD.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

THE MILLS
OF GOD

Many of my readers, I have no doubt, were thrilled to the marrow with grief, shame and indignation, as I was, on reading a little more than a year ago, the plain report of the public humiliation and disgrace, more cruel than a thousand deaths, inflicted on Captain Dreyfus of the French army. And since then have we not all been pierced as by daggers at the accounts of his punishment, a caged, lone prisoner on a desert island off the South American coast. Even were he guilty of the treason charged—darkest crime on the calendar—his punishment must strike every compassionate soul as barbarous in the extreme. Innocent, as to any fair-minded judgment he was from the first; innocent, as he proclaimed himself when judgment of conviction was pronounced by the court martial; innocent, as he steadfastly asserted when stripped of sword, epaulettes and buttons in the pres-

ence of 20,000 troops; as he continued to assert when compelled to pass before all these former comrades to the drumming of the rogue's march; and again while borne to prison through the streets of Paris amidst the jeers and insults of a maddened, ruffianly mob howling "Down with the Jew!"—innocent as he is now proclaimed by the confession of one of the conspirators to the forgery of the document on which Dreyfus was condemned—the whole affair stands out as the crime of the century. It is not alone that a brave and honorable soldier and gentleman was thus degraded to the dust to gratify the blind and ignorant race-prejudice of the French populace. It is not alone that men in authority prostituted all the enginery of governmental organization and courts of justice, first to crush Dreyfus and afterwards to condemn and punish Zola, because he was brave enough to throw his popularity to the winds and face the enthroned mobocracy of France in an appeal for truth and justice. In this wrong to Dreyfus, Truth was wronged, Justice was wronged, and every man and woman who loves truth and justice was flouted and spat upon. It seemed to me at the time that the fleets and armies of combined Christendom should have backed a combined denunciation of this crime and a demand for apology and reparation. Failing such an awakening of the social conscience, I looked for a John Brown to land a force on Devil's Island and rescue Dreyfus from its horrors. But there was a better way. "The mills of God grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small." With unwavering faith through the months so weary and terrible to the prisoner of Devil's Isle and his devoted wife in Paris, I have held that justice should be manifested. So now I rejoice in a triumph for Truth, a triumph for Justice, a triumph for Humanity, which must make life better worth living for all men through the coming centuries. The suicide of Colonel Henry is emblematical of the self-destruction, swift, speedy and terrible, of the whole vicious and corrupt system

of which he was but the unfortunate tool and representative. Self-condemned and self-destroying, the mock republic of a corrupt trading class, will go down in a ruin from which will rise a genuine commonwealth—truly democratic, truly free and truly just.



**THE LIVERY
OF THE DEVIL?**

What are we coming to? On a recent Sunday evening a preacher in the Hyde Park Presbyterian Church, Denver, told his astonished flock that Moses was enabled in the first four books of the old testament to accurately record events that occurred seventeen hundred years before he was born because the universal ether holds a perpetual picture in the size, tones and colors of life which picture "under right conditions" can be objectified to the senses of a percipient, "just as the phonograph turns off sounds." When Professor Draper, author of "The Conflict Between Science and Religion," in a lecture on light about twenty years ago, suggested that, as light and sound waves are infinitely repeated and never extinguished in the universal ether, under proper conditions every act and word registered in the ether might be "developed" to the perception, regardless of time and space, there were theologians who characterized this scientific basis for the idea of an actual "judgment roll" as "stealing the livery of heaven to serve the devil in." Hear now this Presbyterian preacher declaring that "everything coming into existence never becomes extinct. The armies of Cæsar are still on the march!" Moses saw the whole process of the world's creation in a perpetual living picture, photographed in the ether, so to speak. Or, as our Theosophical friends would put it, he gazed on the simulacrum of the process in the astral light. God showed Moses all this, according to the preacher; but then it is only because God opens our eyes that we may see anything that we see. The question now is simply whose livery this preacher will be accused of stealing and in whose service it is worn?

**UNIVERSAL
PEACE**

The one man on top of the earth who has it in his power to bring about universal peace has spoken the word. In distinct and unmistakable words the Czar of Russia has called a conference of the powers for the purpose of arranging a general disarmament. Those "enlightened" nations who prated most of their horror of war and love of peace are called on to toe the mark. It is plainly declared by the Autocrat of all the Russias that the people can no longer support the crushing burden of military establishments, already increased to the back-breaking point. Enlightened humanitarianism demands an immediate and permanent reduction of the fighting force in arms. It is known that Queen Victoria is in full accord with the Czar's spirit and purpose. To Austria, Spain and Italy such a general disarmament as is proposed, with the guaranties involved, holds out the one hope of salvation from national destruction and disintegration. The one "practical" obstacle to this peace program, according to European statesmen, is the attitude of Germany and France regarding Alsace-Lorraine. The wresting of these provinces from France in addition to the milliards must ever be regarded as an instance of Bismarck's inveterate vindictiveness. Now that he is gone, the way is open for Germany to lift the iron hand and restore these Rhine provinces to France. There is an opportunity for the Emperor William, in the persuasive parlance of poker, to "see the Czar and go him one better." The people of France, almost as one man, proclaim that the nation lives to revenge the defeat of '71 and to regain Alsace-Lorraine. The German nation has it in its power to turn this enmity into lasting friendship by a voluntary and graceful restoration of the sister provinces. And what more glorious opportunity can be asked than that now offered? The Czar, it is already recognized, has immortalized himself by the stand he has taken for peace; his note to the powers will mark a turning point in human history. But even greater glory awaits the German Emperor, if he shows himself great enough to rise to the occasion. It may be said that

France, with equal reasons might be expected to relinquish her hate and her claims. But she is not given the chance. She can't give up what she hasn't got.



AN ERA OF RESTORATION

After France gets back her lost provinces, she might be minded to return Nice to Italy, and Italy might give back Rome to the Pope—if the Romans want to go back. Who knows how far reaching such an example of national restoration may prove! We may even see the age long feud between Celt and Saxon buried at last by England's recognition of Ireland's independence! Why couldn't we give our English cousins a broad hint in this direction, by suggesting that it would be a sure way of securing the much desired Anglo-American alliance? The way to do the thing handsomely and sensibly would be to leave it to a vote of the people most concerned. The chances are that after a brief season of independence Ireland would voluntarily assume her rightful place in the Anglo-Celtic Empire, to whose upbuilding she has given her best blood. What enmity and bloodshed, treasure and territory Spain might have spared herself, if any time during the last thirty years she had given the Cubans their independence? Has not the intimation that Canada might sever herself wholly from the mother country whenever a majority of the Canadians so desired, strengthened and intensified Canadian loyalty to the British flag as nothing else could? This may seem "sentimental." On the very practical side, Germany has less to lose and more to gain by disarmament than any other nation in the world. Careful observers agree that the burden of supporting the present military establishment has become insupportable. The drain of heavy taxation, and the even heavier drain of the country's working force to fill the ranks of the army, have crushed the people into a condition of appalling poverty. If this burden is longer carried, or rather staggered under, simply to retain the Teuton grasp on Gallic territory, then plainly the game

is not worth the candle, and Germany, from even the merely material point of view, would be a thousand times better off without Alsace-Lorraine than she is with them.



An Anglo-American alliance?

THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD. Certainly! And this should include, to start with, all America from Baffins Bay to Patagonia, the continent and the adjacent islands, Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, New Zealand and British India. Why stop? What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. There is really no good reason why we should not take in Russia, America's constant friend in time of need; France our ancient ally; Germany, the fatherland of millions of good Americans; Italy, which gave us Columbus; Spain, whom we have evicted; Switzerland, home of direct legislation; Norway, Sweden and Denmark—for "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we," and all of us Dane in our welcome of the sturdy Scandinavian; Holland—for what influence has been more steady and potent in the early development of Americanism than that of the Dutch who in our American Motley found their historian? With Holland, Belgium of course. Turkey is not to be left out. In such an alliance "the sick man" will at last find healing, while repetition of Armenian atrocities and Bulgarian horrors will be forever made impossible. And while we are about it, why should not China and Japan be drawn closer together and to the rest of the world in the bonds of amity? Not England and America against the world, but England and America *for* the world! For the extension of trade and industry, for fuller development of all natural resources, for better acquaintance among the various members of the human family—in a word **FOR MANKIND**, we want nothing less than the whole earth in this alliance. Let us join hands all around and encircle it.

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