

FALLACIES

IN PRESENT-DAY THOUGHT.


J. P. SANDLANDS, M.A.

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IN PRESENT-DAY THOUGHT

BY

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I

INTRODUCTION

It is always well, if possible, to understand the subject about which you purpose to write. This would seem a foregone conclusion, scarcely necessary to specify, and yet experience teaches us that many people write and do not understand their subjects much, if at all. Lecturers also are not altogether free from blame in this particular.

The Nonconformists in the village, many years ago, were holding a social gathering. They had a tea and then a lecture. The subject of it was to be 'Music.' I was invited to the tea, and was asked to preside at the lecture. I did so. The lecturer, being the guest of the evening, sat beside me at table. I do not know if he or I were the more honoured guest. We talked about all and sundry, and, I have no doubt, as is usual on such occasions, we made ourselves very agreeable to each other. I said to him, amongst other things, 'I suppose you understand music; what instrument do you play?' Of course, I thought, as he was going to lecture on music, he would play something. I was much surprised, as I need scarcely say, to have his answer, 'I do not play any instrument, but I am very fond of music.' I thought this very funny. 'Here is a man,' I opined, 'going to give a lecture and does not understand his subject.'

Well, he lectured! It would be more correct to say he talked of all and sundry, and scarcely touched on music. He seemed to me to have been culling a few facts from Cassell's 'Popular Educator,' and he tried to retail them to us. I did not know what to think and could scarcely tell how I felt; but I could not refrain, I am afraid, of taking advantage of my position. I related the following story: 'A commercial traveller, staying the night at a wayside inn in the Black Country, found himself, in the evening, amongst a number of colliers. He thought he would show off his learning, and so he asked one of them if he knew mathematics. The collier answered, "I dunna know Mattha (Matthew) Madox, but I know John."'

I need scarcely observe that the lecturer did not see the point of the story, and perhaps few of the audience did. But one of the schoolmasters said to me next day, 'I am glad you took the lecturer down so neatly last night.' But lecturers are not so easily taken down. Carlyle said: 'There are thirty-three million people in Great Britain, mostly fools.' Carlyle was a cynic, and, perhaps, was a little severe; and yet there is more than a modicum of truth in what he says.

This is, perhaps, the reason so many people write about things they do not understand—they are not able, as things are, to see that they do not understand. My observation, therefore, is not so stupid as, at first sight, it may seem. We ought to know what we write or talk about, or otherwise leave the subject alone.

How many a time I have been annoyed at table! I have been talking about subjects to which I have given hours of thought and study. I have given expression to a thought in connection with some abstruse point, and a young fellow, who has not thought of it at all, has at once said, 'I don't agree with you.' Where is the explanation? Someone has

said, 'The young *think* the old folks fools, the old *know* the young are.' This may be somewhat rough on the young, and so we will rather ask that the Professor's story may be allowed to pass. Addressing an audience one day, he said at a certain point, 'We know, gentlemen, that it is possible for even the young among us to be mistaken.'

To avoid—if to avoid be possible—any misunderstanding, we will now give a definition of a fallacy. We will get such help as we can first from the 'Imperial Dictionary.' Dr. Ogilvie says (*fallacia*) (1) Deception or false appearance; deceitfulness; that which misleads the eye or the mind. 'Detect the fallacy of the argument.' Fallacy, as defined by Whateley, is an unsound mode of argument which appears to carry conviction, and to be decisive of the question in hand, when in fairness it is not. (2) Deception, mistake. 'This appearance may be all a fallacy.' 'I'll entertain the favoured fallacy' (Shakespeare).

Writers of dictionaries, I have no doubt, do their best; but it is not always easy, after all, to give a definition. Dr. Ogilvie in all this does not help us much. It may be true that a fallacy is a false appearance, but it is also true that that which is false has not always the appearance of falsehood. It is also true that we cannot always detect the false in argument. We shall, therefore, try to give a definition of our own: A fallacy is a thing held to be true, and which seems to be true, and yet really is not. A fallacy, if we may so say, is a false truth. This is a contradiction. A fallacy is a contradiction, but its nature is not understood.

The Persian proverb runs: 'Man is a bundle of contradictions tied together with a string of fancies.' This, perhaps, is as good a description of man as we can get. How many of us exemplify it! And yet we do not mean—and we are honest in our intentions—to do anything of the sort. The most of us like to be honest, and we try our best, but

we cannot. Our attitude often illustrates what we are to understand by fallacy.

We can always, without much serious difficulty, justify any course of conduct we wish to pursue. We are poor, for instance, and think we need help. There are so-and-so and so-and-so, we say, who can help us. We will ask them, for is it not right that 'we should bear one another's burdens'? Ah, yes! We ask, therefore, and find ourselves refused. We say, 'Ah, but they are no Christians.' Times and circumstances are changed with us and we are well off. Others seek our help, and we do not wish to give it. What now? We have no difficulty, for is it not written, 'Every man shall bear his own burden'? It is very easy to find a sop for conscience. We can make the Bible say exactly what we wish.

There is a man in our neighbourhood of whom I have known these thirty years. As a young man, he was an ardent Radical; but he was poor then. Now, however, he is rich and a Conservative. I have not the least doubt his arguments now are as sound as ever they were. The standpoint has made all the difference, as it has changed the whole aspect of matters. And it is just possible, though I cannot say, the man is just as honest and conscientious as ever he was. Is he an illustration of a fallacy?

I know, too, of good men, loyal and true, as things go, who have had their Bibles and studied religion without being able to come to any conclusion. They cannot make out any clear notion of the teaching of the Bible, and they can find no good in religion; and yet they come regularly to Church. They are also amongst the best people of the village. They are honest in business and moral in life. In other words, they are good without religion, and yet they are religious.

It is clear so far, then, that we cannot have, strictly speak-

ing, a fallacy when an abstract idea obtains. In Morals, in Psychology, in Politics, in Art, and many such like things, there is room for many opinions on the same point, and so it is quite possible for a truth to be false and a falsehood to be true. So much depends on the aspect. One man may think a thing to be true and good, while another may say it is not.

What constitutes morals? The Bible says, 'The kingdom of God consists not in eating and drinking'; the teetotaler says it does. I once heard a lecturer say that 'there might be some people in heaven who had drunk wine and beer; but he did not think there would be anyone there who would not wish he had not drunk.' And in England there are plenty of people who speak of whisky as 'that cursed thing,' while in Scotland the ministers ask a blessing on their whisky. They think 'no creature of God is to be despised.'

We might multiply exemplifications almost *ad lib.* that it is not easy for anyone to say that a fallacy obtains when only abstract ideas are in question. It is not easy in morals, as is clear. We shall, however, probably have something more to say on this point by-and-by.

Our fallacies, therefore, if we are to find them, must be found in fact, in history, or in science. And, accordingly, in these spheres we shall seek them. I shall pursue no regular order, but deal with them pretty much as they suggest themselves.

There are, however, certain conditions which we should regard, so far at least as may be, as fair. The first is that we exercise our reasoning powers freely. This implies that we 'must prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' We must not accept any man's *ipse dixit*.

The Church of Rome teaches that we must forego 'private judgment.' This, however, as it implies a con-

tradition, is impossible. We should require in such a case to become a jelly-fish forthwith. We can only accept the *dicta* of Rome as our 'private judgment' tells us they are right. If, therefore, we accept that Rome is right, this implies that we accept any dogma as right too. And it is just as wise or foolish to accept that the whole is right as to say that a part is right, without examination. No, no; we must accept nothing unless it approves itself to our reason.

Someone will say here that we must accept by faith many things. Let us see. Someone wrote to the *Record* a little while ago 'to try faith.' The argument was, If the Lord prepares the man by spiritual gifts for his work, He will also give him the physical qualifications. Believe this and act upon it. The writer forgot, and most of us forget when we talk so much about faith, that reason determines its presence. For instance, when a candidate presents himself for work in the mission-field, a board of divines sits to determine his spiritual qualifications. What faculty do they exercise in coming to their decision? They cannot determine faith by faith, and so they must determine it by reason. The candidate has also to pass the medical board. What faculty is in operation here? Clearly reason. This, then, is the faculty always that stands pre-eminently above all others. Our reason has to determine between right and wrong. We have no business to believe a statement which our reason does not and cannot admit.

And then we are to call no man 'Master'—'One is your Master.' This is teaching I have always maintained. Here, however, I must have a care. It would not be strictly true to say that I have maintained that reason ought to determine our faith. Reason determines, with respect to the teaching of the Bible, whether it be divine, and then faith accepts it. In this way I have practically made faith superior to reason, inasmuch as I did not allow reason to be exercised

where it was concerned. I should, however, modify this view of matters now. I am afraid I should now say that reason must hold universal sway.

I have always held, however, that no man should submit to be guided by another save only as his reason led him to feel it right. 'Call no man Master—One is your Master, even Christ.' I have always taught men to look 'out of the Churches and above them for their guidance. Their reason must lead them to trust in One Master-mind, and He must be their guide. Man is nothing if not a free agent. Religion intends him to be free. I am quite prepared to admit that in all this there is room for another voice to speak; but, I think, so far as it is possible to get hold of any ideas, it will be easy to see my meaning, and know what I purpose to do. I am going to take, so far as I can, many things which are regarded as facts and show them to be fallacies. I do not ask my readers to do more or less than exercise their reasoning powers freely, and without any bias.

II

SLEEP

I REMEMBER, when I was a lad, hearing a lecture on this subject. It was delivered by a clergyman in a Wesleyan schoolroom. This would hardly obtain in these days ; but that is because, as I suppose, we have made some big strides forwards (?). This apart. The lecturer admitted that we did not know what sleep was. He tried his very best to keep his audience interested, but, so far as I remember, he did not add anything to our knowledge. I was greedy after knowledge then, too, and was not likely to let anything escape me.

The fact, however, that he gave us no fresh information was not so much owing to his inability to grasp ideas as that there were no ideas to grasp. This, more than anything besides, makes the subject a difficult one. We do not know why it comes, how it remains, or why it goes.

A writer in the 'Popular Encyclopædia' says : 'Sleep is one of the most mysterious phenomena in the animal world. Similar appearances may also be observed in the vegetable world. In sleep the organs of sense, the powers of voluntary motion, and the active powers of the soul suspend their operation in order to collect new strength. The vital activity, however, is in full vigour ; the functions of the heart and lungs continue, but are more calm. . . . Hence

sleep is not really a state of inactivity, but very partially to be compared with death. Man requires most sleep during the period of active manhood. During this period two hours before midnight and five after it seem to be sufficient ; superabundance or deficiency of sleep soon produces evil results. It is well not to have the sleeping-room occupied during the day. It should be well ventilated, cool, quiet, without flowers or any strong odour. The bed should be hard rather than soft, and the body should be relieved from ligatures. A short slumber after dinner seems to be necessary to the inhabitants of warm climates ; in colder climates it is unnecessary and frequently injurious. . . .'

With all this, or at least with most of it, we have nothing to say, no fault to find. It is so far common-sense. It does not, however, aid us much. We will leave it as it is.

There is, however, a notion abroad that it is impossible to live without sleep. This is utterly and egregiously fallacious. There was a young man in our village whom I visited pretty well every day for five months, and he was kept awake nearly the whole time by pain. There is to-day a poor woman in the place who has been bedridden for twelve years, ill with rheumatism. Pain keeps her awake most of her time. She never sleeps by day, and sleeps but very little by night. And, further, another man, now dreadfully ill for want of sleep, and from no other cause, has had no sleep for fourteen long months. He will never sleep again till he sleeps the sleep of death.

The notion seems to have been derived from the fact that it has been reported of the Chinese that they sometimes punish criminals by keeping them awake. They usually die at the end of a fortnight's torture of this kind. The story may be true or it may not ; I cannot tell. If it is true that want of sleep kills them, then the explanation is not forthcoming. I can give none, unless it be in the

fact that in these cases there is a strong desire for sleep, and to destroy that desire is to kill the person. But is the story true?

I could give other evidence that what I have written is true, but I will only refer to two other cases. I undertook to try and bring back sleep to a sleepless woman, who came, almost on purpose, from Cumberland. I tried for six or eight weeks, but in vain. She underwent an operation at the infirmary, but it did no good. A little while ago, in a neighbouring village, a poor woman was suffering from insomnia, and two doctors were attending her. They administered drugs. I saw the poor woman frequently, and her sufferings from the medicines were simply awful. I exclaimed one day as I came away, 'Is there a God?' It would be impossible for any men, as I thought, to act more stupidly. I have no hesitation in saying that the drugs killed the poor woman. I must add, however, that it was, perhaps, as well, for the poor body could only have lived in misery. To live and not sleep is the sublimest (?) and supremest misery.

What is the cause of want of sleep? What is the cause of sleep? The one question is as difficult to answer as the other. We do not know why a man sleeps, and we do not know why he does not sleep. We ask and ask again, but no answer comes.

There are a number of wise people in the world who know how to answer these as most other questions. The doctors, for instance, know it is overwork that causes insomnia. The brain, say they, has had too much to do. The cases, however, which I have known have been for the most part those of the labouring classes, and certainly were not caused by brain-work. One of them could not read. This explanation, therefore, will not do. There are many things we cannot explain, and this is evidently one of them.

Now, I must specify the fallacy—it is this : Animals are

supposed to sleep and they do not. This is a matter of observation. How is it, then, that most people think they do? This is a question we must try to answer.

There are two things to be said: (1) Most people do not think much or observe accurately. I was returning from London once from St. Pancras, and was disposing myself in the corner of the carriage for the journey. A gentleman offered me something to read. I thanked him, and said, 'I don't read in a railway-carriage.' He said, 'What do you do?' I answered, 'I think.' There was a person sitting opposite, who observed, 'Most people put that out to be done.' I am afraid this is only too true. And, of course, if they do not think they cannot observe. (2) They conclude that as we sleep so animals sleep. But what are the facts that warrant this conclusion? There are none.

I was talking after dinner one evening with a noble lord on this subject. To my observation 'Animals do not sleep' he said, 'Oh, but they do—I know they do.' I said: 'Well, there is your dog lying on the hearth; speak to him.' He did so, and the dog at once jumped up. 'There, now,' I said, 'if your dog had been asleep, he would have taken time to wake up, and he did not. He was up as soon as the word left your lips.'

I have heard people say that they have often called to their dog, and he has paid no attention. This proves that he was asleep. The experience must have been a singular one, as it is quite contrary to the usual. I have never had any such experience.

Some people say, and most people think, horses sleep; but they don't. Many horses, perhaps most, never or but seldom lie down. If the horse slept, he would fall down. The horse is always ready to eat. When we were in Palestine our horses fed all night and travelled all day. Of course, I am speaking as people generally do.

Cows graze all day, and chew the cud all night ; at least, it is something like this. They never seem to rest, save only to ruminate. We have the expression 'to ruminate' to explain that the person is only half awake. An old farmer said to me once : 'When my cow sleeps there is something the matter with her.' And so there is nothing for it but this : the animals do not sleep.

Why? We may not say ; we cannot say. They rest and become semi-conscious. This, in winter, with some animals continues during the whole season. They are said then to be in a dormant state. This arises from the cold, for as soon as they get warm they wake out of their sleep.

But how is it the animals do not sleep? This is difficult to determine. It may arise from the fact that they have not so much brain power. We know that the internal arrangements continue their operations during sleep as at other times. The nerve-system, too, in the animals is feebler, and this may have something to do with it. We can, however, only indicate these differences, and may not say the causes lie here. We do not know.

It is not usual, I know, with writers to confess their ignorance, and yet why should we pretend to a knowledge which lies outside our ken? We do well to say how far we can go ; we are unwise to pretend to an impossible knowledge.

There is a point here, though it does not bear on our subject directly, which we shall do well to indicate. It is this : there is an intimate connection between the stomach and sleep. The reason of this I cannot fathom, but the ancients were aware of it. It will follow from this that we should have a care here, and determine not to play fast and loose with this organ. We shall have something to say by-and-by, if all be well, on the question of food. Meantime, let us bear in mind that the stomach is the organ whose chief function is, not to gratify our fondness for eating, so much as to supply the needs of the body.

I did not, when I began to write this article, imagine that it would be such a fruitful subject. I am afraid, however, that I have said so much, it may divert our thoughts from the main point. Let me sum up, then, in these words:

Animals do not sleep. We must differentiate their rest from our sleep. We lose consciousness in our sleep; perhaps they never do. It must, however, be almost none to lose. This may explain a good deal too.

A little while ago we had a young trooper staying with us who had been out in South Africa. He talked a good deal about the Zulus, and, amongst other things, he said they did not sleep. He had a good opportunity of examining this fact. They had some Zulus on guard, who were supposed to have been caught napping. They were court-martialled, and said, by way of excuse, they could always hear. He put this to the test, and found it was true. They could hear an enemy 300 yards off, when resting. This is an interesting fact, as it would seem to indicate that these were men but little removed from the animals.

I have ascertained some further interesting facts about these people which bear upon this point. I am told that they neither love nor hate. I do not know, but it is more than possible that this explains why they live so much like the lower animals, and are, in consequence, incapable of civilization. It is a strange fact that the British and the Boers have done so little in this direction otherwise.

Ay, and we ask why? Have they tried? If they are incapable, and are, withal, happy as they are, why trouble? Ah, but they have souls! We must leave this, for the thought is too suggestive. Only let us bear this point well in mind when thinking of our lordship over creation. We sleep—the animals do not. And so it follows that to suppose sleep is a necessity of all the animal creation is a FALLACY.

III

JOSEPHUS

I HAVE no doubt that many will say, as they see the name of this celebrated historian in the index under the name of fallacies, that I must pretend or intend a joke. I do not, however, mean anything of the kind, but, on the contrary, I am quite serious. Josephus may be an historian ; I do not question this. The question lies in another direction, and is this : Is our opinion of him correct ? We have regarded him as most trustworthy, and have never thought that we should question anything he has said. His authority, so we have thought, must not be called in question. This is our point.

We know how difficult it is to stop any custom after it has taken root among us. To-day is the fifth of November, famous gunpowder treason and plot. It has been observed nigh upon three hundred years. The reason for observing it has long since died out. The feeling about it has altogether changed. The leaders to-day—the would-be leaders of thought, I mean—are quite ready, if not willing, to blow up every Protestant institution in the land, and yet the custom of observing it continues. There will be much lighting of bonfires and discharging of squibs to-day. True, the participators will not know and will not care why

they do it. There is fun in it, and that is sufficient to justify it.

This sort of thing obtains more largely than we think or are ready to admit. Custom justifies too many things; reason settles few. These things ought not to be, but they are. There is no reason against preserving an old custom, if it be good or even harmless. I should say, for instance, that the custom of observing the fifth of November is a good one. I am very much in favour of its continuance, but that is not the point. These customs should, when they are reasonable, be observed in the right spirit. I think the Protestant religion is best calculated to promote virtuous living and to make good citizens. I think there is no power for good in Roman Catholicism. But whether we observe the day in the right spirit is another question. I am afraid we do not. Is our object that of promoting the thing that is good amongst us? This must justify the custom.

So we come to our point. We have been accustomed to look upon Josephus as a trustworthy historian: are we right? If we are right, well and good. We should not alter our places in the least. If we are wrong, however, we should do well to leave off admiring him. We see now where we are. We are going to put him to the test. We shall first see who he is, and then what he has done. He shall speak for himself, and then we will judge.

We only know just as much about Josephus as he is pleased to tell us. He says 'he was born at Jerusalem A.D. 37 (born in the ninth year of the reign of Alexandra). His father, Mattathias, was descended from the ancient high priests of the Jews, and his mother was of the Maccabæan race. He was early instructed in Hebrew learning, and became an ornament of the sect of the Pharisees. When twenty-six years old he went to Rome. . . . He was intro-

duced to the future wife of Nero, and afterwards was made Governor of Galilee. He afterwards obtained the command of the Jewish army, and supported with wisdom and courage and resolution a siege of some weeks in the fortified town Jotapata, where he was attacked by Vespasian and Titus. The town was betrayed to the enemy; 40,000 of the inhabitants were cut to pieces and 1,200 were made prisoners. Josephus was discovered in a cave, where he had concealed himself, and was given up to the Roman General, who was about to send him to Nero; but his life was spared at the intercession of Titus, who became his patron, and whom he accompanied to the Siege of Jerusalem. On his arriving before the city he was sent to his countrymen with offers of peace, and he advised them to submit to the Roman power; but they treated him with contumely and rejected his counsel. At the capture of the city, however, he was enabled to deliver his brother and several of his friends without ransom.

‘He accompanied Titus back to Rome, where he was rewarded with the freedom of the city, and received a pension and other favours from Vespasian and his son; and, as a mark of gratitude, he then assumed their family name of Flavius. His history of the Jewish War and the destruction of Jerusalem, in seven books, was composed at the command of Vespasian, and is singularly interesting and affecting, as the historian was an eye-witness of all he relates. St. Jerome calls him the Livy of the Greeks. His ‘Jewish Antiquities,’ in twenty books, written in Greek, is a very noble work; and his discourse upon the martyrdom of the Maccabees is a masterpiece of eloquence. He is supposed to have died about the year 95, but the exact date is uncertain.’

The above epitome is collected by the writer of a dictionary of biography. We shall have but little trouble, I

think, in showing that the few facts there are conflicting. Let us first do this.

He says he was made Governor of Galilee at the age of twenty-six. This would be A.D. 63. Galilee was as small as it was unimportant, and could not need a governor. This apart. How long was he governor? Seven years would bring us to A.D. 70. How could he be so soon at the head of an army fighting against the Romans? Here are tremendous difficulties, for the time is not enough for these changes. How, again, could he be besieging Jerusalem A.D. 70?

A more serious difficulty is the fact that there is no such city as Jotapata. And no town containing 40,000 people ever existed in Palestine. And is it likely that anyone would hew so many people to pieces? The statement is absurd. Then, what about 1,200 prisoners? In what cave could they discover Josephus? How would he get there? And how would he live? These statements are stories for children. Then, how came he to be sent to Nero? How could he exchange sides so rapidly? Here in a few years he has been a Jew and a Roman, and then a Jew again, and then a Roman! What can we say of such a turn-coat? Can he tell the truth?

We will not further look into the ridiculous statements of this epitome—which, as I have just discovered, is given almost word for word in the Encyclopædia—enough has been said about it. It alone stamps the man as untrustworthy. I shall make one observation further, and then notice a few statements from his works.

The observation is this: The translator of his works constantly contradicts his statements in his footnotes. This, to my mind, is a serious matter. Misstatements are not mistakes. A man may take a different view from another of any fact. In this he may be mistaken. But if a man says a house is red when it is white, his statement is false; in

other words, historians must verify their facts before stating them. They may then express whatever views they like. We have nothing whatever to do with their views, but we must examine their statements. And these, if not in every case, are in very many, perhaps in most, not in accordance with facts.

The statements respecting the destruction of Jerusalem are taken from Josephus. I have searched and cannot discover that any other writer has noticed it. Here are a few: 'One hundred and fifteen thousand dead bodies were carried out at one gate: 600,000 in all: these were the poor. Many houses were filled with dead bodies; they were also heaped together in every open space, till there was no ground to be seen. . . . A mixed multitude, about 6,000, perished amidst the burning cloisters of the temple or cast themselves down and died; 10,000 others died; the city sewers were choked with human carcases; 1,100,000 perished during the siege. . . .'

These statements are simply preposterous. How any man could make them pass comprehension. Jerusalem is only an hour's walk or so all round. How can so small a space contain so many people? And he has more of this kind of thing to say! I have carefully considered the matter, and I do not hesitate to say that he wrote nothing but falsehoods. I could give abundant evidence, of which the foregoing is but a sample. Is it too much, then, to say to regard *Josephus as a trustworthy historian is a fallacy?*

But with what object, then, did Josephus write? This is a difficult question—a question, indeed, to which it is impossible to give an answer. With what object do our modern novelists write? To glorify themselves, to amuse, to get a living? We cannot say definitely.

Perhaps Josephus wrote to glorify himself. Well; but it would be plain and clear to every thinking person that he

did not write the truth about himself. He goes to Rome A.D. 63. He is made Governor of Galilee. We may say he held this post two years. He is besieged at Jotapata in, say, A.D. 65. He is made prisoner in A.D. 66. He is taken to Rome. He is liberated and made an officer in the Roman army, say, A.D. 67. This is time little enough for all these events to transpire. And now, in A.D. 70, he is operating against his countrymen at the siege of Jerusalem. He does not glorify himself here, because it is plain he is not telling the truth.

But perhaps he wrote to amuse. How, then, has his book come to be taken as serious history? Sir Walter Scott wrote novels which read like history and teach a great deal of history, and yet no one takes them as serious history at all. Perhaps a thousand years hence they may be taken as history. Was it so, or is it so, with Josephus? This can hardly be. Books were not printed in those days, and could not be sold by the dozen. And for the same reason we may not say that he wrote to get a living.

There may be yet another reason: he wrote to obtain fame. We cannot say this. What fame would come of writing what was not true? There is the skill of writing. Perhaps this is all; and yet it is not much. True; but it may be all he sought. It amounts to as much as many obtain. But how at Rome? The Romans would not care for such tales! They were true men; hence the expression *ἡ πιστις των Ῥωμαίων*. Then Shakespeare has immortalized the noble character of the Romans by making one of their heroes say, 'I would rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman.' Besides, Josephus wrote in Greek! Here is another difficulty. How could he write Greek in Rome? Did he know Greek? The truth is, the more we look into it, the more the difficulties about it appear. We are forced, therefore, to the conclusion that we do not know how to

make things hang together at all. Why trouble? Ay, there's the rub. Why think of it at all? Just here—he is taken seriously. What he has written is regarded as authoritative in settling many difficulties. This is the reason for saying, *He is not trustworthy*—and the opinion that he is so is a FALLACY

IV

PRESSURE

A STORY, if I remember right, of 'the most learned fool in Europe,' King James I., goes that he propounded a question something like this to his learned men: 'How is it that a pail of water with a fish in it is lighter than it is with the fish out of it?' They took some considerable time to examine the question, but could not solve it. They came and told James their position, and anxiously waited his reply. He said: 'It is not, you fools!'

This story is a good one. It illustrates exactly the attitude of the world towards hundreds of supposed established facts. 'It has been held by our forefathers hundreds of years before us.' This justifies many a wise saw. 'Wise men, who have well considered the question,' justifies many more. 'It would have then been a dictum that a pail of water containing a fish is lighter than one that does not,' and so easily have become a maxim, and would have been just as wise and sensible as many others. The most 'learned fool' came near settling this point, but just did not. That is all. And so it is with 'many a foolish notion.'

The logic of all this is that we should put things to the test. It would have been quite easy in the case of the pail of water and the fish. The use of the scales and weights for a few seconds would have settled the point. 'An ounce

of fact is worth a pound of theory' is a wise saw. We want facts.

We can theorize about the way food becomes blood, but we cannot get at a single fact. There are many of Nature's secrets we can never unravel, theorize as we will. 'Wise men' will not admit this, but it is nevertheless true.

Perhaps one of the greatest fallacies, though less harmless than most, is our notion of pressure. I will just restate this as a proposition and then examine it—*Our Notion of Pressure is a Fallacy*.

There is no pressure at all *en masse*. There is only pressure where the mass is individualized.

We can easily see this illustrated. If we take an egg and put it at the bottom of a barrel, and then fill the barrel with eggs, it will remain whole and unhurt. But if we put the egg under the barrel it is crushed at once.

Again, the bricks at the bottom of a load in a cart are not the least hurt by the superincumbent bricks, but put one under the wheel of the cart and it is crushed at once.

How is this? It is one of those things 'no fellah,' as Lord Dundreary would say, 'can understand.' I have tried to do so, but have failed. The philosophy of it is outside our ken. We do not know and cannot.

If the facts were otherwise, life would be simply impossible. Philosophers tell us that the pressure of the atmosphere is equal to the weight of eleven pounds on every square inch—three tons on an average person. This would kill him, as it is needless to say. What, now, must the pressure on the diver be who descends to the bottom of the sea? Why, of course, there is nothing for him in such a case but death.

Just look again at this fact. The blood issues from the eyes, ears, and nostrils, when anyone ascends a great altitude; and there is no pressure. It is pressure that brings

the juice out of the grape ; it is the want of it that makes the blood to issue from the apertures in a man at great altitudes. How is this ? The philosophers tell us it is the want of lateral pressure. Well, but the lateral pressure will be as great or as little in proportion wherever we are, so that this is no explanation. Here again there is something we cannot understand. Oh dear ! how little we know !

Here is another little point—a man wants to weigh himself. He gets into the scales. He now takes hold of the arm and tries to pull it down. He finds he cannot pull down more than his own weight. Now, if he get out of the scale and stand on the floor he can pull down almost twice his own weight. I saw a man in Port Said not only bear, but carry, as much as three times, pull six times, his own weight.

How is this ? Here again we have to say the philosophy is outside our ken. We may again theorize as we will, but we cannot explain.

These things may seem trivial and altogether unimportant, but they are not. Many geological and philosophical facts are established on the supposition that the general notion is correct. And it is clear if this notion is a fallacy, and of this there is clearly no doubt, then the ' facts ' are fictions.

But notions die hard. Men will not let their opinions, however false, go. Some time ago I was talking to an engineer about these things. He would not be, positively could not be, convinced. He said, ' We build our bridges and construct our tunnels on the principle.' I said to a builder a day or so after, ' An engineer told me the other day that you put the hardest bricks at the bottom of the building because of the pressure. Do you ? ' He said, ' No, we do nothing of the sort.' I knew this, but I wanted his opinion for the engineer. He would not, however, be convinced. I found it equally impossible to convince a ' man of science '

of this fact, too. I plied him with all sorts of arguments, and left him positively nothing to say. It was all in vain. I overheard him say as I was leaving, 'I am sorry for him that he does not know better.' His pity was misplaced. I was sorry for him, not so much that he could not see as because he would not see. Men will not see what they do not want to see. Hence the proverb: 'There are none so blind as those that will not see.'

We shall see, as we go on examining things, that most of our theories are based on hypotheses which have no foundation in fact. Some of the results are most pernicious and mischievous in their application. We will not specify any particulars here, because the necessity will be obviated by our method of procedure. I want to say, though, with all possible force to all my readers, Accept no man's *ipse dixit*. Call no man 'Master.' Prove for yourselves that the general notion of pressure is a FALLACY.

V

EPHESUS

MANY people seem to live in dream-land, for they scarcely realize that they are alive and they know nothing of their surroundings. How is this? The explanation is in the fact that they pay no attention. To think means to make an effort. Dr. Guthrie says: 'It is harder to hammer out thought than iron.' The secret lies here, that we so readily receive without questioning what people say.

There is yet another reason. So many things are written in books, and people have come to the conclusion that whatsoever is printed is true. They forget that men have thought first and that books are but the outcome of what they have thought. In other words, there is no more reason for things in a book to be true than for thoughts to be true. As thoughts are often untrue, so books are often untrue.

It follows, therefore, that we must examine everything before we accept it. How necessary it is to do this in these days! It never was more so. Take our newspapers, for instance. We ought to believe what honest men write; and editors ought to be honest. But can we? Why are newspapers written? To please the readers. Would they be pleased with the truth? In such a case one newspaper would suffice. But it does not. People will read what they like to read. This is the demand, Give me what I want to

read. And so the editors cater for their readers. They are anxious for nothing so much as to please. Truth is quite a secondary consideration. I have tried very frequently lately to get some useful truths into the newspapers, but in vain. They will only accept truth, when it is palatable. It is very sad, but it is true. We do not say—for it would not be right to say—that the editors are intentionally vicious, but we do say it is next to impossible to be quite truthful. I have often sighed for a paper that would tell the truth all round.

Now, what is the truth about Ephesus? Some time ago a neighbour, and a clergyman, said to me: 'There is no town at Ephesus, and never has been.' This set me thinking. I looked it out in the geographies and histories; but why? From the Acts we gather that there was a large and important town there. It is described in consequence as 'a celebrated city of Asia Minor, situated on the river Cayster, near its mouth, about thirty miles south of Smyrna. It was the ornament of proconsular Asia, and celebrated for a magnificent temple of Diana.' And yet there is absolutely no trace of any town.

There is no harbour and never has been. There are a few walls only and a solitary watch-tower. There are no ruins and no trace of the great temple—one of the wonders of the world. There is not a single stone to mark the site of the great theatre in which the 'uproar' of the Acts took place. The land all about is in a way cultivated. There is not a single Christian there.

And yet there was once a great Christian Church amongst the inhabitants of the famous town! St. Paul has addressed one of his several Epistles to it. How is this? Who shall answer?

I have often asked myself the question, What would be the good of writing an epistle to a church? It must be addressed to someone. This person would receive it and

would be its guardian. How would he proceed to get it circulated amongst those for whom it was intended? There were no printing-presses and few scribes. It is inconceivable how it could answer any purpose. This apart.

Whether there were a people and a church or not, it is clear there never was a town. There are ruins at Athens and Rome of buildings of this period, but there are none at Ephesus. I will not indicate what all this means, for we can better imagine than describe it. I confine myself to the simple point of specifying that there is no evidence that there ever was a town at Ephesus. It is a fallacy to think so. That Ephesus ever was more than it is to-day, I repeat, is a FALLACY.

VI

SALT

WHAT is salt? It is not a vegetable, and therefore it must be a mineral. Are minerals suitable for food? The pigs will sometimes eat coal, and cows will sometimes also eat the farmer's wife's clothes, but neither coal nor clothes are food. Should we, then, eat salt? Notwithstanding what I have written, all the world will exclaim, 'Why, yes, of course!' The man who dares to question the propriety of eating salt will be reckoned an idiot. Let us, then, look into this question a little.

Why should we eat salt? It is in no sense a natural, but an acquired taste. Children will not eat it. I was once staying with a friend at Cambridge, and at dinner the mother was badgering her little daughters about salt. They would not touch it and did not care to take it, but she simply forced them to eat it. I asked her why she did it, but she did not know why. It was customary, and this was a sufficient reason. It is customary with some people to get often drunk. Does that make it good? It does not follow that a customary thing is either good or useful.

Why eat salt? It enters into the system. Does it? We find it in the blood and in the milk. Do we? We are told there is 7 per cent. of salt in cow's milk and there is 4 per cent. in human. Most people eat a lot of salt;

cows eat none.⁷ How is this? It is clear that the salt that is found in the blood and milk—it is properly, I believe, called salts—is vegetable matter, and not mineral at all.

Why eat salt? It makes the food taste better. Does it? I never take salt with my food, and prefer it without. The cook boiled the potatoes the other day for dinner, and forgot to put any salt in them. I found them ever so much better. It is a mistake to suppose that condiments improve the taste of food. They do not. Many years ago, one of our farmers said to me: 'What is the use of our trying to produce nice-flavoured meat for you? You cannot tell what it is like, you use so many condiments with it.' I felt the force of this logic, and from that day never touched any condiment or pickle. These things are not food.

These things, indeed, simply vitiate the taste, and create a dislike for natural food. The natural taste of a child, as a rule, is for sweet things, but salt and the rest of it removes it. By-and-by his tastes become gross, and he cares for nothing so much as animal food, tobacco, and beer. Is he happier? By no means. These things, unlike wholesome food, create appetites which never can be satisfied.

Why eat salt? Animals eat it, and so it must be right. Do they? I go about the world a great deal. A few years ago I was staying at Bad Boll, near Stuttgart. I always keep my eyes open, and like to learn from all I see. There was a cow-farm close by, and I went over it. The proprietor accompanied me, and explained things to me. As we went through the cow-sheds, I observed the cow-man sprinkling some dust on the fodder. 'What is that for?' I asked. 'Oh,' he said, 'that is to make bone.' I said, in very significant tones: 'To make bone!' I am quite sure the cows would have preferred to have had their fodder without the dust.

When I was in New York, listening to a revival preacher

RIGHT!

Good

in a Wesleyan chapel, I heard a story about a herd of cattle crossing a prairie to get at some salt. The cows otherwise, he said, would have died. The preacher made use of this to illustrate a point; I need not say what—preachers often use funny illustrations. I heard a preacher describe a placid scene, where no breath of air was felt, as one, not of rest, but of stagnation. He then described another scene in which a bird was seated on her nest, built on the forked bough of a tree hanging over the dashing spray, in the stormy wind and tempest, of a mighty waterfall. He said: 'That is rest.' I smiled. I rather think the bird would have been happier in a tree beside the placid lake, all the same. And so with the cows. I think they would have been content to leave the salt if they could have got as much food as they wanted on their own side of the prairie. Besides, did they cross and recross each time they wanted the salt?

But, now, do animals eat salt? The farmers used to think it was good for them; they do not trouble about it now. I used to see, years ago, a piece of rock-salt here and there in the fields. I cannot tell how many cattle or how many sheep licked it; all I know is, that from what they took, it would not amount to more than an ounce per head, if so much, for the whole winter. It was so little, indeed, that it was as good as nothing. It is clear they do not eat it.

We know horses and dogs don't care for it. They will eat sugar, but they will not eat salt.

As to Nature caring for it, here is a point. When we have eaten much salted meat, we are very thirsty. How is this? Why, of course, Nature does not know what to do with it, and so she cries for some means of washing it away.

It is clear, then, on every hand that to think salt is good for us is a FALLACY.

VII

CLEANLINESS

WHAT is cleanliness? Who shall say? We have a notion as to what constitutes it, and this notion gives it a very high position in our estimation; but, still, we cannot say exactly what it means. We have a proverb which says 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' but this does not help us much; for we ask, What is godliness? We answer, Godliness is Godlikeness. But we do not know what it is to be like God. We have some sort of an idea, but that is all.

The truth is, if we would confess it, we do not know how to define a word which explains an abstract idea. We represent it by another word, but this word is equally difficult to define, as we have just seen. The nearest approach to a definition is just a notion.

Cleanliness is cleanliness. We may say, however, that it covers other notions. It is the opposite of dirtiness: it excludes it. But here, again, we are puzzled. What is dirtiness? This only admits of notions.

But now we have notions as to where and how both cleanliness and dirtiness exist. These notions, relative though they be, may be used of persons, places, and things, and we get other and, so far, correct notions of them. We know, for instance, what a dirty person is, and we know

also what to understand when we say a person is clean. Our object just now is to talk of this kind of thing—cleanliness of person.

What is the best way to maintain this most desirable state? There will be here but one answer, I know—the free use of the bath. If you want to be clean, take a bath frequently. This means every morning, and take it cold. Every sane person will take his ‘morning tub.’ This is it exactly.

For years I took a bath twice a day. I had a warm one at night, when I used a great deal of soap. I took a cold one in the morning, when I did not. I washed my head with cold water every morning. Of course, I was clean, but was I wise?

It is very strange that we think that bathing—rather, taking a bath or baths—is not only the proper way to keep clean, but it is also the best way to make ourselves well when we are ill. And so there are hydros. It is very strange, too, that our forefathers did not find out these things. Oh, but they did; and if they did not, we are wiser than they.

Our own forefathers did not find them out. There are evidences that the Romans, in the most luxurious time of their existence, were famous for their bathing establishments. This is suggestive, and seems to indicate that we have attained to a like condition. Yes; but the luxurious state, in the case of the Romans, preceded their ‘decline and fall.’ The thought is more than we like to entertain.

This morning, at breakfast, one of the friends said he took a Turkish bath twice a week, and he found them so enjoyable. ‘Yes,’ I said, ‘and some people find whisky and tobacco very enjoyable.’ He was a teetotaler and non-smoker, and no doubt thought a curse was in the use of these things. And yet, perhaps—who knows?—they may

all be classified as luxuries and not essentials—the bath and the whisky too.

But let us look at the bath first as a curative agent. We ask, and not improperly, Is it this? Many people would look with astonishment, and think the person extremely ignorant who could ask such a question, and yet I have been in many bath establishments, and taken the baths too. I have stayed for weeks at Aix-les-Bains. I have seen the people carried backwards and forwards every day for a long time. I have stayed at Leukerbad too, and sat with people at table who have spent five hours per day in the bath. I have had experience, too, of many other places, and may say that I have gone into the question; and I say it deliberately—the good is more picturesque than real.

When I was staying at Royat, a bath establishment in central France, I met a Greek constantly. He was the same one day as another, and never any better. I talked to him one day about the place, and he said to me: 'Les eaux de Royat ne donnent ni la santé, ni la vie: elles y aident un peu'—The waters of Royat give neither life nor health: they help a little therein. I said, 'Yes, a very little.'

I ask myself the question, How can water touch an organic trouble? I ask in vain. Can water heal a broken leg? We say the question is absurd. And so it is. But what is consumption but broken lungs? What is heart disease but a fractured heart? How can water touch these things? How again can water touch deranged organs? We ask again and again; but no answer comes.

Oh, but people come back better! Do they? Some do. Yes, and what is the matter with these few? We shall find in every case, where there has been a little improvement, it has been nothing more than a little easement

of some kind, which has been brought about as much by the change and anticipation as anything else.

A little while ago one of our neighbours, who had recovered from an attack of rheumatism, went to Matlock. I saw him a few days after his return. I questioned him as to the good he had derived. He simply observed: 'A change generally does you good.' I plied him with further questions, but failed to elicit any opinion as to any real good he had derived. He fenced with my questions, but he acknowledged that it was but little for he said, 'You know, my father suffered from it.' That is just it, and so there is no real remedy.

No, no, I cannot think that the bath is any real remedy. I do acknowledge that, as it seems to make us better for the moment, so we fancy it effects permanent good.

But now, what shall we say of the bath as an agent of cleanliness? Of course, it takes away all dirt: we must admit this. But it does something more—it takes away also what we should not permit ourselves to lose. And what is this? The animal fat.

I was talking to an architect one day at Heidelberg on the subject of the bath. He said, 'The pores of the skin are a perfect system of drainage.' We can easily understand his talking in this way, but he continued: 'Nature takes care of herself. As soon as we have washed out the animal fat from the pores, she refills them; and this she does for protection.' Now see what we do. As soon as Nature has succeeded in filling the pores, we set to work to get the fat out again. Soap easily mixes with the fat, and the water as easily washes it all away. In this way we leave the body without any protection. We may be sure that Nature would not fill the pores with fat if she did not need it. Nature, as a rule, does not waste her energies. She would not place this fat there if she did not require it.

We do not know all her reasons for doing it ; we cannot know. We may fairly assume, however, that the reasons are those of protection. In any case, the reason is a good one. To remove the fat as fast as it is deposited must lay great strain on her resources. And this, again, would mean weakening them. I cannot but feel this kind of use of the bath is, therefore, pernicious.

What must we say then? Is it better to be dirty than clean? We may not say this. Should we take no baths? This is a different question. We should keep ourselves clean without removing the fat. How is this to be done? Wash without soap ; sponge well. Take a cold bath, if you will, only leave the fat in the pores of the skin. This seems to be the sum, as well as the logic, of the whole matter.

We will not say that cleanliness is a fallacy, but we do say that our method of effecting it in our persons is nothing less than a complete FALLACY, though of the bath in another aspect we shall have something to say by-and-by.

VIII

THE BAROMETER

I USED to have in my study years ago a barometer which I constructed myself. It was a very simple one and served the purposes very well. I took a bottle, a transparent glass one. It was one which the confectioner had used for sweets. I filled it three parts full with water. I put a cork, with a hole cut in the centre, into the mouth of this bottle. I inserted a flask—a salad-oil flask—through the hole of the cork. It entered the water about an eighth of an inch. In fine weather the water would rise in the pipe of the flask; in bad weather it went down. It would rise very high and sink very low. The changes accurately indicated the changes in the weather. I think it was more delicate in its construction than the weather-glass—the barometer—and seemed to me to act better.

The ordinary wheel barometer is constructed on this principle; but the part of the mercury which is exposed to the air allows us to see that there is a very important difference. The common barometer is constructed on the principle that the pressure of the air causes the difference in the rise and fall of the mercury. And so the exposure of the mercury is necessary. The air is heavier in certain states than it is in others. When the air is heavier than the mercury, it rises higher; when it is lighter, it falls. The barometer is constructed on this principle.

Now, I do not say that the barometer is a fallacy, but I do say the theory is utterly false. There is no logic in it at all. I have shown already, in an article written under the title 'Pressure,' that there is no pressure at all in a body *en masse*. There is only pressure when the body is individualized.^p

It will be seen, further, that there can be no pressure on the water in our bottle-and-flask barometer. The water is not exposed to the air, so that it is impossible; and yet it works.

Then the barometer falls when the air is charged with water, and rises when it is dry. Now, the exact contrary ought to be obtained, as will presently appear. The air, so it is said, is lighter when it is charged with moisture, and heavier when it is dry. How can this be? The moisture is either something or nothing. If it be nothing, it will make no difference. If it be something, it must make it heavier. So much is clear. And the barometer should rise for rain, and it does not.

There is, however, this to be said: the amount of air is always the same. A column of air, therefore, will remain the same. The pressure of actual air remains always the same. This must be so; we cannot conceive it otherwise. So far, therefore, as the air goes, there could be no difference in the pressure.

The barometer rises for fine weather, whether it be cold or hot. How now? Hot air is less dense than cold. Cold air should, therefore, make the barometer rise, and it makes no difference. The barometer just now, in the month of November, stands as high as it has stood all the summer. We have just had some very heavy fogs, and it has not moved. And so it appears heat and cold and fogs make no difference to the barometer at all. And yet these things must affect the state of the air. How is this?

It is a well-known fact, too, that, although altitude does affect the barometer, we cannot arrive at definite conclusions from these variations. There is, therefore, a factor at work somewhere and somehow of which we cannot take cognizance.

If anyone will go to the trouble of studying the rules for determining from the barometer what sort of weather to expect, he will find them so many and so varied that the same cause—namely, pressure of the atmosphere—cannot alone determine the falling or rising of the barometer. We do not know. And so we say this: the barometer, for practical purposes, is a fairly good guide. The exact theory of its working is not known. The theory which makes it depend on the pressure of the atmosphere, to my mind, is therefore a FALLACY.

IX

WAR

THERE are many things which may be regarded as neither good, bad, nor indifferent. This is a matter of ordinary observation. May we say this of war?

Let us look at the question in the abstract, and ask, Is war right—any war? Ask a child; he will say No. What says Christianity? It does not answer the question as between nation and nation; it does answer it as between individuals. It says distinctly that war is wrong. The Friends will not fight; in this they are consistent.

The Friends make no distinction, as some people try to do, between nations and individuals. They regard what is wrong in the individual as wrong in the nation. It is murder to kill a man, and it is murder for a nation, through its heroes, to kill a number. There are some people who say war is not murder; to kill a man is battle—that is, is not murder. The Friends do not split hairs in this way, and they say all killing is murder. Are they right?

What say the Scriptures? There is only one answer: the Friends are right. Let us see this. The commandment is, 'Thou shalt not kill'—rather, Thou shalt do no murder. This is absolute; it forbids destroying life. The New Testament goes much further than this. It says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' And neighbour means

everybody. 'Love worketh no ill to his neighbour.' The Saviour says, 'Bless them that curse you : bless and curse not,' and much more to the same effect. St. Paul says, 'If thine enemy thirst, give him drink.' He also has much more of the same kind to say. It is clear, then, that war is contrary to the spirit of Christianity.

But, now, in this case we must take no cognisance of evil of any kind. This would mean no policemen and no soldiers, no prisons and no reformatories, and no discipline of any kind. He must do only acts of love and mercy. This is the plain and clear outcome of Christianity.

And, of course, if it could be done, the state of the world would be a happy one. A spirit of love pervading everywhere, and the groundwork and principle of every action would make a very paradise of this earth. Would it? On the face of it, we must confess there is every appearance that it would be so ; but, now, is it possible? Does the nature of man permit this kind of thing? Let us see.

Can we do right? Can we say what right is? If we can, then love to all is possible.

Our neighbour, as good a man as need be, says : 'It is impossible to do right in business. I want to do right, but I cannot.' I asked another neighbour if it was possible to do right. He said : 'Yes, when you are selling by weight it is fairly easy, but when you are making a bargain it is very difficult.' If a man in business considered his neighbour first, he would soon have no business to carry on. The very essence of business is self-interest, and not the good of the public. It is easy to see that this is so, and must be so.

Then, in the ordinary affairs of every-day life, it is perfectly impossible, however much you may wish, always to do right, it is often impossible to know what is right, and, with the best intentions, men often do wrong. Honest

men are the noblest works of God, but how rarely are they to be found! And yet men like nothing so much as to be honest. I do not believe it for a moment that men, as a rule, prefer to deal unfairly. I have come across instances in which young men have thrown up their occupation for the very simple reason that they found it impossible to do right.

Then take the men who call themselves Christians and see if they are better than others. As a rule—there are many exceptions—they are worse. A grocer said to me, the other day, 'If a man comes into my shop, and begins to talk religion, I button up my pockets at once.' And a farmer said to me not long ago, 'If I ever have anything to do with a preaching, praying man, he is sure to cheat me.'

I was asking a friend once about a publisher. I told him that I did not get on very well with those with whom hitherto I had dealt. I thought I might get better terms. He advised me to try a firm—who must be nameless—that sold only religious books. I did so. I will not say how I succeeded, but I may say the transactions would scarcely bear inspection. I will give one item only. I wanted some prospectuses printed, I asked them to do them. They charged me £2. I had had the work better done for 18s. I should say my dealings with business men were honesty itself, as compared with that of these so-called religious men. I am very sorry to say these things, but more sorry to feel that they are true.

And so it appears that it is impossible for men to do right with one another. This being so, it is impossible to do right amongst nations. Nations, however much they may try, cannot deal righteously with one another. Arbitration may settle many difficulties, but it cannot settle all. This is clear.

And so war follows. How many wars have desolated

the homes of our land, and other lands too! There is unhappily a war raging now between our own country and the South African Republics.* Both people are so-called Christian. They worship the same God and trust in the same Saviour. These peoples, therefore, whose religion ought to make them brethren, are at daggers drawn with each other. They pray, too, to their God and trust in their Saviour to give them victory. How can they both receive an answer?

A writer this week† in the *Record*, urging a day of humiliation for our national sins, and prayer for pardon, goes on to say, 'Then let us come humbly before our God, and implore Him speedily to give us such a complete victory as shall insure a settled peace, wherein law, justice, and mercy shall prevail for us all. For this far-reaching blessing let us pour out our hearts before Him. He is not weary of being a refuge for us. His ear has not grown dull of hearing, nor His hand heavy, that it cannot be lifted up to fight for us—and win!'

The writer does not see his utter want of logic in all this. South Africa ought to belong to the Kaffirs, and not to the British or the Boers. We have lived these scores of years and have done nothing so much as work for ourselves. Neither we nor the Boers have tried to lift the natives—at least, if we have, we have done nothing. What are we fighting for? The only answer is—Possession. Can God give success to either side?

There are plenty of people in England who think we have no right to dislodge the Boers. How they come to this conclusion it is difficult to see. One thing is certain—the Boers, if they could, would drive us out of South Africa. It comes to this, therefore, that what is right has little or nothing to do with the question of war at all.

What must we think of the Germans? We have allowed

* This was at the time of writing.

† *Ibid.*

them to grow rich and prosperous at our expense. One would say that this ought to fill them with gratitude. But they are thinking of nothing so much now as invading England. And no one says they are wrong. It is admitted, indeed, on all hands, that, if they can, they have a right to do it.

We cannot, therefore, in determining the question of war, admit the principle of right at all, much less that of religion. And so it appears the only thing that remains is the question of expediency in determining whether we should to-day be fighting in South Africa.* This admits of only one answer—we were obliged to fight. It was more than our place was worth to do otherwise. We need not show this.

But what is the fallacy in the question of War? It would be difficult, if not impossible, to illustrate all the fallacies that obtain with respect to it. Many have appeared already. It is no fallacy to say that it would be well 'if the nations of the earth would learn war no more.' The Bible promises this most desirable state of things. We are, however, as far from it as we can possibly be. The signs of peace, universal peace, are more remote to-day than ever they were. If the end of the world comes when there is peace everywhere, it will not be yet. 'If you want peace,' *on dit*, 'be prepared for war.' And this is exactly it. 'Here we go round the mulberry-bush. . . .' We cannot get away from it. War is war. This is a lesson, as it seems to me, we have all to learn. Herein, too, lies the fallacy I am anxious to point out. I must express it so—To think that war is anything but war, that its horrors can be lessened, that nations will dispense with it, and that universal peace will ever reign on this earth, so long as man is man, is certainly a big FALLACY.

* At the time of writing.

X

REST

I HEARD a clergyman some years ago preach from the text, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He said, in explaining it, that there were two kinds of rest—'rest up' and 'rest down.' We could understand what the latter was, but did not understand the former. He said that we could see his meaning by an illustration. He then pictured to us a woodman, when he had finished his day's work, returning home. He started him with his wallet on his back, and made us accompany him as he trudged along. He brought him to his cottage-door weary with his work and glad to be relieved of his wallet. We saw the labourer taking his load from his shoulder and depositing it at his door. Now, he said, as he jerked up his shoulder to give greater effect to his words, he rests up. He was relieved from his burden.

There is a rest from burdens exterior to one's self, and there is a rest from the burden of self. The latter we get when we lie down. I suppose, then, we have both. This illustrates another point—it shows how difficult it is to define an abstract idea. We have said something about rest, but our definition is far from satisfactory.

What is rest? 'There remaineth a rest for the people of God.' What does this mean? The grave? This is rest

certainly. 'There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' But this is a rest that no one longs for. Oh, but there is a world beyond the grave! 'There is beyond the sky a heaven of joy and love. . . .' Ay, but then we read, 'They rest not day or night.' It may be that we should weary of the continual monotony. Who knows?

Is it to rest to sleep? We are then unconscious of all that goes on. We are shut out from the world and it is shut out from us. Some of the functions of life proceed, for otherwise we should cease to be. We are unconscious of this. This would seem like complete rest; and so, perhaps, it is. Of this we have no enjoyment meantime. The enjoyment comes when we wake and we feel all our strength renewed. In this case the enjoyment is not in the rest so much as in the pleasure of possessing greater vigour.

We ask again, What is rest? To many it is sitting absolutely still, doing nothing at all, not even ruminating. This to many is impossible. It would be anything but rest to remain quiet for long. Their powers seek for exercise, and they are only satisfied when they are in it. What now?

It would seem that rest to one—what would be rest—is torture to another. And so it is clear rest cannot have one and the same meaning for all. How delightful it would be to feel that there would come a time when all would for ever enjoy that which would be for them a rest! But then no one wishes to cease to be. And that is what rest really means. We only rest here for a time to renew our strength for further exercise. Beyond we never rest. What then? Here we exercise our powers till we are weary, and then we take rest. We cease, that is, to labour, and sleep. We wake again and work. We are well and vigorous. Now we have perfect rest of mind and the body is better for it.

This, it would seem, is the climax of happiness, or ought to be.

From this it follows that our present life, alternating labour and quiet, is all that we could desire. There can be nothing better; and yet we long for something better. I have lived all my life for it, in the enjoyment of it, often by anticipation. It was a rest, however, of constant happy service. I fancied and dreamed about this happy state, and sometimes seemed already to enjoy it. This was a real rest—the rest of glory and joy and peace. I do not feel this now that I am growing old, and yet, if this be not rest, any other idea of it is a FALLACY.

XI

JERICHO

WE read a great deal about Jericho in the Bible, both in the Old and New Testament. We have drawn a fancy picture of it. Then we have had to think of it, first, as a walled town, situated near the Jordan, not far from the Dead Sea. It was occupied by a mighty, though a wicked, people. Now it appears in ruins. The rams' horns, blowing a great blast, have levelled its high walls, and the people of God have ransacked its building, devoting the city to destruction. It lies waste for years and is then rebuilt. But the builder pays the penalty involved in the curse pronounced over it—he loses both his sons. The one dies when its foundations are laid, and the other when its gates are raised. So it continues through many generations.

Time passes on and a new era is ushered in. The Saviour moves about Palestine, and Jericho is a modern city. Zacchæus resides there. One day, as Jesus was passing along one of its streets, he climbs up a sycamore tree, being short of stature, to get a better view of Him. And, on another occasion, blind Bartimæus, sitting by the wayside as He passes by, hears the bustle and cries after Him. We picture to ourselves now a more modern city, alive with people rushing to and fro. Many and many a time we have pictured to ourselves the scenes which these

latter incidents have suggested. We have made contrasts, and our fancies have made themselves very busy. We have looked on all sides of things, and deduced for ourselves many lessons for our guidance in the affairs of this life. The Bible has been our *vade-mecum*, and we have thought ourselves safe in walking along the lines it lays down with so much and so real authority. Ay, but one stroke of fact brings down, as with one fell sweep of the magician's wand, all our fancy pictures. Such is life!

I have been to Palestine, and have been conducted to the very spot in which, as I have supposed, this mighty, though changing, Jericho has stood. And, alas! it is not there! Not there? No, not there! Not a stick or a stone marks the spot where the mighty Jericho, the first assaulted city of the warriors of God, stood. No Jericho!

How is this? Did Jericho never exist? It does not exist now, and there is something more to be said.

The site of Jericho is near the Dead Sea. The Jordan pours, so it is said, 6,000,000 tons of water daily into it. I do not see how it can be easily ascertained how much, exactly or nearly, the river does carry into the lake; but a tremendous quantity enters. And all this water is evaporated. What now? Why, of course, the heat is great! All this quantity of water has to be lifted up again, as there is no outlet. We cannot imagine the heat of the place. The Dead Sea is 1,200 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and hence the heat. It is impossible, therefore, for anyone to live there. After the end of March, and before many days of April are past, it becomes impossible to live in the Jordan Valley at all, anywhere near the site of Jericho. This seems to mean that no town could exist there.

But perhaps things have altered. How could they? Lebanon is there with its snow-capped heights. The snow

must melt in summer. The water must run away. Its course is down the Jordan. How could there be any alteration? I cannot conceive how there is any—the least—possibility for things to be very different from what they are.

There may be an explanation somewhere, but I do not see where it can lie. I have sought in vain for one; for it seems to me that nothing is more desirable than to clear away these difficulties. I do not like to say Jericho is a fallacy; but I do say these difficulties are very great, and are, perhaps, insurmountable. Who can explain away the difficulties which seem to constitute the notions of Jericho a FALLACY?

XII

'IPSE DIXIT'

THERE are many men who like to regard themselves as leaders of thought. This obtains in every sphere and phase of life. There are religious leaders, political leaders, and scientific leaders. It would hardly be true, perhaps, to say there are leaders in art; these men are, as a rule, a little more modest. And, yet, what do we know? What can we know?

Here is the rub: if we knew more we should be much more modest. It is the very fact that the powers of our mind are so circumscribed that makes men so pretentious. They see as far along their lines of thought as agrees with what they wish, but no further. Shakespeare has expressed this idea so, 'The wish is father to the thought.' This is too frequently the only cause of it. And this should not be. This is so obvious that it scarcely needs the saying.

The position, however, borders on the ridiculous. See what it means. 'Je sais,' 'Ich weiss,' 'Io so,' 'Scio,' γινωσκω—I know. Yes, I know. That is it. And it is all in consequence of the mysterious but clever working of as many brains as would fill a 12-inch sphere; no, not 12-inch, but 9-inch. All the time the stupendous *ego* does not realize that there are as many more spheres all working on the same problems and arriving at different results.

This means that the *ipse dixit* should not account for much. There is a saying, 'Vox populi est vox Dei.' Is this so? The *vox populi* is one; the *vox Dei* is one too. The one we know, the other we do not know. We may not say that the one is the other unless we know what the other is too. It does not follow that because all say it that *it* is true. Others may be all wrong, though saying the same thing. Athanasius found himself against the whole world, originating the expression, *Athanasius contra mundum*, and now, perhaps, the most would think him right and the world wrong. The Christ was in the world alone. 'He came to His own, but His own received Him not.' Where are we now? If the world could determine the meaning of His words and think as He thought, then men would 'be all of one mind.' There would in this case be no room for any *ipse dixit*; but men do not and cannot so think. It follows from this that there are more occasions for the *ipse dixit* in the matter of religion than in anything else, perhaps all else, besides.

'Many men, many minds.' We may see this illustrated at every turn. Place a Radical and Conservative together, or a Dissenter and Churchman, and set them talking on their favourite topics, and it will soon be apparent. But we need not go so far. We may set two Radicals, two Conservatives, two Dissenters, or two Churchmen, and it will soon appear that they each have more than one *ipse dixit*. It would be easily possible indeed to count on your fingers the points on which they are agreed. The *ipse dixit* would soon make its appearance. 'He maketh men to be of one mind in a house.' If this be true at all—I do not say it is not true—it can only be to agree to differ.

I have often, indeed, had a young stripling telling me that he must beg to differ from me. The point has been one on which I have thought for years, and to which he

could scarcely have given any thought at all. I have just sent away a young person whom I have treated for a certain trouble. She was better for what I did with her, and allowed that the course of treatment she received from another man was wrong. She had scarcely returned, however, before she expressed her *ipse dixit*, and it took this shape: My methods were wrong. She was ill when she came, and comparatively well when she returned. I could illustrate this point with many incidents quite as ridiculous as this one. Whereto, then, do our remarks tend? Clearly to this—There is always a danger that implicit reliance on any *ipse dixit* is a FALLACY.

XIII

COAL

THE principal element in coal is carbon. The same may be said of diamonds. How is it that carbon should be found in the shape of coal at Newcastle and in that of diamonds at Kimberley? We cannot answer the question. I have never seen any attempt made, and yet our men of science are very clever, and can explain most things. This is a small matter. Why do they not make the attempt? They can tell us how the moon came into existence; why do they give no explanation here?

They have answered a question, solved a problem infinitely more difficult about coal—they have explained its formation. They tell us coal was once a forest on the surface, and that it has been converted into coal. Coal, in other words, was once wood. Now, is this so? Let us see.

If it was once wood, there must have been a period when it was converted. When was this period? Ah, thousands and thousands and thousands of years ago! But how do they know this? Ah, but it must have taken ages, because it could not be otherwise. We have absolutely no data here at all. Besides, we know two things about wood: (1) It returns to dust after being in the ground a few years. Some woods, 'tis true, last longer than others, but this is

only a question after all of a very few years. (2) It occupies almost no space when it does so return. It could bear, in other words, no superincumbent mass. Is there any evidence of this kind of thing? Yes, any amount. It may be seen any day almost in our churchyards. The coffins, after a few years, all crumble to dust and are very difficult to collect again. It seems that twenty years suffices, or thereabouts, to pulverize the stoutest wood. In Switzerland they throw quicklime into the grave, and they hope in five years to use the ground over again. This evidence, if any evidence can be, is complete. And so we are in a position to say the theory does not hold.

Then we are told that the pressure of the earth upon the forest has contributed to the formation of the coal; but in the article on pressure we have seen there is no truth in the theory. There is no pressure; there is pressure only when the mass is individualized. This theory, therefore, does not help in the least.

But there is a point which our friends have overlooked—the difficulty of getting the coal 300 yards or so beneath the earth. How was this done? Why, of course, the thing is impossible. We need not go any further.

We must, indeed, say about coal as we have to say about many things, we do not know how it came about. This thing is certain: that it ever was found in the shape of forest on the surface of the earth is a complete FALLACY.

XIV

MIXED DIET

WE are always told that a mixed diet is best for men. No reason, however, is ever given. The dicta of men who account themselves wise are too often given. This would do if men always thought, but as they, for the most part, only fancy, it is as well to give a little consideration to the point. Why is a mixed diet best? I venture to suggest that no reason can be given but this—we like it. Is this a good reason? Is smoking good? Is opium good? Is whisky good? We like all these things, but we know, if we will only confess it, that they are not good. The reason, therefore, is not a good one. We do not say that it is bad; we may not say it is indifferent either. It is better to say it is no reason at all. And now there is nothing left for us but to examine the question, Is a mixed diet best for us?

What are we? There is only one answer to this question—We are animals. Oh, but we stand at the head of creation! What of this? Does it constitute a reason for a mixed diet? Is there anything in our nature to differentiate us in this matter from other animals? If there be, what is it? We ask these questions in vain. There is absolutely nothing in the question of difference that argues for a diet other than that which supports animal life.

What harm is there in a mixed diet? This is another question which may be difficult to answer. I cannot say. A mixed diet may be harmless, or it may not. Experience, however, seems to be against it. What is our experience on this point?

First, what do we learn from men? The Highlander lives for the most part on oats—rather, oatmeal—and he is a strong and long-lived man. The Italian labourer lives for the most part on polenta, made from maize. He is a strong man. The Irishman's staple food is the potato. He is by no means weak. It would be difficult to say which of these three is the better—rather, the best. We can only say they are none the worse, and so, perhaps, it is possible they are all the better.

But we are told that the Zulus live for the most part on mealies; they do not eat much else besides. They take, too, only two meals per day; and they are very strong, and live to a good old age. Of course, in all this we must allow that there are other factors at work, which may tell either for or against the argument. The Zulus, for instance, do very little work. This, however, may be good or otherwise; we do not know; it is very difficult to say.

The upshot of our examination of the question—so far, at least, as man is concerned—is that a simple diet is best for him. We often hear it said, 'Plain food is best for us.' By plain we mean simply, not elaborately, cooked. This, however, is not the question. A plain diet may be very much mixed; and this is the point in question. We are only in a position to say that the facts seem to indicate that simple—that is, single—food is best.

What assistance does the animal render us? The more we examine, the more the evidence is in this direction. The carnivorous animals all live on flesh, and would not eat other food unless driven to it by hunger. The

herbivorous animals feed on vegetables. The carnivorous animals, so far as we know, would eat always the flesh of the same beast. Their food, therefore, might be quite single. The herbivorous animals could live always on the same vegetable. Their food, therefore, might be single. There are some omnivorous animals, as the pig; but these, perhaps, would prefer, if they could exercise the choice, always the same food. Here, however, we can get at nothing absolute.

It does not seem as if the animal, even the domestic one, would eat and thrive on a mixed diet. Take an aldermanic dinner, and as each course comes on the table, put a plate of it in a bucket, together with the wine drunk with it. When the dinner is over, and the bucket is well-nigh full, offer it to Polly the mare. She might put her nose into the bucket, but she will not eat it. Offer it now to the cow or the sheep. They will do the same. But give it to the pig and he will eat it up. And yet, it is said, even he would prefer a meal of barley-flour. It is clear then that the clean animals would not touch our food, if they could get other. Some of it they would not touch under any circumstance. The pig alone would eat it up, and he would not do it if he could get other and simpler food. What now?

Well, we cannot speak with absolute authority; but the evidence points to one direction only, to simple food,* to food, indeed, whose nature, if not the same, is similar. We may, therefore, say that if a simple—single—diet be not best for us—and I would suggest fruits—yet we may say that to affirm mixed diet is next door to, if not really a FALLACY.

* Lucas Meyer was the first of the Boer Generals to arrive in this country after the war. He is a fine figure of a man—tall, dignified, and simple. After living for two years on mealie pap and enjoying the best of health amid the hardships of the campaign, he was no sooner restored to the normal diet of civilization than his health gave way. He was ordered to Carlsbad, but only to die.

XV

BABYLON

WHERE is Babylon? Did it ever exist? On what authority? Is it reliable?

'Babylon is supposed to have been situated on the Euphrates, by which it was divided into two parts . . . connected by a bridge 1,000 yards long. The walls are said to be 60 miles long. In this way, it was as large as all the capitals of Europe, nearly, taken together. It was laid out in 365 squares intersected by 25 streets. The walls are said to be 200 feet high and 75 feet wide. A trench 200 feet deep surrounded the city. The towns and palaces were many, that of Belus was 600 feet high. And there were hanging gardens.'

I have culled these facts. They carry refutation on their face. How could such a city be found in such a place? I cannot discover that the district is anything better than a wilderness. But, even if the country were the most fertile under the sun, it could not have been so large. Did ever such another city as London exist? How then Babylon?

Then how could they build such walls, dig such trenches, or erect such buildings? There are very elaborate descriptions of the hanging gardens, but it is impossible to understand them. What can they be? Someone asked me the question once and I said, 'I do not know, unless Nebuchad-

nezzar took an acre of ground and hung it up by the four corners.' No, no, it is impossible in the nature of things that such a city as Babylon ever existed.

Then the facts of the history of it are impossible. I mean they will not fit into other facts. In Gen. x. we are told the city was founded by the great-grandson of Noah—Nimrod. This of course cannot be. If the world were destroyed by a flood there would be no people in it to build a city. How could there be? And there would be no one to inhabit it. The story is ridiculous. Then the city is said to have been built 3800 B.C. In this way it was built long before it was founded!

Such a city as Babylon would leave ruins behind it, and there are absolutely none. Athens and Rome have their ruins, which are about contemporaneous; but Babylon has none. This objection is fatal. Explorers have done their level best to discover ruins of ancient Babylon—traces of it—but they have not succeeded.

It is spoken of in Scripture. This is true. It occurs in the history of the Jews, in the Prophets, in St. Peter, and in Revelation.

The Books of Kings have frequent reference to it. The King of Babylon invaded Palestine. There are two objections against this: (1) It was too far away. It was utterly impossible in those days to transport armies so far. Besides, the district would not afford food and support for armies. Sennacherib is said to have lost 185,000 men in one night. Palestine is not large enough to support such a number. It is not larger than half Wales; how could such a host of men find camping room? It is too ridiculous. (2) Palestine is such a poor country that it could not be worth invading. There is scarcely a more unfruitful country under the sun. An army could not find food in it to subsist upon. The rest of the history is on a par with this.

*Cambyses led
an army farther*

Let anyone try to understand the Captivity and he will find it impossible to connect the history.

The same kind of thing is true of the Prophets. Daniel, for instance, requires for his wonders and dreams to live through three dynasties and the lives of five kings! The bare mention of these things is enough. How can such things be?

St. Peter speaks of 'the Church which is at Babylon.' Now if there were a church, there would be a city. Where is it?

The reference in Revelation is difficult to understand. We will not try to do it.

It is true pages on pages have been written about Babylon; but that there ever was a city corresponding to the description and history is apparently a FALLACY.

XVI

MEMORY

I CALLED yesterday at the post-office and had a little talk with the young man there. He is a very thoughtful young fellow, and was just ruminating on memory and its wonderful powers. It seemed to afford him some food for reflection. It occurs to me that, though it does not quite fall in with our object altogether, it might not be amiss to talk about it. We shall find, perhaps, that our notions respecting it are not quite what they should be. On this subject, as on most others, we do not let our thoughts run out to their logical issue.

Why is this? It seems to me there are two reasons. (1) We settle our standpoints before we set out. The theologian, for instance, takes it for granted, amongst other things, that we consist of three elements—(α) body; (β) soul; (γ) spirit. The scientist, nowadays, starts on the principle of evolution. This is a foregone conclusion. (2) We are careful to avoid certain conclusions. The theologian must avoid materialism. The scientist will not arrive at the theory of creation, or design in it. These things should not be. We should examine things fairly and squarely, whatever the conclusions be.

I must here acknowledge that I have erred as much as most in these particulars hitherto; but an illness from which

I am suffering has led me, as it has many others, to see things from their true standpoint. I now examine things as they are and not as when seen through a particular medium. I do not see any good in making things square with some particular theory, if the theory be not based on facts. The usual method is, 'In all probability the facts are . . .' And the rest, whatever it is, follows. It looks very well as a theory; but what better does it make us? What is truth? To get an answer to this question, whatever it is, should be our aim and object.

What then is memory? It is that faculty by which we can again present to our thoughts things which have been in them before. These things are of very many kinds. A fact, for instance, may have been there. They may have been busied with scenes or occupied by theories. Persons too might have been their subjects. Well, then, memory is the faculty which reproduces these things—or any idea. It reproduces it so that the thoughts and affections may be almost, if not quite, as really concerned with it as before. It can do this as often as we like, wherever and whatever we are.

Memory is one of the great sources of our pleasure. It is this faculty which enabled an anonymous poet to begin his poem, 'My mind to me a kingdom is.' It recalls the scenes of our youth. It enables us to feast our eyes on the many scenes which have passed before us in our travels in far-off lands. It reproduces for us the interesting conversations which we have had with intellectual friends. It recalls the stories, histories, and truths we have read in books. It is not easy to estimate the 'pleasures of memory.'

But it is also the source of misery. No man's life is unchequered. 'The course of true love,' says the proverb, 'never did run smooth.' The saying may go much further than this. The story goes that a country rector was once

describing the happiness of his married life to a dean. He added, 'We have been married a good many years and we have never had a quarrel; what do you think of that?' The dean replied, 'Mighty dull!' The rector's experience was a rare one. Life is not after all so full of pleasure. Job was nearer the truth when he said, 'Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.' The sparks, however, do not always or often fly upward. But memory reproduces also then the unpleasant and heavy things of life. It is double-edged and cuts sorely very often on this side. So much so that we may also speak of 'the miseries of memory,' only for the power we have of directing it.

But whereof is the memory a faculty? The answer we shall at once give to this question will be this—It is a faculty of the mind, of course. And the mind is a separate entity. Who would ever think of describing it as a faculty of the body? We open up now a very large question, which we will not discuss. We may recur to it again.

We will only notice one or two things further in connection with it. Memory grows with man. It is vivid in infancy and youth. It is retentive in early manhood. It reproduces easily in old age the scenes and circumstances of youth, but almost forgets at once those that transpire in it. It fades and dies away with decrepitude. It would seem then that memory depends on animal life.

But now and here is the point. Animals have memory. The cow remembers where last she saw her calf. I was told a good story the other day about a cow. The owner wanted to sell her calf. It occurred to him the best way to get the calf to the purchaser was to take the cow and calf together. He did this. The cow returned; but the calf was left. Next morning the owner lost his cow. He searched everywhere, but could not find her. By-and-by he discovered her in the purchaser's yard. She had broken

out of the field, and travelled some nine miles in search of her calf. It is plain she had memory.

Horses have memory too. They know the way to their stables and to the fields where they graze. They know, too, when to stop. It is not long since I drove the mare to Kettering, and, though I did not come the same way home, but by a way the horse had not lately been, she knew where and when to turn. Horses, too, know their masters. They can distinguish between persons. I saw not long ago our little grandson perilously near a horse in the paddock ; but the horse was quite willing to be fondled by him. Horses and dogs will not hurt children. Their memory aids them here.

How many a story I could tell of the dogs. I will only tell one. We had a dog, a large Newfoundland, Juno. She was always ready to go out a walk with me ; but never on Sundays. She knew, when the bells rang, it was for church, and she must not go there. On the days when she heard the bells ring she remained quietly at home. She would look up into my face, wag her tail, as if to say, 'I know I cannot go with you to-day.' She remembered bells meant church.

It would be impossible to tell all the things which go to illustrate the point that animals have memory ; but, perhaps, enough has been said. I should like, however, before closing, to notice in detail the points to which to attend, in order to develop the powers of the memory. I will, however, only indicate them. (1) Pay attention. (2) Bring thought in contact with thought.

And now where does the fallacy lie? I do not know that I am in a position to say absolutely ; but I have always regarded it as a faculty of the mind. So now, I do not say there is any fallacy in the faculty ; but I do think that to say memory is exclusively a faculty of the mind is a FALLACY.

XVII

'EX NIHILO NIL FIT'

THIS is a maxim of the philosophers. It means that from nothing comes nothing. The truth seems so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to state it. We admit the truth of it at once. And yet we argue as if the contrary were true.

The theologian, when he thinks seriously, will scarcely admit that it is true. The scientist and the philosopher in their sleepest moments do not hesitate. They know, both intuitively and from experience, that it is true. We do not now purpose to say anything of the theologian, but shall deal with the others, particularly with the scientist.

It ought to follow from the maxim that things are now as they have always been. Is the maxim true? We shall assume that it is. What now? Our conclusions will be always, 'Things that can be made have been made. Things that can grow, have grown. Things that are neither one nor the other, have always been.' This is the logical outcome of the position.

The philosopher has not reasoned so and the scientist does not. He goes on the supposition that things have some way or other come about. He is anxious to account for them. We shall examine his principle by-and-by. Just now, we shall be confined to this one point and try to discover his relation to it.

If we see a house we know it has been built. If we buy a pair of shoes we know they have been made. There are builders and shoemakers, and carpenters and all sorts of artisans, and we easily recognise their work.

Again, when we see an oak-tree, we know it has grown. Walking through a field of wheat we easily picture to ourselves the stages of *its* growth. We know that there is a farmer somewhere and we know that the looks of the field depend very largely on his skill and industry.

But we do not say of a mountain, when we see it, that it was either made or that it grew. We know it could not have been brought where it is. We conclude therefore that it was always there. How is this? We do not see mountains either made or grown.

And so when we go out on a clear night and look at the moon and the stars, we do not suppose either that they grew or were placed there. We suppose that they were always in their places. In other words, we distinguish things produced and things permanent. In our thoughts we do not think of things coming from nothing. We cannot think, indeed, that a world—a star—can come from nothing. Can a pin's head? What now?

Oh, but things must have come from somewhere! Well, but can anything come from nothing? The question answers itself. There is nothing impious in all this.

The Bible does not say that the world came from nothing. The inference may be drawn, and is drawn, but there are no definite statements either way. Now it is just as easy to imagine that the world was always there as to imagine that the matter was always there. This is a point, however, we need not discuss.

There is, however, another point. When I was a child, I heard the question asked by a child, 'Who made God?' I should say that I did not hear the child actually ask it

but I heard of it. The question is natural enough to a child, if it be admitted that all things were made. But we shudder at the thought. And this throws us back on the point from which we started. It justifies, in other words, the maxim, '*Ex nihilo nil fit.*' We cannot conceive how things can come out of nothing.

Locke says 'thought is anterior to matter, therefore there is a God.' I suppose the logic, to be continued, would say, there is an eternity of thought, therefore there is a universe. It lies outside our object to discuss the question of the self-existent One, and we shall not attempt so big a subject. But there is fault in the former part of the statement. We cannot prove it. We do not, therefore, know.

The conclusion from the whole matter is, or seems to be, that our notions of creation, as we now entertain them, that things were made out of nothing, is a FALLACY.

XVIII

COOKED FOOD

WE take too many things for granted. I am reminded here of a very common experience. A man is driving a lot of sheep along a country lane. He comes to a part where there is a gap in the hedge. The first sheep sees it and runs through it into the field. All the rest follow. The whole drove are in the field in a very short time. So it is with men. They easily follow when they are led.

This is the way of it. Some man with a reputation conceives an idea. He gives it out as his opinion. Right or wrong, lots of men follow, as blindly as sheep follow their leader. We try to say this is not true and we are not as bad as sheep; but facts are against us. We may not be as bad as sheep, but we are like them. Have we not the expression 'Leaders of Thought'? And do we not almost blindly follow them?

Eleven years ago Koch at Berlin discovered a cure for consumption. The doctors streamed to Berlin to see this wonderful remedy for this dire scourge of the human race. The newspaper blazoned it abroad. There was a great flutter amongst the quidnuncs. I was bold enough to pronounce that the remedy was doomed to failure from the very first. I tried my very best to get my views of it into the newspapers, but in vain. I may express the logic of the

situation thus : The remedy proposes to cure the disease where it is. This is not enough. A remedy to be real must give the organ power to resist the disease, and this it does not pretend to do. The remedy, therefore, is spurious. What a lot of trouble, to say nothing of the expense, would have been spared, if the subject had been properly thought out ! People would not do otherwise than think it right and try it. How much mischief it has done we shall never know !

But why would not people think ? It is not their province. The doctor has thought it out and he must be right. It is his business. This is a fallacy in part. It is no man's duty to give out his thinking for another to do. And it does not follow that the man in a particular profession can think better than others. Indeed, the opposite may easily obtain. Dr. Koch began his search with the prepossession that there was a remedy to be found in medicine. His starting-point is illogical, because it is outside the sphere of experience, and a man, not a doctor, would see this at once. This constitutes him at once a better judge.

I was talking, soon after the remedy appeared, to a physician in London about it. I said to him, 'Don't you think Dr. Koch's remedy was doomed to failure from the first ?' He did not understand my position, I think, for he answered me, 'Sir Ashley Cooper has proved to a demonstration that Nature will sometimes make for herself a calcareous deposit, beyond which the disease cannot go.' This was really no answer to my question. I did not say this though ; I asked another—'Have you discovered the secret by which to induce Nature to do this ?' Now I received an answer to my question and more. It was a decided No, the secret has not been discovered. This answer implies that there was no inducement anywhere, in Koch's remedy withal, to Nature to stop the disease. True

he meant it to apply merely to making the calcareous deposit ; but it does more. It follows, therefore, that the doctor is utterly helpless before consumption. He can do absolutely nothing. There is a remedy elsewhere, however, and may be, we shall notice it by-and-by.

I have referred to this incident at length in order to show that we must not be led by the nose by anyone. It does not follow that because it is an *on dit* it is right. Koch's remedy, though established by a reputed doctor, and supported by honourable and intellectual men, is now acknowledged by all to be spurious. It may be so with regard to this question of cooked food.

I suppose there is scarcely a man or a woman living that would not be shocked, if told that cooked food was a mistake. Nearly, if not quite, all the world believes that cooked food, and it alone, is good for us. The art of cooking is almost divine, and our thoughts are for the most part engaged upon it. Thousands of pounds are daily spent on it, and yet, after all, it may not be best.

Oh, but we like it. That may be, but that is not a good, if any reason at all. We like many things, as opium, snuff, tobacco, and many other things, which are not good. We must not establish a truth on this principle. It will never do. It is no harm. That is another thing. It is a debatable point ; but, as it is not in question, we shall not consider it.

Animals do not eat cooked food. It would be impossible to cook their food. How could we, for instance, cook the grass on which the sheep and oxen feed ? We could not do it. Besides, if we did, we should spoil it. Tea loses all its virtue by cooking and comes out nothing but leaves we could not eat. This would probably be so with grass.

But would they thrive on some kinds of cooked food ? No, absolutely no. A farmer in this neighbourhood tried

it and the experiment failed. He took two pens of pigs—the experiment could not be tried on any other animals. He fed these pigs on cooked maize for one pen, and uncooked for the other pen. Those fed on the uncooked food did far and away best. This is conclusive evidence in favour of uncooked food.

And the reason is not far to seek. Cooking takes away the nutriment out of the food. We boil cabbage, for instance, and then the virtue is gone out of it into the water. This we throw away. In this way we leave so little that is good in the food that the system can scarcely get sufficient out of it to satisfy its wants.

There is then only this reason left for cooking—We like cooked food, and yet not all. We prefer some food uncooked, as apples, pears, oranges, etc. We could not cook grapes. The case then seems to be established against cooked food.

But there are some things we could not eat without cooking—as potatoes. This is quite true. These things, however, we need not use. There is plenty that we need not cook.

But this may be all true of animals; how about men? We have no experience of any people who live absolutely on uncooked food, and so we cannot argue from it; but we have some who do not cook much; how about these? If we can make it clear that they do better, we shall be arriving at a somewhat definite conclusion. What facts have we?

There are the Highlanders of Scotland. These men used to live a great deal on brose. This was food made of oatmeal. It was just mixed with a little hot water, and that was all. Now, there are no stronger people anywhere.

The Zulus, again, live on mealies. And this they scarcely cook. They just mix it with a little hot water. We are told that they are a fine, even a noble race. What now?

We shall say, We are English and civilized, and it would not suit us. We only mean by this, It would not be acceptable to our taste. This, however, is a thing we cultivate. There was a time, for instance, when I could not eat potatoes without salt. But now I have accustomed myself to do without it I like them better. They are far nicer to my taste now. Habit is the main factor here. I must just notice an incident or two.

Some time ago, one of our girls had housemaid's knee and other troubles. The doctor examined her and supposed it arose from kneeling; but the girl did no kneeling of any moment. She had other troubles and it occurred to me, they all proceeded from the same cause—the liver. And I determined to make her live on uncooked food as far as possible. She ate nothing but apples and brown bread for a fortnight. She drank nothing at all. She never looked so well. She did not like it, however, and would not go on with it.

We had a clergyman—a Welshman—staying with us, with a bad knee and throat. It was 'housemaid's' knee too. I served him the same. He ate in addition a little meat. He drank no water. He took on weight. I thought he looked ever so much better, but he longed for 'the flesh pots of Egypt.' He would not give the thing a further trial.

I was convinced that if these two people had gone on with their diet they would have been well. But as a man, a missionary, once said to me, 'Life would not be worth living if we could not eat'; and here is the reason. Eating, like smoking, is one of our chief delights. I am convinced of this fact that many men and women, too, kill themselves in this way. How many men there are that abstain from smoking and drinking and yet gorge themselves with food. But to one point, though, I could moralize here. Where is the virtue? Does abstinence from smoking and drinking

justify gluttony? This to my mind is certain : where ten die from drinking and smoking a hundred die from eating. We have staying with us now four men. One is a non-smoker and a teetotaler. The other three are moderate in all things. They are the healthiest and likely to live longest. This apart.

A little while ago one of our neighbours, a lady, seventy-five years old, was ailing. She had neuralgia and lumbago. I went to her frequently and stopped the pains. These came back as fast as they were put away. What was to be done? It occurred to me that as the trouble was from the liver, so it would be removed by a change of diet. I said, 'What can we do, Mrs. B——? Your diet already is so modest that it leaves nothing farther to be done; but will you try apples and brown bread?' She said, 'I cannot eat uncooked apples.' The apples must not be cooked and they must be eaten with the skins. So I said: 'Haven't you a mortar?' She said she had. She lived, therefore, on apples and brown bread for four days and drank nothing. The trouble has not returned since. I am convinced in my own mind that our food is more or less the source of all our troubles, and here, if we are to be a strong race, our reforms must begin.

The main and by far the weightiest objection lies in our habits. These are so great, we cannot overcome them. Men prefer a short and a merry life.

But what should our food be? This is a difficult question. I should say exclusively vegetable, and, perhaps, fruits. I mean by vegetable not flesh. There was a gentleman in Lancashire, a Mr. Holden, who lived to an extreme old age, and he lived very much on fruits. But every man must settle this question for himself.

Our point is all but, if not quite, proven, and we may almost say, if not with absolute, yet with pretty much certainty, that cooked food is a FALLACY.

XIX

GOSHEN

GOSHEN is a place named in the Bible. It is that part of Egypt in which the children of Israel are represented as having sojourned when they spent upwards of 400 years there. Whereabouts is it? We will try to find out.

It is said to be 'A fertile section of pasture land in the north-eastern division of Egypt, between the Red Sea and the river Nile. It was allotted by Joseph to his father and his brethren. It was for grazing purposes the "best of the land."'

Robinson says, 'This tract is now comprehended in the modern province esh-Shurkiyeh, which extends from the neighbourhood of Abu La' bel to the sea, and from the desert to the former Tanaitic branch of the Nile, thus including also the valley of the ancient canal. [Here come a few theories.] That the land of Goshen lay upon the waters of the Nile is apparent from the circumstance that the Israelites practised irrigation. . . . All this goes to show that the Israelites, when in Egypt, lived much as the Egyptians do now; and that probably Goshen extended further west than is usually supposed . . . interspersed among the Egyptians. . . .'

I have given only as much of the quotation as serves our purpose. We will now notice the difficulties that obtain.

1. There is no land, so far as I know, and I have been there, in the district that is suitable for pasture.

2. There is no district of that name anywhere. It will be said this point has no significance; but is this so? Have we ever heard of a similar district changing its name in this way? I cannot recall a single instance. We know of many names which are not represented by any places; but we know of no important places whose names have changed.

3. It would scarcely be possible for any people numbering 2,000,000, as the Israelites did, to find a district large enough for them to live in. And how, if it were given them, could the Egyptians be found living among them?

4. It must have been near Cairo. Pharaoh's daughter came down to the river to bathe and found Moses. But it could not be near Cairo and in the Nile Delta too. How, again, could Moses and Aaron go in and out of Pharaoh's house?

It seems to me, then, that these difficulties are insuperable. What then? It would be easier to imagine than to describe the results, and I will not attempt the task. I will only here say, what seems so obvious, that to think we can easily locate Goshen in Egypt is little short of a FALLACY.

XX

INOCULATION

THIS is a very large subject and one with which it is not easy to deal. This arises from numerous causes. There are so many. Ideas are so various. Prejudices are so strong. It is impossible, indeed, to name the many things which go to make it a difficult subject.

We must not on that account be deterred. The difficulties ought to serve as an incentive to men in their work. He is the man, who battles with difficulties and overcomes them, and not he who whines or faints before them.

We will notice first what inoculation is and then we will see somewhat of its history. We shall then be in a position to reason about it.

It is a surgical operation. Its object used to be to introduce a minute portion of purulent matter into the skin, with the view of exciting artificially a milder form of some contagious disease. This notion is still held and practised. In these days, however, the practice has been considerably extended and inoculation is practised now with other matter and with other objects. It was, and is, practised with the view of protecting the human race from those diseases only which visit the person once in a lifetime. This, in short, is the meaning and use of inoculation.

The practice seems scarcely to have been known in

England till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Lady Mary Wortley Montague seems to have been the first to make much use of it. She went to Turkey and found the people trying to ward off small-pox by it. She had her own son inoculated at Pera. She tried, when she returned, to get people to adopt it. There was great opposition to it till Dr. Jurin took it up. He tried to show that it was a good and useful thing.

In 1767 a Mr. Sutton, a surgeon in Essex, began to practise it. His methods were for the most part secret and very elaborate. They remind one of the operations of the witch-doctors in South Africa. We will not describe them.

We may notice here, what history easily makes clear, that a man has only to hammer away at any idea to procure partisans. He is sure to succeed, if he only continue long enough. There is a story told of a man who stood before Burlington House and reiterating, as he looked at the lion, 'It wags its tail.' At first nobody took any notice; but by-and-by people began to contemplate it. In the end one man said, 'It does wag though.'

Hitherto inoculation had made but little progress; there were but few partisans. It remained for Jenner to do the hammering. This he began to do about 1798 and worked away at it with a right good will. Inoculation took the shape of cow-pox to prevent small-pox. This operation came to be named vaccination.

The cows, it appears, have certain specific sores on their teats and udders. These sores give out certain poisons. It was discovered by accident that this poison, if it were introduced into the blood, would cause cow-pox. It was also observed that if persons had had cow-pox they did not take small-pox.

Jenner made the most of this. It is a matter I have already noticed that if men will only hold an idea in their

minds long enough, it will so possess them as to leave no room for anything else. It was so with Jenner. He could think of nothing but vaccination and talk of nothing besides. He must write a book, and this he did in the year 1798. The idea took and spread. We know the rest. Vaccination was established. It has taken hold of most nations. Now let us examine it.

Jenner's root idea was this—If a man have cow-pox he will not have small-pox. His logic was, Give him cow-pox and he will not have small-pox. Is the logic sound? It seems to me, it would be just as sound logic to say, I see that many men, if they break a finger, do not break a leg, therefore, break their fingers and they won't break their legs. Men will say, the cases are not parallel; but they are. The only difference is that in the one case we do not see the cause and in the other we do. That is all. Now we laugh at the logic. It is just the Scotch story over again, which runs thus—The father says to the son, who is home for his holidays, 'What are you learning?' The son says, 'Logic.' 'And what is logic?' the father asks. The son says in reply, 'Well, you see those two eggs on the table; I can prove that they are three.' 'Ah weel,' answers the father, 'I'll tak' the ane, an' your mither the tither, an' ye can tak' the third.' The logic is just as good. But this logic, I fear, is at the root of a great number of our notions. It would be better, as I think, if it were not.

Why, if this be so, do we not find a matter that will serve to inoculate against all disease? This would be grand. Ay, for we should not die. The only objection to this would be that the world would soon be too full. That apart, it is clear the logic does not hold.

This idea is taking hold of the general mind. Men are already on the track and pursuing it. The doctors now inoculate for many things. They do it, for instance, against

enteric. Our boy and his companion, when they went out to South Africa, were inoculated against enteric. The one took it and recovered ; the other did not take it. The logic of this would be, that the inoculation saved the one and prevented the other dying. But is it so? How do we find this out? To my mind, it is rather that the inoculation did neither any mischief, and one of them was able to resist the disease altogether, and for the other the attack was not severe enough to make him succumb. This is, as I think, sounder logic.

Koch discovered a means of inoculation which was going to save the patient from dying of consumption. There was a great flourish of trumpets when he went out to South Africa to stop the ravages of the rinderpest ; but there was none out there. He was to stamp it out ; but he did nothing of the sort. This is suggestive and seems to say that we take appearances for realities. We are too apt to say, when men are well, that prevention from disease has kept them so. Koch cured neither animal nor man.

This leads us to examine here the principle of healing, rather principles, for they are many.

The allopathic principle assumes to cure disease by introducing another disease into the system. The homœopathic system aims at curing disease by introducing the same disease into the body. These principles are as opposite as the poles are asunder. Which of them is right? Can opposites be equally right? They both claim their trophies and, maybe, they both merit them. Who knows?

There are, however, other methods—the herbalistic, the hypnotic, the hydropathic, the open air, the diet, the Christian Science, the faith healing, the Peculiar People, and what not? It is more than probable that there is some truth—a germ—in each of these methods. The medical man, whose business it is to care for our health,

should look after these things. The art of healing is to a very great extent empiric, and the wise man will look into everything and despise nothing good.

But what now about curing disease by disease? This is the principle of inoculation, hence vaccination is accepted. It is the principle of the two schools of medicine. Is it right? Who shall say? I have looked at it, so to say, long and deep, and can think of no way by which to accept the principle but this—Nature will heal herself. She has a disease and is occupied with it. Give her another and she will be so occupied with it, that the other will die for want of attention. But I must confess, I cannot make this work. I must give it up. I cannot get the principle to work at all. What now? Just this, If the principle will not work generally, it will not work specially. It will not work in the principle of vaccination.

I would suggest, although I run considerable risks in doing it, two things. (1) That the doctor should study health from a different standpoint altogether. (2) This standpoint should be rather what are the principles of health and establish their working, irrespective entirely of disease. This by the way.

We learn two things from vaccination. (1) It introduces disease into the system. This we admit. We concede also (α) That it sometimes resists the disease—the patient is able, that is, to come out of it, and (β) sometimes he is not. We may add, sometimes vaccination does not take at all.

Sometimes the patient recovers from the disease introduced by vaccination. The vaccine takes, the patient is ill, goes through the several stages and recovers. It is well, when all this happens.

Sometimes, however, the patient does not recover. Vaccination does not stop with introducing one disease.

It introduces many. I do not know if it ever introduces cow-pox, but I have known it introduce many other diseases. ^{But} I suppose there are many parents, who know this to their sorrow too. They have had frequently to deplore the loss of their children. I have thought that it was the cause of cancer. We cannot, of course, say this. We cannot say for certain what disease is introduced by vaccination. We only know that healthy people often suffer from various diseases after it, some of which are fatal. Dr. Rabagliati argues that cancer is produced by eating white bread and drinking tea. This may be, but we cannot say. The factors are so many, that we cannot predicate anything positively respecting many things, and certainly not respecting this.

But suppose that the patient ~~do~~ recover and is protected meantime from small-pox: how long will the protection last? Our lifetime? We assume, but we may not assume, that it will last all our lifetime. We are always advised to be re-vaccinated, when the disease reappears. There are just now in London about 300 cases*—300 in 6,000,000—and it causes quite a scare! What an absurd position! And one case occurred the other day at Leamington, and all the people, so the papers say, were rushing to be vaccinated!! This defeats itself, because we do not know how long the effect will last. How can we in this way insure immunity?

But now it will be said that statistics prove the effects of vaccination to be good. This is always an argument *post hoc propter hoc*. A vaccinated man does not take small-pox, therefore vaccination has saved him. The Queen was born before me, therefore she is my mother! We may put it this way, too, an unvaccinated man does not take small-pox, therefore the want of it has saved him. The logic is

* In the spring of 1902.

equally good. Fear often introduces a disease. Vaccination may remove the fear and in this way protect. But are we prepared to accept this and act upon it universally?

During the Gloucester epidemic an Italian doctor, living at Perugia, wrote a very long letter to the *Morning Post* arguing against the act. A doctor in London, I believe, wrote another equally long in reply. The Italian wrote again a most cutting and convincing letter against his opponent. What now? Nothing more. I remember, too, that a letter appeared at the same time, in the same paper, challenging anyone for proof that vaccination either one way or another had anything to do with small-pox. There was, however, no reply.

I may say that I have frequently written against the practice; but have never had my letters published. I do not know, but I sometimes fear the papers are more anxious to please their readers than to disseminate truth.

One more thought, and it is this, The doctors are divided on this question. It appears to me, indeed, that the state of things is exactly this: Some are indifferent, some again are favourable, and others are opposed to it. This would imply that the matter is at best somewhat doubtful.

Since I have thought out the matter, I have argued in this way, Can we suppose that we can mend the Great Creator's work? He brings a child in perfect health into the world: does it need our peddling? I have said that when a man eats a piece of white bread he commits a libel on his Maker; and it certainly seems to me that from this point of view vaccination is an impertinence.

I am not forgetting that our subject is inoculation. I am keeping it steadily in view. I have dwelt so long on vaccination, because it is the most usual form of it, and for a long time was the only one.

Inoculation now is administered in many forms for many

things. A few years ago I was staying at Locarno, where I made the acquaintance of a doctor—an Italian—educated in England. He asked me to meet him in consultation about a man suffering from loss of voice. I need not give an account of the consultation. I only notice it to observe that he inoculated the patient in the back with such filth as made the better part of my nature revolt. I need not say that I did not see the patient improve, and I am afraid, if he did, it would be in spite of the inoculation. I have had some experience, though not very extensive, of the thing generally, and my mind is made up. Inoculation may do mischief, and does much, but it can do no good. *duoh*

The upshot, then, of our examination into this question—and I think I have been fair—is this: If inoculation be not foolish and absurd, it certainly does no obvious good. To think so and trust in it is to believe, as I think, and I have a right to think, in an absolute FALLACY.

XXI

CIVILIZATION

THE opinions as to what constitutes civilization are as many as they are various. It is difficult, too, for anyone to say which nation or people can claim to enjoy it most. And yet it is one of those things which more than most, differentiates the nations each from the other. The French claim to possess it most, the Austrians think they practise it most, and the Americans try to abound in it most. It is difficult to talk of ourselves; but, perhaps, it is not far from true to say, that it is most real amongst the English.

What is it? It is, or is supposed to be, a combination of many things. The main elements will be birth, character, and education. These things, however, act and interact so that it is difficult to say where the influence of the one ends and the other begins.

Everyone likes to be well-born. Oh, to possess 'blue blood'! And yet, what is this? The moment we ask the question, we are in a maze of difficulties. These difficulties are so many and so great, we do not know how to extricate ourselves. We know the difference between a race and cart horse. At least we know what we mean by each term and can easily distinguish in our minds between them. But if we are asked to describe these differences, we are very much puzzled. We cannot do it. We may say, how-

ever, that it would not serve our purpose so well, if the horses were all of one sort. We want one horse of a certain sort for one kind of work, and one of another sort for another kind of work. Horses to suit all purposes must be as varied as the work. All this might go without the saying.

And yet we must try and say what we know. 'Birth' implies, then, that one man is of better blood than the other. Still we are not much further forward, for we are not able to say wherein this consists. The nature is better ; but is this in consequence? Well, perhaps, we may say the nature instead of saying the blood is better. And just as some men of the same nation are better than others, so one race is better than another. One race is nobler, braver, more intellectual than another. The English people are better than the Zulus.

The character of some people is better than that of others. They are distinguished by truthfulness, honesty, industry, thriftiness, more than others. The French peasantry, for instance, are more thrifty than the English. The German people, as a whole, are more thrifty than we are. The English people are more truthful than the French and, perhaps, more honourable. There is a difference in character. Taken as a whole, perhaps, the English character is the best of all.

Then the education varies. The Germans, perhaps, are the ones that excel in this particular. The English and the Scotch are not far behind. The nations generally are making progress in this matter all round.

But when we think out these things we are forced to make two observations. (1) We cannot say exactly what to understand by either of these three elements of civilization or say how much or how little any one nation has of them. (2) We do not know where the one begins or the other ends.

Birth, for instance, could not have and does not have the same meaning for an American as for an Englishman. There are no Lords and Dukes in America. And, I suppose, with the African tribes, it would have no meaning at all. Birth, in short, has only a conventional meaning. It is useful all the same and implies a distinction we cannot ignore. There is much to be said, though we cannot define it, for good blood. The American affects to despise it, but it is not contemptible. A good story is told that an American was taking his son over the show at Islington. They were standing before a famous cow, called the Duchess. The American asked his son if he would like some milk from that cow, and he answered, 'No.' The father was surprised and asked why. The son answered, ' 'Cos lest I should be a Duke.' Ay, but the American lady likes to marry an English lord all the same.

But birth, and this is our point, is indefinable. We know it means the beginning of life, and that it has a large influence on it, but beyond this we cannot much further go. We may not say how many or how few good qualities it covers. The same may be said of character and education.

The terms all cover ideas, and though these ideas are not without signification, yet we cannot define their application. Those things, too, which these terms signify, used to commend men for admission into society. True it is, and, perhaps, sorry it is that it is true, that these things count for less now than formerly. Money, nowadays, is the main thing. Birth, character, and education count for little in comparison with it. Give me money: the rest may go. And yet these things and not money are the main factors in civilization. It would seem as if the ideas are changing with regard to it. Certain it is that people everywhere estimate one another mainly on this question. Nations do

the same. It was not ever so. The French used to pride themselves especially on the point. They don't do it now. Is civilization declining?

But we must come to our point—Is civilization the be-all and end-all of human effort and energy? Are the nations the better for it? We shudder at the question and think that no man, out of the lunatic asylum, could ask such questions. And yet I do ask them and purpose now to get an answer, if possible.

Are civilized nations more moral than uncivilized? Are the English more moral than the Zulus? We blush for shame that it is possible to ask such a question. Well, but I put the question thus to an Englishman, who had lived for years amongst them, 'Are the English more truthful than the Zulus?' He did not know how to answer. I put the question in another form, 'Is the average Englishman more truthful than the average Zulu?' He said, 'I do not know that he is.' I said again, 'Can you as readily trust the Zulu as the English?' He answered me with a downright, 'Yes.' He said further, 'When I went to Zululand first, I could have sent a Zulu anywhere with a hat full of sovereigns and he would have delivered them safely; but he would not, perhaps, do it now.' In other words, the Zulu, so far, was honest until civilization made him dishonest. Perhaps, it is better to say, he was honest until he had dealings with civilized men. It may, however, be said that he did not then know the use of gold, and this was a factor.

A missionary told me that he has known an Englishman offer a Zulu two bags of money—one, a large one of silver, and the other a small one of gold—for a piece of land. The Zulu took the larger bag. Here is civilization taking advantage of ignorance. The Zulu has no idea of the relative value of most things.

It appears then, on this question of honesty, civilization

is at a disadvantage. The barbarian is more honest than the Jew.

But take another view of the matter. The Chinese are generally regarded as less civilized than other nations. They are, indeed, very low in the scale of civilization. They do not think so, but that is another matter. How about their honesty? It is said that a Chinese always sells goods equal to sample. Do other nations more than this? Of course, they cannot. But do they do as much? We know they don't.

There is a story told of an Englishman, who could not get on at the diggings at Klondyke and so he opened a store. He trusted people of all nationalities; but the Chinaman was the only one that paid. Where are we now?

The Chinese are frugal and industrious, modest and honest. We may say something like this of the unsophisticated generally, but not of the civilized.

I heard a missionary from Zululand preach not very long ago. He said in one part of his sermon, 'The English are a godless people.' Then, again, much later in the sermon, he said, 'The Zulus are a noble race.' This led one of the congregation, who put the two sentences in juxtaposition, to say, 'The Zulus should send missionaries to the English.'

Not very long ago an educated man, and a man of gentle birth too, was preaching for us, and he said in the course of his sermon, 'The nigger was very happy and took a great deal of fun out of life.' And further, by-and-by, he added, 'Of course, as he has not heard the Gospel, he will not be punished for not obeying its precepts.' In other words, though there is more in it than this, he does not obey, or do what is right, because he does not know better. This means also that the civilized man does know better and yet does not do better. And so, again, we are in a strait. We

do not know how to give the advantage on the question of morality, to civilization. It would seem, indeed, that the argument lies in the other direction.

We may add to all this the fact that in the question of drink, we have taught them the bad habits. The savage would have been always sober, if we had not introduced him to the 'fire-water.' It is more than possible, too, that we have taught them many more evil ways.

There are other questions. There is that of religion. We will not enter fully into this question. We will only remark that most people say that the heathen is morally no better for embracing Christianity. I overheard two missionaries discussing this point. The one was a Church Missionary Society missionary from India, and the other was a member of the Oxford University Mission to Central Africa. They both deplored the fact that their converts were not any better morally after their conversion than they were before. A great deal may be said on both sides of this question; but we will not say it now. Our subject is civilization. And a civilized person may be easily no better, and he may be worse, than an uncivilized one. So much is clear.

We will not discuss the subject that is generally understood by the term 'morality.' It would be difficult, however, to find a town in heathendom worse, if as bad, as any of our capitals. Go through Paris of a night in summer and see the sights! Go through London any night! Oh, dear! but, I say, we will not discuss it. The more we think it out, the clearer it becomes that civilization has done very little, if anything, in this matter of morality.

Then has it done anything in the social sphere? It may have introduced a few amenities, which, perhaps, make life run a little smoother. Does it, however, make men love one another more? This is a difficult question to answer.

I do not know what to say, but I think that it does very little here. The Zulus, I am told, do not seem either to love or hate. The Coolies, on the other hand, hate most rancorously. The want of civilization does not alter matters, as it would appear, in this respect.

Does civilization improve them? It would seem that there is only one here and there amongst the civilized people that lays himself out to help his more unfortunate neighbour. We see no work of benevolence amongst uncivilized people at all. And I am not in a position to say how much or how little they help one another. I should think, however, it will not be much. Perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to say that everywhere men in this matter are pretty much alike.

Fazy, the editor of the *Temps*, a Parisian paper, said, as he withdrew his strictures on the Bulgarian atrocities, that he did not think a Turkish rabble was any worse than a French or a British one. He was led to these observations from thinking out the Dreyfus case and the Transvaal War. It appears, then, that the animal nature in man is pretty much the same all the world over.

There is now one thing more to say, the signs of benevolence in civilized countries are greater and more frequent than in uncivilized countries. It is, perhaps, nearer the truth to say, as we have just indicated, that they are abundant amongst civilized people, while they are entirely wanting amongst savage nations. But there is a cause for this, and it is the Puritan religion. If we examine carefully, we shall find among Roman Catholic people, there does not exist much benevolence. It is only where the evangelical form of religion in its severest moods obtains, that works of charity abound. True, the Gospel of Humanity, whatever this may mean, is preached a good deal now, and in some measure takes the place of Puritanism, but *it* has had more

to do with benevolence than anything else. The facts of history prove this abundantly.

All this means, as it seems to me, that civilization pure and simple has had very little to do with improving the social condition of the human race.

Then what about the domestic life? Has civilization done anything to improve this? It has made its mark here; but whether it has improved things is another question.

Civilization says, 'Thou shalt not kill.' It does not kill or allow killing. There is a good deal here to be said in favour of it. Killing is forbidden in every form by the laws of civilized countries. Slavery, too, is forbidden. Every man is free to live and free to act. We may do him any act of kindness; but we may do him no harm. This stops crimes by punishment, and the fear of it, but does little further. Of course it has its influence in the domestic life. Parents may not put their offspring to death. This they do amongst savage tribes. The Zulus do not hesitate to kill their male babies. And they also test every infant before they determine whether they will try to rear it or not. They do not think of trying to rear a sickly child. And if twins are born they do not rear both. Parents are pretty much at liberty, in all these things, to do as they like.

At first it seems shocking; but there is a good deal to be said in its favour. We kill horses and dogs when there is very little chance of their recovery. We do this, as we say, to put them out of their misery. It is, perhaps, wiser on the whole that it should not be allowed, but I have seen lots of cases where it has seemed wiser to end the misery. I could not do it myself and I should not like to see it done; but that is another question. I have in my mind now two cases of people still living on in perfect misery, without a single moment's relief, and we say, 'What a mercy it would

be if they could be taken away !' There is but little difference between the wish and the act. And does the reflection that there is no hope sanctify the act? It would seem so.

There is this advantage certainly to the savage tribe: It insures a healthy race. The question has often been debated and all sorts of expedients have been suggested. The savage race adopts the only practical one—they kill off all the weakly offspring. Weakly people, if they grow up, will marry, and weakly parents produce weakly children. There is logic here, and it is wanting in every other expedient. And this, as I need not say, under the present conditions, is utterly impracticable.

But while we notice on the one hand the impracticability of the only plan to produce a healthy race, we must not fail to notice on the other, that it has been practised by civilized nations. The Romans, I believe, left a free hand to the heads of families in this matter. Perhaps, too, in spite of the law, it is practised more than we know. A working man told me, not long ago, that his mother procured a 'sleeping draught' for him, though she did not administer it. I suggested that it was dangerous; but he smiled. The mother's fondness for her offspring happily does not permit this much.

But now what shall we say about civilization as against the want of it? Is a civilized state better than an uncivilized state? We hold up our hands and exclaim, Does reason permit us to ask such a question? We should rather ask, Do our feelings permit it? It is more a question of feeling than of reason. Reason would have a great deal to say on both sides. Let us hear men give their opinion who were not wanting in the powers of reason. This may help us.

Professor Huxley said he would rather have been born among a savage race, than in the slums. He thought, and that with good reason, that his lot would have been much

more enviable. Few of the amenities of life reach the slums, while all the sorrows and miseries of it abound. The vices too are rampant.

There is this further to be said, It is only one here and there, born in the slums, that rises above slumdom. This is matter of experience. And yet we know from experience that anyone who will may rise out of it. And there is nothing upon which so much thought and skill has been exercised. It is now quite ten years since Booth began his efforts of raising the 'submerged tenth.' And notwithstanding all the money spent and work done, there has scarcely any impression been made. I shall, perhaps, have something to say on this point later.

Then Voltaire declared that civilization was a mistake. He affirmed that men were happier as savages. He wrote to emphasize his point. And he was a man who could take in all the circumstances and reason wisely about them. These men no doubt had not 'slumdom' exclusively in their minds when they reasoned about life as they did. They thought of life in civilization as distinguished from life in 'savagedom.' It occurred no doubt to them that 'slumdom' was only civilization without the veneer. This is, however, difficult to say. Things so lace and interlace, act and interact, that it is very difficult to distinguish things that differ. And we are disposed withal to lump things together that should be kept apart.

This, however, is certain that there are not the grades amongst savage men which obtain among civilized people. They are all pretty much on a par and so there are not many, if any, jealousies among them. They do not know more than they see and so cannot wish for things they do not understand.

But let us see where the advantages on the side of 'savagedom' would lie. Take, for instance, the Zulus.

What advantages have they which we have not? They have no houses, but simple huts. This means, they have not to build. They have no furniture. This means they have none to keep clean. They wear no clothes, and so they do not need to make them. They eat but one kind of food—principally mealies—and so they do not require to cook. We might enumerate many other things, which go to show how their labours are minimized. Indeed, it is to almost nothing, so little need is there of work.

The savage, indeed, lives to amuse himself. He does not work, for there is none—almost none—to be done. And we know, because many are agreed in saying so, that he is as happy as the day is long. What now? It is clear that Professor Huxley and Voltaire have, therefore, more than a modicum of reason on their side.

But I shall be answered here, 'Oh, but these gentlemen were infidels!' By this we can only mean that they had not been able to discover God. This is quite true. They could not find God and so did not worship Him. Whether they were right or wrong we will not determine; but this notwithstanding, there is something to be said on their side.

Marcus Aurelius could not find God, though he tried and hoped there was a God. He lived, notwithstanding, the best life he could. He was always minded to do good to the last day of his existence—to work for the good of his fellow-creatures. I do not know much of Voltaire; but there is no reason to suppose that he could not judge of the affairs of human life. He seems, indeed, to have had his share of insight and foresight. Huxley was, so far as we know, not only a moral but a genial man, and worked for the general good. We do not say that Christianity does not make men better; but we do say that some men, who have failed to find in it what they want, are good too. We must not despise their opinions.

We might remind ourselves here that Christianity does not prevent war. This is passing strange, and it has led to the saying, 'The man that kills another is a murderer; but he, who in the name of his Sovereign kills his thousands, is a hero.' This, do what we will, we cannot understand.

We might further say that Christians fight as much—perhaps more—than savage nations. We might go a step further and say that there have been more wars in the name of religion than in any other cause.

We only now suggest these things. We will not discuss them. There was civilization in the world before the Christian era, and there is civilization in many countries to-day without Christianity. And our subject is not religion, but it. Religion may be a good thing, and may serve—does serve to moralize men—but religion will come alike to the uncivilized and civilized. Morals, as the result of faith in a Redeemer, as the teaching of Scripture enforces, alone can commend us to God. 'Without faith, it is impossible to please God.' 'Without Me, ye can do nothing.' I know and appreciate the difficulty of studying the question in the abstract, but I am not afraid to suggest, because of the foregoing and other considerations, it is more than possible our present view of civilization may make of it a FALLACY.

XXII

CONDENSED FOOD

WHAT shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed? These are important questions, which we, in one form or another, have constantly to put to ourselves. It is, however, much easier, as most people find from experience, to ask questions than to answer them. With many people, in these days, it is very difficult to answer these questions. We are not going to answer the whole three questions or even the first. I have already had something to say on food and need not repeat myself. Our subject is 'condensed food,' and I shall stick to my text as much and as near as I can.

It would be an easy matter to settle, and we could do it forthwith, if it were a mere question of 'What do I like?' We know what we like and we know also that what we like is not always good for us. Far from being good, indeed, it is often very bad.

The question, too, would be much simplified, if we could begin life, so to speak, *carte blanche*; but we have a factor with which it is frequently very difficult to deal—habit. We shall, however, by-and-by, have something to say on this point, and so we will not say it now.

All this apart, we wish now to consider the question of condensed food. We shall first ask, What is it? We shall

at once answer, We do not know. We cannot know. We have no means of knowing. It may be this or it may be that, we cannot ascertain. We cannot, I repeat, ascertain. The maker knows, but we do not know. We have to take his word for it and put implicit faith in his honesty. There is great temptation to adulterate; and it would be rather wonderful if there were an unwillingness to yield to it. These are days in which most men are hastening to be rich; and there is no reason to think that the 'food condenser' is less of a fortune-hunter than a benefactor. This would be more than human nature warrants. And we know too that some manufacturers of 'condensed food' have made great fortunes. All this by way of suggestion.

We cannot answer the question, What is condensed food? but we can say what it professes to be. It professes to be all nutriment. This is its principle. It contains nothing that does not enter into the composition of the system. This is a 'very large order,' as we shall presently see, and assumes too much. It is not my intention to take any specific food and examine it, as it is not my intention to regard one man as more or less dishonest than another. I suppose that most of the manufacturers have caught hold of the idea, that such a thing as condensed food is possible, and they each think their particular way the best. So much the better if they get a willing public to listen to their charming persuasion. We have heard of such things as samples sent, with a big cheque, and requests made at the same time for an opinion. The sample and the cheque have been sent together; and, of course, no mention has been made of bribery. The doctor is only human and readily reasons, If I can say the food is good, why should I not? Of course there is no reason, but the cheque is pretty sure to form a very powerful bias. We should like the opinion better and value it more if the cheque were not there.

But what of the principle that is involved in the expression 'condensed food'? Is it possible? I have no hesitation in saying that it is utterly impossible. If I were a rich man I would offer a thousand pounds to the first man who could prove the point. But why is it impossible?

The reason is not far to seek. It is here, We do not know on what principle the stomach selects its food. We have no means of knowing. The difficulties here are enormous. We cannot say of any given man, respecting the particles in any given food, which the stomach will accept and use and which it will reject. It may be too that in the same man the stomach may, as occasion requires, reject some parts of a given food at one time, which, at other times, it might use. There are so many factors here. There is habit. There are the wants of the body. There is also the state of the organ at the time. These factors, and there may be others, would make it impossible to say what the stomach would do with any given food.

This difficulty is much more enhanced when we think of the variety of men. 'As many men as many minds.' We may add to this proverb, as many men as many habits. And habit has a great deal to do here. It depends as much on habit, as anything, whether any special kind of food is likely to do any good. Then there is, too, the difference in constitution, also a great factor here. These circumstances, and there may be others, which have given rise to the saying, and justified it, 'What is one man's food is another man's poison,' create insurpassable difficulties.

We may not, because we cannot, determine the principle on which the stomach selects its food. I suppose, if this could be done, the man who accomplished it would be esteemed the greatest benefactor of the human race, the world has ever seen. A lady said to me the other day, 'We ought to learn physiology.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and

what good would it do?' 'Oh,' she said, 'we should know all about ourselves.' 'But,' I replied, 'we cannot know anything that is useful. We may know for instance that the stomach digests the food and the veins and arteries carry the blood about the body, but we do not know how the food becomes blood.' This is true. It is as humiliating as it is true. We like to think we know a great deal, and it is clear that, after all our searching, we can know but little. We cannot know certainly or even approximately the principle on which the stomach selects its food. This of itself would be enough to justify our saying that 'condensed foods' are, shall I say it? 'condensed humbug.' Well, perhaps, I should not be so severe. We will find a milder term and describe them as a mistake.

There is another thing, however, and a very important one, to notice. It is this—We are not intended to take 'condensed food.' The idea is little short of an impertinence. I used to say to eat a piece of white bread was a libel on the great Creator. It was like telling Him that He did not understand our wants, and particularly how to feed us. We must need show Him this by taking the wheat and preparing it for our use. And if the one act be a libel the other is an impertinence. Let us see this.

We are wonderfully made. The Psalmist says 'fearfully and wonderfully.' We cannot, do what we will, find out the mysteries of our nature. We think we can, but, as in many things, we make a great mistake. We know, however, that many organs have to do with our food. There is the stomach, the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, and what not? It is intended that every one of these organs should have something to do. Nothing can be clearer than that. And the very idea of condensed food is that we should do exactly the opposite—do contrary to the dictates of nature. The idea then is to give the stomach its food already pre-

pared for use. It means practically that the work of the stomach is to be made almost nil and the other organs too are to have nothing to do. As soon as this is made clear the absurdity of the whole thing appears.

A few years ago I had to deal with what I called a 'stammering' stomach. It was that of a middle-aged lady whose stomach refused all food. She had been ill thirteen years, very ill five years, for two and a half years she had lived wholly on milk, and, when she came to me, the stomach rejected the food, as if from a catapult, as soon as she took it. I need not relate the process by which we brought back the stomach to its normal state. I refer to the fact to illustrate the point that, when it is a question of food, we have to take into account, not one organ merely, but every one.

Our case is clear and there is no gainsaying it. We need have no animus against anyone. When the body is in health, we need not, as we have no reason, suppose that 'condensed food' is at all useful. The idea, I dare say, is honestly entertained, but it cannot be justified.

This means, as I intend it should mean, that the manufacture of food for our soldiers at the war, is not, to say the least, wise. Of course, the idea of the 'condensed food,' prepared for them, is to provide it already cooked and ready for use, so as to sustain life at a minimum of cost of labour in preparing and carriage. The idea is good enough and praiseworthy; but from the foregoing considerations is impracticable. But what does experience say? There are many considerations here which would make experience in the matter of little practicable value. I have had none, and have met but few who have had much. One fact, I may state. It is this—When our boy was out in South Africa, he was always glad to get some food. His first idea, when he arrived at Bloemfontein, for instance, was to

go to the hotel and get a dinner. He says he ate seventeen courses. The 'condensed food' never satisfied his appetite.

But what about people, when they are ill? Is not condensed food good for them? We may have something to say on this point by-and-by, and so, just now, we will only ask, How can it be? The probabilities, indeed, are all the other way. There is nothing for it, therefore, as it would seem, but to say, however much it may clash with our tastes and fancies, that the idea underlying 'condensed food' is a FALLACY.

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phr. etc. etc.

XXIII

OCCULT SCIENCE

MANY books have appeared at different times under contradictory titles. I have had occasion more than once to write and show this. We could understand it more readily, if the writers were not men of reputed mental power ; but this fact makes it difficult to understand. A man, who does not think, is sure to make many mistakes ; but this ought to obtain less frequently amongst those who do. And people who write books ought to think. We may, indeed, say they do and must, or they could not write. How, then, do they make mistakes? This is a point, which is not easy to elucidate.

But is it so? We will take two notable examples. There is first Canon (now Dean) Farrar's 'Eternal Hope.' This title is utterly and hopelessly contradictory. How can hope be eternal? In passing through life, we often hope. It is, as we say, the 'anchor of the soul.' But what if we had to feel that in any given case our hope was to last for ever, then it would mean despair, for we should know it was not to be realized. And if we say, But this is not what the good man meant ; the expression implies, the state of things is so with man, that he can ever hope. This does not in the least mend matters ; because it puts no period to his hoping, or gives the least intimation that his desire will ever be gratified. The proverb, 'tis true, says, 'Hope on, hope

ever.' But this does not apply to the same thing in this life, or to anything in the future life. It may mean that we may hope, to the end of this life, that we shall begin a better eventually; but it does not mean that we carry the hope on in the same sense into the other life. 'Hope is lost in sight.' 'Eternal Hope' says, 'No, it is never seen.' And so the terms are contradictory.

And yet Dean Farrar is a man who thinks. I should say, indeed, that there are few men who think as much as he does. He is certainly one of the most prolific and thoughtful writers of the present day. I have never been able to agree with him, and I do not agree with him now; but we must give to every man his due. The Dean thinks, notwithstanding he has used a contradictory title for one of his books. Many people, too, think with him.

Professor Drummond's book, 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' is also a contradictory title. How can a thing which is natural be spiritual? St. Paul says, 'That which is first is natural, afterwards that which is spiritual.' He means that there is a distinction, and that the one is not the other. We do not know how the spiritual comes after the natural; for it would seem the other way about. But that point is not in question. If there be two states—and this Christianity implies—then it is clear the conditions are different. The laws, therefore, cannot be the same. The terms, therefore, must be contradictory.

And Professor Drummond was a thoughtful man too. His book is beautifully written. I thought, when I read it, though I did not agree with him, that his language and mode of thought were exquisite. Many people, too, thought with him. A great friend of mine, and the head of a college, thought it was the book of the age. It, however, has had its day. This is true of most things mundane. They live only for a time.

The title of the present article is contradictory too. I shall not do much more just now than point this out. The expression 'occult science' is an expression which is contradictory. Science properly means that which is known. Occult means unseen, hidden, unknown. Now, how can that which is known be unknown? The juxtaposition of the terms is, therefore, absurd. It is just as bad as saying Protestant Romanism or Christian Socialism. The thing cannot be. We are very much accustomed to this kind of thing, and do not seem to be aware of it. How often, for instance, do we pray God 'to lighten our darkness'? The prayer, when we think of it, is very stupid. How can darkness be lightened? The moment light appears the darkness disappears. Again, we pray God to 'give peace in our time,' 'because it is only Thou that fightest for us!' We ask for peace, in other words, through fighting. And we would have God do the fighting.

The terms, however, are used to cover several things, all of which are only known to those who have special powers. They can see into the unseen. Here, again, we use expressions which contradict each other. These things are Hypnotism, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Christian Science, and Theosophism.

I shall have something to say on each of these points in due course, and so I will say nothing about them now.

A few months ago I wrote to the *Daily Mail* several letters under the heading 'Occult Science.' I showed that there was no such thing. I had some fifty private letters and a number of pamphlets. Some of these letters were very abusive. One man said he 'did not think there was such crass ignorance in this century.' Others, again, commended my letters very highly. One writer characterized one of my letters as the 'essence of common-sense.' Another wrote and sought an explanation on the question

of immortality. He 'had read tons of literature without coming to any satisfactory conclusion. He thought I was just the person to answer him.' I referred the question to the readers of the *Record*, and I am sorry to say that none of us could solve the mysteries connected with the subject. There we must leave it. We cannot solve these deep mysteries. We have opinions; but further we cannot go. Enough has been said to show that the expression 'occult science' is a FALLACY.

orig.
etc → Value i.e. by others

XXIV

TUBERCULOSIS

WE cannot do better, by way of explaining what tuberculosis is, than by quoting at length the following paragraph from one of the dailies. It gives an account of a large and influential meeting held in the autumn of the year 1901 on the subject. We shall learn in particular two things about it. (1) The importance of the subject and the interest taken in it. (2) The nature of it, so far as it is understood. We shall be occupied only with (2). We need not discuss (1) as it is so obvious.

TUBERCULOSIS

OPENING OF THE CONGRESS

Message from the King

Some 2,500 British and foreign delegates have accepted the invitation to the Congress on Tuberculosis which his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge opened yesterday afternoon on behalf of the King. These delegates include many of the most eminent pathologists and physicians of the world; they represent the new science in medicine and surgery, and it may be doubted if the roof of St. James's Hall ever covered a more distinguished assembly. Two years ago the then Prince of Wales, as President of the

National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, nominated some of the delegates who went to Berlin to take part in the first congress on consumption, and it was then impressed on the British representatives that a similar meeting in London was greatly to be desired. His Royal Highness at once gave his sanction, and agreed personally to become President of the Congress. The death of the Queen and his ascent to the throne alone prevented the carrying out of this programme. 'Long live the King!' and however prolonged may be the reign of Edward VII., it is hard to imagine a form of beneficence to which royal patronage can be extended more noble and more promising than this international movement for the abolition of tuberculosis.

His Royal Highness the Chairman was immediately supported on the right and left of the platform by the American and French Ambassadors, the Ministers of Portugal, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Greece, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl Cadogan, Lord Strathcona, the Lord Mayor, Lord Lister, Lord Derby, Sir James Blyth, Professor Clifford Allbutt, and Sir James Crichton Browne, while in the serried ranks which filled the tiers of the great platform were the Duke of Northumberland, the Marquis of Bath, Earl Spencer, Colonel FitzGeorge, Professor Koch, and nearly three hundred other leading representatives of British, foreign, American, and Colonial States and associations. The centre of the hall was occupied by other members and delegates, while the galleries were filled by ladies, headed by the Countess of Derby and other members of the Ladies' Reception Committee.

Mr. Malcolm Morris, the honorary secretary, read the report of the committee, which laid emphasis on the part taken by His Majesty in promoting the Congress, and the assistance rendered by the Marquis of Lansdowne and

Mr. Chamberlain in forwarding invitations to foreign countries and the colonies.

The Duke of Cambridge, whose rising was greeted with warm applause, said : 'It has become my duty to open this Congress at the request of His Majesty the King, who had intended personally to have taken the chair, which under present circumstances he cannot do. While considering it my duty to be here, I am very much in the background with regard to the subject of the Congress. At the same time, I feel a deep interest in the matter and recognise its great importance. Like His Majesty, my whole desire is to assist those who surround me on the present occasion. I trust good results will accrue not only for this country, but for the world, from this great endeavour to reduce suffering and sickness. I am much gratified to see so large a number of delegates from foreign countries, all sensible of the advantages that may be secured for the human race. Though myself ignorant of the details, I am certain that the managers of this great meeting will have proposals to submit to you and to the public of the highest importance to mankind.' (Cheers.)

Having declared the Congress open, the Chairman said he proposed to send the following telegram to the King :

'I have the honour to inform your Majesty that, in obedience to your Majesty's command, I have opened the Congress on Tuberculosis, which is largely attended by home and foreign delegates.'

Shortly before the close of the afternoon's proceedings the following telegraphic message was received in reply from the King :

'I have just received your telegram. I thank you for having kindly consented to open the Congress in my name,

and I am glad to hear the ceremony has passed off so well. Pray heartily thank for me the eminent men, belonging to almost every nation, who have assembled to-day under your presidency, and express to them my earnest hope that the valuable information which they will give to the world, as the result of the deliberations of the British Congress on Tuberculosis, will further assist in meeting that dire disease which has baffled the most distinguished physicians for so long.—EDWARD REX.'

The reading of the royal message evoked warm applause.

Lord Lansdowne, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, tendered a cordial welcome to the foreign delegates, assuring them that it would give his colleagues and himself the utmost pleasure to render them any facilities in their power. In saying this he was expressing the wishes of the whole people of this country. This nation had lately been passing through all the anxiety and sorrow of a prolonged war, which had carried to many of their homes desolation and calamity; but no war that ever was waged brought with it anything like the burden and misfortune which tuberculosis from time immemorial has carried with it to every land. Happily, they no longer regarded the scourge as inevitable. The Congress had come together to devise measures against the enemy of the human race, and he cordially hoped their efforts would be crowned with success. (Cheers.)

Lord Cadogan, representing, as he said, that great constituency which knew little of the scientific questions involved, concurred in the hearty welcome. He spoke also for Ireland, where, in the statistics submitted to him, he was made painfully aware of the large death-rate due to consumption. The men of science in Dublin were resolved to do all they could to arrest this form of disease. In this

matter, as in so many others, the people of Ireland were absolutely unanimous. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor, speaking for the City of London, repeated the welcome, and hoped to see the members of the Congress at the Mansion House this evening.

Lord Strathcona, representing the colonies of the Empire, expressed the pleasure felt in the work which the Congress was about to undertake.

Lord Lister, whose rising was the signal for long-continued applause, spoke for the medical profession in these islands. Thanks to the illustrious man who would address them to-morrow, Dr. Koch—(cheers)—they now knew the enemy they had to fight. They also knew from Pasteur that this enemy, the microbe of tuberculosis, like all others, was incapable of originating *de novo*, but must in all cases be derived from a similar organism. Here there arose a hope, a splendid prospect of prevention; but they did not look to prevention only—they might also seek to cure consumption. In this respect matters recently had become much more hopeful. They were learning more every day of the powers of the animal organism to resist the invasion of the bacillus, and the physician might learn something of the surgeon in this respect. They could sometimes sweep away the bacillus and restore the organism affected to its pristine health. He hoped the deliberations of the Congress would be fraught with good, but the general public must help the physician and the surgeon. (Cheers.) He trusted that assembly of scientific men from all parts of the world would indicate the means by which they would be able eventually to stamp out this great scourge of the human race. (Cheers.)

The following foreign delegates were then presented to the Duke of Cambridge, and they severally expressed the good wishes of their respective countries for the success of the Congress: Professor Osler, United States; Professor

Von Schrötter, Austria ; M. le Sénateur Montefiore Levi, Belgium ; Professor Charles Gram, Denmark ; Professor Brouardel, France ; Professor von Leyden, Germany ; Professor Thomassen, Holland ; Dr. Clado, Greece ; Professor Koranyi, Hungary ; Señor Roueta, Italy ; Professor Cortezo, Spain ; Professor Holmboë, Norway ; Professor Hofmarshall Printzjöld, Sweden ; and Dr. Louis Secretan, Switzerland. Professor Brouardel intimated that the next Congress, two years hence, would be held at Paris.

On the motion of Lord Derby, seconded by Sir William Broadbent, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the Duke of Cambridge for presiding. In replying, His Royal Highness conveyed to the Congress his understanding that at the end of their labours they would find a sum of £120,000 awaiting them to enable them to carry out their scheme of a sanatorium. Warm cheers greeted the announcement.

In the evening the President and Council held a reception in the Queen's Hall. Nearly all the members and delegates and a large number of ladies were present. English physicians and surgeons were glad to meet foreign friends and men of illustrious name, and our breezy Saxon was blent with French, German, Italian, Spanish, and other tongues in the cosmopolitan assemblage. Sir William Broadbent, and later Lord Derby, received the company. The most valuable feature of the evening was the demonstrations in St. George's Hall. Dr. Sims Woodhead, Professor of Pathology at Cambridge, exhibited species of bacteria by means of lantern slides, and to him succeeded Professor McFadyean, of the Royal Veterinary College, who showed in the same manner samples of tuberculosis in cattle. This was, to say the least, unpleasant but impressive. Here, for example, was a magnified portion of a cow's udder. Details may be omitted. Udder rhymed with shudder presently. This, said the Professor, referring to another slide,

exhibits a rare mode of getting tuberculous disease—through a wound in the skin. Usually we inhale it by breathing air infected by diseased subjects, or take the germs in our food or drink. But this, he added, in his quiet way, is not at all a rare case. It may be seen any Saturday in the Metropolitan Meat Market. It is a cow in the last stage of consumption. The owner has sold her milk up to the present, and now he thinks he had better sell the cow. Then the shudder followed. Now we understood the statement that in Cambridge three-fifths of the milk sold to the town and University was found to contain tuberculous bacilli. Thus tuberculosis is no mystery. To how many scores of poor folk that one cow may have disseminated tuberculous milk—let us hope they boiled it—and then tuberculous meat? Revelations like these are hopeful; such things cannot continue. Inspection exists. But fines are insufficient, and as the audience filed out belief in the virtue of capital punishment for certain offences was stronger than ever.

We shall notice in order the statements of Professor McFadyean. But let us say that it is difficult to see what the lantern slides were intended to prove. Both Professors exhibited species of bacteria. What was their object? We will suppose that the bacteria were living creatures infinitesimally small. Well: they were at work in the one case in the cow's udder. We learn from this fact nothing at all. To be of any service we should want to learn one of two things. (1) Were they generated in the udder? And how? (2) Were they generated outside? And how, then, were they transmitted?

If we get answers to questions under (1) we should be able to profit by it. For instance, they were generated in the udder and we know how. Good. We are now on tangible ground. We can set to work to provide a remedy.

To know the nature of the disease, this is half the battle ; perhaps, the most difficult half. If, however, we do not and cannot answer the questions, it is plain the information is no use. It is simply playing on our feelings and raising fears, which we have no means to allay, to talk about them. The exhibition, in other words, does more harm than good. All this is as plain as a pike-staff. And no information on these points is forthcoming.

Are answers possible to the questions under (2)? If so, then nothing is more easy than to stop the ravages of disease.

The editor of a paper, a little while ago, in answer to an article of mine said, Bacteria had been isolated ! I challenged him on this point for proof, but none was forthcoming. Now, if we could isolate them,—separate them that is from their habitat—matters would be simplified. I do not believe that they have ever been isolated. But if they had been, we still have to account for their transmission. How did they become a part of the udder? They were out of it, how did they get into it? My point is, and I make it fearlessly, these bacteria, so-called, were never found in two places in succession.

Sheep and cows eat grubs. These things get into the throat and lungs and cause all sorts of mischief. We do not, however, call these things bacteria.

One of our neighbours was once driving in his trap towards home. A bird flew and rested on the splash-board and would not leave. When they got home they examined the bird and found a grub under its head in its neck. They took it out ; but the creature died.

It might be possible to inoculate a person with some of a disease, which we call bacteria, and produce mischief, but this is another thing. The theory is that these bacteria, in some mysterious way, are transmitted, as from smells, to the system. This theory is not established by any facts.

The late Professor Virchow, the last time he was here in England, said, 'I have been a student of the question, What is life? these fifty years, and I am as near a solution as when I began.' This was honest; but what does it mean? It means no less than this, that, as we do not know, and cannot know, what life is, so we cannot know what disease is. I believe that what is called bacteria is nothing more than the disease. It is the disease and it is nothing in the world besides. We can see what this means. And it should put a stop to all our learned (?) talk.

Well, then, should we take no notice of these things? Absolutely none. Should we not be careful about our food? This is altogether another question.

I think milk from a diseased cow should not be used. This, however, smells. We are now in a position to detect it. I think, too, it would be sufficient to punish the dairyman severely, who sold milk from a diseased cow. There is no difficulty here.

There is no difficulty either in dealing with diseased meat. This is *easily* dealt with. Severe punishment would settle both these questions. These matters are distinct and apart from the others. My argument is that we need not run from a sensible position to a senseless one.

We will now examine what the lecturer says. 'This,' referring to another slide, 'exhibits a rare mode of getting tuberculous disease—through a wound in the skin.' I should say rare indeed. Now let us suppose the udder to contain bacteria. We may take anything else, but this, being under consideration, serves our purpose best. Who is likely to touch the udder? Almost nobody. Who, with a wound in the skin? Absolutely nobody. Then there is no danger. Where are we now? Was the subject worth mentioning?

Then he continues—'usually we inhale it by breathing air

infected by diseased subjects.' How can the air be infected? There is the diseased udder. There is no smell. What can it do? The bacteria cannot fly about. We cannot, therefore, inhale them. See what would otherwise follow? We dare not move out of our houses. We should be like the Israelites, when they kept Sabbath in the desert—obliged to keep our seats.

He adds, 'or take the germs in our food or drink.' Now we neither eat nor drink a cow's udder. Was ever greater nonsense than this written? And it is called science—medical science! This, however, it will be said, is not a fair inference. What then is?

Let us go on with our examination. 'But this . . . is not at all a rare case.' I should say it is very rare. I have lived nearly all my life in the country, and though it might happen, I have never so much as heard of a case. This could not be, if it were frequent.

And yet he says, 'It may be seen any Saturday in the Metropolitan Meat Market.' We ask, with amazement, Can such things be? What does it imply? A scoundrel dealer, a scoundrel butcher, a scoundrel salesman, and a scoundrel retail dealer. This is not all. It implies that the inspector does not know his work, or does not do his duty. How many difficulties lie in the way, not to say impossibilities!

He says next, 'It is a cow in the last stage of consumption.' I have no hesitation in pronouncing this statement impossible. There is first of all no connection between the diseased udder and consumption. Then a cow, in the last stage of consumption, would be so emaciated that the flesh would be absolutely good for nothing. I do not believe for a moment that such a carcass was ever sent to market.

What further? 'The owner has sold her milk up to the present and now he thinks he had better sell the cow.' Of course, we cannot say what dairymen do; but, as a rule, it

is usual to stop milking long before sending the cow to the butcher. It would be a rare thing, indeed, to stop milking one day and kill the cow the next. I venture to submit that the professor never knew of such a case. It would be possible, indeed, for a dairyman to milk the cow up to the last. He would soon find a falling off and would know that it was useless to hope. He would sell the cow. The butcher that bought it would not be a respectable tradesman. A farmer would scarcely run the risk. There are butchers, who buy inferior meat, but they do not sell to London salesmen. The thing is impossible.

We do not wonder that the 'shudder followed'; but it should rather have been at the statements than at the facts. The latter are harmless, the former fictitious.

Was ever such a statement as this penned? 'In Cambridge three-fifths of the milk sold . . . was found to contain tuberculous bacilli.' This means, three out of every five cows were diseased! And the statement is not contradicted! What do we call this? Whether meant or not, it is sheer and hopeless humbug.

How is it that men do not see this? Why, if this statement were true, this would follow, either the bacilli are harmless or the people would die. And they do not die!

And so, 'tuberculosis is no mystery.' I think it is such a mystery as Lord Dundreary would describe . . . 'no fellah can understand.'

But look on! 'To how many scores of poor folk that one cow may have disseminated tuberculous milk . . .!' Oh, dear! And yet one cow could not supply milk for one town! What then?

On Sunday last, I heard the preacher say, 'Three or four millions stood on the banks of Jordan ready to cross the river, as many as all London.' He made the statement, too, without blushing. He was not satisfied with the Bible

account of two millions. And this taxes the powers of the imagination. How, one asks, can so many people stand on the banks of a river?

A few weeks ago, too, another preacher said, 'Nebuchadnezzar's image was twice as high as the steeple.' It is about 100 feet. The Bible makes it 90 feet. And one wonders where all the gold came from to make one so high as this. Clergymen, it appears, as well as doctors, overstate their case.

We shall have something to say, by-and-by, perhaps, about boiling milk, a stupid thing to do, and so we will not say it now.

And he continues, 'tuberculous meat.' How can we know this?

I suppose the last two remarks are the reporter's. Wherein, we ask, does the hope consist? What things? The possibility to make such statements? No. The facts. But they are happily not facts. Inspection could detect and fines would stop them otherwise. But how are we going to stop the progress of these things, if inspection cannot detect them? The editor does not see the utterly illogical position in which the meeting left things! Is he on the side of the professor?

What shall we say in reply to all this? It looks as if we cannot say what disease is. What is it? I think we may only classify disease; but it will be better not to try to do so in connection with this subject.

It may be supposed that I have no liking for these things? This would be a very small matter. We do not seek to know what my mind or disposition is, but what is truth? This is paramount.

How, then, we ask is it that the idea has taken such hold on men's minds? This is not far to seek. We admit that the men who have taken it up are not devoid of mental power. We concede that they are all, for the most part.

honourable men, and yet we say a wrong idea has taken hold of them. They want to establish a theory of disease and this is the explanation. And there is no other. We may, perhaps, some day be able to discover the right theory. At present we can only say that this idea does not suffice.

It suggests many questions, very tempting and fruitful in their nature, but we shall not consider them now. I hope we have fairly considered this one. I do not think we could have done it in a better connection. The meeting was important in every particular ; and, we may conclude, the lecturers, as representative men, said what they could. We may not say, it is the last word ; but it suffices, as I think, and even warrants our conclusion that tuberculosis, as here described, is a FALLACY.

There is another particular that we may add to it which is this : Tuberculosis, so the doctor tells us, sometimes attacks the bones. Now, how do the bacilli get into them ? There is a young lady near us suffering just now from this trouble. A year or two ago a specialist removed the affected part. It succeeded. She did well and went on a voyage to South Africa. She came back, apparently restored. But the trouble has broken out afresh. How is this ? Have fresh bacilli done the mischief ?

Since beginning the above paragraph, I have talked over the question of the diseased udder with a man who is a butcher and grazier. He is a man over seventy years of age, and withal very intelligent. He reads, observes, and thinks. I put the following questions to him :

‘Do you consider that a diseased udder is of frequent occurrence?’ His answer to this question was a decided ‘No.’

‘Do cows with diseased udder also suffer from consumption?’ To this, he replied : ‘I never knew such a case.’

‘Do men usually send cows straight from milking to the slaughter-house?’ To this he said: ‘No, certainly not.’

‘Do men sometimes kill cows while they are in milk?’

‘Yes, but rarely, and then only for what they will make.’

‘What do you think of the affirmation that three-fifths of the milk supplied to the people of Cambridge was affected with tuberculosis?’ He said this was impossible.

‘What do you think of sending diseased meat to market?’ He ridiculed the idea. Here he told me, how he twice innocently sent meat that was not up to the mark, and how distressed he was when it was condemned. He was not fined. He also told me of a neighbour, who unwittingly did the same thing, and though not fined, it so troubled him, that it was thought to have brought on his death.

I asked him other questions and the answers were all of the same kind. What now must we think of these two professors? We may not judge them. We do not know all that was in their minds. This one thing, I know, if I had done anything of the kind I should think my conduct as reprehensible as any could well be.

To my mind, it resolves itself into this—It argues either folly or something worse. I do not know. We need not inquire; but we may repeat with redoubled emphasis that the root idea of tuberculosis is a FALLACY.

XXV

BREAD

A GOOD story was told me some forty years ago, which I have not forgotten. It was this. Two people, one a teetotaler and the other not, were once arguing about temperance. The argument was getting rather hot and the temperance man had the best of it. An old lady was sitting by and he referred the matter to her. She put her hand on a loaf of bread and said, 'This is the staff of life.' The temperance man commended her very highly for the good opinion; whereupon she placed her hand on a jug of beer and said, 'But this is life itself.' The temperance man, as need not be said, was nonplussed.

Opinions on certain points with some people are very strong. This should scarcely be, for there is very little here below, on which we can be quite certain. Bread ought to be, perhaps, the staff of life, for it is our staple food. That it is so, however, is a matter of doubt; but this we shall examine. Beer, especially as it is now made, should not be regarded as 'life itself.' This is certainly an old woman's tale. But let us see.

There was a time when the Scotch people lived almost entirely on oats. The food took the shape of porridge—the oatmeal ground whole and boiled. A good number of the Highlanders lived very much on brose, which was oatmeal

simply mixed with hot water. The Scotch were then a healthier and hardier race. Matters in this respect have very much changed, and the Scotch live now pretty much as do the English. And to my mind it is clear that both races are fast deteriorating.

Wheat, perhaps, is as good as oatmeal. This is a point we have no means of determining. Things point in that direction and certainly permit the opinion. But now the question arises, In what form should it be eaten? This is the question of all questions. My notion is that it would be best for us to eat it in its natural form. The horses and cows would prefer to eat it as it came out of the husks, without any preparation whatever. I think, if we could so eat, mixed, perhaps, with some fruit, as apples, it would be better for us. If I am asked why, I should answer, animals do best with it in that form and we are animals. I think, in such a case, we should be fat and well-liking. And what an endless amount of labour would be saved!

I do not know, however, if wheat would make better food than barley, maize, rye, or oats. I dare say the property of these things is pretty much the same. I do not hesitate to say that it appears to me, if we ate one or other of these things, mixed with something less substantial, we should be a healthier and wiser people. I have no doubt whatever on this point.

The thing now, however, is altogether impracticable. We have no teeth. We could not masticate our food. This, as things are, is, therefore, impracticable. Our next business would be to ascertain, if there were any other form which we could adopt. The answer is easy. We could grind the wheat and eat it as whole meal. This would be practicable. It would not be very palatable, I dare say, until we had become accustomed to take it so, mixed with hot water. This would be the next best form. We should

find, I have no doubt, that it would be too much for us in this form and that we should need to mix it with lighter food—fruits of some kind.

We may, however, talk of these things; but they will never be done. Men will not now so live. We may point to the horses and say, See what fine animals! They are healthy, fleet, and strong, and they live on oats and grass. The answer would always be—But we are not horses? No, and if it would not be to malign the animals, we might say, But we are asses! I mean no impertinence. Asses are obstinate. And, perhaps, so are we. We will not think that best for us, for no other reason than this, We do not like it. And habit alone explains the reason of our dislike.

And so we come to our point—We will eat bread. And it remains what sort of bread under the circumstances is best for us!

It must be of wheat. How should the wheat be prepared? We do not prepare it on the right principle. What is the right principle? What is best for us. And on what principle do we prepare it? What we like. And this again is, What looks best. And this, reduced to reality, means, What we fancy.

What then, in short, is it we do? We give ourselves all the trouble we can to separate all the parts from the wheat that discolour it. We must have our flour as white as possible. We take away the parts we call bran and sharps and retain only the inside of the grain. And of this we make our bread. All this we should not do.

It is very doubtful, indeed, if it is wise to grind the flour as we do. It is certain we should not separate the bran and sharps.

We know this for two reasons. (1) The bran and sharps are the most nutritious parts of the wheat. Chemists tell us this. (2) Animals grow fat on these things. All domestic

N animals like them. As foods for feeding there is scarcely anything better. We need no further, as we can get no better, argument.

Of wheat then, simply ground, and, perhaps, the coarser the better, should our bread be made. All this is clear. And all this is what we do our best to avoid. We grind the wheat to the veriest powder and we extract from it the most nutritious parts. It is, therefore, abundantly clear then our notion of the way to make bread is a FALLACY.

XXVI

SPACE

THIS is a subject about which we rarely think. It would, perhaps, therefore, be more correct to say that we have no conceptions of it at all, than to say they are wrong. Now it is well that we should be taught to think, and, if I succeed in setting some people to do this, I shall not have laboured in vain.

Some twenty years ago or more, I heard the expression more frequently than I liked, 'He is a thinker.' I thought it an impertinence. I asked myself, Does not everybody think? I thought the contrary opinion, as it ought to obtain, was the right one. I have seen too much reason, as time has afforded me experience, to alter my opinion. There is a saying to this effect, 'Most people put out their thinking to be done.' This, I fear, describes more accurately the exact state of things, unless it be true, that the rule is that it is too much trouble for many, perhaps most, to be concerned about it.

There was another expression, then in vogue, but now gone out of use—'Unthinkable.' This expression was used to describe that which was impossible to thought. I did not like to entertain the idea that anything was impossible to thought and so discarded and discouraged it. I am afraid now experience has made me feel and

know that there is a world of things impossible in a way to thought. By this I mean, the powers of the mind are not sufficiently capacious to grasp them. The word which stands at the head of this article is an illustration of our point. It is used to cover an idea which the mind with all its powers cannot grasp.

We shall not succeed, however much we try, to make this fully apparent. We will notwithstanding make the attempt.

And first let us remind ourselves of Sir Isaac Newton. Someone has said of him,

‘Nature and Nature’s laws lay hid in night ;
God said : “Let Newton be, and all was light.”’

This was a good deal to say ; perhaps, indeed, more than was right. He thought of his own powers somewhat differently : he said, ‘I have been like a child picking up a few shells on the shore, but leaving the whole ocean undiscovered before me.’ He was modest.

This is more praiseworthy. We are not always modest. A young man, a Baptist student, once said to me of Spurgeon, ‘he is no thinker.’ ‘No thinker,’ I said to myself, ‘and yet your college library shelves are groaning under the weight of his works.’ It is clear that our estimate of our powers is sometimes as far wrong as our estimate of other people’s. All this apart, but by way of preface.

How shall we begin to talk of space? Locke says we have no idea of space save only that which objects in it give us. This is true, because space is nothing. And of it we can have no idea. And yet it is not exactly so. Nothing is that which is not anything. Space is that which contains something. We can, therefore, get ideas of parts of space. It is, therefore, of space in its infinitude that we cannot conceive an adequate idea. And it is of this I want to speak, if I can.

Our aim shall be, therefore, that of showing that we cannot correctly conceive the idea covered by this word 'space.' We will try to think of it as that in which myriads of worlds exist and move. We know something, though not much, of these worlds. We know a little about this earth of ours and its existence in space. We will recall two facts respecting it—its diurnal and annual motions. About these things we will talk; it will afford abundant food for reflection.

The earth, then, has a daily motion and it has a yearly motion. It turns on its axis and it travels along its path or orbit. The rate at which it goes in both these motions is simply tremendous. We shall be staggered at it when we think it out. It goes in its daily motion at the rate of one thousand miles an hour; always at the same rate, and it never tires. It is impossible to say how many thousands of years it has done this. But on and on it goes, and has been going—dare we say it?—through endless ages. This motion, tremendous though it be, is nothing compared with its annual motion. It travels here at the enormous rate of 1,561,643 miles per day of twenty-four hours. We cannot take it in. It is knowledge of which the Psalmist would say, 'It is high; I cannot attain unto it.'

You ask, How do we know these things? It is a matter of simple calculation. The earth's circumference is 24,000 miles. It turns round on its axis once daily. There are twenty-four hours in a day, so this is easily seen to be 1,000 miles per hour. So much for the daily motion.

Then the earth is in its mean distance from the sun 95,000,000 miles. Twice this or 190,000,000 gives the mean diameter of the orbit. And three times the diameter its length 570,000,000 miles. There are 365 days in the year, so the rate per day is found by these figures divided by 365; that is 1,561,643 miles per day. It takes our breath away to think it out.

It follows from all this—though it is further complicated by the earth and moon waltzing round each other—that these fall through space. We cannot conceive what this means; because, if one body falls then every body falls. Now we are in a perfect maze.

It is clear that nothing stands still. We cannot conceive how it should do so. Then what must space be! See what the earth requires for its movements! Then what about bodies we call fixed stars? Are these so many suns? And have they all their systems of planets? And do they require as much space as the solar system? How do they all maintain their relative position to each other? Do they all fall together? In what lines? We can answer none of these questions. Falling, falling, falling! But where, where, where? We can only think of space, space, space, measured by immeasurable millions and millions and millions of miles.

Where is heaven? In all this space, where, oh where? And where is God? Pearson says, 'That place which is holiest of all is heaven.' But where is it? The telescope has examined space these scores of years and has never rested on anything that it can call heaven. Does it elude its gaze? But it is the abode of millions and millions and millions of pure and holy spirits! Where are they? It is 'a land of everlasting flowers.' Where are the gardens in which they grow? But this is poetry! And poetry is not fact. We want fact. Where is heaven?

The soul cannot feed on poetry. It longs for solid food. Where is it to be found? Job exclaimed, 'Oh that I might know where I could find Him!' This is it. The mind, or rather the soul of man, seems fitted for its high and holy destiny—a world of purity, and brightness, and blessedness. In fancy it often flies there and anticipates its joys. But where is it? 'Oh, my soul, where is now thy God?' That

is it. The Psalmist quiets his soul. 'Be not thou disquieted within me!' But my soul refuses to be quieted. It longs and longs and longs again for the abode of its God. These forty years or so I have walked humbly with my God, seeking His abode and expecting one day to be there—one with Him. Nearing the goal, as I suppose, I ask, Where, oh where can rest be found? But I cannot find the habitat of that most desirable state—the place 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' Is it a dream? Does some phantom of reality mock us?

Others have talked like this in their remaining hours? I could recall many, but I forbear. Why is it? If there be rest, be an abode for the blessed, in all this space, where, oh where is it to be found?

Oh, to know God and to find rest! Rest for the weary soul! There out in space, seek it. But where? The mind roams, and roams, and roams, among the stars, among the planets, and among the sun. Alas, alas! it does not find it. Why is this? Is there no guide? What is the promise? 'I will guide thee with mine eye,' says the Psalmist. Ay, but, who that is ill, feels the guidance? The healthy man mistakes his feelings and fancies for guidance. Where, oh where is He? What does Echo answer? Then what? We do not know, but it may be that in many, if not in most, of our wanderings, we dream or think we find something; but is it not a FALLACY?

XXVII

SPIRITISM

THE name by which this so-called science is usually known is spiritualism. This term, however, ought more properly to describe a state or condition of spirituality. This again ought to mean that the Spirit of God pervades it. This term should, therefore, be used to describe a religion which is essentially Christian. And it does not. We take the liberty, therefore, of calling it by this name—spiritism. The name, however, is not important ; the point of which to get a notion is the thing. What is it?

Spiritism is the name of a new science, if science it is. It took its rise only some thirty or forty years ago. We do not purpose to give any account of its history. It is a science only with some. With others it is a religion.

It claims to have established two things : (1) That there are spirits, and (2) that we hold communion with them. We are now on ground that we can examine.

1. There are spirits. The Bible so far as I know does not affirm this fact in so many words ; but it allows us to think there are spirits, both bad and good. There are 'the spirits of just men made perfect.' And so, of course, there are the spirits of wicked men. It does not say, however, much about them.

Many writers have contended that spiritism is demonology. It is the wicked spirits only that are permitted to

communicate with man. A great deal has been said, and may be said, in favour of this view. The logic of it all, however, does not seem to me to be clear. Why should wicked spirits alone be free? Why should not good spirits also communicate with men? Then the devotees, who have tested it, affirm that good spirits do communicate with them. We have no reason whatever for doubting their words. They may be mistaken; but that is altogether another thing. If their position be admitted and they do communicate with spirits, then there seems to be no reason for doubting that the spirits are good as well as bad. We will not, however, discuss the point further. It will be enough to examine the second position.

2. Can we hold communion with the spirits?

To this question the spiritists give an emphatic answer: Yes, most certainly. The evidence they can give is overwhelming. The books that are written are many and large. The writers are people whose word need not be doubted. They are as honest as any writers. But now let us ask a few questions.

Has anyone ever seen a ghost? I may say that I have sought for years to see one and have never succeeded. I have done this at every sort of hour and in every kind of place; but in vain. No ghost has ever crossed my path.

I have talked with all and sundry on this point and the experience is all the same. No man that I have ever met has ever seen a ghost. There are no appearances of these beings to mortal eyes.

Now, there are myriads and myriads of dead men. The earth in every clime teems with their bodies. It would be utterly impossible to estimate the number of spirits that ought to be in existence. And yet no one has ever seen one. At least, no one can say that it is his general experience to see ghosts.

*What she's no soul,
Ope might see, etc,
No hell, no purg, etc,*

Oh, but someone may say, We may feel them ! By what sense ? Touch ? Smell ? By no sense, the answer comes, ghosts are immaterial ! Here we are now in a maze. The thing which is immaterial cannot enter the mind. Locke proves to us that the avenues to the soul are the senses. Nothing enters there but by sensation. He adds also, or by reflection. This, however, only emphasizes his former position. We cannot reflect on anything until it first enters by sensation. A ghost, therefore, being immaterial, cannot be recognised or felt or known by mortal man. And experience affirms this.

But what about ghost stories ? Here is what they amount to. A ghost was said to have been seen in a churchyard. It was a black thing moving about and was to be seen at night. Two men determined to watch and ascertain the truth about it. They planted themselves in a convenient position and watched. By-and-by, the black thing appeared and began moving about. What now ? The men cried out, 'Stop there !' The thing did not stop, but continued to move. The voices cried again, 'Stop there, I'll shoot !' The black thing was not deterred. It moved about still. They cried again and again ; but the black thing heeded not ; but went on its way. At last they shot and ran away. The next morning, it was found they had killed—What ? The parson's black pig. I could tell other stories, but they would all be of the same nature. There is nothing but a black pig.

What shall we say of those who have tried other experiments. The schoolmaster, in our next parish, told me that his wife used to think the fleecy clouds were spirits, and that she promised him, if she died first, she would come to him. She is dead, but she has yet to pay her first visit. One of our grocers said his father promised him, if he lived after death, he would let him know. He has not yet re-

newed his acquaintance. And Tennyson lay in his father's bed, after his death, expecting his ghost to come to him ; but he never came.

The presumption, therefore, is that there is no ghost—no spirit. We may not affirm this with absolute certainty. This would mean that we had perfect knowledge of ourselves, and that would be affirming too much. We must only say what we know ; and we only know that we do not know.

But what of those who say they do know that there are spirits? We may not say, They say things which are not true. No, but we may say they are mistaken. And this is exactly it—what they affirm to be evidence of the existence of spirits is evidence merely of something else. Let us see this.

The evidence is principally to the touch not immediately, — as man to man, but mediately. There is in short an agent and an instrument. The instrument is material and the — agent is a man. The instrument is various, but most commonly a table. The table moves in obedience to the agent and says what he interprets. We need not discuss the instrument further.

The agent is usually called a medium. It is evident that he has a peculiar adaptation for the work. He differs in his nature from most. All people are not mediums. Very few, indeed, are so. The spirit is, therefore, in him. There is nothing more evident than this. If it were outside him it is clear it would be independent of him, and it is not.

But how can we account for the wonderful phenomena we witness and the apparent intercourse with spirits? This is a very interesting question. We must try to give an answer.

The cause of the phenomena is not far to seek. The strangeness of the phenomena is inexplicable.

What, then, is the cause? The nervous temperament of the operator. How do I know this? I know it from two reasons, and about these reasons I have no manner of doubt, any more than I have of my own existence.

1. I am myself a medium. I found this out some thirty years ago, when I went thoroughly into the matter. I do not pooh-pooh things, however strange they may seem. This is not the part of a wise man, and so I examine them. I could get no good out of it. I could not understand it at the time. The phenomena were so strange, and they looked like those that must come from spirits. But they were no use. We learnt nothing from them that we did not know, and they were very contradictory. It was doing me mischief, and so I concluded it was better to let it alone. I have lately gone further into the matter and come to the conclusion that the phenomena have nothing whatever to do with the matter. This will appear presently. Here I want simply to emphasize the fact—I know, because I am what is called a medium.

The phenomena are strange and may easily be mistaken. This I admit. And so are many other things. The phenomena of electricity are strange too. We cannot explain them. We know what they are and can make use of them accordingly. Perhaps, by-and-by, we can make use of these phenomena of so-called spiritism. At present, they are no use.

The divining-rod is strange. We do not know what to make of it. What is it? We only know what it does; but we have no idea of the reason of it—none whatever. Men have tried to explain it on the principle of unconscious cerebration. This, however, is nonsense. The diviner is generally, though not necessarily, a man of no brain-power. The brain has nothing apparently to do with it. The better plan is to say, I don't know. Why should

we be afraid to confess that these are things outside our ken?

2. But we can explain the cause of spiritism. It is in the temperament of the so-called medium. What is this temperament? We cannot say exactly, but we can indicate. There are two kinds of temperament, the phlegmatic and the nervous. A person of the former can never be a medium. Now, if these were spirits, this would not be. We hold the doctrine known by the name, 'Communion of Saints.' We suppose this to mean that we hold communion with the departed holy ones. This communion, however, does not depend on temperament. We will not examine this point further, as it lies outside our object. We only notice it to enforce the idea that communion with spirits does not depend and cannot depend on temperament. This suffices for our point and establishes it completely. The phenomena are the outcome of the nerve currents.

There is no other explanation. It is only the man, and only he, who has a nervous temperament, nerve-power in excess, that is, who produces these phenomena. Why they should take this shape, we do not know. We do not know why the sun rises in the east. Why does it? Why do some people's nerves act in the way they do? When we can answer such questions as these we shall be able to say what spiritism is. Till that time arrives we must let the why alone.

What about the appearances mentioned in Scripture? I do not know. I cannot say, therefore, how we should understand them. Angels have appeared and spoken. Samuel's spirit, in answer to the witch of Endor, rose up and spoke to Saul. What do these things mean? I do not know what they mean. They were not, however, manifestations in any way like those of the spiritists. The angels for instance that appeared to the shepherds were not called;

but were sent from heaven. Samuel's spirit was simply called up. The communications were direct. This was generally the case. All this, however, is nothing to the point. We cannot explain these things. We can explain spiritism, so called, on natural grounds. And this is our point.

I have my doubts and fears too about these things ; but I will not enter into these matters. Our present business is with modern spiritism as we see it. I do not say that the spiritists are dishonest, for there is no need. They are simply mistaken. Spiritism is of no practical value. It teaches nothing. It helps nothing. It is utterly useless. And so I do not hesitate to say that, in whatsoever we may have doubts with respect to it, we need have none here. —We may say that spiritism is a FALLACY.

XXVIII

MILK

How far should milk be used as food? This is a very difficult question to answer. We may go a step further and say, It is impossible to answer it.

Who should take it as food? This again we cannot say. Some people cannot digest it. But why? It may be owing to their abnormal state or it may be an idiosyncrasy. We cannot say. Others again can take it in any form, and it seems to do them no harm.

Babies are often fed almost entirely upon it. I had a person once to rectify—to readjust as to the working of the stomach—who had lived two and a half years on nothing else but milk.

Calves and pigs do well on it. Cats and dogs do very well upon it. And so it appears that milk may be regarded as a general food for animal life. To say this is the farthest possible from a fallacy. This is absolutely true and is a matter of general experience.

But how should it be taken? This is another question and it admits of a variety of opinions. I suppose there is almost no subject that admits of such a variety of opinions. These opinions would be in some cases wise and in some cases foolish—absurdly so. The wish is too often father to the thought. Men say things and affirm them to be facts,

simply because they like to do so. But this is foolish. We must seek to have reason on our side.

I came across an article in the *New York Christian Advocate*, which is so sensible on this point that I admit it here in full.

HEALTH.

UNBOILED *v.* BOILED MILK.

[There are many different views concerning the wisdom or otherwise of boiling milk before drinking or using the same. In the London *Lancet* there have been many articles of late, and one of them, by Clement Dukes, M.D., is of such a vigorous nature, and so differs from the prevailing tendency, that we publish it in full.]

The practice of milk boiling has been so strenuously urged, almost unanimously, by the profession, and has consequently become so general, that it is with some diffidence that I venture to raise the question of its wisdom. That raw milk may be contaminated by various bacilli—such as the *Bacillus tuberculosis*, the *Bacillus typhosus*, the *Bacillus diphtheriæ*, the *Streptococcus scarlatinæ*, and even, through the addition of polluted water, the *Bacillus enteritidis sporogenes* and the *Bacillus coli communis*—I fully admit. But are these evils so frequent and so fatal as to counterbalance the disadvantages arising from the diminution or destruction of the nutritive properties of milk which boiling undoubtedly produces? And the gravity of the case is increased when it is remembered that milk should be the staple food of the infant, the child, the aged, and the sick.

The occurrence of illness, epidemics, and death from the presence of extraneous poisons in 'fresh,' or raw, milk is certain, but could not these be met by greater care, enforced by more severe penalties for neglect, and by stopping the

supply of milk when disease occurs without habitually destroying the nutritive value of milk by artificial means? When railway accidents happen which maim and kill the advice tendered is not that travellers should stay at home, but that more stringent precautions should be taken to prevent such disasters. And in the case of milk epidemics the remedy should not be habitually to diminish or to destroy the nutritive value of the most valuable food we possess, looking to the number it concerns, but to require sufficient precautions regulated by efficient inspection at the source of supply. I maintain that even the accidental poisoning of milk is much less baneful to the community generally than the destruction of its nutritive qualities, which means for artificially reared infants rickets, infantile scurvy, and tuberculous diseases, and for the aged and the sick deficient nutrition. These sufferings are incalculable and often lifelong, while those of epidemics are usually limited, owing to the care expended on their investigation by the medical officers of health.

That 'fresh,' or raw, milk cannot be so deleterious an article of food as is asserted is proved beyond all question by the fact that during a period of thirty years in which I have had charge of the health of a very susceptible community—a great public school—I have had only four cases of typhoid fever, three cases of diphtheria (not one of which was occasioned by milk), and none of tuberculous disease, and yet the boys drink an enormous quantity of milk—so great that I have been censured by a member of the profession for the quantity I advocate and have secured for their welfare, which is never boiled and rarely warmed. In my daily practice outside the school I am perpetually asked by those who have children to rear whether the milk ought to be boiled, and my invariable answer is in the negative. For if there is one thing that is essential to the

vigorous growth of children it is a plentiful allowance of milk. How children can be expected to develop on boiled milk and the constant restriction of sugar is beyond comprehension. It is clear to me that the educated, as well as the uneducated, public require to be taught :

1. That the nutritive value of milk is very largely diminished by boiling.

2. That this is true also of sterilized milk, which should therefore only be used for a short time in order to tide over a difficulty in the early artificial feeding of infants. The nature of the change produced by the heating of milk, and which is so deleterious, is not accurately ascertained, but I will produce an instance of its effect. Some time since I attended an infant who did not thrive and who was perpetually crying on the slightest movement. For this I was unable to account, although I was answerable for its feeding. Because of its condition another opinion was sought, and the child was declared to be syphilitic, so that mercury with chalk was prescribed, although, beyond doubt, no such taint existed in either parent. By-and-by, however, unmistakable signs of infantile scurvy appeared, with the extreme pallor, the pain on movement of its lower limbs, the typical epiphyseal swellings of the lower ends of the tibiæ, and all the other symptoms so accurately described by Sir Thomas Barlow. It turned out that while I was responsible for the food, a lady gossip was answerable for the milk-boiling, hence the result. As soon as this was rectified and anti-scorbutic food was administered the child began to thrive and rewarded the mother for the care bestowed.

3. That while milk contains all the essential ingredients for growth as well as nourishment, namely, albumen, fat, sugar, salts, and water, it contains no starch. This addition to the infant's food which is so prevalent is most injurious

to the welfare of the child. Until I can be convinced that the value of milk-boiling outweighs its defects I have but the advice to give those who do me the honour to consult me—Don't! If ever the time should arrive that milk must be invariably boiled it should be done as soon as it leaves the cow's udder and before it is distributed. But, at present, the issues of boiled milk, as I have pointed out, are certain; those of unboiled milk are remote. The remedy for the disadvantages of 'fresh,' or raw, milk is not wasteful destruction of its nutritive value by boiling, but the enforcement of efficient inspection of dairy cows, dairies, milkers, and dairy keepers who supply it wholesale and the insuring of cleanliness also on the part of the retailer.

The above article is very sensible so far as it goes. We shall see by-and-by how far this is. I want first of all to call attention to some doubtful points in it.

1. The contamination by various bacilli. He admits that there are four kinds of bacilli by which contamination is possible—those which produce consumption, typhoid, diphtheria, scarlatina, by unmixed milk, and two others, when water is added, enteric and another.

This point is not proven. Take consumption as an illustration. It is more than possible that consumptive people have never drunk any but pure milk. Consumption, as doctors allow, is hereditary. He has also made it so rare that it is almost impossible. There is positively no evidence that consumption is ever contracted. It is possible that it may be precipitated; I have, however, already gone into this question, and need not repeat myself.

Take another disease—typhoid. This is said generally to come from bad water. I have often said that people drink more filth in a glass of beer than they could possibly drink in a glass of water. This apart. There is a house

in our parish which stands so by itself that it is ten minutes walk to the nearest house. I have known it for thirty years. There never was, so far as I can remember, but one case of illness in it—one of old age. Lately there was a case of typhoid in it. Bad water was said to be the cause. Now, how can this be? The person recovered.

A little later on the brother took the disease and died. He lived in the village in a small house, that was not nicely situated. It was difficult in his case to assign any cause. The family is a very sickly one. To my mind the explanation is in that fact. We may not, however, say exactly what brought the disease, or why in the one case it proved fatal and in the other not. We may be sure it was not water, and there was nothing said about milk. It is nearer the truth to admit that we cannot determine the point.

And so I think with respect to the other points, we cannot say that milk bacilli cause any disease. The milk may be poisoned; but this is another matter. I may have something to say on disease in a separate article by-and-by. At present I will only say that the bacilli theory is quite modern, and may, like other theories, vanish as time goes on. It is better, as I think, not to be 'wise above what is written.'

Why, again, if boiling kills the bacilli, does not cooking kill them in meat? And this is never admitted.*

2. The need for special care. This does not exist. A diseased cow rarely gives much milk. In most cases the milk smells and could not be used. Then to admit and circulate the idea is itself mischievous. I take it there is no need here. The dairyman may be allowed a pretty free hand. He has to live on his reputation, and this of itself is enough to induce his selling a good article.

* See my work on 'Sanitation,' where the microbe theory is very largely and exhaustively treated.

3. The certainty that epidemics are caused by milk. This is not proven. The medical officer comes round in times of epidemics and gives orders for boiling milk and water; but is not generally obeyed. The people for the most part laugh at the order. How can we know the origin of epidemics? There was once an epidemic of typhoid in our village, and it was found that the affected families used the water from a certain well. They were advised not to drink the water; but they disregarded the advice. Some of the water was sent to be analyzed, and it was pronounced faultless. What now?

We shall leave the doctor now; but we thank him heartily for his testimony. It is good so far as we want it. He would, perhaps, if he thought it out, go a little further. What he has said, however, is sufficient for our purposes.

I should like to say that we may test for ourselves the truth of what we say, that boiled milk is spoiled milk, in this way. Take a glass of milk and put a tablespoonful of whisky into it and it curdles. Take a glass of boiled milk and do so and it effects nothing. The obvious reason is that boiling has spoiled it already and left nothing for the whisky to do. But why should boiling spoil milk? Who can answer this question? I cannot say more than this—heat spoils many things. We have seen already that cooking spoils most, if not all, foods. And here I have no manner of doubt.

But now the question may be asked, May we not warm milk? Nature gives it to us warm. And perhaps we might allow that it may be raised under some circumstances to the natural temperature. I say this is only probable. I do not and could not advise even as much as this. I think the most we ought to say is this—We might add a little warm water to it when it is a question of feeding the babies.

I regard this question of using milk, as the doctor does, a vital one. It means all the difference between wholesome and unwholesome food. We ought not to allow, as we often do, our prejudice to affect us. We like things and we will take them. We do not like them and we will not take them. This ought not to be. Of course this will mean that milk is spoilt when it is made into puddings. Of course it is. The doctor does not see this ; but it is there all the same. This point, however, we will not discuss.

Our main point is established and that must suffice. We ought not to boil milk. There may be, and there are, many doubtful points ; but this is not doubtful. I have no hesitation in saying that while milk is a most wholesome food, yet that it is necessary, or even advisable under some circumstances, to boil it is a FALLACY.

XXIX

NINEVEH

ONE asks many questions in passing through life ; but no answer comes at all to some of them. There is a proverb which says, ' A child may ask questions which a wise man cannot answer.' This is true, but why? It seems as if the nature of things very largely accounts for the fact ; and perhaps, too, non-existence may have something to say. Certain it is we may ask many questions about Nineveh to which no answer can be given.

Where is it? Where was it? To the first question we answer, Nowhere. To the second we say we do not know exactly. It is supposed to have been situated on the eastern bank of the Tigris, near its source, opposite to the place where Mosul now stands.

Who was the founder? Gen. x. 11 says Asshur. This is doubtful. Some say Nimrod. The date is 2347 B.C.

What sort of a city was it? It was said to be larger than Babylon. Its circuit was 32, 56, 60, or 74 miles. The walls were 100 feet high, and broad enough for three chariots abreast, flanked with 1,500 towers 100 feet high. There is no description of its buildings.

Are these facts true? There is absolutely no evidence, either past or present. If the story of the Flood be true, then there could have been no people in 2347 B.C. The founder is therefore mythical.

The description of it is ridiculous. There could have been no city of such dimensions anywhere, much less on the Tigris. It is twice as large as London! How could they build such walls?

There are no remains—no ruins at all commensurate with such a city. It was in existence 600 B.C. It is absurd to say that time has blotted out all traces of the city. Time has not blotted out older ruins, and it could not have blotted out these.

We have seen that Babylon never existed. And there is no doubt, to my mind, that Nineveh never existed either.

It would be easy to show that the references to it are mythical; but this is scarcely necessary. Why trouble? Travellers and explorers have done their best to give evidence of the existence of both Babylon and Nineveh; but, on the face of it, no evidence would be needed if these towns had ever been. Do we need evidence of ancient Rome, Athens, and other places? The evidence is there. It is preposterous to say that the evidences have been carted away. How could the stones of 1,500 towers 200 feet high be carted away? The question answers itself. But how could one man, with no people to assist, build one such tower? And so it follows that to think of Nineveh as a town at all is a FALLACY.

XXX

SMELLS

THE title of this article, to say the least, is not refreshing. Smells, indeed ! why write about these things? We need not to be told what they are ; we know only too well. Do we ?

What, then, is a smell ? We are pulled up at once, for we cannot give a definition. We think we know what it is, and yet we cannot say. It is something offensive to our noses. This, however, does not help us much. We might ask a hundred questions or so about this, or a similar, definition of a smell, and be not a bit the wiser for the answer that might be given.

A smell is supposed to be something which indicates the presence of a certain something in the air injurious to our health. The nose detects the presence of many things. Some of these things are pleasant, and some, again, are injurious. The fragrance of flowers, for instance, is pleasant, the effluvia from a filthy drain is unpleasant. We say the former is helpful to the health ; the latter is injurious. And yet it would be difficult, if not impossible, to prove this.

I doubt, indeed, if either the one or the other make much difference. It is impossible to say definitely, but it seems pretty clear that too much of either would be too

much for us. Could we live always amongst flowers? Yes, in the open air. Could we live always among smells? Yes, in the open. We could, I think, scarcely live in either exclusively. And flowers are said to be injurious in our bedrooms. What shall we say now?

The workmen in the sewers in London and Paris spend a great deal of their life among smells, and are not apparently any the worse for it. Here is practical proof that men can live in smells.

When the new part of Cairo was built the streets were constructed on modern methods; but it was found not to answer. The sewage is now run into cisterns. As it scarcely ever rains, this plan does very well. When, however, we were there it rained so heavily that the streets were ankle deep in water. The cisterns were so disturbed that they discharged smells in all directions. These smells were so offensive that it was scarcely possible to bear them. I felt it so overpowering that I could scarcely walk for them. And yet, so far as I know, no one was any the worse for these things.

There are many questions more or less closely connected with this subject, but, as they come up for consideration apart, we need not discuss them now. Enough has been said to justify our point that a bad smell may not be much, if any, worse than a pleasant one, and to regard it as productive *per se* of disease is not proven, and certainly may be almost regarded as a FALLACY.

XXXI

CERTAINTY

THERE is no greater certainty than this : There is very little of which we can speak with certainty. And yet we think and act as if the contrary obtained. We have had a great deal of evidence of this already in these pages, and we shall have more before we have done. That is certain which admits of no doubt, and there is doubt about most things.

Of heaven and its movements there seems to be little doubt. The sun rises and sets every day. The moon pursues her monthly round and never varies. The stars shine at night. There is so much regularity in the movements of the heavenly bodies, indeed, that we can predict their doings and whereabouts for years to come with the utmost precision. This kind of thing, for aught we know, has gone on for countless ages. Scientists postulate 20,000,000 years for life on this earth. This is practically eternity. If we could traverse the years in thought we should not come to the end. When is it? Who shall tell? Here, then, is uncertainty. Perhaps we cannot go further than this, for in all else here there is certainty.

But of mundane things we may not say there is much certainty. Do we want an illustration? We have not far to seek. We cannot do better than study some history of

constitutional law. This will give us an idea on the point on one side. Then study next the application of it in the law-courts. This will give us an idea on the other side.

In studying the first side, we shall see imperfect beings making imperfect laws to keep imperfect beings in perfect ways. We may just as well try to stop the rising of the tide with a broomstick. We shall not succeed. There must be from the nature of the case a great deal of uncertainty in all this.

Now see the application of the laws in the police-courts. How rarely is the right thing done! There must always, or usually, be two lawyers at least, and these take opposite views. Then it is difficult to determine what law has been broken and how it has been broken. And perhaps the greatest difficulty of all is to adjust the punishment. And all this, too, when there is the greatest desire to do right. Who does not wish to do right? But who can?

This is a good illustration of the uncertainty in ascertaining the meaning as well as of the uncertainty of knowing the application of the law. 'The law's delays' is a saying which is justified by experience. We need not to go any further, for it appears from all the circumstances and facts of life. 'Trust not in uncertain riches.' We may go a step further and say trust in little. This one thing is certain: We may hope in many things, but it is more than probable that our experience is that to entertain confidence in certainty will be too often to trust in a FALLACY.

XXXII

LAWS

THERE is scarcely a subject less understood than this. The word is used in all sorts of ways and with every kind of meaning. I think St. Paul in his Epistle to the Romans attaches through the course of that short chapter—chapter vii.—as many as seven different meanings. Of course, this kind of thing often makes writing very difficult to understand. And I suppose it is in consequence of this that the chapter has given rise to so much controversy. It is true to say that few know how to understand it.

I have shown by way of illustrating the subject in our last article that it is very difficult to understand the meaning of the laws of our country, and as difficult in consequence to know when and how far they are broken. And it often happens that inadequate—too much or too little—punishment is inflicted in consequence. All this notwithstanding, we know what sort of meaning to attach to the word when it is used in this sense.

We also know what to understand by the expression Divine law. It is a law laid down, or supposed to be laid down, by God for the regulation of our conduct. We know, too, so far, how to distinguish between human and Divine law

We know that when the word 'law' is used in either of

these two senses these following things are understood : (1) A law-giver. (2) People, who must obey. (3) A rule for their guidance. (4) Rewards and punishments. It implies further : (1) That the law-giver has the right to make and enforce his laws. (2) The people have the power to obey or disobey. (3) That the law-giver means their good. (4) That it is wiser and more prudent to obey than to disobey.

It would be a long business to enter into a discussion of the question from this point of view. I have no such intention. I will lay down one simple proposition and then leave this view of it out of the discussion. It is this : The principle of human legislature should be first and foremost protection—protection from foreign foes and protection from one another. When it passes from this to grandmotherly legislation, then, as seems to me, it enters into a foreign province. I know that it is often very difficult to distinguish between the two. Take, for instance, vaccination. This is supposed—right or wrong—to be a protection from small-pox. And, again, it is supposed everybody is liable to take the disease. Therefore, all should be vaccinated, and so it must be compulsory. This is very plausible, but is not logic.

The premises are not true. Everybody is not liable to take small-pox. And vaccination is no protection. Besides, if the premises be true everybody—who likes—may be vaccinated. Oh, but we must protect men from the results of their own folly? This is grandmotherly. Men are better to be left alone. This apart.

There are laws among men, some bad, and some good ; but are these in nature? It is not easy to answer this question. Let us see.

The ancients said, 'Order (*κόσμος*) was Nature's first law.' One of our hymns says :

‘Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose laws cannot be broken,
Form’d thee for His own abode.’

Both of these sentiments are difficult of interpretation. It may be, perhaps, said that they are contradictory.

If the outcome of Nature be order, it will follow that there is no law. At least it is difficult to see how there can be. The word implies that there is no change. Everything remains always the same. This is contrary to the essence of law. It will be found that none of those things which are implied in the word ‘law’ have room to play. Things cannot be other than they are. This arises from one of two things : (1) Powerlessness on the part of the thing governed, or (2) almighty power in the governor. There is no law in either case.

The same difficulty obtains in the sentiment of the hymn. It is only put the other way about. In the saying of the ancients it is laid down that order, infallible, so to speak, is the outcome of the law. Things cannot be other than they are. Here it is said the law is infallible. It is only saying, as I think, the same thing another way.

Butler says of Nature, as near as I can remember, it is *stated, fixed, regular*; and all this implies that a change is impossible. This, again, rules law out of court altogether.

— Cooper, the whilom Chartist, but latterly the Christian Apologist—a man as faithful as he was outspoken—if I mistake not, used words to this effect, ‘I find no law in Nature.’

Someone has expressed it in this way, ‘There is a tendency in things.’ Perhaps it is more correct to say, there are certain fixed principles everywhere at work. We may have something more to say on this point by-and-by, and so we will not say it now.

The point is that there is no evidence of law at work in Nature at all. I should be glad if it were possible to discover the evidence of it, but I do not see any. I have looked—long and longing—to find it, but without success. I am sorry to say it, but is it better to be willingly blind or to confess what we do know? I think it is far better to say that we do not know anything about it, than to look so sage, as the manner of some is, and say nothing.

There is, to my mind at least, far too much sentiment amongst us and far too little honesty. We like to look wise and leave it to be supposed that there is behind the veil we hang over our face an untold fund of knowledge. But is this to act as becomes true men? The question is its own answer.

We admit things to be in Nature as they are because they are as they are. We do not go on to the further and logical conclusion that no law guides them. We know, for instance, that the sun rises in the east and that it cannot rise in the west, and yet we do not say that no law is imposed upon it. We allow it to be said there is a law, which orders it so, and this law cannot be broken. We contradict ourselves, that is, and do not allow ourselves to see the contradiction.

Are there, then, no causes? Does not the sun produce a change in the temperature? Why, of course it does. 'I have just seen a prodigy,' said someone to Cicero. 'What was it?' he asked. 'I saw a serpent coiled round a bar of iron,' was the reply. 'That was no prodigy,' said Cicero; 'if you had seen the bar of iron coiled round the serpent that would have been a prodigy.' What now? Things do as they can do and not as they cannot. A cause, therefore, is nothing but a tendency in operation. Causes are, in other words, independent of laws.

This admits the principle of necessity into Nature. Mr. Cooper would not have said that. I doubt if Bishop

Butler would have said it either. Things are because they are, means necessity of course. It means, that things cannot alter their nature, and, if there be necessity, why, of course, it must be so. It is quite clear. But does necessity govern us? We do not say it governs Nature. If we choose to call certain inherent qualities in things by the name, there is no reason against it; but it will not follow that it is a governing principle. We may say that we can do as we please, and I suppose we can; and we may call this a necessity of our nature. But we shall not say that we are governed by it. It is because we can do as we please that we need law to govern our conduct. But it does not follow that because we do as we please, that Nature can do so too. In other words, law is for us, and not for Nature.

But does not the fact that there is 'no law' mean there is 'no God'? This is another question. Cooper did not think so. Butler did not think so. It is certainly better where men do not require the enforcement of any law, being guided by right principles. St. Paul says, 'The law was not made for a righteous man.' We will not, however, discuss the question in this light. Our object is gained. It is more than probable that our notion respecting law in Nature is a FALLACY.

XXXIII

HEALTH

THERE is no fallacy about health ! More than one will make this exclamation, and, perhaps too, with much show of reason. We admit this very readily.

But it is more than probable that many of us, perhaps most, entertain wrong notions (1) as to what it is, and (2) as to the way to promote it. And so a discussion of the subject will not be amiss.

What now is health ? It is, so we may say, the harmony of all the parts of our being. It is Watts, I believe, who spoke of the body as a harp of a thousand strings. Such an instrument, if the thing were possible, would be difficult to keep in tune. And if the body be like it, there are tremendous difficulties in our way. Perhaps, however, after all, it is not exactly so. And yet the parts must, so to speak, work in harmony, if health is to be the result.

We may say, then, for the sake of argument, that this, or something like this, is what we want : The respective parts of the body, and they are many, must be working smoothly together. When this is so, we may say there is health.

But we must be careful here, as it is possible to make a mistake. We often like to assist some parts of our body to discharge their functions. This we do by taking narcotics and other things. We know that the effect of these things

is eventually to do serious mischief. This condition, therefore, must be added—no part of our nature must receive assistance. Everything must work of itself. No assistance must be given to any part. I once came across a friend—I should rather say, my friend told me that he was assisting nature by taking a small dose of salts every morning. The result was that nature would not work without it. In other words, a state of things was brought about which was far from being one of health. And so we have to say, and say emphatically, that this assistance must not be given. Our bodies can only be in a state of health when things work harmoniously of themselves. This, then, is our definition of health.

The question is now, how to promote this harmony? When it is necessary to tune a harp or piano, the discordant strings have to be readjusted. We have a ready and easy method for doing this. And if the body were at all like one of these instruments, it would be an easy matter to keep it in health. But the analogy lies only in the great number of its parts. It is not in the nature of things. Here there is absolutely no analogy at all. Hence, it follows that illustrations are often misleading. We cannot argue from one thing to another in this way. We shall have to take the question and try to answer it, as it stands.

The first thing to ask with respect to the way of promoting health is this, Shall we look to the things which promote health or to those things which impair it? This question ought to answer itself, but it does nothing of the kind in many things. For instance, in morals, we constantly rate at drunkenness. A moment's thought would lead us to see that we are far better to let drunkenness alone and talk of sobriety. If a man be sober, he will not be drunken. And generally, it is better in all questions of morals to inculcate virtue than to decry vice. The virtuous

man cannot be a vicious man. When we are teaching a man to speak—a stammerer, for instance—it is far better to think of and aim at speaking than to think of curing stammering. The more we think of stammering, as a rule, the more we shall stammer. We must avoid it, therefore, and only think of the way of doing things properly.

This, when we think it out, approves itself to our thought. At first sight, it seems as if the one way was the other; but when we think it out, there is a mighty difference, so mighty, indeed, that it means the difference between success and failure. I will illustrate what I mean.

A few years ago a clergyman came to me with a bad throat. I looked at his neck, and, when he spoke, I perceived that it presented a large hole and looked very strange. I said to him, 'This is a nasty mess. I don't know what it means. We will, however, set to work to get the voice working right. When it works right, it will not work wrong.' There is logic here. We set to work accordingly and in a few days our task was accomplished. The voice was working right and the neck assumed its normal appearance. I have no doubt, if I had used means to remove the wrong—though I do not know what means could do this—I should have been where I was. I knew the difference between right and wrong action. I took the means, therefore, that would bring about right action. And so was successful. The whole secret lies here. We must promote health by exercise.

The exercise should be judiciously chosen and carefully practised. It must be done right. When the part to be exercised does the exercise properly, it will be right. In other words, the test of being right is doing right. The one brings about the other.

We cannot go into the question fully. I have done this elsewhere. It must now suffice to say, and emphasize as

we say it, to keep every part of the body in healthy exercise is the best way to promote the health. We must add, for this also is true, that a great factor in all this is healthy thought. The man, who wishes to be well, must first of all entertain lofty ideals, noble ideals. He must in this matter live above the *profanum vulgus*.

We need not enlarge. One word is as good as a thousand. If our principle be right, it will be right all along the lines. That it is right is proved by the best of all means, by experience. It means work. Yes, this is true. And what does not mean work that is worth possessing? If we look round and notice in any particular line, we shall find that every man that excels is a worker. This is not only true, but it is also true that the more he works the more successful he is.

We shall not notice here in detail that if this be right, a great deal that is generally entertained is very much wrong. This is obvious. Opposites cannot be right. One or the other must be wrong. It is possible, however, that they may not run on contrary but parallel lines. This cannot be. If anything run on parallel lines with exercise, it must be exercise. Exercise, then, is the thing by which to promote health. And we must never forget that the exercise—energetic exercise—of noble thought plays an important part.

The exercise, too, must reach every part of the body. I am persuaded that this is a vital question, and so enforce it with all the power I can command. I only wish that I had had, when I was young, someone to instruct me properly about the facts of life. I have had to search and find them out for myself, but I give them and commend them to general consideration and adoption. I am persuaded that what is supposed to promote health is more than most things a FALLACY.

XXXIV

BEER

WE have often seen over the gates or doorway leading into a great factory or work-yard this notice: 'No admittance except on business.' Men cannot place a notice-board to that effect on their upper lip; but it should be there all the same. Molière makes Harpagon say, 'Il faut manger pour vivre et ne pas vivre pour manger'—We must eat to live and not live to eat. He makes him also say that the motto ought to be written over the mantelpiece in every kitchen. It should be everybody's motto and the motto should lead to the cautions expressed in the notice-board.

We have, however, dealt somewhat exhaustively with the subject and need not repeat ourselves. We shall confine our remarks, therefore, to the question of drinking beer. Is it wise or not wise?

The labouring man thinks it does not admit of question. He must have his beer. I once took the doctor to see a man who was suffering severely with his eyes. When the doctor had talked the matter out, I said to him, 'S— must not take any beer, must he?' He said most emphatically 'No.' But the poor fellow might have been given his death-warrant, he was so much distressed. He could not do without his beer. And the other day, too, I was recommending a labourer's wife not to let her

husband have beer, as it would retard his recovery from his illness. But she was persuaded poor men needed something to make them strong. And all the talk in the world would not convince her that it was not in the nature of things that beer should make anyone strong. Men must have their beer.

Whereof is beer made? It used to be made of malt and hops. It is not made of these things to-day. The shoemaker said to me, not very long ago, 'There was Johnny L—— and So-and-so used to go to the brewery at Oundle every Thursday for grains; but they don't go now, for they don't make the beer of malt and hops.' Beer, then, is not made of malt and hops. How is it made? 'Who knows? It is more than possible that the ingredients are as wholesome as they used to be. We do not know. We may leave this question.

It used to be supposed that drink made from malt and hops was good food; but I think there was little reason for thinking so. It may be admitted that it was less harmful than chemicals, but that is doubtful. The question is, whether beer is good food in any form. Let us see this, if we can.

Beer intoxicates. Is intoxication good for us? The answer will be, We should not drink so much. This, however, is no answer. Beer, in a very small quantity, will at first intoxicate. It is only when the habit is established that we can drink it with impunity. We have to answer the question, then, absolutely. And the answer to the one question is the answer to the other. Beer is not good for us; for intoxication is not good.

'It is convivial and serves to make men happy. The harm it does is so little, it may be allowed to pass.' There is something in this argument, which on the face of it, cannot be gainsaid. I was once talking to a man about his



food. I could not get his throat right and I knew the food was the cause. I tried to show him this and to persuade him to moderate his appetite. He said to me rather petulantly, 'Life would not be worth living, if we could not eat.' This is it. Men take delight in certain and certain things. Some in eating and some in drinking. Take these things away and their pleasures would be gone. This, however, is more or less a matter of habit, and about these things we shall have something to say, I hope, by-and-by.

There is this further thing to say, Drinking a little prevents overeating. And this is still more injurious. I think where drink kills one man, eating kills ten. We do not, however, wish to kill, but to 'save alive.' This is the point. How can it be accomplished? We have talked about food and seen what is best for us. Our business is now with beer; and it appears, when all things are considered, it is better not to touch it. There are many things, then, which are more or less doubtful. About this, there is but little doubt. I do not hesitate here, but say emphatically, 'To think beer necessary' is a FALLACY.

XXXV

ANGELS

THESE are heavenly beings. Are there such beings? Where do they abide? Are we concerned with them? How do we communicate with them?

How do we know there are such beings? We do not know from experience at all. We have never seen one. We do not know anyone that has. Our knowledge of such beings is derived only from revelation, and this is rather incidentally. There is no argument anywhere for their existence. It seems taken for granted.

We should gather from Scripture, and this, too, is assumed, that their residence is in heaven and that they are messengers of God. We do not know, but we should also suppose that they are pure and holy beings and that they have an intimate knowledge of earthly as well as heavenly things. They are a race of beings above man and they are not furnished with an animal constitution. 'He maketh His Angels spirits . . .' they have not an animal constitution.

There seem to be two kinds, for some have fallen. They were all created holy apparently; but some have rebelled and been cast out of heaven. We could gather many important particulars, by inference, from the Bible, of their character and work if we examined the passages respecting

them. We may say briefly (1) They are ministers to man from God. (2) They have never sinned. (3) They will be the future companions of the heirs of salvation. (4) They will be helpers in the future and final administration of God's government upon earth. (5) We must not worship them. (6) They have assumed bodily forms. (7) They are supposed to guard the pious.

Then there are special angels—*e.g.*, (1) Angel of His Presence. (2) Angel of the Lord. (3) Angel of the Church.

It is clear that if we took and examined all that is said about them in detail, we might write a good-sized book. We can, therefore, do no more here than indicate the points.

Some good and kind friend sent me, 'with the author's compliments,' a large volume written under the title 'Fallen Angels.' The writer, evidently a man of some learning—perhaps, great—and polish, tries to show that we are fallen angels. I thought one of his arguments was rather ingenious. It took this shape, 'Who is He that ascended but He that first descended?' Now Elijah ascended and so he must have descended. But Elijah was a man. He came down, therefore, from heaven. He could only descend as an angel. If, therefore, he was an angel, all men are descended from heaven and are angels. This looks very plausible; but it is very faulty all the same. If Elijah descended as an angel, he would have lived, and ascended as an angel. He did not do either. He lived as a man and ascended as a man. True, it was in a chariot of fire, whatever that may mean.

It is more than possible that we should be landed in some such difficulties, if we tried to examine into the nature, number, and work of the angels from the particulars given us in Scripture. But we will let it alone. We only now

notice what the Jews say about them. They are largely responsible for the Scriptures and should know what to understand by them.

If we said all, or a tithe, of what they believe about angels, we should have to write a long article, and so a few things must suffice.

They hold, then, every man has 10,000 at his right hand and 1,000 on his left. They hold, too, that an angel presides over every herb and flower. They speak of four archangels—(1) Gabriel on the right hand, (2) Raphael on the left, (3) Uriel behind, and (4) Michael before the throne of God. I am writing from memory and so it is possible the order is not quite right.

The Saviour, too, speaks of calling twelve legions to his assistance. A legion is 6,000, so this would mean 72,000. And yet one angel destroyed Sennacherib's host—185,000. An angel, too, destroyed the first-born in Egypt. It is difficult to give a reason for calling so many to His aid.

What are our notions? Have we any? We have not—for the most part—thought out the question, and, perhaps, it is true that we have no definite notion. We think of them as heavenly beings and that they hold an intermediate place between God and us. They come with blessings from God to us. But how they travel and work, we do not know. And all this arises from the fact that they are immaterial. It never occurs to us to ask, if such beings can be.

Perhaps, no writer has done more to foster and formulate this idea than Milton. I have tried lots of times to conceive ideas of the 'foul fiend' that hovers at the mouth of his 'shapeless' and 'bottomless pit.' The more, however, I try, the further I fail. How can we conceive an idea of a 'shapeless' immaterial thing? We are in the same formless condition when we try to get an idea of God. The thing is impossible. What notion can we conceive of an

'Infinite Spirit' who fills all space? None! Absolutely none! We try and try and try, but in vain. And so also of the minor spirits, angels, and demons, we can conceive no idea. We cannot say there are no such beings, for we do not know. We can only say we have no experience and we do not know anyone that has intercourse with them. We cannot possibly go further.

We will not say, then, that an angel is a fallacy, but to think that we know about them is distinctly not true as a matter of experience; it is, in short, a FALLACY.

XXXVI

GRACE

WHAT does this word mean? As a theological word it means, 'the free favour of God, bestowed on men without any merit or claim on their part.' It is sometimes used to describe, 'Divine influence and its effects upon the heart.' Hence the New Testament is called the 'Gospel of the grace of God.'

In ordinary use, it means personal beauty, ease of movement, kindly disposition. We can have nothing to say about this, inasmuch as it describes a certain something which adorns some people, both men and women. This quality, as we generally understand it, is always a desirable possession.

Some years ago, I was talking to a friend on kindred subjects and he said to me, 'Grace comes to us according to certain laws.' He would have gone on to say that these laws were illustrated in their operation in the Sacraments. But I stopped him with the observation, 'My good friend, but law and grace are contradictory terms. Where grace is there can be no law.'

But now we do not wish to treat this question in either of these two senses. It is clear that it would involve the consideration of many particulars. We shall suppose that it is, in some sense, an interference with the course of things and

we shall ask the question, Does Nature know anything at all about it? Our course is clear.

There are freaks in Nature. These obtain both in the vegetable and animal world. They are not very frequent and we never speak of them as things of grace. We cannot explain them at all and, as a rule, they are not by any means desirable. They need not, therefore, cost us a thought further.

We have seen, too, that there is probably no such thing as law in Nature. We must, according to some, and these for the most part reasonable, men, perhaps, put this a little stronger and say, There is no law in Nature at all, for there is no evidence of it anywhere. There are tendencies. We have already seen this. But now, do these tendencies receive any grace? Is grace, in short, ever seen at work in Nature? It is special favour irrespective of any merit. Do we know, or have we known, any instances of it? This question we cannot answer in the affirmative. We may not answer for everyone in the negative, for we do not know what is the experience of all the world. We can only say, therefore, the presumption is all against it.

But Nature does not need any special favour. She goes on her way, performs her functions regularly and stately, brooks no interference, and needs no assistance. To all intents and purposes there can be no reason for administering grace to Nature at all. What, then, must our conclusion be but this, that there is room for grace in Nature is a FALLACY.

XXXVII

HYPNOTISM

THIS is a modern term. Its use is needless. We had the thing in another form before. Why invent it?

There is a very strong disposition in these days to alter many things. Why is this? It arises, perhaps, from the fact that the people of the present age think themselves so much better than their forefathers. I say perhaps, for I do not know. I can only notice the fact and suggest a reason.

We see this thing showing itself in fashion, in business and in language. We like finer houses, sharper practice and different terms. Whether it is better for the nation and tends to perpetuate it is another matter.

It is noticeable as much in the language as anything. There is a disposition here, which to my mind is very much to be deprecated. It is that of altering the language. In society it is a disposition to reduce it to slang. This is seen in changing the phrases. A young fellow, fresh from college, will use such expressions as, 'I am stony,' 'I am tired,' where he means, 'I am poor,' 'I do not like this.' He imagines this kind of thing pretty. It is seen also in shortening phrases and words, 'cue' for 'thank you,' 'readin'' and 'talkin',' etc. It is seen among our professors who call elocution '*e*locution,' and evolution '*e*volution,' and such-like things they do. It is seen further

among our men of science and medical men. Diseases and methods of cure, for instance, are receiving different names.

There are two potent reasons, as I think, for not discountenancing this disposition : (1) Our language was settled at a time when men possessed as much, if not more, intellect than we do. (2) We ought to strive to hand it down to posterity as pure as we received it.

We will not pursue these thoughts further, for we may, perhaps, recur to it. We will examine hypnotism. We will take another opportunity of examining the name whose place it tries to take.

We notice first then that it is pretentious. It assumes to be a new science. It is not new by any means. It is as old as many other things. It is not much of a science either. Science, properly, so-called, should name a branch of study which takes years and years to master. Hypnotism takes just as long to know as it takes to know that you possess any other power. It is a personal power depending on certain qualifications.

These qualifications are brain and nerve. The latter again depends on the former. The inter-relation we cannot explain. There is another power which is also a factor, and that is the will. There is nothing subtle about it, as some people would have us think.

The first thing is brain. This must be, in a way, superior to other people's. It is very difficult to say exactly how. This, however, is certain, there must be more brain power in the hypnotizer than in the hypnotized. It seems, too, that it must also be in the region of the intellect. This is a *sine quâ non* of success.

The nerve again depends on the brain. When Artemus Ward went about with his show, he came across some women, so he tells us, who wanted to go in without paying.

But he said to them, 'Na, na, ye canna go in without payin', but ye can pay without goin' in.' And it seems to be so here. There may be brain without nerve, but there cannot be nerve without brain.

The nerve-power indeed is of a very peculiar kind. It does not admit of description. It is of the same kind which is necessary for spiritism—so called. In other words, the hypnotizer is also a 'medium.' It is a pity things are so; but it is just as well to notice and acknowledge all this.

The will has also much to do here. A man with a weak will cannot hypnotize. Here we must distinguish again between things that differ. A strong will does not mean obstinacy. A person with a weak will is often very obstinate—'as obstinate as a mule.' The strong will must have a large mind behind it. I suppose, it is scarcely necessary to remark, that the will depends very largely upon the health. It must have, in other words, as its basis a robust constitution, a tone of system distinctly high.

The hypnotizer must then depend for success on these things: (1) Will-power, depending on high tone of the system; (2) brain-power; and (3) nerve-power, of a peculiar, and indescribable, kind. Then what can he do? He can do, under certain circumstances, work of two kinds. What are these kinds of work? (1) Good. (2) Mischief.

As I have hypnotized a great deal, I can speak here with some authority. I have never openly confessed this; because hypnotism is usually associated with mischief. This because of its improper use. The word is derived from *ὑπνος*, sleep. To hypnotize means properly to put to sleep. This may be, and often is, an improper use of hypnotism. Hence the notion. I take it, and I want to emphasize this, that we ought not to use any of our powers for mischief. My motto has always been, 'Do as much

good as you can always ; but never do any harm.' We shall now notice what kinds of good we may do and what evil.

1. THE GOOD.—The hypnotizer may do a lot of good. I will now illustrate this point by referring to things which I have done.

(a) *Sleep*.—I have put people to sleep often. Here we must remark there are two ways of doing this, the right and the wrong way. I have never tried to do it the wrong way, for I could never conceive that it was right to do wrong that right may come. I cannot do better here than refer to a special case. When I was in America and on my way from Washington to New York, I stayed a day at a friend's house in Orange. The lady of the house was given to good works. She had invited a young lady to stay a day or two with her, who had come in time for lunch as I was leaving in the afternoon. This poor girl had lost her parents and her money and was trying to earn something by painting. She had become so excited over it, that she could not sleep. She had not slept, indeed, for three nights. I felt exceedingly anxious to help her, and so, as soon as lunch was over, I took her upstairs and laid her on a couch, so that she could be quite quiet. I then laid my hand on her forehead and stood over her. My object was, simply to communicate nerve-power from me to her and so quiet the brain and restore the connection between it and the nerves. I did not want—and this is the point—to suspend the action of her will, but rather quietly to bring it back to control her own powers. The operation took a good half-hour. I was on the point more than once of giving up in despair ; but I did not. I left her fast asleep and was more than delighted. If there be one pleasure greater than another, it is that of helping suffering humanity. This, however, is counterbalanced by a disadvantage—the pain is greater to feel that you can afford no relief.

(b) *Deafness*.—I have cured several people of this trouble by hypnotism. One day, as I returned from my usual afternoon rounds, I found an old man and his wife waiting to see me. He had a note from his rector to say who he was. He had walked about eight miles. I asked him what he wanted. He said he was deaf and he had come to be cured. I gathered from what he said that it was nerves. And so I took him aside and manipulated there for some time, and then I put my fingers into his ears, etc. We returned to his wife and I said to her, 'There now, your husband is all right.' She looked at me surprised and with unbelief. I said, 'Speak to him.' She spoke and he heard. He asked me what he was to pay. 'Oh,' I said, 'we will run for that.' I told the girls to give them some tea, which, I have no doubt, they enjoyed. I inquired some year or two after and he was all right.

(c) *Blindness*.—I have also cured what may be called practical blindness by this power. A few years ago I came across a lady just about sixty who could scarcely see. She could not bear to wear goggles and it looked as if she never would see again. I took means and methods of raising the tone of the system and I manipulated the nerves of her eyes, and she sees to-day as well as I do, perhaps better.

(d) *Neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica*, simply flee away on the manipulation of the nerves. I could fill pages in describing cases of this kind. Some years ago, I called on a farmer, a tall man, more than 6 feet. He was almost doubled up. He could not for the life of him stand upright. I said to him, 'What is the matter?' He said he did not know. I said to him, 'Come in, I can put you right.' He said, 'You put me right! Why, I've taken everything I can think of for these three weeks and I cannot get better.' I said, 'Come in.' He obeyed. 'Take off your coat,' I said. He did so. I manipulated

the nerves of his back for a few minutes, and then I threw my stick on the floor and said, 'Pick that up.' He did so and was well. I left him rejoicing. He has never suffered since.

(e) *Stomach and Liver Troubles.*—I have gone into people's houses and found one or other suffering; but have left them all right. I could give numerous instances, but forbear.

I must, here, say that in all these cases there has not been any organic disease. It has been simply a question of nerve derangement. Most of our troubles are of this nature and so are easily put right. There is nothing to be done for organic trouble but to bear, and, perhaps, die.

We see now what to understand by using the hypnotizing power for good. There is nothing much in it. Certainly, it does not involve much science or much skill. A little *voûs* is enough. There is certainly, as some people foolishly think, nothing devilish in it. We may describe it as using a power. There is no more need to connect it with spirits, evil or good, than there is for connecting the use of our hands with them. It is not even what the Scotch would call 'uncanny.' Its proper name would be magnetism; for it is the same thing. There is this, however, to be said, that hypnotism ought not really to begin with sleeping—causing to sleep. And this is where the evil comes in.

2. *THE EVIL.*—The hypnotizer may do a lot of mischief. He always does mischief, when he begins his work with the *ύπνος*. I call it by this name as it is sleep induced and not natural. The reason of the mischief is here, it weakens the will. The will of the patient is weakened by every hypnotic act of this kind.

The hypnotizer does this for many purposes which we need not describe; they are principally clairvoyant. As this is done for the mere sake of gain and amusement, it is

much to be deprecated. To deprive a man of his will is to take away his independence and to make him little better than a machine. I do not know anything more vile or scandalous.

The hypnotizer may practise his power without the *ὑπνος*. He leaves the patient in this case pretty much at his mercy. He can do two classes of things. (1) He can make him do as he likes, drink vinegar, for instance, and think it beer. The patient now amuses by the ridiculous things he does. (2) He may cure him of certain diseases, derangements rather, by telling him he is well. He cures the drunkard in this way. He tells him alcohol is poison and that he must not take it in any form. He makes him a sober man. I have never seen anyone so cured and so can pass no opinion. I can well imagine it, all the same, possible. But I denounce the process as vile and mischievous.

Some years ago, a writer in the *Scalpel*, a medical paper, related several important cures, as he thought, which he had effected by hypnotism. I challenged him. My challenge took this shape, 'If you have reduced the patient's will to a rag, you have probably done more harm than good. What have you to say to this?' The writer did not accept my challenge.

All this is a misuse of the magnetic power. It is mischievous in the extreme. It ought, as I think, to be as severely condemned as poisoning.

A few weeks ago there was an account in the *Morning Post* of a public meeting, in the presence of which two doctors performed a good number of hypnotic feats, all of which were of the mischievous kind. They were calculated to do an untold amount of mischief, and were much to be deprecated. I wrote to the editor to point this out. I explained the case fully, for I was anxious to prevent a repetition. The editor, however, would not admit my letter.

I have written again twice to the *Morning Post* and four times to the *Standard* about the mischief that the fuss respecting the small-pox epidemic (??!!) is causing; but neither paper will admit my letters. Now why? I have followed the reports carefully from the beginning and I have noticed nothing so much as exaggerated accounts of the disease, and letters advocating vaccination. Nothing has been said on the other side. And surely a question like this ought to be fully discussed. Nothing but good could come of it. I can only notice this fact. I will not attempt an explanation, which may or may not be the right one. Certain it is, that there are thousands of sensible and thinking people, who do not hold the orthodox view of vaccination and are none the worse for it. They are not vaccinated and they do not take small-pox. Why should these people be deluged with thoughts that are positively offensive?

But surely, someone will say, a sober man is in any state better than a drunkard? To this I reply with a decided and unmistakable 'No.' A man, with no will, is little better than an idiot. And an idiot is not better than a drunkard. It is not possible to cure drunkenness by magnetism.

Perhaps, it is better here, in order to make things plain, to distinguish between the magnetizer and the hypnotizer. They both possess and exercise the same power. The former makes a legitimate use of his power, the latter an illegitimate one. I would reward the former, I would severely punish the latter.

It would have been better, perhaps, to have treated these questions separately; but it will suffice if we can now distinguish things that differ. We have nothing to say against, but many things for, magnetism. It may come in, however, by-and-by for separate treatment. Meantime, let me say it

is only a natural power and that hypnotism is, as it is generally understood, the abuse of it. To say that hypnotism is any good is far from true. I have no hesitation, indeed, in saying that it is, of all others, perhaps, the greatest FALLACY.

XXXVIII

TEETH

WE often hear the expressions, 'How to preserve the eyes,' 'How to preserve the voice,' and others of a similar nature. We never hear the expressions, How to preserve the feet, How to preserve the legs, and others like them. How is this? The thing, when we think it out, seems very strange, for it is only rational to suppose that our organs, like our limbs, were made to last as long as our bodies. Why is it they should do otherwise? We are now on the right track.

The man, who uses his voice, as Nature intended him to, will find it will last as long as any other part of his body. The same may be said of every other part of the body, unless there be some natural defect. And a defect, under ordinary circumstances, is the exception and not the rule. It is not at all necessary to ask such questions as these. They are very foolish and, like many more such questions, savour of humbug.

There is a cannon, so they say, at Dover, on which there is this inscription :

' Scour me well and keep me clean,
And I'll carry a ball to Calais Green.'

We may paraphrase this, Do your duty by me, and I'll do my duty by you. This is true of the respective parts of our bodies. There is, therefore, no fear on this score.

It will follow, therefore, from all this, that we should ask a different question altogether from the foregoing, and it should take this shape, How can I act so as not to injure any part of my body? The parts need nothing to preserve them; they do need protection. Like many things, they are not shell-proof. If we jump from the top of a house, we shall probably break our legs. We shall probably injure our sight, if we run a thorn into the eye. And generally, if we do not exercise ordinary protective care, we shall run considerable risks of injury to some part or parts of our bodies. Here lies our work. Precaution must be the order of the day.

We must do all we can to prevent disorder, not only to the body generally, but to the parts in particular. Protection is what the whole and the parts need. But surely this is the thing we shall do. It is the very thing we do not do. We think nothing at all about it. Far from directing thought to any one of the parts of our body, we simply suppose that they are all given us for our pleasure. Everything within and without must minister to our pleasure.

Here the question will be asked, Why not? There is no reason against making things minister to our pleasure, if the act do no injury. There is no reason, so far as we know, against fox-hunting; but it is altogether another question if the hunters and hounds run over my nicely-kept and well-stocked garden. It may please them, and afford them vast amusement, but it will do me considerable mischief. And it is exactly here that the consideration lies. We may take all the pleasure out of life possible, but we have no right to cause loss or suffering to our fellow-creatures. And it is precisely so here. We may make our bodies, and all their parts, minister to our pleasure so long as we protect them meantime from injury. And the pity is that here all the danger lies.

Now it so happens that the appetite, rather its gratification, affords many people their chief pleasures. We have just had a man staying with us whose main pleasure, as he thinks, is in religion. Perhaps it is. But the pleasures of appetite hold a good second. I tried my best to get him quite right, but could not. I found it necessary to write to his wife that she must work at reducing his food until he ate about a third of the present quantity. I am afraid, however, that she will do nothing of the kind. Here all our trouble lies.

So many parts of our bodies suffer from this very thing—animal pleasures. We live to enjoy the good things of this life. We eat too much, we drink too much, we smoke too much. We ought to eat just so much, and no more, as is necessary to supply the wants of our nature. We should drink very little. We should not smoke at all. All that we do above what Nature actually requires goes to impair the parts of our bodies—sometimes these, sometimes those.

Perhaps, there is nothing in us which suffers from these things sooner than our teeth. True that medicine will have a more serious effect on them and a more rapidly injurious one. This is very suggestive. It seems, indeed, that one good purpose our teeth serve is that of indicating what we should not do. Take nothing, they seem to say, that injures us. Our food does injure our teeth. About that there is no manner of mistake whatever.

We will only notice two circumstances in further proof of this. When I was young, for instance, a dentist was almost unknown. *Punch* had cartoons most weeks representing the funny side of his profession. Now his trade is recognised as legitimate. No one remarks about it. And what a lot there is for him to do! Almost no one, past the age of twenty, has sound teeth. The teeth ought to last, and used to last, as long as the man. What has changed it all?

There is only one answer—civilization. We now think it a great business to cater for the stomach. Life would be impossible without the art of cooking. This thing has been rapidly more and more intensified, as the years have rolled on. Eating all sorts of unwholesome things is now everywhere indulged to excess. With the increase of the habit there has been a more rapid decay of the teeth. To-day, we are almost, so far as Nature is concerned, toothless.

Then look at the Kaffirs! They used to have good and pearly teeth. Theirs are beginning to go. Why? Because they are changing their mode of living. They used to feed on mealies and this scarcely cooked. Then they had all they could wish or need for dentition. Now they are beginning to live on the food of civilized nations and their teeth are decaying too. This fact was told me incidentally the other day, by one who had lived many years amongst them. There is nothing clearer and plainer than this that our food—rather what we put into our stomachs—is the cause of decayed and decaying teeth.

How are we to alter it? We have no intention of doing anything of the kind; we shall go on. We have come to regard our manner of feeding as essential to civilization and our chief joy; and we shall never alter. We may just as well speak to the moon as to people about these things. We like good teeth. We would do anything to possess them. But the dentist can supply them. And so we settle the matter. Nevertheless, if we could emblazon it on the sky, we would, that to part with our natural teeth for false ones is a FALLACY.

XXXIX

TEA

SHOULD we drink tea? This question will startle most people. They will exclaim, 'Who would have thought of asking such a question? Why, everybody drinks it. And of course it must be right.' Well, is it?

Carlyle said, 'There are 33,000,000 people in England, mostly fools.' He would be thought very impudent. Well, the number to-day is considerably increased. What would he now say? Has wisdom increased in the same ratio? Are there more wise men to day? It is more than possible that as men are the same so their nature has not changed. If Carlyle, therefore, were right then, he would be right now.

We have heard the expression, 'Chrysostom contra mundum.' Perhaps, we have endorsed the opinion that he was right and all the world wrong. In such a case again, indeed, Carlyle might have been right. Who shall say?

The probabilities are that neither of these great men was right on all points. There is this difference among men, perhaps, and further than it we may not go. 'Some men try to be and do right, and some don't.' It will follow from this that some men, with large minds, right spirits, and kind affections, will think more correctly on most things, and so find that most men are wrong on most things. It is as certain as the sun goes down, that no one is perfectly right and that most men are very far from it.

It will follow from this that we should not think anything right for the reason that all are of the opinion that it is so. All may be wrong. What is it not true, 'Vox populi, vox Dei'? Of course not, how can it be? If the voice of the people were the voice of God, why then the people would be God. Herod spoke eloquently. The people exclaimed, 'It is the voice of God.' Herod was grateful for the compliment and did not give God the praise, and 'was eaten up of worms.' In this case, both the people and the leader too were wrong.

We must, therefore, be independent and judge righteous judgment. In passing arguments through our minds we must not allow prejudice of any kind to influence us. We must think soberly and as we ought to think. We shall do so, or try to, with respect to the subject before us now, and this whether it be for or against us.

We ask and ask again, Should we drink tea? There is a story told that a doctor was once telling an old lady that tea was a slow poison. She answered, as it was thought, to his learned talk by a very practical and conclusive remark, 'Slow enough, for I have drunk it these thirty years and it has not poisoned me yet.' This, however, might only prove that she had a good constitution. There is a man near us, who has been a drunkard nearly all his life, and now, though ailing, he is still alive and seventy-five years old. Age may not prove more than good and robust health. And this is no answer to the question.

It is pleasant to the taste. This is perfectly true. We like tea and we take it for this reason. But everything that is pleasant is not good for us. We like toddy for the same reason. In Scotland, I believe, though I have never witnessed it, the ministers ask a blessing on their whisky. In England, on the contrary, many call it an 'accursed thing.' This is strange that the same thing should be regarded as a blessing in one country, and a bane in another. The

truth, however, is, it is neither the one, nor the other. The fault or otherwise is in the people and not in the thing. Whisky is pleasant to the taste ; but to what sort of taste? It is to a cultivated taste. The man who likes whisky has had to train himself to it. And so with tea. I doubt very much if a person unaccustomed to tea and accustomed to milk would prefer to drink tea.

But it does no harm. This is the point. Does it not? Well, but we feel better and brighter after it. Has not the poet immortalized its fame? 'It is the cup that cheers, but not inebriates.' Then it does take the spirits and give shape to them. It does this in a way different from alcohol, that is all. And so here we arrive at our point. It is this—Is this taking us from our normal state and putting us in an unnatural one good? It stimulates the nerves. The question to my mind answers itself.

Does it nourish the system? Is it food? These are the questions. We do not say, there is no food in it, nothing that is good for the stomach in it ; but we do say there is more in it of the nature of a stimulant. And stimulants drive the powers, so to speak, off the rails. The tendency is to bring about an unnatural state, an abnormal state, of being and action, of the nervous system. And as it is here our vitality lies, of course mischief follows.

It is difficult to say how much or how little we should drink. It is not difficult to say that we are more likely to err on the side of taking too much. We take too much liquid. The less of every kind we drink the better. If we must drink, there is no reason for not drinking tea. But we ought to take it very weak and newly made and not much of it. We shall, however, have something to say on this point, if all be well, later.

The upshot of this is that much tea is much mischief. We shall, therefore, not be wrong in saying emphatically, Strong tea, long made especially, drunk frequently is a great FALLACY.

XL

A I R

WHEREIN is air a fallacy? Air is no fallacy; but is an extremely real thing. It is also as indispensable as it is real. To put things in a clear light, we will just notice what it is first. We shall then be better able to talk about it. Definitions are very difficult to make and are always inadequate. This is owing to the nature of things. We will, however, do our best.

We may not call it an envelope, although it, in a way, encases the earth. It does not hide it from view or enclose it. We may not say it is a cover for it, because it affords it no protection. We cannot say it lies on the earth, or rests on the earth, or rises or falls; but we may say it is on the earth.

Air then is on the earth everywhere. And it is so to the height, anyway, of about five miles. This much is pretty well ascertained of it.

We know too that it is a fluid. But the moment we think of it in this light, many thoughts about it come into our mind. It is influenced by many things; but, in this sense, by none so much as by heat and cold. Heat expands it. The absence of heat causes it to condense. It is from the effects of heat that we have winds and draughts. Heat and its absence play such an important

part here, that it would require a volume to describe it. All this, however, would give us no notion of what air is if we had no experience of what it is. The Indian has no notion of falling snow, for he has never seen it. He cannot conceive what a frost is for the same reason. He has never seen a river frozen over, or a lake. He has no notion of these things. And so it is with air. We could only speak of some of its qualities, for all our definitions require defining.

Air is a fluid, found everywhere on the earth, rising to more or less than five miles. We breathe it. We live in it. It is our natural element as water is the natural element of fishes. It is necessary to our life. We should die, if we could not breathe it.

It is composed chiefly of two parts—oxygen and nitrogen. These parts, gases, are mixed in volume in the atmosphere in the ratio of 20 or 21 of oxygen to 80 or 79 of nitrogen. The weight volume of the oxygen is as 8 to 28 of nitrogen. The specific gravity of air is to that of water as 1 to 828.

We must further say of air that it is necessary to life. We could not live without air. We inhale it into our lungs. And here comes the perplexing part—to know what we do with it and how we do it. The air is exhaled, but in an altered state. The oxygen in part is replaced by carbon. We do not know how this is done. The oxygen is used up and is supposed to vitalize the body; but how? We cannot say.

The air, as it is inspired, contains 79 parts of nitrogen, 21 parts of oxygen, about .04 per cent. of carbonic acid gas, and a little water vapour. The expired air contains about 5 parts less oxygen and 5 parts more carbonic acid gas, and an increased proportion of vapour. The nitrogen remains the same. This of course is only an approximate calculation. There are many circumstances to cause a variation

in these results. We may, for instance, breathe quicker or slower, or be in robust or weak health. These things could not but alter things.

The main thing to remark is that the part consumed is the oxygen. It is replaced by carbon. What follows from this?

It is clear that the oxygen is the main element. Why not then separate it and breathe nothing else? We should live too fast. The work of vitalization would go on at such a rate that we should soon be consumed. We must have oxygen, but only in certain proportions.

Now comes a very important question, and it is this, Does it make much difference, whether there be more or less of this gas so long as there is sufficient oxygen?

We do not know what constitutes a poisonous gas. We know if we breathed nothing but nitrogen or carbon we should soon die. We must breathe oxygen. This is the only condition apparently. It is the only element that is consumed. How now? We are constantly consuming the oxygen. The nitrogen remains the same. Surely the air will soon become vitiated? Yes, in a room. But, in the atmosphere, no, this does not obtain. How is this? Vegetation, especially trees, consume the carbon and give out oxygen. Here the process is reversed, and the equilibrium of the gases maintained.

But, and here is an important factor, we may breathe faster and so take in sufficient oxygen to supply the wants of the system. The truth of the matter is, that we are much puzzled to know exactly how to adjust matters.

Anyway it follows that all gases breathed apart and alone would kill us. The admixture of any gases, with oxygen omitted, would do the same. It seems clear that one gas apart is about as injurious as another. The thing to aim at is to breathe the air as near as possible as Nature has

provided it. The presence of any gas other than nitrogen in the air, by increasing its volume, as nitrogen is never taken out, would lessen the oxygen, and vitiate the air.

It is evident this subject is a very difficult one, there are so many factors to be considered. These are of two kinds, the action of the lungs and the action of the air. We know how the lungs work, but we know only in part. We know why they work, but again only in part. We know how in some measure the air acts, what it gains and what it loses. We know something of the actions of vegetation, but only to some extent. There are few trees, for instance, in large towns, and many people. How are the parts of the atmosphere readjusted? We cannot say. Our knowledge of these things is for the most part very imperfect. We can instinctively come at the best in many things, and, perhaps, we can know a little here. What now? As a rule, we must be content with a probable estimate of what is best. Breathe the air, as near as we can, as heaven has provided it. This must be our aim. If we think we can do more than this, we make a great mistake. An approximation, as in most things, so here, to what is right, is all we can hope for. We can never obtain perfection, and, though we try, we may never hope to succeed. This is clear, to obtain absolutely pure air is impossible. And so to think of it is a FALLACY.

XLI

MAGNETISM

WE have already seen that the hypnotizer is a man who makes a misuse of magnetism. There is an abuse and right use of most things. It is true, notwithstanding, that many also are best left alone. 'Neither good, bad, nor indifferent,' however, does not apply to magnetism.

It is true that many people look upon magnetism as in some way associated with the evil one; but that is foolish. We have taken some little trouble to see that there are no ghosts or spirits; and, certain it is that we have no proof that we have any intercourse with them. And I suppose that few of us would care to have dealings with the supreme king of evil. Why should we? I have made great use of magnetism, and, I hope always, a legitimate use. I have no notion whatever that in anything I have done in this way I have been influenced by any power outside myself. I once heard a preacher say 'Es ist kein Teufel'—There is no devil; but the most we can say is, We do not know. This thing is certain, that magnetism is not of the devil.

What is it? This is a hard question. If there were animal electricity and natural electricity, I should say that electricity in nature is magnetism in man. But we have the expression, animal magnetism, and we also speak of

magnetism in Nature. We have the magnet. There is a story told that a lecturer once said to his audience that there was nothing so powerful in Nature as magnetism, it could draw with so much force. But a wag rose and said, 'I know better than that. Our Moll used to draw me thirteen miles every Sunday, and no magnet could do that.' But is there such a thing in Nature apart from magnetism as electricity, or to put it more correctly, Is not magnetism a special form of electricity? We do not know. This, however, is more than possible.

Electricity is a subtle force in Nature. We do not know what it is. We only know it in some of its many manifestations. We can make its working subservient to our purpose. It seems convertible into many forms. We can use it for telegraphing, telephoning and lighting. We use it also for driving engines and, in the battery, for purposes of health. We do not yet know, it may be, the half of its powers. We are only at present on the verge of our discoveries.

We are not yet prepared to say on what exactly magnetism depends, or whether it is electricity or not. It is, perhaps, a power peculiar to the loadstone. In this case that thing which we call animal magnetism should rather be called animal electricity, for it is a fluid in my opinion rather than a force. It is a thing, as it seems to me, with which we can part, and with which also we can recoup ourselves.

The electric eel, so called, may assist us here. The electricity in this animal is a thing with which it can part and with which it can also recoup itself again. How is this proved? In this way. Here is a pond of electric eels. We make a drove of horses pass through it. The first horses receive shocks, which make them writhe; the next receive shocks, which make them wince; the next weaker, and the next weaker, and so on till no shock is imparted at all. It is clear from this the eels have parted with their

electricity. It seems to me that the electricity of the eel is clearly a fluid, imponderable, but a fluid nevertheless.

And, so I take it, the electricity of the electric eel is only another form of animal magnetism, a more or less subtle form of it, maybe. It must be a fluid. Electricity is a fluid too. I think there is little doubt magnetism is a fluid too.

Magnetism, like electricity, may be used for many purposes. It is the life of music. Singing is a noise without it. It makes reading and speaking real. It inspires all art. And most of all, it serves to cure diseases.

The violin player suffers great exhaustion, if he be a brilliant performer and play long together. And so the speaker, if he be intense and speak long, suffers too. It is clear then that they have parted with something they can ill spare. What is this? I call it a fluid. It is the magnetism or electricity of the body. At least, this is my opinion.

But now can we get any idea as to how this fluid works? Do we know how it is generated? Where is it situated? We can easily ask questions; we cannot easily answer them.

My notion is that the nerves carry the fluids. It seems to me, indeed, that the nerves carry the fluids about the body in the same way as the veins and arteries the blood. We know, or think we know, something about the nerves; but I think we know but little. I believe that the nerves carry these fluids, and that besides being the vital forces they discharge many subtle functions. I believe too that there are nerve-centres, fountains, so to speak, of vital forces, and that these can be exhausted or otherwise. I believe that these forces can be intensified. I cannot, however, express all that I feel respecting them.

To put the matter briefly we may say: (1) There are nerves. (2) There are nerve-centres. (3) These nerve-

centres are fountains of vital forces. (4) These forces can be used for many purposes. (5) They are distributed by the nerves at the discretion of the will. (6) They can be exhausted. (7) They may recoup themselves. (8) They perform some functions automatically, others at the suggestion of the will. (9) We can cultivate and intensify their powers. (10) Health depends very largely on their right action. (11) The brain-power is very largely related with them. (12) The power is largely mysterious, and we can never know all about them. (13) The fluids vary in different people. (14) Some people seem to possess only a grosser kind of fluids.

I may say here that I have given a great deal of thought to this, and have not yet acquired much certain knowledge about it. Years and years of study—independent thought—does not seem to get at it. The subtle nature of it all seems to elude you. One thing, however, is certain, There is this power and it is natural to man.

The main point is to know it and use it. We should use it, however, only for high and noble purposes. The thing that is right, as far as we can know it, can alone give satisfaction and make us happy. I think this is a power, which more than most in exercise, will do this. But that it is of the devil, devilish, is a notion as foolish as it is grossly absurd. To my mind, indeed, than it there is no greater FALLACY.

Note how animals drink

XLII

DRINK

WE touch here, and I know it well, a subject about which, if we desire to please, we shall have to speak with bated breath. There is no subject, perhaps, about which people have, so to speak, more affection than this. We must not, however, so much seek to please as to profit. We need not give unnecessary offence, but we must not sacrifice what is true for what is agreeable. We shall look at things as they are and not as we would have them. If we are wise, we shall profit by what we know.

What is drink? It is liquid which we take to supply what are supposed to be the wants of the body. This is only what we like to think. We take drinks because we like to please ourselves. We drink for our pleasure and not for our profit. We must establish this aspect of things. We can do it in this way.

We are animals. Horses and cows are animals too. The things necessary to support life in them are necessary for us. The things which are unnecessary for them are unnecessary for us. We give them water to drink. This for two reasons: (1) They would not drink the things we take. (2) They would not be good for them. What is logic for them is logic for us.

(1) Why would not the animals take the things we take?

They do not like them. This simply means, they have not been trained to like them. Take beer, for instance. Horses have been trained to like it. I have no doubt, whatever, that it would be possible so to train them as to make them like it and look for it. That which is done with one drink may be done with all. I can conceive it easily possible to train animals to like all drinks. I heard of a dog, the other day, that would jump on the table, when dinner was over, if he had the opportunity, and lick up the wine left in the wine-glasses. Oh, yes, this difficulty could easily be overcome.

Then there is another thing to be said, we have to train ourselves to drink the things we do. We like none of them naturally. I can readily remember the first beer I drank and how much I disliked it. The truth is we only like these things as we acquire the habit. Habit, and habit alone, fixes the taste, and when it is done, we like to drink as we do. This is the explanation.

I have no doubt, in my own mind, that if several drinks, and the best wines amongst them, were placed before a child, any age, that had never tasted unnatural beverages, and water amongst them, it would be preferred. There is every reason for this and none against it. Water is the natural drink. 'Habit is second nature.' We are too apt to regard that which is habitual as natural. This is ever so. This is the first point to make. We like other things, because we have formed the habit. We drink other things, wine or beer for instance, rather than water simply because we like them.

Should we never take these things? Wine, for instance, in illness? Well, of course, if we could take it at one time, we might take it at another. If we might take wine when we are ill, we might take it when we are well. That is quite clear. Is it no good? The answer here is, Water is better.

I know that it is perfectly useless to say this. The reason is, however, as I have said. We like to think so. We have nothing better to say. If we have, let us say it. Why take wine? What was it made for? Sent for? It was neither made nor sent. We make it. And we make swords and guns. The argument is not good.

Well, but the grapes were sent? The grapes grew, and they are good for food. About this, there is no question. Wine for the most part is a decoction, but, if it were the juice of the grape, it is not sent. We shall not, however, discuss this question fully. We notice it only *en passant*.

(2) Why would wine and things like it not be good for animals? They would give them no strength and would not make them fat. Natural food is better for them. There is a saying, 'What is good for horses is good for asses.' Paraphrased, I know, it would have a different application; but we may take it as it stands, and argue thence, that as it is not good for horses or asses, it is not good for us. But we are neither horses nor asses? No, this is true; but we are animals. And the question is, what is good for animals? To put the matter then as moderately as we may, it will take this shape, It is doubtful whether wine, in its best form, is good for us; as it obtains, it is better to be left alone.

But now we come to the question, and this it is which concerns us, should we drink at all?* In answer to this, it will be said, The man that would think of such a question must have escaped from a lunatic asylum. And yet 'I am clothed and in my right mind.' I was never an inmate of any such an institution. The nearest approach was a nursing-home, where I once spent three miserable weeks, or a hydro, where I also spent, once in my life, a similar

* A lady has been in our house a fortnight, and has drunk nothing at all—no tea, coffee, or cocoa, no wine, beer, or spirits. I thought it better for her illness. She is now quite well—restored from a serious illness.

time. I have no liking for such places. And yet I ask the question.

Now the answer really depends on the food. If we eat very dry food we do need a little liquid. Otherwise we do not. The sheep will drink, when the grass is dry, but when it is not, it will do nothing of the kind. And it is all there.

There are two reasons for not drinking unless we do need. The first is, Liquid weakens the gastric juices. The second is, Our food is generally moist enough. If it were dry, like hay or oats, we might need to drink; but this it never is. There is usually as much water, or watery stuff, in our food as we need. There is, indeed, generally too much. 'How is it, then, we feel thirsty?' This is a very good question and one easy to answer. We feel thirsty for the very reason that we have created the habit. The question is just as reasonable, 'How is it we feel to need the pipe?' We feel the need of tobacco, because we have created the appetite. There is always the craving when the time comes. A friend, who came to me to be cured of his throat, was ordered by Sir Morell Mackenzie to leave off smoking. He did it. But he said he passed three days of such dreadful misery that if smoking meant such thralldom, he would never smoke again. The cases are analogous. The habit is created in both instances. We cultivate the appetite in other words, and then, we think, we must gratify it.

Now, I am persuaded that we shall do better not to drink any more than we can help. I think I have made the point quite clear. But we answer, We shall have no pleasure in life. How do we know this? We do not know until we try. Let us try. The first and best thing to give us enjoyment in life is health. There is nothing like it. Drinking in more senses than one, pales all its fires before it. To drink then is no fallacy. But to drink, when we do not need, of all others is a great FALLACY.

XLIII

HEATHEN

IT would be a good thing if language could convey accurate ideas. I do not know anything more desirable than the power to conceive and express exact thought. The thing, however, is impossible. We have already seen this in our attempts to define the meaning of words. Words often defy us in this matter. This is lamentable, but true.

I think it is Fénelon who makes Telemachus say that 'language was given us to conceal our thoughts.' It is, perhaps, nearer the truth to say that it is as useful to conceal as it is to express thought. It is more correct, however, to say that language is an imperfect medium for conveying our imperfect conceptions.

What do we mean, for instance, by the word heathen? Can we say? We know who they are. The heathen are all those who are not Christians. But now if we asked, What is a Christian? we should have as great difficulty in answering. What *is* a Christian? We know something of what he professes; but this is another question.

We will try to enumerate the difficulties in our way of differentiating the heathen from the Christian; but, before doing it, we will see who are Christians and who are heathen. This is an easier task.

We may say, to start with, and speaking roughly, that

nearly all the inhabitants of Europe are Christians. The only exceptions are the Turks, and they are Mohammedans. The inhabitants of Asia are all heathen. The inhabitants of Australia and New Zealand, with the exception of the Maoris, are again Christians. The inhabitants of Africa are all heathen, save and except the Boers, the English and other settlers. The inhabitants of America are almost all Christian, saving that there are a few Indians.

In the times before A.D., if we may believe the Jews, the world was divided into two classes too—Jews and Gentiles. It is more than possible that this division was arbitrary, and was not regarded by the world at large as generally applicable. The Jew prided himself as being a worshipper of the true God, and assumed that all the rest were idolators. This, however, was his opinion, and may not have been the opinion of all the rest of the world. It is a very large assumption.

There is a principle involved in the position that, on examination, is scarcely admissible, and that is that he is more favoured than all the rest of mankind. He knew God better, for God had made a special revelation of Himself to him—a revelation that He had not made to other people. Is this possible? Has God, indeed, made known more to the Jew than to all others? We will not answer the question; for, perhaps, it is unanswerable. We only notice, *en passant*, that all men are His creatures, and that on the face of it, there seems no special reason why He should reveal to the Jews what He hides from all others. Let this suffice, however, for the moment.

We ought, perhaps, to notice that by many Christians the Jews are regarded still as people apart—people who are neither Christians nor heathens. This may be fanciful, but so it is.

We will notice next, as far as may be, the notions,

credenda, if you will, that are common to all people—Christians, heathen, and Jews—common so far as they hold any religion. We shall find these credenda many more than we are generally disposed to think.

All nations hold that the soul is immortal, that there is a future state of rewards and punishment. These two doctrines enter into all creeds. Perhaps, the Kaffirs and a few others do not hold these doctrines.

All nations again hold that there is a God, all wise and good, and that there is a devil. There is a heaven for the good and a hell for the wicked.

The notions of God are very many and very varied, as also are the notions about the devil. With some heathen, as the Chinese and Indians, there are many good Gods and many evil ones. The Indians of America believe in a great and good spirit.

Most nations, as well as the Christians, hold the doctrine of a Saviour from their sins. The only difference is in the fact that the names of the Saviour are somewhat different.

These fundamental doctrines are held in common with many minor details. The whole world, for instance, believes in a universal flood. The Hindoos believe also in the 'moving of the waters.' There is no necessity to go further into these details. The point to emphasize is that all people who pretend to any religion, and that is the major part, have very much in common.

Of course, and this point we must emphasize, there are many people everywhere—Christians, Jews, and heathen—who have no religion at all. And others again who hold only some of their distinctive doctrines. Amongst Christians for instance there are many, calling themselves Universalists, who do not believe there is any devil or any hell. They have had no experience of either the one or the other, and so they reject both.

But now let us see what are the respective characteristics of Christians, as far, that is, as may be. We have first to observe that there are three main bodies of Christians—the Roman Catholic, the Greek, and Protestant. These all hold that there is one God, and that in the Godhead there are three persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. After this, however, there is very little in common. The Protestant has the greatest reason to look upon itself as distinct. It differs so much from the other two as scarcely to have any more likeness to them than to heathenism.

It would be impossible to notice these differences in detail, but we may say they consist principally in the way in which man by his religion is related to his Creator. The Protestant holds that the fundamental doctrine of his religion is faith, while the others believe it is works. These make faith a part of works. The Protestants make faith the principle of life. They regard works as the evidence of faith. The great Reformer Luther held that the doctrine of justification by faith was the sign of a standing or falling Church.

There cannot be any doubt that this doctrine has made the best men. Those who held it most and practised it best were the Puritans, and they were certainly the best men the world has ever seen. But this distinctive feature of Puritanism is losing its hold, and men are fast letting themselves drift back to Catholicism. It is a pity it is so, inasmuch as it will mean so much loss of character.

But among Protestants there are many sects. It is said there are something like three hundred. The principal are the Church of England, the Wesleyans, the Baptists, the Independents, the Primitive Methodists, the Plymouth Brethren, and the Quakers, and we must not omit the Unitarians.

These last differ nothing in their creed from many

Christians. The Jews, the Mohammedans, and others hold the same doctrine. It is true in practice there is much difference. The Jews and Mohammedans practise many ceremonies, while the Unitarians practise none. They hold that religion consists in moral conduct governed by reason. They try their best to do right. There is not much morality amongst the Mohammedans, and though the Jews ought to be moral, they are not. It enters very little into their creed to practise the ten commandments. There is nothing they do so much as 'Jew' people.

We ought to notice here that the English Church is fast changing its fundamental doctrine and assimilating itself more or less to the Romish Church, which again scarcely differs much from the Greek. If the day should ever come, when it loses its distinctive characteristic, religion will again mean a round of religious ceremonies and very little besides. This of course cannot but lower the moral standard.

The ideal, most to be appreciated, of the Protestant religion is that God dwells in a bathos of light and man's great business is to bring himself in contact with Him. This God has enabled him to do by His Son, whom He has made a Mediator. The Christian attaches himself by faith to this Son, and He links him on to God. It is in this way he brings God into his soul and becomes like Him. This is the only true and noble way of making character. It has made England great; but we are going away from it very fast. It appears, indeed, that we are not very far from becoming what we once were. The current is very fast running in the wrong direction. More's the pity!

It would appear that there is very little in the religions, beyond a nomenclature, to differentiate the Christian from the heathen. We have already seen that the fundamentals are practically identical. The difference does not lie so much now in morals. Let us see this.

If we take the Roman, Greek and English Churches, leaving out the Protestant element, we shall find there is very little to choose between them. It would be very easy to mistake many a service in the English Church for one in a Roman Church. It is a simple question of detail, the fundamentals are practically the same. The question is that of determining, if we can, a point at which they part company.

I think we may put it in the way I once did at a table d'hôte dinner in Leukerbad. I said to my neighbours, The Roman Catholic was worse than the heathen. The observation shocked them, but let us see if we can make it good.

To start with, then, we may say that they all worship, or assume to worship, the powers that rule in the universe. The Roman Catholic classifies them under different heads and gives them different names. The heathen does exactly the same. If there be any difference here it will only be in the number of those powers and the names by which they are called. But now the heathen makes an image to represent his god and before this image he worships. The Roman Catholic calls God down into his wafer and worships Him in it. This amounts practically to worshipping the wafer. It would thus appear that the Roman Catholic makes his god and then worships it.

Now let anyone say, if he can, wherein there is a difference in favour of the Roman Catholic? The heathen does nothing half so foolish. His image represents his power and serves to call it before him. The Roman Catholic worships his image, while he worships only his power.

It is very clear then that the heathen, so-called, is not so dull as we would make it out. He does not see that the Christian religion, as professed by the Catholic, is any better than the religion which he professes.

Then, if it be said that the heathen has 'gods many and lords many,' we ask, Has he as many as the Roman

Catholic? Of course he has not. What about the Virgin Mary and the saints? I have talked, when on the Continent, to many intelligent Catholics, and I find for the most part they do not believe in their religion at all. What good are the dead saints?

As a question of superstition, it seems to me there is equally much in the Christian religion, as it now obtains, as there is in the so-called heathen. It would be difficult, indeed, to say wherein there is less. What good can there be in constant bowing and genuflections, burning of candles and incense, consecrating of bread and wine, carrying of flags and banners and all the rest of it? There is nothing in it at all to satisfy the hungry soul. He wants to touch God, and not candle-grease. He cannot, for a moment, suppose that these mummeries attract the attention or in any way please the Father of lights. How can they?

And, if it be said, The Christian has his Bible, we answer, The heathen has his sacred books too. The Roman Catholic and the Anglican profess that the Church has given us the Bible. The heathen, if he claimed this, would be exactly in the same position. But it is more than possible he would ascribe the origin of his books to a higher power. But who is to decide the respective merits of these books?

We leave out of count for the moment the consideration of inspiration, for it is fashionable to say nowadays that all sorts of men are inspired—heathens as well as Christians. And so inspiration does not count for much.

We may, however, say of the Bible that, in consequence of this loose way of regarding inspiration, it has come to be regarded as of less authority than the Church. We must listen rather to the 'voice of the Church' than to it. And so it has come about: (1) Few read the Bible; (2) Everyone who does interprets it for himself.

But now the question still remains, What is the moral effect of religion upon the nations? Are the Christian nations morally better than the heathen? This is a very large question, which we cannot adequately answer. There is something to be said, notwithstanding, which will aid us a little.

Let us look at the Christian nations of Europe first. What is the moral state of the European nations? France is full of communism. Germany teems with socialism. Russia is rampant with nihilism. There is not a nation in Europe scarcely that is not ready, if it were possible, to break out in open revolt against its government. There is a little honour, which serves as a working principle, among the best of all nations, but taken as a whole, little can be said favourably of the morals of Europe.

America is no better. The United States are as bad, perhaps, in this sense as they can well be. Canada is somewhat better, yet it, too, is following in the wake. The Christians generally are not better for their religion. There is one spirit abroad, and that is to get rich, and the way of doing it is but of little consequence.

It would seem, indeed, that religion is often used as a cloak for wrong-doing. One of our farmers said to me once, 'If I have ever had anything to do with a preaching, praying man, he was sure to cheat me.' And the grocer said to me, 'If a man comes into my shop and talks religion, I button up my pockets at once.' I could tell some curious stories here, but I forbear. The Christian religion does not now seem, whatever it may have been in the past, a power for good.

Then what has been said about Christians by those who look on? A little while ago the *Japanese Review* called upon them, in face of their conduct in the Chinese War, to go and learn the religion of reason and humanity, and when

they had learnt 'to be human, to come and teach them.' Fazy, the editor of the *Temps* in Paris, wrote withdrawing his strictures on the Bulgarian atrocities. He also said, 'I see no difference between a Turkish, British or French mob, since the Dreyfus case and the Transvaal War.' He further added that 'the Mohammedan was as good as the Christian religion.'

But all this is open to the retort that the Christian religion has very little to do with 'atrocities' or 'war.' This is true. The Christian religion condemns both. Perhaps the religion of the heathen would do the same. We know, indeed, that it is so. We are dealing just now with its effect on the nations. And so far we do not see that it affects them at all.

But now what is the effect of religion upon the so-called heathen? We will take the testimony of those who have lived amongst them.

The Chinese, so far as I can gather from the missionaries, taken as a nation, are more modest, frugal, honest, industrious and upright than the English. They are in the matter of truthfulness on a par with the English. They are also as reliable and faithful as they. It is said that amongst those nationalities whom a storekeeper trusted at Klondyke a Chinese was the only one who paid him. A Chinese merchant may always be trusted to deliver goods equal to sample. What now? The heathen religion, if it does anything, makes as good men as Christianity.

I have lately talked a good deal with a man who has lived as a farmer among the Kaffirs. He said, when he first went there, he could trust them with anything. He might have sent a Kaffir with a hatful of sovereigns anywhere, and he would have delivered them safely. But he said, they are *now* learning European ways and are becoming worse in every respect.

A missionary, who preached some time ago in our church, made these two observations: 'The English were a godless people;' 'The Zulus were a noble race.' Of course the expressions did not stand in juxtaposition in his sermon; but they led a person present to suggest the propriety of the 'Zulus sending missionaries to the English.'

We see, then, that the so-called heathen are as good morally on the whole as other people. Now we may ask, what effect the Christian religion has on the converts from heathenism. Are they any better? Facts are against us here. It is the universal testimony that Christianity does not improve their morals. How many people testify that they cannot in any way trust the converts! It is not very long ago that I heard two missionaries, one from North India and the other from Central Africa, comparing notes, and they were both deploring the fact that their converts were no better for their new religion. We generally suppose that a convert is a new creature, 'all things old are passed away'; but it is not so. We may not say they are worse, because this would, perhaps, not be true. But it is clear they are no better.

A missionary told me that when he tried to persuade a Mohammedan to become a Christian, he pointed to a nigger and said, 'Do you want to make me like that man?'

We will not discuss the question, as it does not come into the matter—Does not the convert stand a better chance in the future life? This implies the discussion of a very long and difficult question, and we will not do it now. It is an important one and concerns us more than most; but it is as well to keep things apart. Our point is, the heathen as compared with the Christian is morally as good.

We had staying with us some years ago a Parsee from India. He was a pleader at the High Court of Bombay. He was an educated man and a gentleman. He was in

every way a model man. I wrote a letter to the *Record* describing his character. I asked, but was not answered, if Christianity could produce a better man. He told me, 'A Parsee was never converted.' He said, 'We worship the same God as you do. Our creed is a very short one, and we do not quarrel about it. It is this, "Good thoughts, good words, good deeds."' He came regularly to worship in church, and he attended family prayers. He was as devout as a man could well be. When I asked him about the 'fire,' he said, 'We do not worship the fire; it is an emblem to us of the goodness, love and light of God.' He had every opportunity of comparing the two religions, and he saw no difference—at least, none that could induce him to think Christianity better than his own religion. We judge hastily, may be, in assuming that he is an inferior mortal to us, because we are Christians.

I was once talking to an intelligent Irish gentleman, and he took this view of matters. I said to him, we should not call those who differ from us in religion 'heathen,' and he said distinctly, 'No; it is an impertinence.' What is then the upshot of it all? I will not say exactly or positively, for I do not feel competent. But I do say we should hesitate to say that a heathen, so-called, is worse than a Christian, and to assert that a Christian is always better is certainly a FALLACY.

XLIV

COFFEE

'WE must drink something.' This expression is very frequently heard. Someone once said, 'We must live.' To this the hearer replied, 'I do not see where the necessity comes in.' It may be advisable to live, and it may be necessary to this end to drink; but more than this we may not say. We have already discussed the question of drink, and arrived at the conclusion that our notions respecting it are, for the most part, wrong; and so we need not discuss it again in this aspect of it. We shall confine ourselves wholly and solely to the question of drinking coffee.

Should we drink it? The answer to this question depends entirely on the aspect from which we regard it. In this case it admits of an easy answer. There are two aspects, (1) our pleasure, (2) our good. We will take 'our pleasure' first.

Before discussing this point, we must notice, what we have already discussed at length, that pleasure depends so much on habit. Many things, and drinking coffee amongst them, depend so much on the gratification of tastes, which habit has developed. To many people, sitting in the Green Dragon, drinking beer would be a great pleasure. To me, it would be positively painful. I have not cultivated the habit. This makes all the difference. We notice this point, *en passant*, as a thing to be borne in mind here.

Does drinking coffee afford pleasure? This does not admit of the least doubt. When I went, some thirty years ago, first to Germany, I learnt the art of making coffee. The first thing to do is to purchase green coffee berries. These we should roast as we require them, the oftener the better. The next thing to do is to grind the coffee just before using. The coffee should then be made very strong and drunk with sugar and cream. Then there is, perhaps, nothing more agreeable. It is this because of three things: (α) It is very pleasant to the taste; (γ) it warms the stomach and makes you feel comfortable; (δ) it stimulates the nerves, especially those of the brain, and makes your thoughts flow. These things it certainly does, and there is no manner of doubt about it.

Of course we shall all be ready to affirm that this cannot only mean pleasure, but good too. Here we must be careful. There is a reaction. All stimulation results in this way. Is this good? This depends. How far does the stimulation drive the parts from their normal state? How much waste and deterioration does it involve? Oh, but it can be but little! True, yet,

‘Little drops of water and little grains of sand
Make the mighty ocean and the beauteous land.’

Constant droppings, even of water, will wear away marble.

The excitement of the nerves, with some people, caused by coffee, will sometimes, and this effectively, cause sleeplessness. And this surely is a great set-off against any pleasure it may afford.

Coffee again with some people is very difficult to digest. The stomach does not seem to like it at all. This fact, wherever it obtains, more than counterbalances any pleasure drinking may afford. What now? It would seem that the pleasure is reduced to a minimum.

But now, what about our second point—the good? This

question is reduced to this simple one, Is it food? The cream and the sugar may enter somewhat into the elements of the body, but the coffee itself will scarcely form any part of it. I could not predicate positively, and I do not think anyone can, but I should say it is very doubtful if the stomach can make any the least use of it as food. The fact is more than doubtful. How shall we put the matter now?

It is clear, as it seems to me, that it does harm while it affords us pleasure. It is as clear that we cannot say that the stomach can make any use of it as food. The probabilities, indeed, are that it is only anxious to be rid of its presence. What follows then, but as a thing of course, coffee is not any good? To regard it, therefore, as a useful beverage is a FALLACY.

XLV

MESMERISM

THIS word, or rather the use of it, illustrates somewhat a little circumstance that obtains in the world. It is the fact that things are known in different times, and these no remote, under different names. The pronunciation of words changes too; but this is a different thing. Why these things?

Take the change in the pronunciation of words. This was so far settled in classical times. By this I mean, by men who lived nearer the ancient languages and who knew more about them. It seems only reasonable that they should know better than we how to pronounce words derived from the classics. And yet our professors have thought well, as far as possible, to undo their work. We will take only one word in illustration—'evolution.' This word was settled by our forefathers in its pronunciation so as to pronounce it with the *e* very short, but now we are taught to pronounce it as if it were doubled.

Then as to the change of names, this obtains very largely in the names of diseases. There are so many new names that it is more than possible the doctors of the last generation would not know what to make of them. A little while ago we had a clergyman staying with us, who was constantly favouring his knee. Meantime the housemaid

was ill and had to consult the doctor. Her knee troubled her and there was a great swelling on it. The doctor called it housemaid's knee. He asked her if she had been kneeling a good deal, but she said 'No,' for her mistress had a woman in to do almost all the kneeling. When I told the clergyman about it, he showed me his knee, and they were identical. He had housemaid's knee too. But his was called by another name—one I do not remember.

We have in these days a number of new names, which would seem to imply that there are many more diseases now than there were in the days of our forefathers. This should hardly be. I used to think 'enteric' was a new disease; but I am told it differs little, if any, from typhoid. Diphtheria and influenza are names I never heard when I was a lad. Hysteria is now called neurasthenia. This, I suppose, is for the same reason that housemaid's knee has received a new name—men have it.

Mesmerism has been replaced too. It is now scarcely ever heard. We will just notice its history a little and then see the change it has undergone and the reason for it.

The word is derived from Mesmer. He was a German physician, and author of the doctrine of mesmerism. He called it, however, 'animal magnetism.' He was born at Mersburg in Suabia in 1734. He first made his doctrines known in 1766, by a thesis on planetary influence. He contended that the heavenly bodies diffuse through the universe a subtle fluid which acts on the nervous system of animated beings. He went to Paris, where he was so successful that he received from the Government a sum of 340,000 livres. This was a tremendous sum in those days.

By-and-by the Government appointed a committee of physicians, and members of the Academy of Sciences to investigate his discoveries. They were, however, called pretensions. Franklin was one of the number of investi-

gators. The result of their inquiry was supposed to expose the wildness of his theories. Bailly is said to have written an admirable memoir which completely exposed the futility of his animal magnetism. He made it out indeed that Mesmer was a 'quack.' He died in 1815.

If we examine carefully we shall find that there was a good deal that was true in Mesmer's discoveries, together with something false. There was a fluid, and a powerful one for good; but it was not from the planets. It was natural to some men, perhaps to most. We have already seen, in our article on Magnetism, what this fluid is. His fault lay in his relating this fluid to the planets. How could it come from them?

There was a good deal of good in his work. He ought, however, to have sought out more carefully the origin of his fluid. He discovered it and knew something of its character and capabilities. He supposed it came from somewhere and ran to the conclusion that this somewhere was the planets. He did not think, as he might have done, the planets were too far away. If he had continued these investigations further he would have come to see that the fluid did not come at all. Neither the planets, nor the sun, nor the moon, nor the earth supplied it. There was nothing anywhere that could supply it, for there was no means of communicating it. How could anything communicate it? This is the point. If he had stuck to it, he would have discovered that communication was impossible.

There are many in our day now, as there were in those days, who think the work was done by Satanic influence. But how could Satan, who is immaterial, communicate a fluid? The difficulty is still the same. Did anyone ever receive such a thing from Satan? Well, we do not know of any such person.

It follows, therefore, that the fluid is generated in the

person. It is impossible to conceive it otherwise. The fluid possessed by any person cannot be so communicated that the person influenced can make further use of it. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to recognise in it a peculiar quality in the person possessing it.

What would have been the results of his work, if he could only have realized this fact? It is impossible to say. Certain it is, they would have been very different. It would have done something towards convincing people that there was nothing Satanic about it. One often comes across those who still look upon those things in this light. I have no doubt, too, that, from this, these good people go on to believe in possession. And yet what is possession? Will they say?

But Mesmer was wrong in another particular—he used his power for two kinds of purposes. If he had determined to use it only for good, he would have gained more influence and been more successful. He used it, however, for mischief too. He gave occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. It was here he was so much to blame.

But wherein were his adversaries to blame? They were reprehensible, as I think, for two things: (1) They began their investigation with prejudice. They sought a thing they did not wish to find. (2) They discarded the evidence, on the ground that they could not understand it. It does not follow that because we cannot understand things that, therefore, they are not. It never occurred to these men that they were not in a position to judge. If a man has no eyes, or no ears, he is not in a position to judge of a man who has. The cases are analogous.

The large admixture of mischief had its influence no doubt in all this. We may not say the argument is a sound one, that leads a man to denounce anything from this point of view. We ought to find out, by a searching

examination, the meaning of things bad as well as good. We gain nothing by pooh-poohing, unless it be discredit. 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is a good,' is a splendid maxim.

We will leave the subject in this aspect of it, at least, where it now is. We will just now briefly notice the change that this thing has undergone. This is our second point.

It is now known by another name, hypnotism. It was called magnetism, because it was related to the planets. It is now called hypnotism, because one of its uses, rather abuses, is to put people to sleep. The things, however, are identical. It simply describes the use of a fluid, which some people possess. We have already discussed hypnotism and, in fact, condemned it. We should not use any power for mischief. This we may easily do. We can use electricity for many good and useful purposes. We can also use it to kill. It does not follow that because a bad use of any power is unwise that, therefore, a good use is foolish too. There is very little, if anything, that we could not, on this principle, condemn.

I have made this a very special subject for years. I have done as much good with it as time and opportunity would allow. I may put the matter thus: I feel that I possess a power, which takes the shape of fluid. I have called it 'nerve-currents,' because I believe the nerves are its bed; channels, so to speak, and the brain is its great source. I believe the brain, quantity and quality, is the main factor here. I have done work with it and by it, that could not be done otherwise. I am quite well within my rights when I seek to herald it as a power that could be cultivated and properly used.

I wish very much that I could invent a new name, for it is clear that neither mesmerism, magnetism nor hypnotism is

a proper one. Perhaps, vitalism would do. This could not be liable to misapprehension or misuse. It would then describe that act by which we bring back a diseased, that is to say, decayed, organ to its proper place and work. I would recommend this word as also the words vitalizer and vitalize. It might in this way suggest two things: (1) that people would seek to possess the power, and (2) to cultivate and use it.

We will not, as we may not, say after all this that mesmerism is a FALLACY, but to say that it is only a thing of the past is a great FALLACY.

XLVI

HUMBUG

‘AN honest man is the fairest thing in God’s creation.’ This is perfectly true. It is also as true that he is the rarest thing. It is very refreshing to meet with an honest man—an ‘Israelite indeed in whom there is no guile.’

I have fancied, in passing through life, I have come across such a man, but it is an experience not to be often enjoyed. There are many men, who try to be honest and who think they are honest ; but this is another matter. The fault is not in the want of the wish, so much as in the want of the power.

We need not try to make the world worse than it is. Such a proceeding is not wise. Many people cannot help themselves. Circumstances do not allow them to be what they would like to be. We have a neighbour who says, ‘I want to be honest in business ; but I can’t.’ I believe that this state of things exists to a far greater extent than we are disposed to think.

We may go a step further and say there are many people who want to be good : but they cannot be. I have come across many such people. I know many. I have seen them yearning to know how to succeed in this : and I have noticed their faces beam with delight, when a way of becoming good has seemed to be opening up before them. ‘There is none good, no not one.’ And yet many long to be.

Some men have this longing so intense and try so hard and so well that they think they succeed. Are they not bidden to do it? Yes, of course they are. 'Be ye perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' And they do try. There is a story told of Mr. Varley that he once said at a religious meeting, 'I have lived a perfect life for six weeks.' When Mr. Spurgeon heard it, he said, 'I used to think Mr. Varley was a good man; but now I know he is not.' There are many stories told of Mr. Spurgeon, which are not true, and it is more than possible this is one of them. It is quite conceivable all the same, and need not detract from the character of either men. It all depends on what their estimate of perfection was. Nathanael, we may be sure, was neither perfect nor guileless, and yet he is so described. There is a saying, 'He that sins unwillingly is free from blame,' and both Mr. Varley and Nathanael may have attained to this.

But all this apart, there is a great deal more of this commodity in the world than there ought to be. It pervades all sorts of people and characterizes every class of society. We will specify a few particulars.

There is a vendor of medicine, who advertises very largely, especially in the religious papers. He has a specific for a certain disease, and he publishes, or used to, a cure every week. Some years ago I made inquiries into each case as it appeared every week. I did not find a single genuine case. The rector of the parish, where one of the 'cured' patients lived, told me the man was dead, and his death was hastened by the medicine. This of course is impossible to say. The point, however, to mark is that the man was dead, who was said to be cured. About this there could be no mistake.

I must tell of one other case to illustrate our point. It was that of a man who was said to be cured at Wigston.

I wrote to the man who gave the information to the vendor and asked for particulars. He gave them to me, but as they were unsatisfactory, I asked for the names of the doctors who had attended him. He gave me the names of the Wigston doctor and of one at Leicester. I wrote to both. The letter from Wigston was returned to me from the dead-letter office, with the word 'Dead' written on the envelope. The Leicester doctor said he knew nothing about the case. This needs no comment.

I was led to inquire into these cases by the fact that several people had died whom we had helped, and I found they had spent their last penny in the purchase of this filth. It seemed to me to be in the last degree cruel to filch money from the poor in this heartless way. There may be other things which cry louder for condemnation than all this ; but I do not know of any. It seems to be nothing short of fiendish, and the perpetrators should be placed in the stocks. I cannot find words sufficiently strong to characterize such proceedings. Certainly humbug cannot further go. Perhaps it is something worse.

I wrote forthwith to many of the religious papers ; but in no case could I persuade them to stop it. I wrote a letter to one of the papers giving an account of my doings, and it was a very religious paper ; but I received a private letter in reply saying, 'my letter might involve a libel suit.' This, of course, was a subterfuge. Surely there was more libel in advertising lies than in publishing truth. Besides, I was quite prepared to accept all the responsibility. In no case, however, again, I say, did the religious papers stop the advertisements. I was taking a good number of religious papers at the time, but I dropped every one. I thought, if this is religion, I will have none of it.

I wrote to Mr. Spurgeon at the time advocating 'union' and a 'clean' paper. He said the idea was a good one,

but he did not see his way to it. I question very much if a paper could live without a great deal of pandering to taste. Molière said, 'Si l'on veut être flatté, ce n'est pas la faute de ceux qui flattent, mais de ceux qui veulent être flattés.' I am not sure that I approve of the morality involved in this statement ; but it covers the general sentiment I dare say. What is flattery, but another name, perhaps prettier, for humbug? That the papers generally should give way to it is not so much a matter of surprise. There is much worldly wisdom in it. But it should not be done in the name of religion. Religious papers, as I think, ought to admit as little as possible—none, indeed.

The Christian Advocate, published in New York, used to avoid the advertisement of quackery as much as it could do so. I am afraid, however, in these later years, it has been 'going the way of all flesh.' Any way, it does not present so clean a sheet as it once did.

We might give illustrations of this kind of thing by the score ; but we forbear. Our point so far is that the kind of thing offered as a specific for a certain ill is in itself 'humbug,' and the way in which it is advertised is also humbug. And, further, the way in which the religious papers try to justify themselves is humbug too. We cannot possibly make wrong right. We may not admit either that it is a good working principle, 'To do wrong that right may come.'

We have, however, only noticed one way in which this foul thing shows itself. And yet do we need to go further? Is it not visible at every turn in all walks of life? And do we not like to have it so? We humbug ourselves and we humbug each other. From the highest to the lowest and from the lowest to the highest it obtains.

We humbug ourselves. I do not like the word. But there is the thing and we must have a name. The word

is not pretty ; but that is because of the nature of the thing.

See how it shows itself. It is time to get up. We know we ought not to lie in bed ; but it is nice and we want to do it. We easily persuade ourselves it does not matter. But what is the real essence of the argument ?

We sit down to breakfast, and some things, as pork-pies, are put before us. We know they are not good for us. We persuade ourselves to eat notwithstanding and we eat. But what have we done ? And so throughout the day in personal matters we are never severe on ourselves, but always indulgent, and the argument has always been in favour of our conduct. How sweet a thing is humbug ! It enables us to persuade ourselves that everything we like is right.

It would be an endless business to examine this thing in the various ramifications of social, political, business and religious life. We could not even touch every side of these things much less exhaust them. We will not attempt it.

We ought to be able to say, however, that the thing ought not to enter religion at all ; but perhaps there is nothing in which it is so much seen, and this at every turn. I could give some strange stories ; but we will relate only one. The story was going the round a little time ago. A certain man, who must be nameless, received an appointment to a bishopric. A friend called to see him. He was shown into the drawing-room and saw the daughter. He asked her if her father had accepted the appointment. She answered, 'Father is upstairs praying, but mother is in the next room packing.' This is near enough.

There is as much intriguing and scrambling after place in the Church as out of it. And, whenever a man receives an appointment, he consults all and sundry about the propriety of accepting, while he means, all the time, to do nothing else. It must be so. I have just witnessed such

a piece of humbug of this kind, where one might have expected it least. Oh dear, oh dear ; to be guilty of humbug in things religious is to my mind of all things the most contemptible. How men justify it, I cannot understand.

Here are men, pretending to be most unselfish, and teaching that devotion to the cause of religion and virtue does not admit of any consideration but that of the welfare of our fellow-creatures, piling up riches out of the spoils of the Church. Can humbug further go? No wonder that men of the world look on and speak out of the fulness of their heart of the hypocrisy of such proceedings.

When I look round upon it all, I feel sick and sad at heart. I fancy, in times past, things were not as bad as they are now. When I see machinery at work, and see it in high places, that one side bespatters the other with adulation in order to receive as much again, I ask what can be the end of such things?

But I must not let it be thought that I am immaculate. I am not. I can only claim this—I have lived with an extreme desire to be honest. I have failed, I know, and miserably failed. This failure leads me as much as anything to deplore the existing state of things. Humbug is a policy ; but all the same the fact is clear the policy is a gross FALLACY.

XLVII

FRUITS

THIS is a remarkable fact, that as children we all like uncooked fruits, as men we do not. How is this? We may be sure that the taste we had in our earliest days was the best. About this, there is no manner of doubt. What explains the change?

The explanation is exclusively in the habit. We become accustomed, as we grow older, to other food. This takes away our fondness for fruit. Of course the process is sure, though slow. We are surprised when the effect is fixed; but there is no reason for being so.

This is significant. It follows hence that it does not mean that things are good for us, for the simple reason that we like them. We get to like things, through habit, things which are positively injurious. We must leave out of count, then, this element of liking, whenever we decide on things that are good to eat. Our choice may or may not be determined by taste at all. This point may be expressed in this way, We may like things that are bad; we may dislike things that are good.

We have already discussed the question of 'uncooked food,' and we need not here reproduce the arguments. We have also seen that vegetable life feeds on earths and water, and animals feed on vegetables. This simplifies matters.

We have only to discuss the question of fruits as food. We have hitherto not regarded them in this light.

We like fruits when young. About this there is no manner of doubt. We like vegetables, too, but not so well. We like carrots raw, and, perhaps, turnips. We might, perchance, eat peas and beans ;' but we shall scarcely like to go beyond these. We prefer these things all cooked. Why? There is no other reason than this—habit. We are not accustomed to eat vegetables uncooked.

We have talked these things out already and must not repeat what we have said. The question is this here—Could we live exclusively on fruits? To my mind there is no manner of doubt we could live exclusively on fruits. Our forefathers lived on nuts and acorns. Sheep live for the most part on grass. This is not a bit more substantial than fruits. Many, even in our day, have lived almost exclusively on fruits, and have lived to a good old age.

Uncooked fruits, then, would make very good food ; but we could not get it all the year round. Here the difficulty comes in. But, perhaps, our better plan would be to eat according to the season, what the earth produces and, at other times, what we have preserved. This is the way out of the difficulty. Has it been tried?

Well, we had a clergyman here once, who was suffering, as I opined, from the liver. The housemaid was also ill. I made them both live on brown bread and apples. I might say that the suffering was similar in both cases, and it was rather inconvenient than painful. They continued their diet for a fortnight, and lived almost exclusively on these two things, eating more apples than bread. They drank nothing. The girl looked very well, and, though the constitution was not strong, she never was better. The man thought he felt flabby. My opinion was that he was doing very well too.

I have no doubt whatever that they both would have come to look and be very well if they had continued their course. They would not, however, do anything of the kind. They felt that life at such a price would not be worth living. This, of course, is foolish. The greatest enjoyment in life is health. I know this, that if I could have my way now, I would live on some preparation of oats, but uncooked, and fruits. I would drink nothing. This, I am quite sure, would be the healthiest way of living. The simpler the food for the animals, the better. We are animals. There is no reason why it should be necessary for us to live differently—none whatever.

Some time ago an old lady was suffering from neuralgia and lumbago. I put the pains away for her as often as they came. Then I reasoned it out with her thus: 'Mrs. B.,' I said, 'I do not know how to overhaul your food, you are so abstemious.' She lived very carefully. 'But,' I continued, 'would you mind trying apples and brown bread?' She said, 'I will do anything.' 'All right,' I said, 'then do so,' and 'do not drink anything.' Her pains all left her, and she has not suffered since. Here we are then.

I have no sort of doubt about these things. I am as sure of them as I am that I am writing. I feel convinced that if we only cultivated the habit, we should like this kind of thing as well as our present way of living. Habit is everything.

If we could only anticipate our sufferings, we should be much more careful in our manner of living. This, however, we cannot do. We can easily pursue a line of conduct for a certain number of years. And meantime we little know either the many or the kind of troubles we are preparing for ourselves. We think it is all in good time to deal with trouble when it comes. Does not Scripture say, 'Take no thought for the morrow?' Yes, and so we will not sow our

seed. What now? It is clear, we must take thought for the morrow. And it would be as well, if we took a little thought in this matter. We should do well to forestall the evil day. How much easier it is to prevent the accumulation of trouble than to remove it, when it comes!

By way of illustration let me relate a circumstance, one of many similar, that has lately taken place. A friend, with a bad throat, came to me some five or six weeks ago. These bad throats arise in a great measure from misusing the voice; but the mode of living has also a great deal to do with them. Both things had operated in this case. We rectified the mischief arising from misuse; but our difficulty was with the feeding. It is a thing almost impossible at your own table. I did what I could while he was with us. When he left, however, I prescribed particularly. My fears are, he did not do his best in this matter; but I cannot speak with anything like precision. But he was a man very fond of the 'good things' of the table, and it is very easy to see that he would have a great battle to fight. The probabilities are that he did not do it. He tried another plan—he had his vocal cords cauterized, and he is now dumb. He asks me by letter, for he lives in Glasgow, what he is to do. But what can I say? I had already given him the best possible advice, and what can I now do? There remains nothing to be done. The fears are more than I like to think.

There are the things to be forestalled. Is it worth the while. It does not look like a matter in which there can be two opinions. The position of things looks as if it cannot be better expressed than so. We must at all costs be well. The next question is, how? Everyone has a nostrum; but in every case it takes the shape of a remedy for the ills incident to our present mode of living. A better plan is to forestall these ills. This is a rational proceeding.

Common-sense says, the best way is not to do those things to bring them on. The food does this. Change it. All this is as clear as the sun in the meridian sky. We may, however, talk from now till Doomsday; it will never be done. We see it and acknowledge it; but there we stop. Now, what shall we say?

I should say that our friend, who became dumb, recovered his voice and tried to use it; but again succumbed.* I have written to him and strongly advised a diet of fruits mostly, uncooked, aided by uncooked milk and oatmeal.

I could relate numerous instances of relief afforded by a change of diet in this way; I will, however, reserve what I have to say for a separate article. The question is an important one and too much cannot be made of it.

There are two aspects, which will seriously militate against its general adoption: (1) its cheapness; (2) its consequences. I shall speak of these things more fully there and then. Now, I will only urge a due consideration of the points which I have raised.

Clearly this, We shall be wise to make a larger and freer use of fruits—better uncooked and unpreserved. They are good for food and nutritious withal. They are pleasant to the taste and they will not muddle the brain. To my mind, there is nothing so much calculated to promote happiness amongst men, and reduce them in every way to a better state of being, than the change of diet in this respect. We have regarded fruits hitherto in the wrong light altogether. To my mind to look upon fruits as subsidiary, only to be taken occasionally and sparingly, and not as good, perhaps best, for food, is indeed a very great FALLACY.

* He is now, I am glad to say, quite well.

XLVIII

THE JEW

THERE are very few subjects more difficult and intricate than the history of the Jew. It is this, whichever, and whatever, way we look at it. I have often tried to think it out; but the more I try to reduce it to a system the more I am in despair. There are two books that render some assistance here—the Bible and Josephus.

The latter writes a history of the Jews. We have already seen that he, as an historian, is altogether untrustworthy. His view of matters is controverted by Apion, a contemporary, an Egyptian, and there seems no reason to suppose that he was wrong. To my mind, there is not the least doubt that Josephus cannot be trusted as to the truth of anything he says of the history of the Jews.

There is this further to be said, There is no contemporary historian or writer, who says anything that is in the least definite about them as a people. This is more than strange. How is it, we ask, that we should know something of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and know nothing of the Jews? If they are an ancient people, why does no ancient historian tell us of their exploits? This is more than strange.

We will not enter into the question fully from the Bible standpoint, because it would be such a big one. We will

notice only the captivities. These are two. They are so inaccurately described that we can formulate no idea as to their real nature. We will let that point, however, pass.

They were early divided into two kingdoms—Judah and Israel. The latter were carried away first and, strange to say, we do not know what has come of them. I asked a converted Jew once, what had become of the ten tribes, and he answered me, 'They are "merged" into the others.' (!!) The tribes have merged! But how?

Then Judah was carried away: but by-and-by he returned. He had again Palestine in possession.

How this would be accomplished no one can understand. Two millions are supposed to have come out of Egypt; but we cannot see how they could be located in* so small a country. They would multiply. How were they all transported? How could they be accommodated in Babylon? And Babylon, as we have seen, never had any existence! This apart: how could these people be transported backwards and forwards? And what would be the practical good?

But here the Jews are. What is their history? Apart from the Bible we do not know. And, as we have said, we cannot examine them from this standpoint.

What we find is that so far as it can be known they have always been as they are to-day, scattered abroad in all the countries. How is this?

There was a time when the Roman was found everywhere. This is a matter of history and we can trace the process. He was a conqueror, and as such he settled down.

The Englishman to-day is found everywhere. The reason is not far to seek. It is the same as in the case of the Roman. He is a conqueror.

The Spaniard and the Dutch have had their day. They are now confined within their own territory so to speak. The Roman is gone, and we know the reason of the fall and decline of the Roman Empire.

The English are to-day in the zenith of their power. Whether they will go the way other peoples have gone, we cannot say. There are not wanting indications.

But what of the Jew? This is our point: How came they to be found among all the nations of the earth? There is no country, where they are not to be found.* They are not conquerors and, so far as we can see, never were. They seem more like harpies than anything else. They are by no means a noble race, and have no such traits in their character, as mark the Romans for instance. How came they, then, where they are?

We may not say that there are not individuals among them—one here and there—that have made their mark; but taken as a whole they are not superior to other nations. This we may say. They further have not the capacity for government. They are for the most part a lot of pedlars, and do not seem fit for anything better.

Still, our question remains unanswered. They are everywhere and we do not know why. We can trace the origin of many people, but we cannot trace theirs apart from the Bible. There are the gipsies. These people, too, are found everywhere, and we do not know much, if anything, about them. They, however, do not claim to be anything. They are fast, as it would seem, dying out. The Jews, too, seem to be disposed in these days to be merging into other people. They will lose their individuality. This one of their writers has lately acknowledged—'in five years.'

What is to become of their favourite notion—return to

* We must, however, except Scotland. The Jew finds the Scotch too canny and keeps away.

their own land? This notion they used to fondly cherish. They have probably discovered that their own land is not much use to any people. There is scarcely a more useless tract of country in the world. It is unproductive. It is a treeless barren land. It yields nothing either in the shape of minerals. They have no doubt found out all this and do not now care to entertain the idea.

We shall leave them where they are. They have been a puzzle and they are so still. I have had but little personal dealing with them. I have met with a few decent people ; but, taken as a whole, I do not think they are as good and as trustworthy as they might be. Certain it is, if Josephus be a Jew, he is remarkable for nothing so much as the power to invent fiction and palm it on the world as history. I do not say that the Jews inherit his power, but I do say most of them possess the same disposition, and so to believe that there the Jew is trustworthy is a FALLACY.*

N * The gentle reader may, if he would like to know more of the Jew and his propensities, trace the origin and history of the expression, *Credat Judæus*. There is a revelation in it.

XLIX

COCOA

WE have often had occasion, in our examination of the things passed under review, to notice that there are certain aspects from which 'things are what they seem,' and that, perhaps, it were well to let them alone. Are they not harmless? This is true, I suppose, of many a 'lie,' but this does not justify our allowing it to pass current as truth. It may be true that cocoa is harmless. It may also be true that it is better than many other things which men drink. This, however, is not the point. We are discussing the question as to whether the general view, which the world holds, about many things is the right one. We must adhere to this.

The fact is that cocoa is regarded as a food. The respective firms, that make and sell it, advertise the several merits of their commodity and claim for its superiority on the ground that its food properties are more and better. We must have, as is clear, no notion of intimating that one is less good, or otherwise, than another. Our business is to deal with the general question. Is cocoa food?

Tea, coffee, and cocoa are pretty much the same in nature. Whether one is more injurious than another depends very much on the way it is made. Tea is very injurious, if made strong or allowed to stand long in the

pot after infusion. Coffee is distasteful if not properly made. Cocoa is prepared with a great deal of milk, and so would seem to be less likely to do mischief.

Two of the elements in the preparation of cocoa would, under ordinary circumstances, contain nutriment—sugar and milk. The latter element, as we have seen already, is put out of court—‘Boiled milk is spoiled milk.’ And the milk must be boiled in the preparation. And so it loses all its qualities of food. This largely detracts from its value.

The properties of cocoa in itself are in their nature very difficult to determine. We do not know, and have no means of ascertaining, the principle on which the stomach selects its food. We cannot tell, therefore, what properties there are in it useful to the work of the stomach. We might, perhaps, have determined something on this point from experience, if men ate the thing; but it is never taken in a solid form. It is, in this matter, just like tea and coffee. We never eat either of these things. We cannot say, therefore, anything either for or against them in this respect. The presumption, however, is all against them. The fear is that in no sense is either of them food.

Now the point, and the only one, to determine as to whether cocoa is food or not, is clearly made. It is more than probable that it is not food at all. What now?

Well, of course, it follows, we must leave off so regarding it. We may drink it and do so from no other reason than this, We like it. This point we need not discuss here.

We may, however, say that we need scarcely drink at all.* There is already sufficient liquid in our food as we take it. There is certainly no further need for admixture with any

* A lady has just left us, who did not so much as taste liquid the whole time she was with us—fourteen days—no tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, water, beer, wine, spirits. She drank absolutely nothing!

liquid. If we notice the animals we shall find that, when their food contains much moisture, they drink very little. The sheep, for instance, unless in very dry weather, scarcely ever drinks. And most of our food contains as much water as his.

This is a fact we forget—a very large percentage of our food contains already a great deal of water. Potatoes, cabbages, and all vegetables contain more than 80 per cent. of water. This before they are cooked. They are but little value, as we have seen, as food after cooking. Meat contains 55 per cent. of water. Bread contains 15 per cent., and, as we make it, is but of very little use. There is really no necessity for drinking, almost at all, considering what our food is.

But is there any harm in drinking? This is the great question, for it is clear there is no good. Well, it should be clear that everything we put into the stomach, should have some office to discharge. The principle should be that we should eat and drink to live. To everything, therefore, that presents itself on pretence or otherwise, we should say, 'No admittance except on business.' This is the principle. It is the last, however, on which we act.

It is as well to remind ourselves here of the force of habit. We can produce any want by habit. 'Habit is second nature.' We need on this point only to see what we do by smoking.

But, and here is the thing to remember, too much liquid weakens the gastric juices—in other words, it deteriorates the digestive apparatus. We are now on solid ground and can speak with precision. 'Ah, but it does not weaken or impair mine!' We mean by this simply, We do not at present feel it. Nature has, and it is well she has, many recuperative powers. She can restore herself. But here we must also say, There is a limit to Nature's powers. She

can only so far go. She soon comes to the end of her tether. In some cases much sooner than in others. Then what? Remedies. And where are they to be found? We will not, however, discuss this point. We will only say that 'prevention is better than cure.' It is far better to forestall. Here is a great work to do. 'The ill's flesh is heir to' are many. This, however, is certain: that the heirship depends on the fortune we store up. We have the choice in our hands. We may either lay up a store of health or disease. Nature does not provide for our want of forethought. She cannot. She rights herself as far as it can, and this is all we can say. She provides nothing in case of bankruptcy. When the crash comes, there is nothing for it but to submit to the catastrophe.

But our subject is cocoa and we are digressing somewhat. We are showing that drinking is not a thing in which we must indulge for the mere sake of pleasure; and this point has already received attention. We ask pardon *mille fois*. It is beyond question, perhaps, that cocoa is so far gratifying. This, however, is not in question. The point is, Can we regard it as food? This does not admit of a moment's thought; so to think of it is a great FALLACY.

L

THE MARTYRS

THERE is no point more easy to see, when we exercise our wits, than this, That we accept our view of the aspect of any case as the right one. There is no better illustration of this fact than our notion as to the meaning of the word Martyrs. Our idea of it is definite and complete and withal right. Do we not sing in our *Te Deum* every Sunday that 'the noble army of martyrs praise Thee'? And who are these, but those who have died rather than forego their belief in the goodness of God? There is no doubt about our piety and honesty in all this. We believe and mean what we say, as we sing.

Ay, but there is another view too. We are not truly honest until, and unless, we look all round things and take in every aspect. We may not make any mansion all front, for every one has its other side. They say, every cloud, however dark, has its silver lining. We may not be able to see it; but it is there all the same. I have seen many a dark cloud, dark in many senses, but I have never seen the silver lining yet. This is one of the many meaningless expressions with which we try to apply salve to a distressing wound. The origin, no doubt, is owing to the pious wish of rendering some assistance to the troubled mind. There are times, however, when the mind refuses all comfort. What then?

We are just going to see what we can make of this word Martyr and the idea it covers with us. The word means a witness; but it has a peculiar use. We do not apply it to the person who gives his testimony at a trial in court. There is the usual word to describe such an one. This word is reserved to designate a witness of a very special nature. Its use, indeed, is sacred, for a martyr is a saint.

What then is it that makes a man a martyr? The fact that he would rather die than give up his religion. And many have suffered death for their religion. There is a 'noble army of martyrs.' But here we must be truthful. We must admit the fact that the martyrs have not all died for the same religion. This is a great difficulty in our way. Let us see this.

It is only where the Christian religion is in question that we speak of martyrs. And there are three great families of this religion—the Greek, Roman Catholic and Protestant. These three families are again divided up into many branches. It would be impossible to find two men of the same religious persuasion exactly of the same opinion. But the martyrs are mainly of the Protestant family as against the Roman Catholic. And yet both these families have their martyrs.

The Protestants have put people to death on account of religion and so have the Roman Catholics. We are not in a position to say exactly what is the truth in this matter, because historians always more or less write with a bias. There is no doubt, however, that the offenders, if there be offence, have been more amongst the Roman Catholics than the Protestants. The butcheries on the part of the Roman Catholics have been many and severe. With the Protestants the offences have taken the shape of single instances. And, perhaps, since the nature of Protestant religion has been better understood, the instances have been very few, if any.

Sir Thomas More was a Roman Catholic and was put to death for his religion in the reign of Henry VIII. He seems to have been a very amiable man and to put him to death was an outrage. It was done by Henry VIII. and took the shape rather of a political expedient than a religious act. It must be confessed, martyrdom is not of the essence of Protestantism.

The Roman Catholics are the greatest offenders. They have endeavoured systematically to exterminate the Protestants by butchery. The scenes of Mary's reign only too well illustrate this. It is not only in England that this kind of thing has been done, but in France and Spain too. It is a question of destroying the body to save the soul. It is really only following the supposed example set by the Apostle St. Paul. And there he also delivers over to the curse all 'who preach another Gospel than that which he has preached.'

There is no doubt whatever that there is a good deal of the spirit of destruction amongst all sections of Christians. Many Protestants have a secret bitterness against others not of their way of thinking. Why should this be?

It is not found among the heathen. We do not hear of their making martyrs. It appears, too, that they do not often go to war. Two things, indeed, seem plainly shown to us on the pages of history in this matter: (1) Christian nations go oftener to war with each other than heathen ones; (2) that religion is more the cause of it than anything besides. This, however, is rather beside our point, unless we regard every soldier who falls in battle in the light of a martyr. But this is scarcely permissible.

The heathen often immolate themselves. This, however, is not because they would die as witnesses for the truth so much as because they would want to gratify their god. I do not know why we should write their god with a little 'g.'

The thing we call their god is not the object of their worship. They worship the powers of heaven. We do no more. We may not, therefore, malign them in this particular.

Christians are they who possess and who make martyrs—men who die, rather suffer death, for their religion. They have been found chiefly amongst Protestants. This is rather what we ought to say, The Roman Catholics have been more ready to put to death for their religion than we have. We, therefore, can look upon more martyrs than they. We may not say that the heathen put Christians to death or Christians put heathens to death. It is only the Christians who put Christians to death.

This is passing strange—In the name of Christ people put one another to death. In the name of Christ we go to war. In the name of Christ more lives have been lost than for anything else. It is, in short, in that very name, which is supposed and intended to bring life and peace to men, that men go to war and slay each other. How is this? We have here a question we cannot solve, and so we must let it alone.

The most remarkable thing, and it is constantly forcing itself on our observation, as we proceed in our examination of things supposed to be settled, is that very few things in this world are real. Things which on the surface seem honest are really dishonest. Things true in appearance are in fact false. And so forth. Is this a fault of our nature, or does it lie in things themselves?

We say of men that they like to be what they are, and this is the explanation of much that is wrong. Is this true? I do not think it is. I know many men, I am glad to say, who are as true and genuine as they can be. They have been in search of something all their lives which shall deliver them from the power of evil. They have wanted to

do right, and, as far as they could, have done it. They suffer a living martyrdom from an intense desire to do right. I have no doubt that many of the Protestant martyrs, as Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, were sacrificed to a sense of uprightness. They would rather die than do what they thought was wrong. An old Baptist friend and myself have often talked of the trend of things and supposed that the fires of Smithfield would again be relighted ; but we have also said, 'We will rather burn than turn.' Yes, all this is perfectly true. What is it then? Ah, well, I do not altogether know. We can only hope. But the fear is that we all make mistakes, though unwittingly. Here, however, as it seems to me, there is no mistake. It is as clear as anything can be clear. We should tolerate each other. We should burn no man. To put a man to death, to persecute in any form for conscience' sake, to make a martyr even in semblance, is a great FALLACY.

But maybe there is a great fallacy, too, in supposing that we do right in making so much of martyrs. Men died for their opinions. Should they? We know that we ought not to put any man to death for his opinions. Thought should be free. We go a step further in these days and allow free speech. True, liberty develops into license often. And what then? It involves men in great difficulties. The fact is that there is no way out of many difficult circumstances.

Take Joan of Arc as an illustration. She heard, or imagined she heard, voices, which bade her go and lead the French armies. She obeyed the voices, went and led the soldiers successfully. When her work was done, as she supposed, and she could no longer be of any service to her country, she returned to her home. Now, however, she is no longer regarded as a heroine, but is counted a witch, and as a witch she was burnt. She suffered really at the

hands of the English ; but her own people gave her into heir power. Hers forms one of the most pathetic stories all history.

There can be no doubt that the troubles of her country were the secret cause of all she did. It was the intense desire to deliver it that nerved her arm. It was, in other words, intense patriotism that inspired her actions. We may say this, whatever was the peculiar form her work took. It led her so far and no further. A grateful people ought to have seen and known this. It neither saw, nor felt it.

The more we think of the conduct of her oppressors, the more disgraceful it appears. This is true as much of the English as of the French. There is positively no excuse for the brutal conduct on either side. It forms an indelible blot and a lasting disgrace on the memory of both peoples. Nothing can ever attenuate their crime in the least. There it is, and there it must for ever remain, 'crying shame upon them.' The point, however, to remark is that a poor peasant girl, with no power whatever, for the simple reason that she felt inspired to try and save her country, is burnt as a witch.

Years pass on, ay, centuries even, and men discover the mistake. Joan of Arc is now canonized. She is a martyr and a saint. She possesses now as much power as she had then. Her assistance may be invoked to aid the distressed now in this life. She is no witch.

How can we explain this strange phenomenon—the witch is transformed into a saint? It passes the wit of man to understand. Joan of Arc did not die for her opinions, she had none. She was a poor uneducated peasant girl, devoted to her Church and country as many others are. She was possessed with an idea for a time, and nothing further. She was not put to death for her religion, but rather because she was thought to be possessed. She had no special

*at which this
was written
till 1909.*

powers of any sort. There was no reason for putting her to death. Was there any reason, is there any for making her a martyr? Then there can be no reason for making a saint of her. It does not hurt her. It cannot help her. Then why trouble? It is nothing to us now.

It is more than probable, indeed, that, if we examine into the lives of the many so-called martyrs, it will be found that there is no reason for specially honouring their memories. There may be some exceptions, but they are very few. But granting they were all that we could wish them; what then? Take the three famous martyrs of Mary's reign—Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and make as much of them as you may, what then?

They were honourable and, as far as we can judge, true men, but they were fallible. They believed the Protestant religion was the right one. Their murderers thought the Roman Catholic religion was right. It was no reason for putting them to death, but they thought so. It appeared to them the shortest way out of a great trouble. It was not anything of the kind.

We may not say positively that the Reformers would not have liked to make short work of the Roman Catholics too. They held views quite as strong, only that these views did not allow murder. Milton put the position of affairs as neatly as it could be put. He said, 'I would give liberty to every man but to the Catholic. I would not give him liberty, because, if he could, he would take away mine.' The Roman Catholic has become better than his religion in these days. He would, perhaps, be as reluctant as the Protestant to put a man to death for his religion. We are not likely, therefore, to see many martyrs in these days.

The strangest part is, however, that the Protestants, who have died for their religion, are not generally regarded as martyrs. There are few to-day that would speak of Cran-

mer, Ridley, and Latimer in this light. The martyrs, so called, are just those who have suffered for the most part in remoter times, before the Reformation.

Now, if we examine the writings on both sides, there is not much to choose between them. The Protestants are just as harsh and acrimonious as the Roman Catholics. It would be difficult, indeed, to say where the greater bitterness lay. They are equally loving and persuasive when they write or speak to their own partisans. And this is exactly what we should expect. They each, however, believe the other to be in error, and they spare no vituperation in denouncing what they believe to be wrong. So far there is not much to choose between them.

It is another matter when we come to the question of logic. Here the Protestant has the advantage. Superstition and flabbiness of character are the outcome of Roman Catholicism. Manliness and uprightness distinguish the Protestant. His religion is in every way best calculated to form the character. Logic, in short, is with him. We may not say that the Roman Catholic has nothing to say on this score. We say only that he has nothing as compared with the Protestant.

But, and this is the main thing, the question at issue is very largely a matter of opinion. The Protestant can be kind and loving and so also can the Roman Catholic. The Roman Catholic can, or thinks he can, love his God through his idols, the Protestant can love his God without them. The Protestant thinks the Romanist an idolater. The Romanist thinks the Protestant irreligious. The Romanist thinks he ought to persecute the Protestant to the death. The Protestant thinks he may restrain the Romanist, but not murder. And both have made martyrs. How now?

The upshot seems to be that a martyr, especially as they

about the
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the Catholics?

are made, is at best a man who has died for his opinions. It would follow then that he stands pretty much in the same light, and scarcely better, and may be not so good, as a man who dies for his country. We do not make soldiers into martyrs. Why not? The answer seems obvious; but is it? The soldier does his duty. The martyr does no more. The martyr can escape; the soldier cannot. The martyr can keep his opinions to himself; but the soldier has no such option. He must 'do and die.'

Therefore, in posing our question, Are we right in thinking so much of martyrs? we are indulging no FALLACY.

LI

WINE

MAN is very tenacious of his ideas. Right or wrong he likes them and holds to them. There is a saying, 'Man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still.' This, of course, like many others, is clap-trap. No man under such circumstances is convinced. He is only silenced. The saying, however, shows how hard it is to make men alter their views. Men change their opinions only when it suits them. I know a man who was a Radical all his life till he had amassed a fortune, and then he became a Conservative forthwith.

And if there be one thing more than another of which man is very tenacious it is his food. He is fond of the pleasures of the table. These are the last he thinks of relinquishing and always under great pressure. The poor man holds to his 'beer and bacca.' They are food and life to him. The rich man must have his wine. Is it not written, 'like a giant refreshed with wine'? That must be right. I have tried too often and too much to persuade men, not to know the difficulty of it all.

And yet, though it be but 'breathing in the desert air,' I must have my say here. We have talked of other drinks and also of drinks in the abstract, and I must speak of wine in particular. The subject is an important one and needs attention.

We shall first see what wine ought to be and then what it ought not. We shall afterwards notice what it is. Mean-time we shall notice its probable effect on the system.

Wine ought to be the fruit of the vine. It should be made exclusively of the grape. It might then be said, 'Wine that maketh glad the heart of man.' The juice of the wine should be pressed out of the grape, and after this it should be allowed to ferment and carefully nursed until it is matured and fit to drink. There should be nothing added. It should be in no way doctored. This is what wine should be.

We ought to notice that wine in the process of fermentation takes on a good percentage of alcohol. I believe this will be found to differ, and will vary from 6 to 13 per cent. The best wine is not that which contains the most alcohol. This wine is, perhaps, comparatively speaking, in small quantities, not very harmful.

It should be remarked that the juice will always ferment. Wine is, therefore, fermented juice of the vine. There is no such thing as unfermented wine. There may be such things as decoctions of juice; but there is no such thing as unfermented wine. Wine cannot be otherwise than fermented. I want to make a strong point of this, because of the falsifications that obtain. We must ever remember that we do not improve matters by exchanging one bad thing for another. Unfermented wine may not intoxicate; but that is not altogether sufficient. The question is whether it will not do as much mischief? Besides, the point is rather whether we should allow ourselves to submit to imposition. And this answers itself.

But the question now takes a double shape. Should the grape be regarded as food? Should this food take the shape of wine?

The grape is a fruit. Fruits are food. There is no

reason to think for a moment that it is an inferior food ; but every reason to the contrary. It is difficult, if not impossible, in estimating the value of the several kinds of fruits, to say which of them contains most of food properties. We could only do this on the supposition that we know the principle of selection adopted by the stomach. This we do not know and cannot know. We derive from experience a little knowledge ; but it is only a little. There is nothing to lead us to suppose that the grape is not a food, and we know children thrive on grapes and bread. This is the only way to get at it. *Experientia docet.* Grapes are food.

The next question is to decide how they should be taken. Should we eat them as they grow, or should we make them into wine? This is the point, and to my mind there is only one answer. Grapes are better taken as nature has provided. I think, speaking generally, the fruits of the earth, and indeed all food, is better consumed as nature supplies it. She is the best of cooks. What if we cooked the grass for the cows and horses? We should spoil it. We have already seen that cooking deprives food of its nutritious elements. But what of fermentation?

Wine takes on a quality in fermentation, which it had not before. It changes its nature, so to speak. This is exactly what food does in cooking. May we conclude, that as one change spoils, so does another? Perhaps this is too much to say. There is, however, this to say, It intoxicates. This is not good. But good wine does not intoxicate. This is true. Good wine will not intoxicate, save only when it is taken in excess. And we need not take it in excess.

This, then, seems to be the upshot, Good wine is a pleasant drink. It does not intoxicate. It may, or may not be food. There can be but little objection against it. There are other considerations, but they do not concern us much.

And then, is wine not a good thing to take in illness? Does it not revive and strengthen us? If we could answer these questions with a decided 'Yes,' it would settle the matter once for all. This, however, we cannot do. It is quite true that it seems, under certain circumstances, to put a little warmth into us and excite us; but that it does anything further is very doubtful. This thing is certain, if wine is good for us when we are well, it is good for us when we are ill. Otherwise, it is not. Wine stimulates when we are well, and stimulation is not good for us. If it be not good for us when well, we may be sure it is not good for us when ill.

I have a notion, and I think it is right too, that we should be better without wine altogether. It is at best a doubtful thing that we should drink it. What must we say when we look upon it as it is? Wine for the most part is a decoction. It is often entirely innocent of the grape. What now? As a genuine article, it is not of very much use for food, if any; as a decoction, it is not only no use, but is positively injurious. But is this so? Well, there is no doubt about it.

We will notice only two facts on this point. There is, I believe, at Metz, a factory where they make claret. This wine is altogether innocent of the grape. It is a decoction, and nothing else. Of course, it is impossible to say how far the ingredients are deleterious. We may, however, fairly say they are not wholesome at all.

When I was at Venice, some years ago now, I took up a newspaper to read. The first thing that caught my eye was an account of a Bill they were trying to get through Parliament. The restrictions they were seeking to put on the manufacture of wine were so many, that it was quite clear to me that not only wine was impossible, but a wholesome beverage was altogether out of the question.

The remarkable thing to me is that people should drink the stuff at all. The appetite for it, however, was created,

and some way or other it must be gratified. But what must be the effect of it all in the end? It is more easy to imagine than describe. It is well the stomach can endure so much. We need not wonder that it breaks down at last.

There is another thing to say about all this. What of the expense? Wine costs so much. To the manufacturer it should cost but little. Why does he ask such a price for it? The only explanation is that it may seem to be valuable. At least, I cannot see any other reason.

I used to know something of a song, when I was a lad, whose refrain was something like this :

‘If we could live a hundred years or so,
What arts we might practise, what science we might know.’

It seems to me that this is precisely where the whole thing lies. We are born into surroundings and grow up amongst them. We suppose everything right, and proceed to do as all the world does. We think but little out. When we are growing old, we begin to take stock, and, when it is too late, we find out some of our mistakes. This, I suppose, is the explanation that we are so ignorant of things. We do not inquire. We only live long enough to discover our ignorance. My regrets are many and great that I have not long ago inquired more deeply into things. I can only hope that others, taking advantage from my experience, will profit by it. The worst feature of it all is that men will not learn until it is too late. Well, I will not moralize too much. It ought, however, to be now quite clear that to suppose wine at best to be good for us is a great FALLACY.

The gentle reader might here remind himself of the truck-loads of parsnips to be seen at railway-stations in the autumn on the Rhine, and ask what they mean. The question would be suggestive.

LII

GAMBLING

THERE is a general notion that gambling is grossly wrong ; but the notion as to what constitutes it is very various. I question very much, if most of us were asked the question, What is gambling? we should not be able to give an answer. We have a sort of an idea, but it will only apply, and that in part, to a few things. We say quite glibly, innocently, and with an air of superiority, 'Oh, I never gamble ; I never play for money.'

I can say it, too, and with all honesty. I never played for money but once in all my life, and then it was quite by accident. I was asked once to sit down and play a friendly rubber. I felt quite conscience-stricken when I discovered at the end my winnings were half a crown. I did not refuse it, as I ought. I am afraid for once I played the coward. But is gambling such a crime? Why?

The grocer said to me the other day, 'I do not see the difference between gambling on the race-course and gambling on the Stock Exchange.' I said, 'Or gambling in trade.' And he added, 'Yes, or gambling in trade.'

A schoolmaster once told me that there were two book-makers in their place, and sometimes they came to church. The vicar often preached against gambling. One of them was talking about it to him one day, and he said, 'I should

like to ask the vicar to explain to me the difference between what he does and what I do. He speculates on the Stock Exchange, I speculate on the race-course. Where is the difference?' The one, just as much as the other, expects to make money by his wits. If either does it, someone must lose. The whole essence of gambling lies thus: 'If I win, you lose.'

It is clear that there is an element of gambling in every transaction. There is always this, however, to be said—a commodity in some cases changes hands. This seems to make all the difference. We call it trade in all these cases. When no commodity changes hands we call it betting. We will look into these cases a little.

We will take first of all the race-course. I know nothing of this; but still I can picture a scene. It is the Derby day and the great race. There are a number of horses to run; but one is the favourite. John Jones determines on a bet with Thomas Smith. He offers five to one on the favourite. Thomas Smith accepts the offer. Both are entirely ignorant of the respective merits of the horses. They only know what they have heard and read, and that is very little. The chances so far are equal. The only thing is that John Jones has taken the favourite. This only means that Thomas Smith thinks, perhaps, all the world has made a mistake, and this is often so. We say, *Vox populi, vox Dei*, but how often is it the other way? It may be so in this case. And so there is no intention to cheat on either side. This element is too often absent in trade transactions, and so far there is an element of honesty in the bet. The race is run and the favourite, contrary to everybody's expectation, is a bad third. What now? Thomas Smith wins and John Jones pays an 'honourable debt.' Where is the immorality in it? Why, we say, John Jones has paid away his money and has nothing in return.

This is only one element in it. Suppose the favourite had won, then Thomas Smith would have taken an advantage five times as large; for he would have lost only a fifth of the sum he has won. We ought, perhaps, to put it the other way about and say, he has won five times as much as he risked. What now? We can only say that John Jones has made a mistake. There was no desire on either side to take advantage. Both were perfectly free. It only remains a question whether there was propriety in a man's making risks of this sort. And this is a question of degree. I suppose if the bet had been five pennies to one, no one would find fault with it at all. We should say, What are five pennies? And here we should think the matter ends; but it does not. Prudence would or should lead every man to calculate in every transaction the risk he is running. And no wise man will incur more risk than he can bear. 'Men often do.' True; but men are often fools. We cannot go further than this.

'It is better, however, that men should not bet. It often makes unhappy homes and leads to desperate deeds.' This is as true as any statement can be. It is also true of trade and other affairs in life. Calamities befall men, whatever be their state and calling. The question, as a moral one, must be determined on its merits. I confess, on its merits and in the abstract, I have always regarded betting as grossly wrong. I have never made a bet in my life. I have always discouraged it. I find, however, on examination, there is no more immorality in it than there is in many more transactions. When prudence and propriety are considered, the question assumes another form altogether. These are elements every man must consider for himself.

What now shall we say of card-playing? This is often done for money. One man puts himself against another.

There are two elements in the game—luck (?) and skill. The stakes may, or may not, be large. What now? If we examine, there is only one element wanting, which is not found in betting in horse-racing. There may be, or may not be, an extra element in it—skill. What we say of one, we may also say of the other. The element wanting in betting and present in card-playing is the play. In all else the cases are parallel.

But now, if there be immorality in the betting, what about the racing? There is a prize; perhaps, two or three. It is for these the racers contend. Is this right? We say, Of course, why not? Well, then, why should not the players also contend? The racers try skill; the players do the same. There is a money element in both; but this only incites the combatants to forth-putting of power. And where is the wrong? Who shall say?

It resolves itself into the question—a simple one too—Is any game of chance right? Should boys play football, or cricket, or any game in which there is a trial of strength? We hold up our hands now and exclaim, What nonsense! What would the world be if we could not play? It is all then a matter of play, and we must play. The world would be very dull, if we did not, and so it would. The money element only renders the play a little more exciting. That is all.

Where are we now? It appears that prudence, or the want of it, only, makes all the difference. In other words a man is only immoral when, through imprudence, he suffers. 'Oh, but it spoils character.' Does it? Well, but the bookmaker thought his character was quite as good as the vicar's. And who is to determine this point? The bookmaker might reason in this way, 'I do not think bookmaking wrong. I do it to get a living and I succeed. My family is able to live. The vicar thinks

gambling wrong and yet he gambles on the Stock Exchange! He thinks he has the advantage.' Who shall say he is wrong? Perhaps, one here and there suffers through the bookmaker; and, perhaps, too, some suffer from the vicar. I have heard of men making millions by speculations on the Stock Exchange. I have heard, too, of many being innocently ruined. It seems to me that the Stock Exchange, far from being second best, is first worst. It is easily seen that there is as much room, if not a great deal more, for cheating on the Stock Exchange as on the race-course. The cheating, too, is often of a most heartless kind. What of the Liberator! The only difference between that gigantic system of fraud and many another is that it was found out, while others are not. It is more than possible, indeed it is true, that many stockbrokers try to be honest. But this also may be said of bookmakers.

But now what of trade? How can there be gambling in trade? It seems to me that to-day trade is reduced to a very fine art of gambling. And this in every branch from the merchant prince down to the country shop-keeper. We must admit, however, that there are a few—one here and one there—who try to be honest. Of the majority, the opposite obtains.

One of the nicest men I know, said to me once, 'I would like to do right in business; but I cannot.' I asked another if he thought it was possible to do right and he said, 'In selling by weight, it is fairly easy; but, when it is a question of making a bargain, it is very difficult.' Another man said to me, 'It is my wits against yours. If mine are sharper than yours and I best you, the fault is not mine but yours, and so much the better for me and the worse for you.'

But surely religion will differentiate men? Perhaps it safeguards some men. I may repeat here, what I often say:

I have come across many men, who try to be honest. I cannot say how much, or how little, they are influenced by religion. It may be near the truth to say some are better for religion, some are indifferent to it, others make it a cloak. My experience is not favourable here. I have had several books published and one by a professedly religious house. I may say that I would not mind dealing again with the others; I would never deal again with that religious house.

I think my experience in this matter is not by any means unique. I met a Scotchman the other day, whose experience, only that it was not with the same firm, was similar. I hope this is not usual, perhaps, I should rather say, general. The business element may differ and here, perhaps, is the explanation.

What have other people to say? A friend said to me once: 'If I ever have any dealings with a preaching, praying man, he is sure to cheat me.' And our grocer said to me, not long ago, 'If a man comes into my shop and begins to talk religion, I button up my pocket.'

Some years ago a lady, from a neighbouring town, came over to see me about—well I need not say what. She represented that she was poor. 'All right, never mind that. It is not a mere question of £ s. d. I will do what you want.' Under other circumstances the fee would have been ten guineas. She came again and again for other favours. I did all I could for her. By-and-by, she wanted to borrow £20. She wrote me a most plausible, not to say, pitiable, letter. But there was one thing in it, I did not like. She said, the Lord had told her that if she asked me, I should give it to her. Well, I did not say, as, perhaps, I might, the Lord had not told me, but I excused myself. I thought we had gone far enough.

But now all this apart, Is it true that trade is to-day,

more or less, a question of gambling? To my mind there is no doubt about it. Look at the syndicates and cornering and screwing! What does it all mean? Is it a question of 'Live and let live'? It is more like this, 'Perish who will, I must live.' The spirit of gambling is nowhere so rampant. We might write a volume setting forth all these things. It is, however, unfortunately not necessary.

I am not conversant with 'all the tricks of the trade,' and so cannot write up everything with a facile pen, but there is enough on the surface. Trade everywhere, so far as I can see, is a species of gambling. It is all a question of how much I can make out of my business. Aristotle taught long ago that the first principle of action should be to benefit our fellow-creatures. This, however, never enters the modern trader's calculations.

One would scarcely know how to begin, proceed or end such a business as an examination into all this. I will not attempt it. I will only just relate that I have lately come across one or two young fellows who simply could not continue the career they had begun for the simple reason that they could not do the dishonest things that were required of them. With one young fellow, it was a simple business of falsifying the invoices. What hastening to be rich! I will not particularize.

Is it any better in the professions? I could tell some curious stories here, and of the clergy too, but I will forbear. I will only remark, the same disposition, in these days, seems to obtain everywhere. It is not peculiar to one class; but it is common to all. The professions are like the trades. The most we can say is that there is just one here and there that tries to be honest. An honest man is the noblest work in creation and deserves the greatest homage. I fancy thirty years ago, there were more than there are to-day.

Do I write these things with pleasure? I do nothing of the kind. I simply want to call things by the right name. I think it is mockery to decry one species of conduct and speak of it as gambling, when the same spirit pervades all classes. 'A little leaveneth the whole lump.' What is the occasion of it all? To this there seems but one answer, It is human nature. Is human nature past redemption? This is altogether another question. I will not attempt an answer. There are many at work in the business; but almost no success attends their efforts. The world gets no better. My opinion is that everywhere it gets worse. It might be a very paradise, if men could only fit a little better into their respective places. As it is, there is no immediate prospect. I have heard one man say that, after this present war, there will be a revival of better things. My opinion is that the war has had a most demoralizing effect upon the world, and that, when it is over, the gambling spirit will be intensified. If we had been possessed with the Puritan spirit this might have been; but we are not so possessed. The clergy are possessed with the Catholic, that is to say, a superstitious spirit, and they have no mind to do other than extend it. The English people are not prepared for this; and may they never be so! Heaven forbid! There is to my mind no such prospect coming before us as better times. We will leave the question, therefore, unsolved. One thing is clear to my mind, that, as things are, to speak of gambling as the characteristic of a class, when the spirit pervades all classes, is little better than hypocrisy and withal a great FALLACY.

LIII

HABIT

'HABIT is second nature.' This is an old proverb, and, perhaps, a stupid one. Many of our proverbs are as silly as they can well be. There is a proverb, for instance, which says, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' The Scotch believe in the contrary sentiment—'A gaen foot is aye gettin'.' This, too, is about as senseless as it can be. The rolling stone, 'tis true, gathers no moss, but does a standing stone gather any? And is it any the better if it do? And, then, is it true that a going foot is always getting? Does it not depend on what the foot is after? Some going feet are always losing.

Habit is not second nature; and is often not nature at all. It depends on what the habit is. Habit is often as contrary to nature as anything can well be. And, further, it is as often injurious to nature as possible.

Butler says of habits, some are active and some are passive. Active habits grow stronger by exercise, while passive habits grow weaker. This is perfectly true. The habit of smoking is active. It grows stronger the more it is exercised. To feel pain at the sight of suffering is a passive habit. It grows weaker by exercise. The Bishop has a great deal to say on these points.

These facts alone suffice to show that habit implants its mark on nature. The nature by habit is turned into courses

it would often avoid, if left alone. We shall now see something about habit, and, perhaps, shall learn something for our good.

What is habit? We may say some are natural and some are acquired. We may now ask the question, What is natural habit and what is acquired?

Habit is the disposition in us to do certain and certain things in certain and certain ways. And this constantly.

A natural habit is a disposition born with us. It is a natural habit with man, for instance, to walk upright, as it is a natural habit with animals to walk on their four feet. Smoking is an acquired habit.

Natural habits do us no harm; but on the contrary promote our well-being. Acquired habits may be good or they may be injurious for us. We may, for instance, have acquired the habit of rising regularly at six o'clock in the morning. This habit could certainly do us no harm, and may be very good for us. We may also have acquired the habit of dining heavily rather late in the evening, and this would be bad for us.

These habits are for the most part strengthened by exercise. It is important, therefore, that we have a care. We may promote our well-being or otherwise by strengthening habit.

To rise early is a good habit. Why? There are many reasons for this. Too much time in bed is not good, inasmuch as it tends to soften our nature. We take on a great deal of clothing during sleep. This keeps in the heat generated by the body, and makes of it a means of stewing, so to speak. Our muscles become flabby and strengthless by the process. We cannot easily calculate the mischief we do ourselves in this way. I regret many things in my life; but this I can never regret—I have always been an early riser.

It is not easy to say all the good that comes from it from a material and moral point of view. We are on the way to acquire a robust character as well as a strong constitution by it, and it is one of the best ways of adding to our material welfare. It is not, I repeat, easy to say all the good that comes to us from early rising. It is more easy to imagine it than to describe it. And as with this, so with all good habits. Their tendency is to promote our good.

We take on bad habits much more readily than good ones. This arises from our disposition to self-indulgence. 'We like to take our ease, eat, drink and be merry.' And all this is not good. We should eat only just so much, and only just such as goes to support our body. We may be as merry as we like otherwise. There is nothing wrong in being merry. We say, 'We wish you a merry Christmas.' Some people object to this and think it wrong. Why should it be? The merriment is only wrong when it is not of the right kind. We have another saying, 'Laugh and grow fat.' We may be sure that joy, however it may express itself, if it be only right in nature, is good for us. Self-indulgence, however, never did and never can bring any good.

See some of the bad habits that come through it. The first is a love of ease. This means generally insufficient exercise. And this brings about inertia of the several parts of the body. The mischief arising from this needs no description.

The second is love of eating. This is, perhaps, the most common failing of humanity. We eat heartily and think we need to eat because we have the appetite. We forget that we create and cultivate the craving, the appetite, for food. It is natural to us all. The Zulus eat but twice a day and principally mealies. The Highlanders used to live on brose. The food in both cases is of the simplest

kind, and uncooked. It was simply mixed with hot water. And these people were the healthiest. We have become not only gourmets in this matter, but gourmands. We eat ourselves to death. English people die from many diseases, but I do not think that people die from anything so much as over-eating. That which, in other words, ought to be an occasion of standing is just one of falling.

The next indulgence we permit ourselves is that of over-drinking. We drink too much. By this I do not mean altogether alcoholic liquors, but generally. Yesterday I was making a call, and the lady of the house was looking seedy. I saw what I conceived to be evidence sufficient, and so I said to her, 'You have been drinking too many slops.' She replied, 'I do not know that I have.' But her husband interposed, 'Oh, but you have.' The idea as to what was 'too much' differed. I had no doubt in my own mind that it was so.

It is usual, when we are a little 'out of sorts,' to take slops of different kinds. We think we are too weak to digest food, forgetting that slops are no use, and so drink a lot of nutritious (?) things. I do not believe any drink is nutritious. It is in this way we create the habit.

There is, however, nothing easier than to create a habit for drinking. See how this is done everywhere, from drinking tea especially, through all the drinking customs. We had some oldish people about us a little while ago that were slowly killing themselves with drinking tea. I used to call frequently and advise them to leave the teapot alone. I would say to them, 'Oh, dear, dear, you do not know how much mischief you are doing yourselves by so much tea.' But I only received for answer, 'La, sir, I must 'a my cup o' tea.' One of them told the doctor about it, and he bade her do as she liked. And, of course, they thought the doctor knew better than I, and they went on and were very

shortly in the churchyard. This habit is a most pernicious one. It soon becomes inveterate, too.

But is it not cheering? Of course it is. It gratifies a craving; but it is one that has been cultivated. A child usually prefers milk to tea, until the taste has been acquired and cultivated—the habit has been formed. I do not think we should care for tea at all otherwise.

But, perhaps, a more serious habit is that of drinking alcoholic liquors. How readily the taste for alcohol is acquired! How soon is the habit developed! And when it is fully accomplished, how little we can do with it! I will only say a few things here, though I might say many.

I took the doctor once to see a poor fellow whose eyes were very much deranged. I did not know what to make of them. The doctor gave him sundry pieces of advice. I remarked, 'S—— must not take any beer.' The doctor said, 'Oh, dear no, by no means.' The poor fellow might have been shown his death-warrant. He was so distressed. He began to say he did not take much and to argue that he could not do without it. He would become so weak and I do not know what. To deprive the poor fellow of his beer was to inflict the greatest torture. His eyes got better, but I am afraid it was in spite of the beer. Habit is so inveterate.

We have had two men in whom I have been specially interested. Both drank. The one was a young fellow, who died at forty. He drank nothing but beer; but was always, in a way, soaking in it and stupefied by it. I was for ever talking with him and trying to dissuade him from it. He was in every other respect a good fellow. Once he had rheumatic fever and was ill for months. During all this time he didn't and couldn't drink. He promised me faithfully he would leave it off for ever. I sent him, as soon as he was fit, to a convalescent home. It was such a mistake,

for almost the first thing the doctor ordered was beer. It was fatal. The craving was re-established and the man's fate was sealed. I never could do any more good with him. I need not say that I had 'a regular row' with the authorities. The chairman told me I was not to write any more. I thought this a cool piece of impudence, of which I took no notice. I gave him to feel that the ruin of a man's character and the blasting of his life was not a question that could be dismissed in this way. However, the mischief was done and could never be undone. The young man was lost. The only good would be in the object-lesson it would be for all concerned at the convalescent home. This home, I fear, like many another such institution, was more a home for the officials than a source of comfort for the inmates.

We had also about us a shoemaker, a good workman, and, when not drinking, an industrious man. He knew the mischief of drinking and would often for months never touch it. When he began, however, he would not stop until he was downright ill. He would do no work and spent everything. I gave him several starts in his business. For a time he would do well ; but always broke out afresh. He died at an early age, leaving a widow and children to deplore his loss. The drink had ruined his character and brought him to an early grave. Why do men form such habits ?

There is another man living near, who has, so far as I know, drunk all his life. He is now about seventy-five years old ; but very infirm. This poor fellow, a good man of business, is still addicted to the habit. I should think no man ever did or ever could drink so much. He is sober at times now ; but, during the most of his years, he has scarcely known what to be sober meant. I do not know what to make of such a case. His constitution seems to be

made of iron. How often have I talked with him! It never does any good. What can be done, when it is a question of habit? I have never known a single drunkard to be reclaimed. I have heard of such cases, but I have known none.

There is, perhaps, an element in this formation of habit that we ought not to overlook. It is the question of how much hereditary disease has to do with it. Parents transmit the taste to their offspring. And then what? Only one thing, the children must never touch the drink in any shape or form. It seems, in such cases, if the habit has to be formed, it is easily accomplished, and when once it is accomplished, there is nothing to be done. The disease must rapidly run through its stages and bring the patient to an early grave. The following story will illustrate this point:

A friend, who must be nameless, had a very good servant, who, unfortunately, had a great liking for drink. He had put him away and taken him on several times, and had now dismissed him once for all. I felt for the poor fellow and interceded. I asked his master to take him on again and give him another trial. I said I thought I could get things into form. The master was only too glad. He would have done anything for him if he could only retain his services. When sober, he was an invaluable servant. So I went to the man and said, 'Now, Arthur, your master says he will take you again into his service, if you will promise never to touch the drink. But you know, you will have to take severe measures with yourself, for you have no control over your disposition. There is nothing for it but never to possess any money. You must, therefore, let your wife take your wages. You must give me your solemn promise in these things. I will then go with you and redeem your pledges and you can return at once to your place. Can you give me your promise? It is your last chance.' The poor

fellow's eyes filled with tears. He gave me his word. He thanked me. We started off on a regular round of visitation. It was such an experience as I never before had in my life and never wished to have again. I could not have imagined, if I had not seen it, that such a state of things existed. We went in succession to seven pawn-shops to redeem his pledges. These shops were of every sort and size. It appeared that some traded with the very poor and others again with people in better circumstances. Can such things be done in a Christian land? I was amazed. People in rags and people in silks alike visited these places. The clothes of the labouring man as well as the diamonds and jewels of the rich were given in pledge. I am forgetting, however, and allowing myself to digress beyond reasonable limits. We presented ourselves at the respective 'holes' or counters, as the case may be, and Arthur laid down his ticket, and I laid down the money. The people eyed me with great curiosity, and thought not of Arthur, as the whole business was transacted, with not a word of sorrow or thanks, on either side. I felt no shame, save only that there could be such people in the world. It seemed to me that nothing could have such a demoralizing effect on the traders. And yet it was their business. Perhaps, out of it, they were like other people. I did not know and could not know. I could only reflect and moralize. How much I would like to stop all this bad business. Our business was over and Arthur was reinstated and I felt happy. I had done, as I supposed, one good deed at least in my life. Nothing gives so much pleasure as this kind of thing. I have always felt that the chief pleasure in life is in making other people happy. Pity it is the pleasure is so short-lived! Things went well for a time and then what a catastrophe! Arthur must have his wages. He told his master that he wanted money. He was reminded of his

promises and warned of the consequences that would attend breaking his word. 'All was unavailing!' He received his money, went away, began to drink, pawned his master's silver, and was dismissed. Now his case is perfectly hopeless. He is a confirmed drunkard.

Of course, all such things as these are hopeless. There is nothing to be done. I heard of a drunkard saying to his clergyman, as he lay dying, 'I tell you, if there were a glass of rum standing there, and you told me I should fall into hell the moment I drank it, I could not resist it.' It is of the first importance, therefore, not to form the habit of drinking. There is no habit so destructive, and, perhaps, none so readily formed.

A habit as mischievous almost as drinking is that of smoking. It is a most pernicious habit and becoming more and more general. We will not discuss it fully, but only notice that when acquired and established, it is most enthralling. It seems, indeed, to be absolute slavery. Only one little circumstance in point. Some years ago a clergyman came to me for his throat. He was a smoker. He had consulted Sir Morell Mackenzie, who advised him to leave it off altogether. He did so. But he told me he had three days of such absolute misery that, if smoking meant such thralldom as that, he would never smoke again. There may not be much harm in smoking a little; but there is none in leaving it severely alone. It is withal an expensive habit and injurious to the character. And so liberty is the better policy. I will be free from its power.

There are other habits similar to those of smoking and drinking, kindred evil spirits, but we will not discuss them. We can each think them out for ourselves. It will be a useful proceeding and profitable withal. We may reason, 'All things are lawful for me, but I will be brought under the power of none.' The process will lead very probably

to our doing such things, only, as promote our welfare. 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' We shall have to watch, and very carefully, that we maintain perfect control over all our powers.

There are not many subjects more fruitful than this. We have given a good deal of time to it, but, perhaps, not more than it deserves. We have seen how good habits promote our welfare and evil ones our ruin. We have moralized a little *en passant*. This will not, however, do us much harm. We shall, perhaps, indeed be very much the better for it. In this case, I shall not have written in vain.

I have not said much as to the kind of good habits we ought to cultivate. This is a point we might work out for ourselves. I have found most pleasure in doing good, or trying to, to my fellow-creatures. I do not say that I have done as much as I should have done. I could not say that all my intentions have been realized and that sometimes I have not done mischief. It is not easy to do good, even with every circumspection; but it is well to cultivate the habit of trying. It takes too many shapes to admit of particulars. It works no harm personally. Virtue is always better than vice. Doing good is better than doing evil. The way of it all is difficult. Thought and goodwill are potent factors here. Habits of doing and saying good things are best for us in every way. And so we come to the conclusion, not that habit is second nature, but that we should be indifferent to the habits we are forming is a mischievous FALLACY.

LIV

STAMMERING

THE title of this book is 'Fallacies.' In passing the several subjects under review, we have found that it is only certain aspects of them, which may be described as fallacies. The subjects themselves may not properly be so described ; for they are too often real enough. Stammering is a real trouble ; it is no fallacy or fancy either. It has been suggested by the last one. We must always distinguish between things that differ—the true from the false, the real from the fictitious. We shall see, as we go along, in what sense it is a fallacy.

What is it? We will first notice what stammering is not. It is important to do this, because there are many notions about it, and they are all more or less wrong. I may say, indeed, using much stronger language, that the notions respecting it are all as wrong as they can be.

It is not altogether, as some affirm, a vicious disposition. I have known many vicious people who do not stammer. And I have known some very virtuous people, virtuous at least so far as we know, who do stammer. We may not say, then, that it arises from a vicious disposition. It is not borne out by facts. To determine how far a vicious disposition lends its aid, or otherwise, is another matter altogether.

It is not, as is sometimes thought, the result of a weak disposition. I have known the most robust in mind and constitution to stammer. Men who, so to speak, 'could remove mountains,' stammer. It cannot, therefore, be altogether in consequence of weakness. This is quite clear.

Nervousness, again, has been certified as the cause. We must here be careful, as the nerve has a great deal to do with it. Nervousness has a double meaning and these meanings are contrary. It means full of nerve-power and it means lacking nerve-power. It may also mean lacking control of nerve-power. In which of these senses is it? We may say that, as the primary cause is not there, we may dismiss this view of matters. Nervousness is not the cause of stammering.

Sickness, again, has been set down as the cause of stammering. This is not really so. The reason for saying so is explained by the expression—*post hoc, propter hoc*. How often is this the case, not only with respect to stammering, but with respect to many things! Something ails us. We set to work immediately to discover the cause and fix our minds readily on the first thing that seems in the least likely to suit. And, of course, we are for the most part wrong. The causes of most of our troubles are first within and then next in the things we eat and drink. Here we should look for them. Many have started stammering after an illness, as influenza or fever; but many, again, have had these sicknesses and have not stammered. The cause is not there.

There is a doctor, in London, who attributes it to defective vocal organs. He writes a book on it; but he neither tells us in what way the organs are defective, or how he would rectify the defects. He professes to cure stammering; but I do not know if he succeeds. I doubt very much if he does. I challenged him once, in a paper in which he

advertises and writes, to give me an instance of a single case of a stammerer who had defective organs. He did not accept my challenge, for the very reason that it was impossible. He said that no man, who had no knowledge of the vocal apparatus, could expect to cure stammering. He may just as well say that no man, who had no knowledge of the anatomy of his legs, could learn to walk. Stammering is not in the fault of the organs, for the stammerer has generally as much power in his voice as other people, and often more than most.

Those who profess to cure stammering, in every case, suppose that the organs of articulation are defective. They give endless exercises to rectify the faulty articulation. And yet a moment's thought would set them right on this point. It is not in the articulation at all : for the stammerer often articulates too much.

We may, therefore, say that we must seek elsewhere, for the causes of stammering. Before doing this we will just notice what the nature of stammering is.

We may say that stammering is the inability of the speaker to control his vocal apparatus. Of course it takes many shapes and forms. There is sometimes a total inability to utter certain sounds, and at others the defect is only partial.

The vocal organ in stammering is affected with a sort of spasm in the effort to speak. This spasm frequently shows itself in involuntary movements in other than the speech organs. The whole face is distorted and there are awkward movements of the arms and legs. When the stammerer is so affected, he will involuntarily repeat the initial letter of the word an indefinite number of times, as d-d-d-day. There may not be, and sometimes there is not, any vocal sounds in these attempts at utterance.

But stammering sometimes consists in involuntary im-

mobility. The speaker suffers meantime from a species of lockjaw. The mouth in this case is closed and cannot be opened till a number of attempts have been made. The jaw is stiff and rigid and refuses to submit to control. This kind of stammering often takes the shape of setting the speaker's mouth open so that he cannot shut it. The result is that the initial letter is greatly prolonged, so: l—ord.

We must distinguish the stammering brought on by intoxication, paralysis, fear, deep emotion, and hesitation, from the above. Stammering from these causes is for the most part occasional, and scarcely deserves the name. It only obtains so long as the temporary causes for it prevail. It ceases as soon as the cause is removed.

The habitual stammerer always stammers in health and sickness. He is worse at times and particularly when unwell. There are seasons when his stammering is less apparent. He stammers when he is cool and collected and when he has no difficulty in mentally expressing himself.

He does not know how it comes about, but he is always conscious that some part of his vocal apparatus refuses to yield obedience. He has absolutely no power over it. He may hoax, threaten, energize, whip up, force, what not; he has his master. His voice will not yield to his will.

Sometimes, when he determines to use force and energizes accordingly to the utmost to utter a difficult word, he only brings on a more violent spasm. His efforts only serve to intensify it.

It would not be easy to enumerate the annoyances and disadvantages, worries and disappointments, that arise from stammering. Only those who suffer really know what it means. There is on the one hand, the impatience of the listener, born often of utter want of sympathy, and too

plainly shown. And there is on the other hand, the desire to be like one's fellow-creatures, and to express what one has to say with ease and readiness. When this desire cannot be gratified, it naturally induces great shyness and a feeling of shame. There is also ever present a great fear of ridicule which makes it a sort of martyrdom. The rack is nothing to it.

I have quoted from my little book on Stammering. We will now notice, but only briefly, what are the real causes of it. The question is a long one, and I have discussed it rather fully elsewhere. I shall put it as tersely as I can.

The main cause of stammering is want of control of the nerve current. I will explain. The veins and arteries carry fluids about the body. The nerves, as I think, do so too. The difference, however, in the fluids is very great, for the nerve fluids are imponderable. When a man speaks he gives out two currents—the vocal and nerve currents. And the difficulty is in the control of the latter.

The cause of the want of control is fear. This is an element in our troubles that is too often lost sight of and altogether overlooked. In other words, the main element is not under consideration. We reckon without our host. How can our calculations be right? If those, whose business it is to train character and care for health, would admit this as often the main thing needing consideration, they would attain very different and much more satisfactory results. When will they learn to do it?

I cannot now go more fully into this question, and, perhaps, I need not. My object is, as far as I can, to show where we are wrong, and, if possible, to indicate the lines along which we must work to be right. This, so far, I have done. There is nothing more desirable than to be right. Oh, to be right and, as far as possible, perfect!

In looking round and about me, I have observed that 'in many things we offend all.' We take wrong views and this is the explanation—In many things we cannot know much, if anything at all. In many things again our notions are wrong from the mere want of thought, and because we believe readily what others say. My object is to help us to form correct notions. In this question of stammering, as we have seen, we are generally wrong as to its cause and as to its treatment. We talk of curing it, whereas we ought to talk of ridding ourselves of a bad habit. There is nothing to cure. There is only something to learn and do.

We may not say stammering is a fallacy, therefore, for it is often a very real trouble. We may, however, say that to look upon it as a defect in the vocal organs is a very great FALLACY.

LV

JUPITER

WHAT is in a name? We may say, and with very much truth, merely a few letters. And yet a name is a thing with which to conjure. We may often, indeed, put the question the other way and say, What is not in a name? It is so potent that it can do marvellous things.

And yet why should these things be? The answer is an easy one. We do not think. I was once giving a lecture in Vienna. The Ambassador was in the chair. I had occasion to refer to what would follow if I made a mistake in my work. I said, 'You know, gentlemen, that I have not an M.D., or, if the matter be that, an A.S.S. after my name to cover my failures.' A man, who can write M.D. after his name may make mistakes, but a man who cannot, may not.

How often do the doctors make mistakes! They are privileged and so nothing follows. And yet what does M.D. really mean? Merely that the man, who can use it, has passed a certain examination, often, so to speak, with the skin of his teeth. It does not mean that he has had any experience. That is all—the examination. And the amount is but very little.

Here are two men, we may suppose; one writes M.D. after his name, the other does not. We take them to a

special piece of work. The man without the degree is clever at it and does it successfully; the M.D. does not know how to put himself to it at all. I have known this thing to occur again and again, and in the healing art too. Now what? Well, if the M.D. failed and the patient died through his want of skill, nothing would follow, but it would not be so in the other case. The man without the degree would be censured and, perhaps, hanged. So much power have letters and names.

There is, of course, the other side of the question. It would not be right for every Tom, Dick, and Harry to be meddling and peddling in business they do not understand. There must be some redress, if possible, somewhere for wrong-doing. But it is not easy to adjust all matters. Some, indeed, are past all art and skill. It must even be so in things mundane. We cannot have perfect machinery with imperfect parts. We shall have to be content with the best that can be procured.

Our point, however, is that we must not be mistaken or misguided by appearances. We must look beneath the surface, and, if possible, get at the true nature of things. We should then be in a position to estimate things at their proper value.

We have had two gentlemen lately staying with us, at different times, who did not rejoice, certainly, in the most euphonious names.* I concluded, before they came, very foolishly of course, that they were not, and could not be, of very good family. I found them both very charming people. They were of good family too. I like to distinguish between men and men, as I would distinguish between a race and a cart horse; and so I should differentiate these from most. We had also, not long ago, a young fellow here, who bore a very aristocratic name, but there was not much in the

* Gubbins.

person. Oh, yes, it is quite clear that we must not think too much of names.

This applies to things as well as to persons. We are too easily led astray. It would not be well, perhaps, to follow Pat's advice to his son, as he was sending him out into the world, 'Look upon every man as a rogue until you know he is an honest man.' It is better on the whole to trust than to mistrust; but it is always expedient to 'look before you leap.' Prudence is better than imprudence. Caution is better than carelessness. The thing is better than the name. Do not, therefore, mistake a counterfeit for a real coin.

All this by the way. Jupiter is the name of the greatest God amongst the Romans. Zeus is the name for the same God amongst the Greeks. And Jehovah is the name of the same God amongst the Jews. We have mistaken the name for the being. We have supposed that, because the name was different, therefore the being was not the same.

It is quite true the idea of Jupiter, entertained by the Romans, varied in different persons. I suppose that it would be difficult, among all the writers of Roman history, to find two who would entertain exactly or similar views. 'Many men many minds.' Yet it was generally admitted that, some way or other, among all the powers of heaven, Jupiter was the supreme one. He ordered the destiny of men, appointing good to some and to others ill. He had his priests and received supreme honour in worship. The other powers were all subordinate to him. Of his right to supreme honour and adoration, there is no manner of doubt.

And, as with Jupiter among the Romans, so with Zeus among the Greeks. Here again individual opinions differ. The Greek mind differed considerably from the Roman. The characteristics, occupations, likes and loves of Zeus took different forms from those of Jupiter. The difference

of the Greek mind from the Roman would account for all this. The god was to them, not as he was in being, but as he was *in posse*. But whatever differences, *inter se*, or as distinguished from other nations, Zeus was to the Greeks exactly what Jupiter was to the Romans—he was the supreme power of heaven.

We may say of Jehovah that he bore the same relation to the Jews as Zeus to the Greeks or Jupiter to the Romans. He was the chief, the supreme power of heaven. The ideas were just as crude, if not more so, as were those of the ancient Greeks or Romans. And the ideas differed also amongst the different Jewish writers.

We must say too that the Jewish ideas were just as anthropomorphic as were those of other nations. 'The Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day.' 'The Lord God came down to see the men at work at the town of Babel.' Moses saw Him on Sinai. The minor prophets saw Him 'by the wall,' and 'on the altar.' We have no other notion, as it would seem, of God in the Old Testament than such as the Greeks and Romans entertained of Zeus and Jupiter.

The more we examine, the more it appears, that in every particular, the idea was one rather of creation from within than of suggestion from without. There must be a supreme power. This seemed apparent to all. This Supreme Being ought to be worshipped. The idea of the being and the worship suitable differed as the minds differed. It is even so now.

And if it be said the powers of heaven varied among the Greeks and Romans, we shall have to answer, True, but so did they differ among the Jews. The former had inferior gods and the latter had angels, with varying powers. There were angels and archangels. There were varying powers among the gods of the Greeks and Romans. It has always

seemed to me very difficult to reduce the mythology of the ancients to a system. It is equally difficult to reduce the theology of the Jews to a system. The Jews had 'one God.' This 'one God,' however, was one of many parts. There were the same ideas everywhere, in short. The way they found expression only varied.

But if the Jews had one God, so had the Mohammedans. They recognise but one supreme power. Of course this is more logical, if logic can be applied to religion. Allah is supreme. He is infinite and one. It is impossible that there should be two infinities. One infinite must exclude all others.

The Mohammedan really differs in nothing from the Unitarian. They both honour, adore, and worship, one Supreme Being. Why should they not esteem each other as brethren? Ah, why? And yet they don't. Their God has only a different name. The Parsee too claims to worship the same God as the Christian. And yet how much higher does the one esteem himself than the other!

Remove the names. Get at the ideas. Then what? The same ideas? Not exactly; but as near as may be. Anyway, Jehovah is for the Jew and the Christian exactly what Jupiter, Zeus and Allah are for the others. What strife there is about names! I suppose the Supreme Being will be honoured as much by one name as by another?

But the Christian has had a revelation and this makes all the difference! Well, the others claim to have had a revelation too. Where are we now? Ours is a real revelation: theirs is not. We will not discuss this question; we will leave it. There is much more in it, and out of it, than we think. I could wish from my heart that things revealed, and things unrevealed, if that matter, were a little more within our ken. Why should not the millions of

Chinese and Indians not have had a revelation too? Why should we be so especially favoured? Does not the God of all the earth do right?

The questions, however, are very big and do not admit of easy solution. We cannot understand many things, and have often to take them as they are. There is but little we can know. I am sure we are here on the border of things unexplored, yet too often taken to be settled. We do not know and we think we do. We must leave it so.

We think we have advanced and that we know more than our forefathers. Perhaps we do. And yet it seems to me, and it is worth thinking out, that to look upon the Supreme Being we worship as different from the Supreme Being the ancients worshipped, simply because He has a different name, may be, if it is not really, a FALLACY.

LVI

IMMORTALITY

THE opinion that the soul is immortal is very general. There is scarcely a people, under the sun, civilized or uncivilized, that do not entertain it. How is this? Who shall say? I do not think the question can be answered. There, however, is the fact—the idea is almost universal—man is immortal.

What proofs do men give? Here's the rub: it is supposed to be self-evident and needs no proofs. Why this should be, it is very difficult to say. Shakespeare ventures to give, rather make Plato give, a proof. 'It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well, or whence this fond desire. . . .' This does not satisfy the inquiring mind. Most men desire to be rich; but they die poor all the same. It does not, as I think, follow from the desire.

It is most desirable, nothing more so, that we should be able to establish this point. I desire it from my heart and so much that I cannot scarcely allow myself to talk as if it were not a settled point. But it serves no good purpose that I know to set our minds on things to which we cannot attain.

Job asked the question, 'If a man die shall he live again?' But he left it unanswered. True, he says also, 'I

know that my Redeemer liveth . . . though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.' He does not, however, elucidate the point. And the translation is generally regarded as unsatisfactory.

I will not give the arguments which occur to my mind either *pro* or *con*; but will content myself first with giving a paper contributed by Professor Henslow to the *Church Pulpit*. I consider the paper very clever, and to say all that can be said. I give next my answer to it. Whether it disposes of the Professor's argument I will not say. It will show at least that there is something to be said against his arguments.

It is curious that, so far as I can gather, only two Christian writers have ventured to discuss the subject. The first is St. Augustine, the other is Bishop Butler. It is said of the treatise written by the former, that it is flimsy, and of the latter's writing that it proves too much. After this, I will give a brief paragraph or so on some scriptural ideas.

IMMORTALITY, FROM A SCIENTIFIC POINT OF VIEW.

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR G. HENSLow, M.A., F.L.S., ETC.

The doctrine of Evolution appears to have affected men's views of immortality in two ways. On the one hand, Monists, who see nothing but matter and force in the universe, suppose life to have appeared on this earth through some unknown process from the inorganic or mineral world. And, when death occurs, life vanishes with it *in toto*. Others, who think they see evidences of mind in Nature, cannot conceive how Evolution can have brought order and adaptive structures into existence, without such being the outward witness to an omnipotent intelli-

gence. They then ask, What is the 'final cause' of a man's mind, as his body is the final cause of all animal evolution? They see no reason why the mind and soul of man may not live on apart from the material body after death, as the mind of God, who made them, does. Nevertheless, we can no more conceive it possible, than we can imagine how life came to exist on this earth at all.

What, then, are our postulates as to life—based on practical knowledge?

1. A time was when life, as we know it now, did not exist, and could not have existed on this earth.

2. Life began in time; and is associated with matter in the unique condition and combination of its elements as seen in protoplasm.

3. Since life began to exist on earth, it has never ceased to exist till the present day. On the contrary, the quantity of life has increased million-folds.

4. Life is therefore practically eternal on this earth—*i.e.*, as long as the same or similar external conditions remain, which are necessary for each kind of being.

5. Life, however, can disappear from individual organisms; such disappearance of the evidences of life is called death.

6. The cause of life disappearing is because it is so intimately bound up with matter and physical forces, that, when these cannot maintain the proper equilibrium with life, the bond of union is broken and death ensues.

7. Life may be regarded as consisting of a bundle of forces—like heat, magnetism, light, etc.—which can only be known by their effects. If these effects cease to appear, we know that the forces have changed to some other conditions, but cannot be destroyed.

8. The effects of life-forces are as unique as those of heat, light, electricity, etc.; and as each of these forms of force or modes of motion are expressed by distinguishing

terms, so those forces which are unknown apart from living organisms may (as Croll said in his essay, 'What Determines Molecular Motion?') be fitly called 'vital forces.' Such bring about assimilation, growth, development, reproduction, etc.: all these being due to particular kinds of molecular motion; but the movements of atoms and molecules, resulting in flesh, bone, brain, ova, or wood, starch, and vegetable products, are due to forces totally unknown elsewhere than in living beings.

9. There is so intimate a connection between life forces and matter when assimilated, that injury to either affects the other. Even life can be extinguished without, apparently, any injury to the body; as when ill news is read or heard, and the mental shock is so great that instant death occurs. So, too, the body can be injured and life go, without, as far as we know, any injury to the latter; as when a bullet or a dagger pierces the heart. Now, in examining animals, Weismann has called attention to the fact that low unicellular organisms, which increase in number solely by division, are practically immortal; for each individual divides into two, which grow to a full size and then each divides again, and so on, *ad infinitum*, provided external conditions remain favourable.

Of course, any individual can be killed at any time; and what becomes of its life, we do not know.

With regard to multicellular beings, we find they can throw off parts of themselves, which then become independent beings—all the rest sooner or later dying. A mushroom produces myriads of tiny cells on its 'gills.' These are thrown off, and every one of the cells can grow into a new mushroom 'plant,' called a *mycelium*, which can bear many mushrooms in turn. So, too, many sea-weeds form numerous microscopic, pear-shaped, protoplasmic bodies, which escape into the water; they finally settle

down and grow up into the perfect form, as of the long strap-shaped *laminarias*, so commonly thrown up on the sea-shore after a storm. In both these cases, and in hundreds of others, the plants die. And the reason is that it is a mere question of environment. Germination, growth and development, take place during certain seasons of the year. When they are ended, and a different temperature comes on, then they die. It is the same with our trees. The leaves 'die' and fall in autumn from our oaks; but in warmer regions the same trees become evergreen. As far as the possibilities of the growth of a tree are concerned, there is no *a priori* reason why it should ever die. A yew will live from 1,000 to 2,000 years, and its death is only due to mechanical causes. A small zone continues to live while both inner and outer zones of old wood and bark die a natural death from disuse. And so decay sets in (for life resists decay). The tree becomes hollow, water enters, and rot follows, boughs break off, etc. Moreover, as a tree enlarges it demands more water and mineral foods, etc. And these cannot always be supplied to meet its wants, so that practically all trees die sooner or later. But as far as living protoplasm is concerned, there is no reason why it should ever die, if it could be always properly nourished. Life, so to say, keeps organized matter alive.

Now, if we ask, Why do animals and man die? the general answer is the same as for plants. It is the want of equilibrium between life and the bodily forces. As long as he is young, a human being is growing to maturity and developing all the organs of the body. But as soon as the adult stage is reached, the whole of the vital energies are expended in reparation. Every part of the body is continually wasting and being renewed.

But this process is, relatively speaking, imperfect. A repaired organ is not equal to the one when first constructed.

Every day some little, imperceptible difference occurs ; so that, when these have accumulated sufficiently, they force themselves upon the attention ; and a man feels that his eyesight is not quite so good as it was, his muscles fail at the knees, and he cannot stoop with the facility he did when an athlete. In time, too, his brain gets weak, and memory is impaired, and so on, till death ensues. Now the question arises—Is it the body which keeps life going, or is it life which holds the body together and arrests decay? Does the heart beat and the blood circulate to keep a man alive, or is it life which makes the heart beat? As long as we cannot understand the nature of the union between body and soul, we cannot answer these questions ; but (apart from moral considerations, which, of course, supply probabilities of a future existence of a very high order) there is quite as much, if not more, in favour of the second question than of the first. Of course, the heart will not beat for long, if at all, without life ; but who can say that life cannot exist without the heart? For the use of this organ is to sustain the connection between life and the body ; and it does not at all follow that if the heart stops, invisible life may not fly away by itself and leave the visible body behind ; but it is unscientific to make *a priori* positive assertions as to its power of existence or non-existence without a body. Experimental evidence is totally wanting. Inductive evidence rests on the accumulation of probabilities. It is these on which our faith rests. If a man be immortal, why was it necessary for him to die?

Mr. Newman Smyth has endeavoured to answer this question in his book, 'The Place of Death in Evolution.' He asks whether death itself cannot fall naturally under some principle of selection and law of utility for life. Being a believer in Darwinism, or 'The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection,' he is hampered by the

necessity of finding death to be 'useful'; for that is an essential feature of natural selection. One feels inclined to ask, If all pertaining to life has been evolved because of use, how can its direct opposite be useful too? The first result the author arrives at is that death 'came in contemporaneously with the evolution of sex.' Is that true? Weismann proposed calling the whole of an organism 'somatic' (which he regarded as mortal), except the 'germ-plasm' (which he regarded as reproductive only) to be immortal.

But a multicellular body, like a mushroom, perishes, leaving its spores for future generations, and has no sexes; and as far as we know never had any at all. Many higher plants are solely multiplied by bulbs or other methods instead of seeding. It would be just as true to call these immortal. The Canadian water-weed has filled our ponds, rivers, and lakes, but never seeds. A South African *Oxalis* was sent to Malta in 1806. It never seeds in the Northern Hemisphere, but is propagated by bulbs, and has not only filled Malta and Gozo, but is to be found from Egypt to Morocco and from Gibraltar to the Greek Islands. Again, the enormously rapid multiplication of microbes,* entirely without sexes, must not be forgotten; so that sex has *per se* nothing to do with the origin of death.

Admitting that there is no 'inherent necessity of death in the nature of organization,' . . . 'a physical possibility of death may be converted into a natural necessity for it under the operation of other laws, like that of natural selection.' Why suggest some imaginary process when all experience shows that death will come to all without it? But the author does so in order to bring us to see 'its utility as a means of further life.' 'Death, in putting out of the way feebler unconjugated cells, works as an adaptive

* Cf. 'Sanitation,' published by Elliot Stock.

advantage for the success of the species.' If so, why are not all plants at least annuals? Perennials throw off millions of seeds, and refuse to die for the benefit of their offspring! 'One parent form passes away in order that others may catch of the motion of life, and in turn transmit to others life's rhythm and joy.' Rhetoric is not science. There is no such self-sacrificing process in nature. Hundreds of acorns germinate under the shade of the parent tree; but it has no intention of dying that they may live. Just the reverse! Natural selection ruthlessly saves the strong at the expense of the weak, and cares nothing for the future life of anything.

The only 'use' of organisms dying is that the world be not overstocked. That is the sole province of natural selection. Darwin says: 'Natural selection will never produce in a being any structure more injurious than beneficial to that being, for natural selection acts solely by and for the good of each.' Darwin adds also: 'If any part comes to be injurious, it will be modified; or, if it be not so, the being will become extinct.' He does not allude to death of individuals; but the sentence might be applied thus: If any part comes [in old age, etc.] to be injurious, the being will [die]. But he does not recognise either extinction of the race or death of an individual to be brought about for the benefit of others. 'Death is a service for life—for the attainment of the greatest possible variety, richness, beauty, and universal joyousness of life.' This may be poetry, but it is not science. The author does not appear to know of the vast number of 'degradations' and 'stagnations,' or 'survivals,' under evolution and death! The 'variety' among organized beings is simply the result of adaptations to changed conditions of life, which incite the living protoplasm of animals and plants to put on new structures or

features by responsive adaptation to external conditions. Death has nothing whatever to do with it.

Leaving Nature, he now passes on to the Bible ; and the next point argued by the author is the value of death from the Biblical point of view. He tries to reconcile the conception of ' death as a punishment ' with the natural history view, or death as part of the ' natural economy of life. ' He calls attention to the fact that Evolution and the Bible look at death from two totally different aspects, but thinks he can reconcile them. The whole argument is, however, marred by the author taking Adam and Eve as historical personages, the Fall as true history, and original sin as an established result. He fails to see that these are simply primitive man's attempts to give supposed origins of moral phenomena existing in the world. Death being a punishment is a pure fiction ; if it were our Lord could not have died. Original sin was condemned by Ezekiel when he said that neither a father nor a son should ever bear the iniquity of the other, though the *effects* of a father's sin may be inherited.

The author's argument, we repeat, is hampered throughout by natural selection. He labours at it, just as Darwin did ; whereas true explanations of natural phenomena require no effort. They are self-evident. Death is only a want of adjustment between external together with internal forces and life. We see the result in the organism ; but what becomes of the life, we know not ; and that is all that can be said about it from a purely natural history point of view.

The probabilities of a future life from Nature are practically *nil*, but from the Gospels they are overwhelming.

To the Editor of the 'Church of England Pulpit and Ecclesiastical Review.'

PROFESSOR HENSLOW ON IMMORTALITY.

SIR,—

The doctrine of evolution, if such there be, may or may not have affected men's minds, as Professor Henslow supposes, but it is rather difficult to see the force of his logic. I will not examine his first paragraph, but will notice only his postulates. I will only say with reference to it, we do not know, and cannot know, how the universe came to exist. I was once asked the question—it was a little child's first—Who made God? We are dumb before such a question. I do not know if we ought not to be dumb before the question, How was the world made? Certain I am that we should be more modest if we said, we do not know. We will take the postulates in order.

1. How does the Professor know that a time was when life did not exist on this earth? How does he know that once it could not have existed on this earth? Scientists demand 20,000,000 years for the evolution of life. This is practically eternity. But how do they know?

2. How does he know 'life began in time'? What does he mean by saying 'it is associated with matter in the unique condition and combination of its elements as seen in protoplasm.' Where may we see a specimen of this protoplasm? What is it?

3. That life does exist is a thing we can easily postulate, for the evidence is before our eyes. But how does the Professor know it has never ceased to exist? Is it not as easy to begin a second time as it is a first? How does he know the quantity of life has increased million-folds? Where is his evidence? Has he any—the least?



4. If 'life is practically eternal' . . . why or how should there be an end either way? What information is conveyed by the words 'as long as the same or similar eternal conditions remain, which are necessary for each kind of being?' It is equal to saying, Life will be life as long as it is alive.

5. 'Life . . . (ceasing, that is) . . . is death!' Who does not know this?

6. 'The cause of life disappearing is . . .' we may paraphrase, and say the inability to continue is death—a postulate so obvious, we do not need to call it science. It is, however, of the same nature as much that we do call science.

7. 'Life may be regarded . . . a bundle of forces . . . only known by their effects. . . .' Here the Professor tries to give a definition of life. Many another man has pronounced the feat impossible. This is humiliating certainly. The thought should lead us to accept, and say of many things, 'I cannot attain so high.'

8. 'The effects of life forces are . . . and as each . . . may be fitly called "vital forces."' Locke, treating this kind of logic, said it was the monkey saying a nut in one hand was a nut in the other hand. And for the life of me I do not see that 'life forces' and 'vital forces' are distinguishable. The remaining portion of this paragraph is so obvious that it, too, can scarcely be called science.

9. 'There is so intimate a connection between life forces and matter, when assimilated, that injury to either affects the other.' Matter, when assimilated, is life, of course, and the consequence is obvious. Why say this? And is his next sentence not curious? 'Life can be extinguished . . . no injury to the body. . . .' And yet it cannot walk! 'So, too, the body can be injured and life go, without . . . any injury to the latter. . . .' Only that every part has lost its essence! And is not this injury? '. . . Unicellular

organisms . . . are practically immortal. . . .' Does he not here mean that, given all the conditions, they are self-perpetuating? Is not this the case, in different forms, with all animal life? He says he does not know what becomes of its life when an animal dies. This is very much the same as saying he does not know why an animal does not live when it dies.

This sentence ought to stand alone. 'Life . . . keeps organized matter alive.' I offer no comment. I think this statement needs proof. 'Every part of the body is continually wasting and being renewed.' I have seen and heard it often. I have sought for proof, but can find none. If we could say this we should know what life is. Here, again, is something that puzzles. 'As long as we cannot understand the nature of the union between body and soul we cannot answer. . . .' But is not soul another word for life? Does the soul unite life with the body? Here is a crucial question, 'If a man be immortal, why was it necessary for him to die?' How can the immortal die? There is a whole host of difficulties not so easily disposed of here.

We will not follow him through his argument with Mr. Newman Smyth. We gather from it, however, this fact, that it is just as easy for one scientist to argue with another as it is for one theologian to argue against another theologian. What he says in his last paragraph is very significant. 'The probabilities of a future life from Nature are practically *nil*, but from the Gospel overwhelming.' Will the Professor set forth these arguments? I have sought for arguments there, but I do not find them overwhelming. I find promises of 'eternal life,' but this implies a receptivity. It means, in short, that we have now a capacity to receive a gift. This capacity is everywhere understood; it is nowhere argued out. Professor Henslow would satisfy the longings of many a hungry soul if he would and could make this

question of immortality clear to all who believe. There is nothing that I should like so much as to see him try to do and succeed in doing.

J. P. SANDLANDS.

I might here remark that my letter received no answer. I do not know if it be answerable. I should be glad if the matter could be made so conclusive that there should be no gainsaying it. I have not written so much with the desire of showing that the soul is mortal as with that of displaying what may be said on the other side. We should hear both sides of the question.

To my mind the nearest approach to an argument in favour of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is what the Saviour says in John xii. The verse reads as near as may be in this way—I am quoting from memory—‘Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground it abideth alone; but, if it fall into the ground and die, it bringeth forth much fruit.’ St. Paul, in 1 Cor. xv., gives expression to a similar idea. But the words are not in accordance with fact. If the seed were dead before sowing, or, if it died after sowing, it would bring forth no fruit at all. The seed lives until the corn is ripe. In other words, there is no analogy and no argument.

Of course, there are many statements respecting the future life in the Gospels and the Epistles; but there are no arguments anywhere. The doctrine, 'tis true, is everywhere assumed. We have for instance the expression, ‘Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.’ It is difficult to analyze these words; but the idea seems to be the soul of the wicked man is capable of everlasting life. Then again there is the expression, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.’ This clearly implies that the believer has the power to save his ‘soul alive.’

There are, however, passages which seem to make immortality conditional. 'He that believeth hath eternal life.' This clearly makes faith the condition of life. The point is, however, not easily settled. It is possible to make these expressions mean each one something else. It all depends on the aspect from which we view them.

What we should like, if we could find it, would be something like this, 'The soul of man is immortal. It is made for endless life. If the deeds of his earthly life are good, he shall live for ever; otherwise, he shall perish.' This is something like what we want. It is what we believe, only that it is nowhere so definitely stated in the Bible. Definite teaching is not to be found.

It would seem, indeed, that the Bible was written rather with the object of supporting than with that of teaching the articles of our faith. It is true that some of the Epistles, as for instance those of the Romans and Galatians, have the appearance of treatises: but they run so often from the line of thought that their teaching becomes very indefinite, and not seldom apparently contradictory. Anyway, we may not say, what we ought to be able to say, that the teaching is perfectly definite and clear. If we could, there would not be, and there could not be, so many sects of Christians. One sect can as easily justify its position, from the Bible, as another. Common-sense, 'tis true, condemns the tenets of some, as those of the Ritualists and Romanists, as absurd. The teaching ought in every case to appeal to our common-sense and claim its approval. So much is clear.

What now must be our verdict? Is it a case of not proven? Perhaps this is the best way to leave it. We do not dare, as we do not like, to say that it is proven that it is certain we do not live again. We may say, then, to regard the question as satisfactory is a FALLACY.

LVII

FREE TRADE

THIS is a very large subject. There are very few outside the great questions of religion that have given rise to more bitter and severe controversy and criticism. It is one of so many aspects and involving such varied interests that it is not easy to attack. I have felt and thought so much about it for years that I must have my say. We shall have, I think, notwithstanding it is apparently so unwieldy, very little difficulty in showing that it is wrong in principle.

Who were the promoters of Free Trade? Were they very much concerned in it? Was it to their advantage to obtain it? These questions are very easy to answer, none more so.

The promoters were all to a man manufacturers. They were not in the least concerned in anything beyond their own particular branch of industry. They made cloth and carpets and cotton goods.

No people were so much concerned in it as that it made all the difference to them. If they could get cheap food for their workpeople, they would not need to give them great wages. This was where their concern lay.

The advantage all lay on their side. It meant giving them an opportunity—rather opportunities—of becoming rich. Most people are fond of money. The manufacturers

are no exception. They did not miscalculate; they got rich.

Were they not honest men? Yes, as honest men go. John Bright and Cobden were Quakers, if I mistake not. These men were among the leaders and they were honest. There are no men more honest than the Quakers. But they are human and look after their own interest first. They saw and knew it would be for their own interest. They thought it would also tend to the general good no doubt: but this meant theirs in particular. They erred, that is all. Who does not?

But how was it they succeeded? Simply because they hammered away. Many men succeed in the same way. It is only a question of being noisy and persistent, and, whatever we wish will obtain a hearing, then a footing, then sway. It is always so.

But may we say this positively? Yes, why not? When Lord Shaftesbury wanted to introduce the Factory Acts providing for the well-being of children, no one opposed it so much as John Bright—honest John Bright. Why? Because the manufacturers' interest was concerned. It is true also that the parents' interests were involved. The first, however, should be the children's, and for this the Factory Acts provided.

But wherein was Free Trade to operate? This is the rub. It did not mean free trade really. There is no such thing; there can be no such thing. It does not exist in England now. This is exactly where the mischief lies. Let us see this.

Free Trade did not mean and could not mean—The possibility for all the world to find a free and open market for their goods everywhere and anywhere. This is utterly and absolutely impossible. It meant simply permission for corn-dealers to enter our ports free and discharge all their

goods of whatever kind they were. It was simply a one-sided affair, and the advantage was all on the side of the foreign producer.

On the face of it, there is nothing more absurd than such a principle. We will deal separately in another article on what it means for the land. We will only notice a few points more intimately connected with the subject.

But how is the principle of Free Trade absurd? In that it gives an advantage to the foreigner, which it denies to the home-born. This is not all. It wrongs the home-born. And which has the most claim? About this there cannot, as there ought not to be, two opinions. 'Charity begins at home.'

But how does this follow? Well, let us take America. We import corn thence. There the land is cheap, no labour is required for cleaning, agriculture is comparatively easy. There are no rates as in England. And the soil is productive. The exact opposite obtains here. How now is corn to be admitted on equal—not equal, but free terms? It is quite clear that, if American corn be admitted, the advantage will all be on the side of the foreigner.

See how this will operate in such countries as Egypt and India, where the labour costs almost nothing. I said once to a working man, 'Now, John, suppose I went over to France and brought back 200 Frenchmen and contracted with the farmers to do their work at the rate of eight shillings per week per man. What would you think?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I know what I should do?' 'And now,' I said, 'what is the difference between doing the work by Frenchmen here and getting it done by them in France?' Here is the whole point.

There is no difference practically in the two operations. And it is as clear as a pike-staff that that which costs least will sell first. The foreign work—or goods if you

will—will supplant the native, and leave the home-born stranded.

But should not this be done for the advantage of the many? The question answers itself. 'What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.' It should not be done, unless it be right. If one man should be protected, all ought to be protected. It is difficult, I know, to carry out this principle. But it is easy to aim at it. Free Trade does not aim at it; but it sets it aside. This is altogether another thing.

Now it so happens that this is exactly what is the case—The towns have said, 'We mean to have what is best for us. You people in the country must shift for yourselves.' In other words, human nature has had its way. The major part has triumphed over the minor part.

And yet here, we may say, the selfish policy has overreached itself. They have said, Let us have plenty of the raw material—it should not be taxed—brought into the country, we shall then have cheap bread. The principle has been, as they have thought, in the expression, 'the cost of the material enhances the price to the producer.' Nothing could be further from the truth. It is emphatically not so. The cost of the raw material has very little to do with it, otherwise wheat would be very dear in England to-day, and it is not. It is supply that rules the market. Abundance means cheapness; scarcity means dearness. And the man that has profited most by the supply of the raw material is the manufacturer.

Take bread, for instance. A lady who, thirty years ago, kept house for her baker uncle, told me that in those days they were satisfied with six shillings per sack profit; and now she thought that they must make at least fifteen shillings per sack. I told this to a neighbour, and he said, 'No, my brother says he only makes thirteen shillings per sack profit.'

The lady was not far out. But what does this mean? Thirty years ago, flour cost, say, thirty-five shillings per sack; now it costs seventeen shillings. We can draw our own conclusions and see where the profit goes.

Look at it from another point of view. I was in France four years ago. The people were suffering from the scarcity of wheat. The Government thought to give them temporary relief, by taking the tax off the imports. This was eight francs per quarter. The selling price was twenty-eight per quarter. The tax was taken off, but the price remained the same. It was no profit to the buyer, but only to the foreigner.

Some time ago, as a further illustration, I may relate that an extra tax was laid on tobacco. The grocer told me that on the cheaper tobacco it made no difference whatever to the purchaser. It meant simply a little less profit to the grocer. It is always so.

It is clear, then, first of all, that Free Trade is wrong in principle inasmuch as it wrongs one class to benefit another—rather this is the ostensible result. And then, secondly, it is a mistake to suppose that it means a smaller price to the purchaser. And it is no answer that food ought not to be taxed. Why should we tax at all? Oh, but we cannot do otherwise! Then, why not tax what everybody requires? Should not everybody pay? The principle should be, where all are privileged, all should pay. And there is no more reason why corn coming in should be exempt than any other article; but we have seen really that it would make no difference to the purchaser. It is not a tax to anybody.

But there is a further thing to say that we must also notice, and it is this, Free Trade has been permitted in other things besides corn. Here, again, we must define Free Trade to mean permission to bring in goods free of tax. This is perfectly absurd. We could grow our own

no, never!
 corn—all that we need. I say this advisedly. We can make our own goods. Why, then, should these things be introduced free of tax into the country? It would find employment for our own people to make them.

Now, a few years ago, I was spending a few weeks in Nuremberg. I made a point of going carefully into all—or nearly all—the factories. This I did with the twofold object of seeing how they were worked and what they did with their wares. I visited particularly the toy, brush, and lithographic works. I found the workers in every case working away, men, women, and children, as hard as they could, and sending their stuff to England. Why, I asked, was this kind of thing allowed? It drove me almost wild to see it. I think I never returned from Germany, thinking out these things as I did, without exclaiming, What a nation of fools we English people are!

Now see, We call this Free Trade! Is it? It is one-sided trade. It is giving work to people with whom we are in no way concerned and taking an interest in people who care for nothing so much as our money. Do they treat us in this way? Well, let us see.

They permit our goods to enter their country; but always with an *ad valorem* duty on them. Nothing enters, so far as I know, free of tax. See how this works.

A few years ago, I went to stay for a few weeks in Munich. I went, soon after my arrival, to buy some writing-paper. When it was served, I tendered a mark in payment and expected change. The lady who waited on me said, 'Es ist eine mark dreisig'—one and fourpence. I said, 'Bless the woman, it is worth about sixpence in England.' I paid the woman and left. A friend called in the afternoon. I told him the story and asked him to go with me to the shop about it, for I felt I had been cheated, and I did not like it. We went together. I laid the paper on

the counter, and the friend asked her to reckon it up again. She did so. She could not alter the reckoning. But she remarked—‘The gentleman asked for the best. It is the best, for it is English!’ In other words, because it was English, I had to pay for it twice its value. They make English goods so dear, that no one cares to buy them.

Another time, a gentleman had taken away my hat by mistake, just as I was starting for Antwerp. He sent it after me. I had to pay five francs duty on it—nearly half the value of the hat. What can we think of this?

It is clear, then, that other nations will not do as we do. We may take their goods without tax; but they will not take ours. There is not a nation under the sun that does as we do. I said once to the American Consul at Munich, ‘Mr. M——, I know what the duties of an English Consul are; he has to look after the interests of the English people. What are yours?’ ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘my duties are not to look after the interests of the American people; they must look after themselves. My duties are to look after the interests of the American Government. For instance, if an artist have a picture worth £100 to send to America, I must have £30 from him before he can send it.’ They understand nothing about Free Trade—only that there is no such thing. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. And no people is wise that overlooks or neglects it. The Americans are too ‘cute to do anything of the sort. We should do well to take a leaf out of their book. An American once intimated that we did take leaves out of their book, but they were the bad ones. The English nation after many years of sad experience is waking up to all this. The following letter will explain all this. It is the sort of thing people are at last beginning to say, although I have been saying it these thirty years, and people have thought me a lunatic. I remember some fifteen years ago venturing to discount the

value of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' in the presence of a professor. He looked at me with amazement, and his astonishment was too great to find expression in words. I have often thought of Carlyle's words in this connection, 'There are 33,000,000 in the British Isles, mostly fools.' I fear there is more than a modicum of truth in it. Anyway, people for the most part neither think nor reason. It would be well for us that we should be taught, as a people, to think for ourselves as a whole—to ask what is good for the nation, not what is best for the individual. Masses, not classes, is a good motto. It should, however, not mean masses as opposed, but as including, the masses.

To the Editor of the 'Standard.'

THE WOOL INDUSTRY AND FREE TRADE.

SIR,—

It would appear as if the country had been mesmerized by Free Trade, so difficult is it to account for the following facts in any other way. But facts they are. How many thousand times has the Press of England told us that we owe our early prosperity—that is, in the Fifties and Sixties—to Free Trade? And yet it is an absolute illusion and a gross delusion. It was Protection—natural Protection—that caused the country to prosper, as no corn then came in to damage the farmer, and no goods to injure the manufacturer; and although I have again and again challenged the Free Trade Press, no one has ventured to dispute this fact.

And now for something equally surprising and extraordinary. The Bradford Chamber of Commerce has from its foundation always supported Free Trade, the most ruinous fiscal system that it is possible to conceive—that is, for the wool manufacturer. Has it also been mesmerized? The

Prince of Wales at the Guildhall said that England should 'wake up,' but I think it is time that the Bradford Chamber should 'wake up,' if I may judge from the *laissez-faire* manner in which the Huddersfield and the London Chambers of Commerce proposals were treated. Has not the time come when it would be wise to consider not only the German tariff, but our whole Free Trade fiscal policy? Is the great Yorkshire wool manufacturing industry in favour of Free Trade or is it not? To my mind there can be but one answer; it can never be to the interest of any manufacturer to allow foreign goods to come in free, and to have no bargaining power!

But in order to ascertain what is the opinion of the Yorkshire wool manufacturers, I propose to send out circulars to the trade with the following questions:

Are you in favour of Free Trade as we now have it? If not, are you in favour of Fair Trade, bargaining power, and reciprocity? Or do you favour Imperial Federation, based on preferential trading with the Colonies? A correct answer to these questions would at once show what was the feeling of the trade.

Hear what Lord Salisbury once said to a Deputation, with a sardonic smile: 'Asking us to go into negotiations when we are absolutely bound by the accepted doctrines of the day (mere rotten theories), to propose no countervailing duty, is imposing upon us a harder task than Pharaoh's task-masters ever imposed. You are asking us to make bricks without straw—to go into the market and buy without money—to go to war and fight without weapons. What is the use of going to foreign Powers? Do you imagine that supplication or preaching or exhortation or lectures on political economy will affect their policy?'

Again, on another occasion, he said: 'We, as the Government of the country, have laid it down for ourselves as a

strict rule from which there is no departure ; and we are bound not to alter the traditional policy of the country unless we are convinced that a large majority of the country is with us.' Surely very diplomatic language !

Then comes the all-important question : Does the great Yorkshire wool industry, whatever it may have done in the past—does it still support or approve of Free Trade? I do not believe it for a moment. However, it can readily be tested.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

MASHAM.

There is a point in connection with all this that we must not forget to notice. It is the fact that we get no thanks for it all. The Germans, for instance, thirty years ago, were a poor people. They are rich to-day. And who has made them rich? Well, to my mind, there is only one answer, We have done it. They have become rich at our expense. And how do they requite us? They hate us as they would hate poison. I was at Bad Boll about four years ago. I met some German students there. The Bill for the enlargement of their navy had just been passed. They twitted me, observing, 'We shall soon have a navy equal to yours and then we will drive you off the seas.' Here are the people, whom we have so much and so often befriended, our actual enemies. Nothing but our power keeps them from our throats. For this fetish we make people our enemies—Free Trade.

The French are not much better. We have not only given them the privilege of bringing their goods into England ; but we have befriended them in their trouble. After the Franco-Prussian War we sent train-loads of goods to Paris. The sight of the trains brought tears to their eyes.

These things are all forgotten, and they now hate us as bitterly as if we had done nothing but cruel things to them. Free Trade gains us no friends whatever.

There is not an aspect of Free Trade at all that is pleasing. I think I have looked at it from every side and cannot see a single point which in the least justifies it. What, then, has produced the liking for it in so many quarters? I suppose it is nothing but the word 'free.' But if we would only think, we should soon see that the expression is misleading. Trade cannot be free so long as taxes have to be levied. It is not free in England. The publican has to pay for his license to trade. All professional men, more or less, have to pay a tax before beginning to exercise their calling. The farmer has to pay toll before he can enter the market. Taxes on trade obtain at every turn. Why, then, dream of remitting them to the foreigner? to teach him to hate us? And he learns the lesson well, only too well.

I feel so strongly on this point—the feeling gathers strength as the years roll on—that I could go on writing; but I think I may now stop. There is nothing clearer to me than this—Free Trade, so called, is not only a cruel injustice to the English people, but it is a gross FALLACY.

LVIII

THE LAND

WE may not say that land is a fallacy ; for it is an immense reality. Why, then, talk of it among those things that are really so? This question is a very good and proper one.

It is not the land itself that is a fallacy ; but the aspect in which we regard it. We are in the habit of looking at many things from the wrong point of view, and so we make many mistakes. I was speaking the other day to one of our farmers about diet, and trying to show that our methods of eating and drinking were all wrong. He said to me, 'I am sure you are quite right, but I like a good dinner.' This is it, we persuade ourselves not that what we know to be right is best, but what we like. Here is a fruitful source of mischief.

It is not, then, of land as a fact, a possession, that I purpose now to write, but as a thing to be cultivated. This is our point. We may, perhaps, for a moment, before proceeding to deal with it from this aspect, look at one or two things associated with it. We will take first the right to it.

Right is a very difficult thing to define. We may illustrate this by a little story. A proprietor was once walking over his land and met a trespasser. He accosted him, and reminded him that he ought not to be where he was. The stranger thought well to argue the point. He said to the

proprietor that he thought he had as much right to be there as anyone. To this the proprietor replied, 'It is my land.' 'Your land!' said the man, 'and how is it your land?' 'It was my father's land.' 'Oh,' he said again, 'and how was it your father's land?' And so he questioned him till he came to this point, 'And how did he get it?' 'He fought for it.' 'Come, then,' said the man, 'let us fight for it.' So it is, when we come to the last analysis, it is all a question of might. Might becomes right. The strong own, the weak go to the wall.

This is a pity; but it is really so. Hence come wars. If the question of right could be settled and established, there would be universal peace. What a happy day! Oh, then, for some power to emblazon the principle of right across the sky, so that the nations of the earth could read and profit. We sigh and pray for the happy time in vain; for it will never be. Wars will come, and no power can arrest their progress. If there could have been a way to it, devised by the wit of man, it would have been done long ago.

This principle is so generally recognised that no one thinks of questioning it. The strong nation has a right to go to war with the weak. Germany has a right, if it cares to exercise it, to go to war with England. Why do the nations suppose that they have a right to the land they possess? They do not say, for it would not be pretty, that they were plunderers. They put it in more delicate, if not more euphemistic language, 'Ours is the right of conquest.' The 'right of conquest,' by which England owns so much, is really the right which might alone gives. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that there is a sense in which we have been, and are, a race of buccaneers.

It is quite true, notwithstanding that we have done well with our possessions. We have taken possession of India,

for instance, and we have governed it well. We have made the people happy. We govern Egypt, and we have made it prosperous. These are facts which no one can gainsay. But the question of using a possession is rather a different one from that of obtaining it. If we go back to the original, we shall find that might has always determined the right of possession.

This right is recognised to-day among the nations of the earth, and it is clear there is no means of exterminating it. Will not the nations of the earth be judged? This is a question with which we need not deal. We are talking only of facts. We ask if these things are not so. The command, 'Thou shalt not steal,' does not apply to nations. It is a command only for individuals. There is no tribunal before which nations can be arraigned. There is a tribunal before which individuals are summoned. And so the expression, 'One murder makes a criminal, thousands make a hero.' The principle, whether good or bad, seems, notwithstanding, to work.

The tribunal is a good institution. It is, however, national, and not universal. The individual may be brought before it, the nation cannot. We must recognise this fact. The question after this is simply that of making such laws as will preserve order and promote the well-being and happiness of the people. Beyond this we cannot go.

But what can we say about the distribution of the land? Volumes and books without number have been written on this question. As a matter of right, it can never be settled. All sorts of nonsense have been written. For instance, to name but one proposition, 'Those born on the land have a right to possession.' What right? The right that Nature has given them? Well, but Nature has given them might. What now? Well, suppose this were true, then what? All the inhabitants now residing in this village, or nearly so,

have been born in it. They have a right to go and take the land. They do so. The next generation will have the same right. They will go and do likewise. Where are we now? Chaos will succeed chaos every new generation. It is plain such a principle cannot work. It is clear that, although such a principle as the existing one does produce many severe and apparently unjust inequalities, there is nothing, of which we can think, to improve it. The right to possess, however acquired, must be granted. We can only consider the question of distribution in the abstract.

Is it better for the country as a whole that there should be large estates or small ones? Perhaps it would be better to put it so—Should the estates be small? Should they be large? Should they be some large and some small? We can only judge of these things by experience. There does not seem to be any principle involved by which we can accurately determine them.

What, then, does experience teach? We go to some parts of the Continent, and what do we find? What obtains in some parts of Germany? The land is cut up into small holdings, owned and farmed by the people. I stayed in a village of this kind once with the good pastor of it. I asked him if the arrangement worked well. He said, 'Yes, for the country, but not for the people.' 'How,' I asked, 'does it work well for the country?' 'Well, you see,' he said, 'the people, by their piece of land, have a stake in the country. This means that they will fight for it.' 'And then how about the people?' I asked. 'Well,' he said, 'they are not exactly poor, but they are not rich.' And they were not rich. This I could see for myself. They were not even comfortable. It was a question of toiling and moiling all the day, and every day, to keep body and soul together.

There was no country squire, and there were no resident

gentry in the place. I said years ago, when it suited one of our political parties to raise two cries at the election, 'Three acres and a cow,' and 'Down with the parsons and the squires!' at a public meeting, 'You may hang all the parsons as soon as you like, but I do not know how you will get on without the squires. The squires have money, but the parsons have none.' Someone said to me afterwards, 'I noticed what you said, but did you mean it?' 'Of course,' I answered; 'why not? I gave expression to their thoughts on the one hand, and mine on the other.' The squires are the people that make and promote the material welfare of the people. They have money to spend, and they spend it. But how would there be squires if there were not large estates?

The same thing obtains in France. I had occasion many years ago to take account of this. As in Germany, however, it does not obtain universally. There also it was clear to me that the farmer was scarcely better off than the agricultural labourer in England. Small holdings, then, are not the best for any country. Experience abundantly proves this.

We have no experience, so far as I know, where, as a rule, none but large estates obtain. We cannot say then from experience how such a system would work. It seems on the face of it that it would not work at all.

Without going into the merits or demerits of possession, we may, perhaps, say that the best thing for our country is the system that obtains—a judicious mixture of large and small holdings. We cannot, in other words, improve upon what we have. Small holdings, as we have seen, do not work well, and large ones cannot, and so an admixture is the best. And so we come to the question of how to cultivate the land.

In dealing with this question, we ought to start with the

proposition—‘The land must be made to provide food enough for all the inhabitants.’ Hands will be held up in astonishment and everybody will exclaim, ‘That is impossible!’ But how impossible? If the land cannot be made to support us, we had better get out of it. What is the use of any country, if it will not grow food enough to support the people? The people in India have to die when the food-supply fails. We should have to die, if we had not money to purchase from abroad. What then? The people in India have no remedy. We should have no remedy either, if our ports were blockaded. What then?

But now the thing *is* practicable. The land might be made to yield as much as we need. This is the point.

Belgium is a smaller country than ours, and it not only grows as much as is required for its own use, but it exports. Belgium supplies us with a great deal of food. Now if Belgium can supply us, we can supply ourselves. How so? Grow it. The answer is simple enough.

It is not many years ago when we grew seventeen million quarters of wheat. We only needed twenty-four million quarters. We could easily have grown the extra seven quarters. It was a simple question of cultivating the land. I do not know, for I have not the statistics by me, but I should gather the yield of wheat now is not more than seven or eight quarters. What is the explanation? The land is not cultivated. And why? It does not pay. And why does it not pay? Because cheap corn is imported. And why is cheap corn imported? Because it is not taxed. Why not taxed? Because we are fools. We think to tax corn is to tax ourselves. We may just as well say to tax the publican for selling beer is to tax ourselves. Tax the foreigner. Make him pay for the privilege of selling us corn, then to grow corn will pay fast enough. The corn

will be grown and the land will be cultivated. The question is easy enough.

It would be quite easy to make the land grow ten times as much corn as it does. It is simply a question of making it worth the while. To do this would be to enhance the value of the land and to make the country richer. Reform will have to take this direction. The oldest men are beginning to see what an egregious mistake was made by removing the Corn Laws. The sooner they are restored, the better.

But there is a tremendous difficulty in our way. It is very much easier to go forward than to hark back. We have been going forward—rather headlong. It is not easy to get up on our feet and take a retrograde motion. What makes it difficult? The depopulation of our villages. The people have left and gone to live in the towns. Our difficulty would be to settle the labour question. 'Supply and demand' might rectify this. Let it be once known that there is work again in the country and the people would probably—I say probably—flock from the towns into it. There, however, the difficulty lies. Anyway, the cultivation of the land is the problem to be solved, and, if the country is to be saved, it must be done.

The thing is easier said than done. There are many difficulties in the way. The policy of the Governments for the last forty years at least has been against the agriculturists. We have tried to educate the people and we have given the labourers votes. We have fostered too much the idea that men must raise themselves, and this has been interpreted to mean—do without work. How are we to amend matters? It is easier to learn to do without work than to learn to do with it. The first step is to make agriculture profitable. When men can live by it, they will take it up again. It is not likely men will give all

their time and money for nothing. This can easily be done—Tax the corn.

Agriculture ought to be in every country the staple industry. It is nonsense to say England is a manufacturing country and that excludes every other consideration. The manufactures can only prosper as agriculture prospers. It is the duty of the Government as far as possible to care for all the interests and not for some at the expense of others. What should we do with a healthy heart if we had not a healthy stomach. 'If one member suffer, then all suffer.' Here is the consideration.

The upshot of the whole matter is this, not that land is a fallacy, but to let it run waste by neglect is a gross, cruel, and vicious FALLACY.

LIX

EDOM

THE land of Edom is supposed to be a strip of land about ten miles wide running from the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Akabah. It is about 100 miles long. Its area will, therefore, be about 1,000 square miles. The district is inhospitable and barren, unfit for human, or any, habitation. Some travellers say that it contains some fertile spots suitable for pastures. The fear is, however, that this is said, as things of this sort are said, to make it square with statements made elsewhere. The truth, as it seems to me, should, however, always be told.

This land is said to have been inhabited by the descendants of Esau, who were called Edomites. Its principal towns were Bozrah and Teman. It has a history, but it is very difficult to make the parts of it fit. It is very like many another mythical town and country. It does to read about and to live in the fancy; but, when we come to locate it and give it a real existence, it eludes us altogether.

It was doomed to destruction and so it was destroyed. This explains the fact that it is now *non est*. This, however, does not satisfy the inquiring mind. It seeks for evidence. Countries and towns do not come and go like butterflies. If a town is destroyed by an earthquake or an invading army there are still traces of its existence. We

have no difficulty whatever in recognising all this. We ask in vain for any evidence that there ever was such a country. There are no walls or stones or anything to say that it once was. The district is to-day uninhabited and there is every reason to believe that it always was so.

It has been destroyed, says the theologian, according to prophecy. Egypt has been so destroyed and so has Damascus; yet Egypt and Damascus are as they ever were. What can we now say? There is no reason whatever for believing that Idumea ever was other than it is to-day.

It is clear then (1) the country is too small; (2) it is too desolate; (3) there are no evidences of previous history. It is, therefore, absurd to say Idumea ever had any real existence.

Idumea is a FALLACY.

LX

THE WIZARD

WE have taken the masculine form of the name which describes the necromancer. He is, however, not so common as the female. We hear more about witches than wizards.

What is a wizard? A man who pretends to supernatural powers, so that he can foretell future events, cure diseases, call up or drive away spirits, or disclose information beyond the reach of the natural powers.

A witch is a female practising, or pretending to practise, similar things. It is difficult to say why females should be thought greater adepts at the art than males. We can only notice that the thing is so. It is, as Lord Dundreary would say, 'one of those things no fellah can understand.'

The thing is severely denounced in Scripture. Moses has a great deal to say about it and against it. The kings are represented as severely punishing it. Saul cleared his kingdom of it, but went and consulted the witch at Endor. The two things are incongruous and unintelligible. The story has puzzled the commentators a good deal. I think the thing to say about it is, the story is an invention. If anyone could call up the dead in those days, it could be done to-day. It is not, and cannot, be done to-day, and, therefore, never was done.

St. Paul enumerates witchcraft in Galatians v. among the

many sins of which men in his day were guilty. It is a work of the flesh. Why? This is very difficult to see.

Witchcraft must be distinguished from spiritism. We have already seen that the spiritists produce phenomena. They are so far honest. The point to notice respecting them is this, They mistake the source and meaning of the phenomena. They suppose they are produced by spirits, whereas they are only the outcome of what is called animal magnetism.

Wizards and witches are humbugs. This is their character in plain English. There is no art in witchcraft. It is all a deceit.

Witchcraft to-day is practised in some of the remote corners of England and Scotland, where ignorance still prevails. It used to be pretty generally held throughout Europe, but the spread of education is driving it out of existence altogether. The sooner it disappears entirely the better.

It still obtains among the uneducated and uncivilized in heathen lands, so called. The Zulus, and kindred tribes, practise it. Their doctors are wizards.

But now, if there be spirits, why should we not hold intercourse with them? Where does the sin lie? Where can it be? Do we not say, 'I believe in the communion of Saints'? What does this mean? Does it not mean that we have intercourse with the departed holy ones? And why not? What is the difference, when the question is one of right and wrong, between talking with the dead and the living? There is positively none. The spirit is surely as good out of the body as in it. If witchcraft, therefore, is not a pretence and a deceit, it is not a sin. How can it be?

But, and here is the point, witchcraft is neither an art nor a science. This is so for two reasons: (1) If one

person could talk with the spirits all could do so. We have to suppose that spirits are supernatural beings and that wizards and witches are and must be supernatural too; but they are natural as other men and women are. There is nothing supernatural about them at all. They could not, therefore, talk with supernatural beings. (2) We do not know that there are supernatural beings. There is not a scrap of evidence anywhere. No one, so far as we know, has ever had any intercourse with one. I have sought by every manner of means to feel and know and see the spirits. I have not the least fear of them; but I have never yet had any the least experience. I am obliged to say, though much I would not, that there are no such things as spirits. These facts are of themselves sufficient to show that there are no such persons, therefore, as real wizards and witches. We do not wonder that the art is dying out. Education has revealed its real nature.

Would that education would discover everything of the same species! That, I fear, is impossible. We like nothing so much as flattery, cajolery, and humbug. All are more or less tainted with this disposition. It obtains in religion, in all the professions indeed, and in every walk of life. Humbug characterizes nearly every act of our lives, consciously or unconsciously. Oh, to be honest and to find an honest man! I have tried my best these many years to make men so. I am, however, only just waking up to the real state of things. I will not moralize further, but will only say, and say emphatically, witchcraft is a great FALLACY.

LXI

DISEASE

THERE is, perhaps, no subject about which men differ so much as disease. And, if there be one more necessary to understand than another, this is it. Why have not clearer and more certified ideas respecting it been established? It is difficult to give a direct and sufficient answer to this question, and yet something may be said.

To my mind, there is nothing more evident than this—Want of thought is the main cause. This, again, is owing to our disposition to accept the dicta handed down from former generations. It is time-honoured and must be right. And yet there is nothing we are so ready to do as to improve on the works of our forefathers. This cannot be all the reason of our having accepted what the ancients have said.

Here is, however, something we cannot gainsay, We do think too much of what is written in books. What we read must be true, for it is printed. Men print what they think, just as they speak what they think, and there is no more reason for the one than the other to be right. Both may be wrong and both may be right. There is no necessity in either case.

What we want is, as Lord Rosebery would, perhaps, put it, to begin life with a clean slate. If I had done this, how

much happier I should have been to-day! How much more useful I should have been too! As it is, I took certain and certain things as settled, fixed, and for ever determined beyond the least doubt. These things became the foundations on which I built my theories, and so, here at the end of life, so to speak, I have to take most of them down. It is very humbling, but it is true. I may say all the wrongs I have done, have arisen, for the most part, because I did not think out all matters for myself. I regarded many things as facts which are positively fallacies. If ever there lived a man, who has a right to say, 'Confusion wait on my teachers,' it is myself. And yet, as they, for the most part, were, like myself, too easily led to believe what they taught, I should rather wish that others may profit from our failures. Oh, to know what is right, true, and best!

What, then, is disease? What causes it? What is the remedy for it? Need we die, because of it? We cannot answer all these questions accurately. We can, however, say something, which it may be well for us to know.

The roots of the word disease are *dis* and *ease*. The prefix *dis* means in all directions, so that its effect is to scatter abroad, so to speak, that which is covered by the root. We have no difficulty in realizing what this means, as it is an Anglo-Saxon word and in daily use among us. Disease, then, properly means that which robs us of our comforts and renders life more or less unbearable. It is the derangement, in short, of one or other or more of our organs.

We must here again distinguish between disease and wounds. Wounds, too, may be cuts, bruises, contusions or fractures. These things cause discomforts, but they are not properly diseases. Disease applies to derangement which proceeds from nature, rather than from accident. It is discomfort caused by something from within, rather than

something from without. It is important that we should, as far as possible, get hold of clear ideas.

Diseases are again, broadly speaking, curable and incurable. A curable disease is the temporary derangement of an organ caused by something internal. An incurable disease is the impairment of an organ. This is generally so far hereditary and incurable. We may say, then, that organic impairment can at best only be relieved; it cannot be cured. Whereas, all derangements can be rectified.

The cause of impairment is for the most part, perhaps, indeed, universally, in the birth. This question, however, is a very difficult one, and we may not speak too positively about it. We cannot do much with it any way, and so we shall be wiser to let it alone.

But now, what about derangement? How is this effected? We are now on safer ground, and can speak with more than a show of assurance. Whether what I shall have to say on this question will meet with acceptance is another matter. However, 'I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say.'

I believe the cause is in the food. And if it be there, the remedy will be there too. This is logic as clear, and as plain, as a pikestaff. It does not admit of any—the least—questioning. The cause of light, for instance, is the candle. Extinguish the candle and the light ceases. Cause and effect are so closely connected here that we use light and candle for one and the same thing. It is exactly so here. We may not, 'tis true, be so easily able to see it.

But how can it be in the food? This is a very proper question, and I will try to answer it.

We may say by way of introduction that the cause is internal, and not external. I have shown it is not in the air, notwithstanding all that is said and done about and with smells. It is not, and cannot be, external. It is internal, and this is without the least doubt.

Then, again, it is accidental. This is also clear. By accidental, I mean it has been brought about incidentally by some internal cause. If otherwise, it is hereditary. But this it could not be, inasmuch as it is not organic.

Now we take nothing into our systems but food. The cause, then, must be there. But how? We take food to nourish the body. If we did not eat, we should die. Here we must distinguish things that differ.

We must take food, and we must eat. We admit all this. We must next say where the fault lies; and it is in (1) the quantity and (2) the quality.

We eat far too much, and the sort is not right. We have already dealt with these questions and need not repeat ourselves. We may, however, say that matters are not clear yet. What, then, is the next thing to say?

Well, then, all that we take into the stomach is either serviceable or unserviceable, necessary or unnecessary. This is clear. And there is a great deal more unserviceable and unnecessary than we are apt or disposed to think. This arises from the fact that we eat rather because we like to eat, than to satisfy the needs of the body.

The stomach takes as much as it wants and rejects the rest. Of that which it rejects, it may be said some of it ought never to have gone into the stomach, because it is unserviceable altogether, and of some, again, it was unnecessary. The secretive organs have, in consequence of this abundance of food, a great deal more work to do than they can accomplish. They cannot, in short, get the useless matter away. It remains in the body. But being there it must go somewhere. And this is the point—There is a lot of waste, morbid matter in the body that ought not to be there. We can easily see what this means. It means disease.

Oh, but we say this would mean that the disease would be one and the same. This is both right and wrong. It

is right, for disease is one. It is not the same, for the deposits are not in the same parts of the body. The deposits travel to the extremities, and are stopped in their progress. The disease is named according to the parts affected. Hence the many names.

Besides, it is clear that the organs will be affected from overwork. The parts will be affected from the deposits. All this is as clear as anything can be. The cause of disease is in the food—the quantity and quality. We eat too much. The organs cannot rid the body of the quantity. We eat the wrong kind of food altogether. The stomach can really make no use of very much that we eat.

We eat the wrong food, as I take it, altogether. What ought we to eat? There is only one answer to this question. We ought to eat fruits. Everything points in that direction. Our teeth are best suited to this kind of food. Our internal arrangements are best adapted to deal with it. Our tastes, natural tastes I mean, all point that way. A mixed diet, unless it be of fruits, is unsuited to us.

We come next to the question, What is the remedy for disease? To this question common-sense readily gives this answer, Don't contract it. To this advice we pay no heed. We like food, cooked food, mixed food, a lot of it, and we mean to take it. We don't mean to change our habits or cultivate different tastes. So there now. This is the way we reason. Are we wise?

We persist in our evil ways until we come to a standstill. We then send for the doctor, who gives us medicine to remove the effects. We forget in all this that Nature herself will remove the ill-effects of our abuse, if we will only give her the chance. If we would not overburden and overwork her, she would herself do all that she requires. She likes nothing so much as to be right. This is the way in which wisdom walks. Can we not see it?

We may not shut our eyes to facts, and it is a fact that the English race deteriorates, and this rapidly. It is only the other day a writer was complaining in the newspaper that the average age had gone down in these recent years from thirty-five to thirty-one. This was not all. He also noticed that the birth-rate per thousand had lowered considerably. This led him to express the opinion that England might become like France and have to deplore a decreasing population. And what is to hinder, if we persist in doing what is wrong?

Again we ask the question, What is the remedy? The remedy is to hand. It means a change of diet. We must eat fruits and fruits only. We may, perhaps, add that a little meal—oatmeal or whole wheatmeal—may also be eaten. And yet we ought to eat nothing cooked.

I was talking to a very intelligent man the other day about these things and he said, 'I am sure you are quite right, but I like a good dinner.' This is as neatly expressed as any case could be. We know we do wrong; but we like it. We have cultivated the tastes for the things that make a good dinner, and we like to gratify them. And some go so far as to say that 'they would rather live a short and merry life than a long and dull one.' There are fallacies in all this talk.

Why cultivate the taste for what is called 'a good dinner'? The dinner is not really good; it is only pleasant to a cultivated taste. We might say, it is only pleasant to a vitiated taste; and this would be nearer the truth. We could just as easily cultivate a taste for what is good as for what is bad. We have indeed our natural tastes already, and they need no cultivation. If we went back to this, it would be better for us. It would be the surest way to remedy all diseases.

We may say, and easily see, that a short and merry life is

impossible. If we do those things which enter into the 'merry' life, we may make it short, but we shall as surely make the end of it bitter. It may be difficult to bear the infirmities of age; but it is, and cannot be otherwise, than bitter to bear the infirmities of the diseases that a 'merry' life entails. Wren said of St. Paul's, 'Si monumentum vis, circumspice,' and we may say of this, If you want evidences of its truth look around you. There is not the remotest doubt. Evidences are only too readily forthcoming of life embittered by too much indulgence of the things which enter into a merry life.

But there is not, and cannot be, any pleasure so great as the enjoyment of health. There are no pleasures under the sun greater than the pleasures of health. Take your London grandee, who lives in his palace, rides about in his carriages, is waited on by a troop of powdered servants, drinks the finest wines, eats the choicest viands, is surrounded by the merriest flatterers, and revels in the greatest pleasures, and, if you will, place him alongside the Zulu, who lives in his wigwam, wears no clothes, eats mealies, is ignorant of luxuries, and ask, Which is the happier? If we count up the happy hours on either side, we shall find that the Zulu's are more than those of the grandee. He has all that health can give and is as happy as the day is long. We had a missionary staying with us a little while ago; and he said that the African took a lot of 'fun' out of his life. And there can be no two questions about this.

I know a man whose chief pleasure in life has been in relieving people of their diseases. He has lived for this purpose and has given all his time to this very thing. He has studied the question almost night and day. He required in carrying out his method of healing to work like a nigger week in and week out. His patients and their wants

were in his thoughts, not only all day, but also often all night too. He was instant in season and out of season and liked nothing so much as doing people good. It is more than probable that he can produce a record which few men can surpass. This man lived for sixty years almost without knowing what it was to be ill. He is, however, now ill. There can be no doubt that his not knowing exactly how to diet himself was the main cause of it all. He never drank, smoked, or did anything to excess. He was in no sense a *bon vivant*. He did not care for the pleasures of the table. But, and here is the point, he ate ordinary food. This, in the ordinary course of things, deteriorated the powers of the stomach, and here is the secret of the whole thing.

I could go over case after case of this kind. It is not necessary, however, to go further into this matter. It is clear to my mind that disease is one and the cause is one—Food. The remedy, as far as remedy is possible, will lie in the food too. This is as logical as a case can be. We are not wise to shut our eyes to facts. We do better far to estimate things at their proper value.

And so we come round to the point whence we started. We may not say that disease is a fallacy. Its presence among us is too much of a reality. We may, however, say, and with much truth, that our notions of its cause are all wrong. Than these notions there are no greater FALLACIES.



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