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## WOMAN IN RECENT FICTION.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

*The Heavenly Twins* and *Trilby* bring up difficult and delicate questions. I can well understand the shrinking of those who would prefer not to deal with them. And yet if there are certain things that are true, certain thoughts which men and women ought to have, and if, for lack of utterance, the world is more or less ignorant, misguided, and suffers—then there is a certain virtue in speaking plainly, so be the speaker is clean and pure in heart.

It is well, at times, to be frank. Our object in life should not be to get through with as little pain as possible, but to do our duty. We may not talk about some things, we may wish to be ignorant of them—but unfortunately that does not make them any less existent, and not noticing them may be only giving them leave to grow more rankly in the dark. Is it the highest ideal of womanhood to have no knowledge of what is bad and impure, to live in some other world than this actual one, to have no hand in its contests because of their dust and heat? Is it even the highest ideal of sainthood to live this peaceful, protected existence? I am afraid that there is a kind of moral Epicurism, and that what the author of *The Heavenly Twins* says of certain “gentle mannered, pure-minded women” is not unjustified.

“They kept their tempers even and unruffled by never allowing themselves to think or know . . . anything that is evil of anybody. . . . They seemed to think that by ignoring the existence of sin, by refusing to obtain any knowledge of it, they somehow helped to check it; and they could not have conceived that their attitude made it safe to sin, so that when they refused to know and to resist, they were actually countenancing evil and encouraging it.”

And hence, she adds, “the kind of Christian charity from which they suffered was a vice in itself.”

Both these books deal plainly and unequivocally with a kind of evil, a type of character, the mention of which is ordinarily shunned. In the one case it is a man, in the other a woman. And yet in *The Heavenly Twins* it is the estimate and treatment of the man by a serious woman that is the central object of interest. Let us consider this book first. One need not admire it altogether to find its treatment of this theme

brave, strong, and in a high sense womanly. I do not speak of it from a literary standpoint. I am free to confess it is of unpardonable length, and I could hardly in conscience ask any friend to read it all. I do not admire the twins, after whom the book is named, and which, to my mind, would have been better without them; they seem impossible creatures, hardly even “the natural consequence of an unnatural state of things” (to quote an apology once made for them)—and the most charitable interpretation of their fantastical tricks and speeches is that they were the true children of their poor father, who never quite knew, not what to say, but “what not to say.” The author, too, gives us occasionally some rather foolish, one-sided generalisations about men; she is sarcastic, a little spiteful, and even peevish at times; sometimes in contemplating her pictures of fashionable society, we have a little the feeling which Heine once expressed in his characteristic manner, “all the world’s a hospital, and all the men and women merely patients.” Then it must be confessed that she strikes rather a high key at times in speaking of woman. The spirit of God has been transferred from priests to women, she appears to think. “The truth has all along been in us,” she has said since in a magazine article;<sup>1</sup> and, then again, blending the old and the new ideas with charming ingenuity, “it is the woman’s place and pride and pleasure to teach the child, and man morally is in his infancy.” “It is for us,” she roundly declares, “to set the human household in order,” and (as if to prepare us for the unexpected) “we are bound to raise the dust while we are at work.” And yet who can take offence at this audacity when it is shown in so unselfish a cause? And in all seriousness, who will not allow for exaggerations and overstatements in a youthful writer who has other marks of sterling worth?

It is an honest moral nature Sarah Grand reveals in this book of hers. She has positive ideas of right and wrong. She is incapable, as she once says of one of her characters, of the confusion of mind or laxity of conscience, which denies, on the one hand, that wrong may be pleasant in the doing, or claims, on the other, with equal untruth, that because it is pleasant it must be, if not exactly right, at all events excusable. It is

<sup>1</sup> *North American Review*, March, 1894.

refreshing, in these days when the moral consciousness is often blurred, and the difference between vice and virtue reduced to a vanishing point, to have the homely, old-fashioned truth repeated. She is evidently a person like her heroine, who loves purity and truth, and loathes degradation and vice. Once there comes from her a noble statement as to the moral content of the religion of the future. It must be a thing, she says, about which there can be no doubt, and there are only the great moral truths, perceived since the beginning of thought, but hard to hold as principles of action, because the higher faculties to which they appeal are of slower growth than the lower ones which they should control—it is in these, the infinite truths, known to Buddha, reflected by Plato, preached by Christ, undoubted, undisputed, even by the spirit of evil, that religion must consist, and is steadily growing to consist, while the questionable man-made gauds of sensuous service are gradually being set aside.

The ideal of a husband which Sarah Grand presents, is a man whom a woman can reverence and respect from end to end of his career, especially in regard to his relations with her own sex. The key-note of her book is struck in this passage from her heroine's note-book, written after reading those novels which she had heard her father declare "true to life in every particular and for all time"—*Roderick Random* and *Tom Jones*. It is particularly *à propos* of the latter.

"Another young man, steeped in vice, although acquainted with virtue. He also marries a spotless heroine. Such men marrying are a danger to the community at large. The two books taken together show well the self-interest and injustice of men, the fatal ignorance and slavish apathy of women; and it may be good to know these things, but it is not agreeable."

This passage gives us the secret of her character and of her subsequent history. Evadne—this is the heroine's name—is not advanced or masculine or peculiar in any way, save in being thoughtful. She has rather a dread of "peculiar views" or of "views" of any kind; she does not wish to be out of sympathy with her fellow-creatures and have them look suspiciously at her—she would rather even share their ignorance and conceit and be sociable, she says, than find herself isolated by a superiority, however real. Her mother writes to a friend that Evadne has never caused her a moment's anxiety in her life, except such as every mother must feel for a daughter's health and happiness; she speaks of the careful education Evadne has received, of the way the girl's father has devoted himself to the task of influencing her in the right direction in matters of opinion, of her deeply religious disposition, of the further fact that she is perfectly innocent, at eighteen knowing nothing of the world and its wickedness, and is therefore eminently qualified to make somebody an excellent wife. The only trouble

about Evadne, from a conventional point of view, is, we may say, that she has done a little thinking and studying for herself, an evidence of which we see in the passage from her note-book which I have already quoted. It was her habit, the author tells us, to take everything *au grand sérieux*, and when other people were laughing she would be gravely observant as if she were solving a problem. She was not a great reader, but a good one. She was told by her father that women were apt to be inaccurate, and she tried to have distinct accurate ideas of whatever subject she took up. She studied science, and anatomy and physiology, and, possessing a mind of purity as well as of strength, she was never corrupted but only enlightened by what she read. A proper, conventional, reverential, yet withal serious minded and not wholly ignorant English girl of the upper middle-class—such is the portrait which the author draws.

And now the incidents of her career, her history, begin. She was susceptible to beauty, whether in nature or in the ritual of the Anglican Church, and by her constant and devout attendance at a little church not far from her home, attracts the attention and the more than friendly interest of its young celibate priest,—but she could not marry him: that would have seemed a sort of sacrilege to her reverential eyes at the time. And then a man appears on the scene to whom she feels that she might give herself. She had, indeed, before this made her future husband a subject of prayer, and with delightful naïveté (which shows plainly enough how slightly "emancipated" she was) had asked for some sign by which she should know him. He is a handsome Major, with taking manners—and withal a good churchman, never missing a service. Her mother tells a friend that she is quite in love with him herself—adding, "He was rather wild as a young man, but he has been quite frank about all that to my husband, and there is nothing now we can object to." In the midst of the joy that has come to her, Evadne is not without her serious thoughts and one day she asks her father if he considers him in every way a suitable husband for her. "In all respects, my dear," he answered heartily. "He is a very fine, manly fellow." "There was nothing in his past life to which I should object?" she ventured timidly. "Oh, nothing, nothing," he assured her. "He has been perfectly satisfactory about himself, and I am satisfied that he will make you an excellent husband." And so, trusting in this equivocal assurance—which, of course, meant only one thing to her, while covering something very different in her father's mind—she with a glad and unsuspecting heart married him.

Then comes the revelation. Before she leaves the house after the ceremony, she learns by a letter that was delayed in reaching her of his disreputable past

life. She leaves the house with him, pale, with set lips, and at the station, while he is off for a moment making an inquiry, she gets into a hansom—and drives off. It is a woman stung by the imposition that has been practised on her—a woman, a wife (if you will) in revolt.

I have described the situation at such length, that it may be clearly before our eyes. How plainly it is a problem in ethics! And how feeble are the ordinary notions with respect to it. The father storms and threatens the lunatic asylum or the law. Later on he laughs at the idea of her wanting a “Christ-like” man for a husband. The mother, true to her mother’s heart, says she must go to her, but, being forbidden that by her husband, writes to her as her “poor misguided child” and entreats her to return to her right state of mind at once. “I don’t deny that there *were* things in George’s past life,” she wrote, “which it is very sad to think of, but women have always much to bear. It is our *cross*, and you must take up yours patiently and be sure that you will have your reward.” And then she berates her daughter’s informant and says she could see her *whipped* for destroying such bright prospects of happiness. How pitiful, how shallow such judgments are—and yet after all, I fear, how common! Even her aunt, in whose house she finds a loving refuge, can only say, “Don’t make me think of it. . . . If I ever let myself dwell on the horrible depravity that goes on unchecked, the depravity which you say we women license by ignoring it when we should face and unmask it, I should go out of my mind. I do know—we all know; how can we live and not know? But we don’t think about it—we can’t—we dare’nt”—and so her recourse is to turn the mind away and keep it filled forever with holy and beautiful thoughts.

In contrast with all this evasion and rage, how straightforward, how calm, how dignified, how, in the great sense, womanly, was Evadne’s attitude! She went off, not to run away, but to think. Should it be strange and wonderful to us that a woman should have some sense of the dignity of her own being and what was due to it? I was once acquainted with a man of whom it used to be said that he did not even know when he was insulted. If we do not find such a lack of a sense of one’s own significance admirable in a man, is it really any more admirable in a woman? Is self-effacement her true policy, bearing, brooking, enduring all things—and is self-development, self-expansion, the peculiar privilege of man? What chivalrous man will say so? Is woman not human? Has she not the common ends and rights of humanity? If man may rebel, may not she? If she is wronged, shall she not feel it, resent it? Is she bound to bear the cross any more than he—especially when it is a cross of his

manufacture? For myself, I admire absolutely Evadne’s attitude in this stage of her history. She is not anxious after a “second-hand sort of man.” It does not exactly appeal to her either, a young inexperienced woman, when she is told that it is her duty to reform the man she has ignorantly married. She thinks such cases are for the clergy, who have both experience and authority, and not for young wives to tackle. She asks her mother whether she would counsel a son of hers to marry a society woman of the same character her husband has turned out to be for the purpose of reforming her, and dares to add that a woman’s soul is every bit as precious as a man’s. And so she refuses to sacrifice herself. She thinks she sees that the world is not a bit better for centuries of self-sacrifice on woman’s part, and proposes now to sacrifice the man instead of the woman. No, the word “submit,” she once declares, “is of no use to me. Mine is *rebel*.” It seems to me that those who dare to rebel in every age are they who make life possible for those whom temperament compels to submit. It is the rebels who extend the boundaries of right little by little, narrowing the confines of wrong, and crowding it out of existence.” To my mind, truer words were never spoken.

I must pass over briefly the later stages in Evadne’s history. But the one of which I have already spoken is the most significant one in the book. She does indeed, owing to her mother’s imploring entreaty, consent to live in the same house with her husband, but not as his wife. She conforms thus to outward standards of respectability. Once, later on, there may be a question whether she was not too determined in her unwillingness to accept him<sup>1</sup>—as to this, opinions will differ; but he himself bore the same loose character up to this time and after. She *was* weak enough to promise him never to take any part publicly in any question of the day—and for this was cramped into a narrow groove and condemned to a sort of neutral existence, which took the life and spirit out of her. There is a pathetic and indeed tragic interest in her later life. She became the “type of a woman wasted”—and makes us realise what a serious world it is we live in, and what a power our own and others’ acts have in determining our fate. The inspiring part of her life is the first part—and I could wish that every woman and every man, yes, particularly every man, should read, say the first hundred or hundred and fifty pages of the book. Their lesson cannot be forgotten, and it is a lesson that men need. If a man does not get a new respect for woman, even if it be coupled with a new shame over himself, I am greatly mistaken. And woman? Once Evadne and her husband have a frank interchange of thought—for he is by no means a brute, but just like a hundred other men). “Did

<sup>1</sup> Book III, chap. 14.

it never occur to you that a woman has her ideal as well as a man?" she said: "that she loves purity and truth, and loathes degradation and vice more than a man does?" "Theoretically, yes," he answered; "but you find practically that women will marry any one. If they were more particular, we should be more particular, too." That is a part of the lesson of this brave book, and so it is a book for women as well.

When we turn to *Trilby*, we meet a different problem altogether. And since the book has been so much more widely read, and is still fresh in everybody's mind, I can, perhaps, proceed to speak directly of the issues involved in it. Everybody is charmed by the book, and yet some good people seem to be afraid of it. They think, for instance, that a glamour is thrown over artist life in Paris that is apt to be dangerous. One wise critic says that no high-spirited girl would fail to be captivated by the bewitching picture of Bohemian life in *Trilby* and to wish to start off and establish herself in just such a circle, where only wit, generosity, and artistic tastes (the emphasis is evidently on "only" and means these things and *not* morals) are necessary to good fellowship.<sup>1</sup> But "bless you, good madam," I am tempted to say, "have you not read the book carefully enough to see that the artists we really love in it (or, indeed, know much of anything about) not only nowise lead immoral lives, but that one of them is fairly shocked even at the heroine's sitting as a model for the nude, and that she herself never alludes to the real immorality of her past, save in a confession of shame, and that this and all the other references to it in the book would hardly cover more than two or three out of the over four hundred pages?" How can a picture of pure, clean, honorable men throw a dangerous glamour over anybody or anything?

The fact is, the charm—at least, the moral charm and beauty—of the book is in the story of the power of three good men to redeem and lift up and transform a woman who had gone astray. And this is accomplished not on set purpose, not by preaching, much less by cant, but by the simple force of their manliness, their truth, and their good-will, by the silent unconscious influence of their personality. "You have changed me into another person—you and Sandy and Little Billee," she wrote to Taffy, as she was taking herself off in pursuance of her promise never to see Little Billee again; here I find the great lesson of the book—and this whether Du Maurier meant there should be any lesson or not. At first a careless, thoughtless, winning, friendly, happy-go-lucky creature, doing what she knew to be wrong at times and yet not deeply affected by it; and at last, awakened, conscious of herself, conscious of her person and of

shame as she had never been before, conscious and bitterly repentant of her wrong-doing in the past, and making no excuse for it, unwilling even to smoke her innocent little cigarettes any more, they reminded her so of things and scenes she now hated—a new, transformed woman. Of course, if our code of morals is that, if a woman commits a certain sin she is absolutely and forever lost, then must *Trilby* seem an immoral book to us; but if we believe that no one act can damn a man, or a woman either, that there are possibilities of good even in the worst—and surely then in those who are short of that dread extreme—in a word, if we look on men and women in a humane, great minded way, or as Jesus did, then must this story of an awakening and deepening of the moral nature in a careless girl not only charm us by the fascinating way, the artlessness which is itself art, in which it is told, but move us, inspire us, and edify us as well.

For myself, I see no blurring of moral issues in the book. If *Trilby's* wrong-doing does not, perchance, seem to us at times to be treated by Du Maurier with quite the seriousness it deserves, this is only in keeping with the lightness of his touch in dealing with every subject—love and life and even death included; it does not mean that while other things are grave, this is not grave, in his eyes.

"A little work, a little play  
To keep us going—and so, good day!

A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing—and so, good night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing—and so good morrow!

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! and so, good-bye!"

In these exquisite lines that close the book what lightness of touch! What playfulness almost, even in dealing with the last and gravest theme! And yet who will deny the gravity of thought behind the bantering manner? Must a man *tell* us he is serious to make us credit the possibility of his being so? Little Billee's analysis or divination of *Trilby* at the outset was, it must be remembered, a well of sweetness, somewhere in the midst of it the very heart of compassion, generosity, and warm sisterly love, and under that—alas! at the bottom of all—a thin, slimy layer of sorrow and shame. One thing is not the same as another, bad is not good, any more than good is bad, in his eyes. The glory of Little Billee and of any great moral nature, of one who does not with one sin cover and blot out a whole character, is that he sees the good with the bad, that he is not a poor, blind bigot, that he loves what is lovely even though there be other unlovable things that he does not love at all. Nor was *Trilby's* thought of herself really confused or uncertain. One critic says that she is pictured as a

<sup>1</sup> K. U. C. in *Outlook*, Oct. 6, 1894.

person who "has lost her virtue and yet retains her innocence," that the story is one "of a pure soul untainted by a polluted life"<sup>1</sup>—something of course, confusing and dangerous. But the critic is mistaken. She is not a *Naturkind*, knowing not good and evil. She says in so many words writing to the Laird, "It makes me almost die of shame and misery to think of it; for that's not like sitting. I knew how wrong it was all along—and there's no excuse for me, none." The fact is that such critics have not observed; it is so surprising to find even the mention of a forbidden theme in a respectable English novel, that they think of nothing else and have not even attended to the exact way in which it is mentioned.

Do you mean then, I may be asked, that a woman can sin and be forgiven, forgiven not only to go to heaven or into a nunnery, but forgiven so as to be good for something on the earth? Yes, that is just what I mean. Are not men forgiven for lapses from virtue? And shall we say, women cannot be? Strange, is it not, that women themselves are most prone to say so, that sisterly charity is sometimes the last thing they think of—that they will pardon their *brothers* and yet are only too ready to leave their own sex out in the cold! Little Billee's mother would not forgive Trilby for any practical purpose such as he had in mind, the clergyman would not—this is the tone of the world and of the religion that has been captured by the world. And across it all and athwart it all comes the indignant cry of Little Billee, "What a shame, what a hideous shame it is that there should be one law for the woman and another for the man!" For myself I think it would have offended nothing but conventional standards if Little Billee had married Trilby—and I can see no benefit for Trilby or Little Billee or his mother or anybody in his mother's interference. Dear, well-meaning woman that she was—no one can upbraid her; and yet the best intentions, if they do not accord with right and justice, do not save us or keep us from working injury in the world. Two lives irrevocably blighted—such was the result of her misguided motherly zeal. "Everything seems to have gone wrong with me," Trilby writes in her last sad letter to Taffy, "and it can't be righted"—which does not mean that she was in the least sorry for her great act of renunciation or had any idea that in the circumstances she had done more than her duty. She seems rather to give another instance of that moving "to choose sublimer pain" of which George Eliot wrote—and to show that in those quarters where we least expect it there are those transcendent possibilities that make humanity potentially divine. And Little Billee was never thereafter the same. He was pleasant and sweet to live with, but never the same. He dies prematurely.

<sup>1</sup> *The Outlook* (editorial).

She does the same—after having fallen a prey to the weird influence of Svengali. There is as much that is sad as glad in the book. It is partly the sadness of the tangle of things—and yet in how great measure the result of mischievous interference, of sacrificing the great moralities of life for the small, of immolating love on the altar of convention! Ah, to put away the false gods and to find the true ones in this uncertain world, to have the gift to find

"Where real right doth lie,  
And dare to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye,"

to have the instinct that can tell

"That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible!"

I think Du Maurier's book will be a contribution to the moral illumination of man, that all who read it (unless they read with bandaged eyes) will see some things more clearly thereafter than they did before.

And so whether we consider one book or the other, I do not think our thoughts of women will be lowered by them. One shows us woman in honorable rebellion; the other reveals possibilities in woman where they would ordinarily be discredited. Both really enlarge woman and make her more sacred in our eyes.

#### PROFESSOR GREEN'S BRIDGE.<sup>1</sup>

BY GEORGE M. MCCRIE.

DR. CARUS calls Professor Green's opinion *re* the Oxford Bridge "a conundrum," asking what the Professor understands by a bridge, whether "the sense-image which appears in the eye, . . . or that objective something, the presence of which is indicated in the vision of the bridge." This query affords, I think, a very fair example of that vicious duplication of the objective, which subject-objectivity always involves. There is really—for each person—but *one* bridge—the bridge each one sees and has it in his power to cross. But it would seem that, according to the editor of *The Open Court*, there are for each person two bridges. First, there is the bridge of the sense-image appearing in the eye yet seen to lie [where it is not] "outside the body"—and second, "that objective something, the presence of which is indicated in the vision of the bridge." What the "objective something" is, I cannot understand. If it be the actual bridge, then the "sense-image" is clearly superfluous. If it be not the actual bridge, what then is it?

For my own part, and as a monist, I prefer to go direct to the bridge—*my* bridge, and mine only—in something of the same sense as the rainbow which I view is mine alone, inasmuch as, owing to my position as observer, no one else can see it at the same, but at

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the editorial criticism following my article "The Barriers of Personality" (*The Open Court*, No. 371, p. 4239, and No. 371, p. 4243.)

a necessarily different angle. Self, again, is not the liminary bodily organism, it is the bodily organism *plus* everything cognised by it, which is everything. That we may not step out of this enclosure, is self-evident.

#### RAINBOWS AND BRIDGES.

A FEW days after the publication of Mr. George M. McCrie's article we received an additional note, which we take pleasure in presenting to our readers, under the title "Professor Green's Bridge."

Professor Green's problem is a conundrum so long as the meaning of the term "bridge" remains undefined. If we understand by bridge, in analogy with the many-colored rainbow, the sense-perceived image only and not the objective thing, no one will question the propriety of saying that every one who looks at the bridge has a bridge of his own. Every spectator has a rainbow of his own; or, speaking more correctly, every rainbow is a part of every spectator's mind. But now suppose we speak with a physicist on the physical phenomenon which takes place before us when we see a rainbow, and he were to call a rainbow a great bundle of ether-vibrations starting from the sun and suffering refraction in the clouds, who would deny that there was but one rainbow, and that all the sense-perceived rainbow-images on the retinas of spectators were only so many effects of those ether-vibrations?

Every spectator has two rainbow-images,—one in each eye. But inherited habit and personal experience weld the two images into one so that a healthy man is unconscious of seeing things double, and double vision has become the symptom of a morbid condition.

The usage of the term "light" in the subjective sense has been more and more adopted by both physicists and psychologists, so that the proposition has been made to discard the use of the term "light" in physics and limit it to the language of psychology and physiological psychology. But names that apply to objects, such as tables, chairs, bridges, houses, are, according to common usage, not applied to the sense-perceived effects of those various realities, but to the realities themselves. According to common parlance we should say that there is but one bridge, but as many bridge-images as there are eyes looking at the bridge, and as many bridge-percepts as there are minds<sup>1</sup> perceiving the bridge.

Mr. McCrie, for his part, calls the bridge, in analogy with the rainbow, what we should call either the bridge-image or the bridge-conception. His self is what we should call either our sense-perceived surroundings or our world-conception,—perhaps both. According to him, the denial of the existence of what

we should call the objective world is an essential part of monism; he cannot understand what is meant by the physical ether-vibrations, the presence of which conditions the rainbow in the eye; and the bridge as an object independent of our sensation and perception is to him a redundant entity. His self is the entire world, but how the increase of his world is to be explained, how his self can originate and disappear, remains a mystery.

I may add here that the so called idealists, Berkeley and Fichte, are by no means the subjectivists that they are generally supposed to be; that their idealism is due to a peculiar philosophical nomenclature, and it is doubtful whether any thinker has ever seriously denied the existence of an objective reality. If Mr. McCrie seriously insists upon being a subjectivist, he stands very isolated.

Supposing we adopt his view that there are as many bridges as there are spectators of the bridge, and that there is nothing else than these subjective bridge-conceptions of the spectators, or, in a word, that there is no objective bridge: there would be no criterion of truth, for truth is the correctness of a representation which presupposes the existence of the representative image or idea and the represented object. Further, there would be no connexion among the various selves, for each self would be sovereign in its own sphere, without any connecting link with other selves. A self's conception of a thing would be the thing, or, as Dr. Lewins says, the *thing* is the *think*. Every self would be its own God and universe, and we should be astonished only at the impotence of our omnipotence, for a *think* does not always act as we think. It possesses a nature of its own, and we have to fashion our thoughts to suit it. There is another strange phenomenon: Through the instrumentality of language one self can compare his own *thinks* with those of other selves, and we can alter our own and other people's *thinks* so as to meet with fewer and ever fewer disappointments. What is that something which disappoints or fulfils our expectations? We call it reality. According to Mr. McCrie's solipsism, it has no existence. Lastly, consider the transiency of the various selves, for experience teaches that every individual has a beginning and an end; that it is limited by birth and death. Existence would be nothing but the bubbling up of innumerable empty mirages. There would be no preservation of the contents of our selves, and all being would be a meaningless dream.

The existence of the objective world is not an idle assumption which can be so easily disposed of as Mr. McCrie thinks. It accounts at least for the origin, growth, and complications of the phenomena of the self, which solipsism is unable to answer. Object and subject are different, yet are they inseparably one.

<sup>1</sup> By "mind" I understand here the *ensemble* of the psychic life of a thinking organism.

Neither does the distinction between self and world constitute a dualism, nor can their identification be regarded as the basis of monism. Monism (as we understand it) means unity, not singleness; it means harmony of the laws of being and conformity of all truths; it means that all things, our own self included, are parts only of the great immeasurable All of existence, in which we live and move and have our being. P. C.

## APHORISMS.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

A word in the head is worth two in the mouth.

There are two ways to avoid drowning in a sea of metaphysics: to be able to swim or so big you touch bottom; to be either very good or very clever.

Some people have excellent faculties and powerful imaginations, but not the knowledge to utilise these powers to advantage. They have a good mill, but little or no grist.

Life is like the bee; it offers both honey and a sting.

The only vengeance a good man desires is to have his enemies know that he was right.

Christianity is the kindergarten of the religion of science. Christ is God made easy.

It is better to be infidel with Christian principles than Christian with infidel conduct.

If you have real faith no fact can daunt you. After Daniel came out of the den of lions he wasn't to be scared by a cat.

It is one thing to be indifferent and quite another to be independent; one to be "on the fence" and another to be on the fulcrum.

It is better to be dubious of the doubtful than credulous of the impossible.

And yet the inconceivable is sometimes the inevitable.

What inveterate liars are the senses. A blue illusion hangs over us; a motionless illusion rushes below us. The eye says of the rainbow's hues—they are seven. Science corrects the eye for its chromatic aberration and tells us they are but three.

First or last science will prove herself worthy of her name—known truth.

It is difficult, sometimes impossible, and not always desirable to love your enemies. If he hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink. That is well enough. But if his enmity takes the shape of devastating the community see to it that he is put where he can eat and drink in safety—to the community.

Some I have known so philanthropic as to love their enemies better than their friends, whose charity begins and stays far from them of their own household.

Some sorts of prejudice are justifiable. It is right to be prejudiced against prejudice,—a very different thing from being illiberal, which you ought not to be even to illiberality.

The truth always comes speaking with authority. What is there more dogmatic than algebra, as conceited as geometry?

Bewail his fate as much as you please who struggles with adversity, and moralise over the happy tho' humble home and the tender welcome and the sweet kiss at nightfall to the weary toiler, I tell you more men than one would think go from the bosom of their office where all is peace to a cold, heartless, and censorious family.

If we taxed wisdom, and let each one assess himself, what a big revenue the State would have.

The prompt man has a right to be slow when there is no hurry.

Some people claim to love God who are really in love with themselves. The real article of love casts out fear and self and everything else; but some are like the little boy, who, when asked if he loved his sister, said he loved Nelly ever so much. "As much as pie?" "Oh! better than pie; but—not as much as jelly."

Some minds require an element of mystery in their religion. Explain religion and you have spoiled it for them. They seem to feel that if it were not quite so true it would be truer.

I am fond of religion. But I do not admire that sort which doubts, or is distrustful of the natural, inevitable outcome of honest inquiry. Perhaps for the same reason I never took any interest in a trotting-match. When I go to a race I don't fancy seeing horses at a gait not quite as fast as they could go if they tried.

Who keeps no chickens isn't worried when he sees a hawk.

Nothing pleases the average human being better than to get hold of a convincing argument for disregarding a distasteful morsel of moral law.

Justice is Janus-faced—a devil to the evil, a God to the godly.

As the case is with a block of ice,—it is first ice, then water, then vapor, and then gases, so with thought; first a guess, then opinion, then fact, then principle. It is only when matter is resolved into its elements and thought into principle that either becomes stable. Generally, the more tenuous anything becomes the more enduring. "Spirit" is that which is eternal.

It is good law that a dealer may puff his wares, but must not lie about them. Science is known truth, and the scientist is he who knows. In the science of religion shall the law fail? Shall the "pious" always continue to say that which he doubts? Shall he forever vend goods for "all wool," knowing them to be part cotton?

Before you purchase insist upon your right to burn a shred or two, or even to use the microscope of honest investigation.

Scepticism is often the cloak in which ignorance masquerades.

It matters little of what material the lattice is made on which the vine climbs upward.

If the vine can find the sun the rose will bloom.

Call yourself Christian, or Buddhist, or Freethinker, or what you will; but the result of the deeds of, the body, unified in character, are more important than the name.

Character is soul; the flesh perishes, the several actions go out like candles, one by one; but the soul cannot perish.

\* \* \*

Chlorine is a stifling gas, sodium a metal; neither of any value as a life-sustainer. But sodium chloride (common salt) is a necessity to man.

Nitrogen is a deadly stifler, oxygen a wild exhilarator; mechanically combined in fit proportion you breathe and live because of the atmospheric air their union makes.

\* \* \*

So in like manner individual characteristics must perish that character may live.

\* \* \*

Natural selection and survival of the fittest are as potent in the region of "mind" as in that of "matter"; and they are equally potent in the region of spirit.

\* \* \*

He who is just does not need to study logic or law.

\* \* \*

John of Patmos adopted Christianity because he had seen Christ; Job was a follower of Christ before Christianity existed as a fact. Epictetus was a Christian without knowing it, and there are "infidels" living to day who have accepted Christianity by rejecting it.

**BOOK NOTICES.**

*The Word of the Spirit.* By Jenkin Lloyd Jones. A tastefully paper-bound booklet containing the following five sermons: To the Nation; To the City; To the Church; To the Home; and To the Individual. Interspersed between the sermons are appropriate quotations from Emerson, Whittier, Holmes, Browning, and Mary Howitt. Mr. Jones's utterances are aglow with optimism, and will afford encouragement to many despondent hearts. He strikes powerfully and courageously at the root of many modern vices and wrongs, and all of us should heed his appeals. The book is dedicated to James and Ruth Gardner. (Chicago: Unity Publishing Company, 175 Dearborn St. Pages 113. Price, 5¢ cents.)

A new and unique psychological publication is announced for March under the title *L'Année Psychologique*, to be edited by Prof. H. H. Beaunis and Dr. A. Binet, with the collaboration of other distinguished psychologists. It will consist of four parts: the first giving a very complete and detailed account of the various works on psychology that have appeared in 1894, with diagrams, tables, etc., and so made as to dispense with reference to the sources; the second being a bibliographical index, containing twelve hundred items, of all works appearing in 1894 that touch the histology, anatomy, and physiology of the nervous system, pathology, etc., etc.; the third part being a publication in full of the articles which are the fruit of the work of the Sorbonne laboratory, of which M. Binet is the director; while the fourth part refers to observations, experiments, new instruments, etc. The subscription price, if paid to M. Binet direct, will be seven francs per volume (carriage extra), but ten francs if bought separately in the book shops.

*Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropology.* Edited by C. Staniland Wake. (Chicago: The Schulte Publishing Co., 1894. Pp., 375. Price, \$5.00.) This work is published at a great expense of time and money, and reflects much credit upon the editor. The International Congress of Anthropology formed one of the series of congresses held during the recent World's Fair in Chicago, and was presided over by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton and by Prof. F. W. Putnam, who was in charge of the government ethnological exhibit. The present memoirs, with the exception of a

brief editorial preface, are made up wholly of the addresses and papers read before or presented to the Congress. The subjects cover a broad field, and are generally of an interesting character. We append here a few titles: *The Nation as an Element in Anthropology*; *The Anthropology of the North American Indian*; *Aboriginal American Mechanics*; *The Antiquity of the Civilization of Peru*; *Cave-Dwellers of the Sierra Madre*; *On Various Supposed Relations Between the American and Asian Races*; *Primitive Scales and Rhythms*; *The Germ of Shoreland Pottery*; *The Fall of Hochelaga*; *The Scope and Method of the Historical Study of Religions*; etc. Not all the papers presented to the Congress seem to have been published, but a list of those omitted, with the names of the authors, is given in the editor's preface. It is to be regretted that the price of the book is so high, as its contents would probably have secured it a considerable circulation had it been published in a cheap and popular form. μ.

M. Lucien Arréat, the well-known French critic, psychologist, and literary correspondent of *The Monist*, has just published a delightful psychological study entitled *Memory and Imagination* (Paris, 1895. Félix Alcan. Pages, 168. Price, fr. 2.50). Memory and imagination, he contends, are connected by insensible gradations. More or less, we all have memory, but we have not all the *same* memory. Also, be our calling what it may, we all of us possess some degree of imagination, but not all the *same* imagination. As our images are, so is our imagination. This is the rule, and M. Arréat illustrates and confirms it by the examination of four intimately related mental types—painters, musicians, poets, and orators. This group alone is studied. Their images rest chiefly upon "perceptions." In the two groups left unstudied, the images are based on symbols, as in scientists, musicians, etc., and on practical notions, as in merchants, peasants, artisans, and the like. M. Arréat's researches throw much light on psychological theory, but are no less important on the practical side. They merit the attention of all educators. μ.

We have received Nos 1, 2, and 3, Series 1894, of the *Nachrichten von der königl. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften zu Göttingen. Philologisch-historische Klasse.* The contributions will claim the attention only of specialists.

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