

"But," says the materialist, "to believe in anything which lies without the range of human experience is an absurdity." On the contrary, scarcely a year passes which does not give us proof of realities of which we had never before dreamed. There is no faith so unwarranted as that of the materialist who assumes that the soul is not a fact because no one has seen it under a microscope.

Mr. John Fiske, in his address, "The Life Everlasting," meets the materialist in his stronghold. He analyzes the doctrine which holds that consciousness, or the soul, is a result of molecular motion in the nerve centers. The materialist declares that the brain is like a harp; Consciousness is like the music. When the harp is broken, the music dies. Mr. Fiske, with his scientific attainments, defends, as no dogmatic theologian could do, the contrary view—"that the conscious soul is an emanation from the Divine Intelligence that shapes and sustains the world, and during its temporary imprisonment in material forms, the brain is its instrument of expression. Thus the soul is not the music, but the harper."

Science has no knowledge with which to challenge the conviction of Martineau, who declared that "a divine revelation is required, not to prove immortality, but to disprove it, if it be really not true."

We may have the comfort of knowing that the revelations of Science have greatly increased the presumption in favor of the belief that the soul survives the body. With more confidence than ever, we may say, with the venerable Martineau:

The scale on which we are made is conspicuously too vast for the short reckoning from mortal years. The profoundest feeling which possesses me at the end of life is that I stand but little removed from its beginning, schooled only in the mere alphabet of its attainable lessons!

THE UNPOPULAR RACE.

Extracts from an article with the above title, by Julien Gorçon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger), published in the *Cosmopolitan* for February, 1904.

A recent experience has given me food for reflection. The printed remark that if Mr. Booker T. Washington called on me he would be welcomed in the drawing-room, brought upon me from the Southern newspapers—many of them deemed reputable—a landslide of contumely, a torrent of vulgar abuse, as unexpected as it was astonishing. That merely for expressing an opinion, one's person, works, habits and family should be made targets for the lowest innuendo and the coarsest insult, might amuse,

were it not for the melancholy illumination that it casts upon depths of ignorance and of folly.

Apart from petty personal attack, entirely irrelevant to the subject in point, these journals asked whether social equality with the negro was desirable, and intermarriage possible. This sex question appeared peculiarly imperious and irritating—a question which had never crossed my imaginings. To the writer it seems as revolting that white men should have negro mistresses as that white women should have negro husbands. Yet if, indeed, race prejudice exists to the extent that we are told it does, how is it that the commingling of the races—which we are forced to observe—has been so general? Why has it not been more abhorrent? Is the hypothesis mere hypocrisy—cant, pure and simple?

The question of human equality it is futile to discuss except before the law. It has never existed; it cannot exist, either in the present or in the future. One does not ask one's Chinese laundryman to dine. But one would hardly invite a Confucius to sit in one's pantry.

A rabid Senator has lately announced that the negro, being absolutely devoid of moral fiber, must be denied education. He accuses him of bestial traits, but will not permit him such spiritual and educational advantages as might benefit his character and raise and restrain his brutal tendencies. Could one reach a darker nadir of unintelligence? When one hears such tirades, one realizes that selfish personal advancement does not depend on the possession of the reasoning faculties. Morally, the negro prior to education may be considered as about on a par with a type of bohemian Paris and intellectual London. The decadents may be less robust in crime, they are more deeply corrupt. Nobody can be quite so wicked as a certain brand of bohemian Frenchman and intellectual Englishman. From his debasement the Negro has got to evolve, just as other races have evolved. What he requires is what all other races have required—time. This is the day and hour of little nations. The trumpet of the downtrodden has sounded. The unknown and unheard are making themselves felt. Upheaval is in the wind. There are mutterings and stirrings—a low roar of mighty forces, resistless, pushing for light. These people want air, life, and, what is more precious, life's liberties. He who refuses to heed the warning is doomed to ultimate confusion. The boon of life may be doubtful, that of

liberty is positive. The love of life is temperamental, the mere matter of a high or low vitality, but the desire of liberty is universal. Liberty means opportunity. This race will have to work out a new and more valuable emancipation. The broad enlightened element among Southern men is willing and anxious that it should—has already accorded the help of generous words and practical aid. No assistance will be forthcoming from that army of professional sufferers who continue to poison the air with their obsolete grievances. Whether the victory came of God or of Apollyon—it was won. The wise bow to the decrees of fate. The weak beat against its fiat and bruise themselves.

In their own ranks, with such general as Booker T. Washington—of whom an exquisite woman once said that he had the soul of a Christian; the heart of a gentleman and the eyes of the jungle—they have their chance. With such men as T. Thomas Fortune, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Charles W. Chestnutt, Prof. Burghardt Dubois, Bishop Walters, John W. Thompson, and many other worthy and experienced teachers and clergymen to guide them—we do not forget that a late class orator at Harvard was a Negro—they are certain to solve their own problem. These things take much time—generations will be required.

Let us not quarrel with nature. The divinities are at work.

The Negro has aptitudes—special gifts. He is frequently dext and clever with his fingers. He has imagination, humor, a natural eloquence. He has poetic and musical gifts, and he has manners—manners which are extinct to-day, unless in Italy and China.

THE SINGLE TAX IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Following is the speech in Parliament of Mr. Trevelyan, condensed for the *London New Age* from the report of the *Manchester Guardian*, which Mr. Trevelyan delivered in moving the second reading in the House of Commons on Mar. 11, of the land values taxation bill, which passed the House on the 12th (see *Public*, vol. vi, p. 79) by a vote of 223 to 156. Mr. Trevelyan is a leading Liberal member. His bill was suggested by his own party and by a large number of Conservatives.

Mr. Trevelyan, who was received with cheers, moved the second reading of the Land Values (Assessment and Rating) Bill. He said the Bill was the result of prolonged, careful, and businesslike deliberation on the part of a conference of municipalities, directly representing some 150 local authorities, and including many of the greatest in the country.