

The Carbon Advocate

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BROADBRIEN'S N. Y. LETTER.

As I sat writing at my desk on Tuesday last a funeral procession passed the window which had caused a profound sensation in certain quarters of the city. A few moments ago a young girl came to New York on a visit to her aunt, but her health failing she was compelled to abandon her school and come to this city for rest.

Her aunt with whom she made her home was a convert to a Christian science, and she persuaded her niece that there was really nothing the matter with her, but her sickness was only a matter of the imagination, nothing more, and that as soon as she fully realized the fact the disease, whatever it was, (if there was any such disease), would take wings to itself and fly away.

In order to fully disabuse her mind of the hallucination that she had anything the matter with her she compelled her to get up at five o'clock in the morning, light the fire, scrub the floors on her knees, wash off the sidewalk, and give other evidences of freedom from all imaginative superstition.

A strict course of diet was prescribed by the M. C. R. His diet was simple and solid and one side order it with as much comfort as some Eastern food. Under the scientific care, fingered until Sunday when she died, she passed away. The day before her death she ate the fire and prepared breakfast for the entire family. This and the death of a young lady on Madison street, Brooklyn, the week before under precisely similar circumstances, set me thinking.

I had investigated the Faith Curians when James and Olsen were tried and imprisoned in Brooklyn for denying medical aid to persons dying in their homes, and I could not see a particle of difference between the ignorant Faith Curians and the Scientific Christians. I don't like to be thought ignorant on any subject, and won't be if I have a chance to investigate it, and as it is a matter which at the present time excites a very great interest in certain quarters I thought I would find out if possible the difference between the two.

The Faith Cure is very easily understood, the theory being that the Lord made us, we are his creatures; if he did not want us to be sick we would not be sick, and if he did want us to be sick all the powers of earth and hell would help us. If he wanted us to live we would live, and if he wanted us to die we would die. In fact it was little short of a sacrilege to attempt to interfere with the will of the Almighty. Now, this is no new doctrine, it is the fatalism of the Mussulman, old as Mahomet, whose followers say to-day, "Alah will it." This is the beginning and the end. But it antedates Mahomet. Away back in the misty mists of the Vedas, heavy with the grime of centuries, the same inflexible law prevails, "God will it."

But what is the difference between this and Christian science? "Ah, there's the rub," I tried to think, I couldn't. I tried to analyze, I couldn't. So, as I wished to understand it, I thought I would consult one deep in the mysteries of the new revelation which professed to be several millions of miles in advance of the Faith Cure. Madam L. is a professional scientist. It was to her Miss B. was taken who died last week. She has explored its mysteries as far as human investigation can possibly go and is in rapport with the inhabitants of the other world and knows all about them. She is hardly thirty and fair to look upon, of commanding presence, almost six feet high, striking the scales at one hundred, yet sweetly womanly with, with large molting blue eyes and a voice under low and sweet. She is just such an angel as any ordinary mortal would be happy to meet hereafter. Two dollars and a half was the consultation fee, but what was that, a mere bagatelle for the solution of the most abstruse scientific problem of the age. Having laid down my two dollars and a half, which was immediately covered by a paper weight, she doctored me as she usually does, and said, "Proceed, sir, what is it you wish to know?" "I wish to know, doctor," I replied, "the difference between Christian science and Faith Cure." "Oh, my dear sir," she said, "there is not the slightest resemblance between them. One has a blind belief in the supervising power of the Almighty, the other soars into the empty realm of infinity, and holds a spiritual communion with the supernatural powers of the Infinite. The one means ignorance, the other intelligence; the one means light, and the other darkness; hyperborean, impenetrable, vast, unfathomable, never ending. Let me explain. The spirit, or as you would say the life of the man, is the crystallized essence of the Infinite. This ethereal and purified concentration is not created, is not born; it always existed, and always will exist; for it contains within itself the vitalized powers of indestructibility which is the primary and distinguishing characteristic of the Infinite himself, of which man is indissolubly a part. The Infinite is indestructible; matter can be annihilated, or if not annihilated, at least so changed in form that he can be no longer to exist. Now matter is composed of molecular particles which in themselves are incapable of pleasure or pain; a stone when struck feels no pain. It never has the headache or neuralgia; it never weeps or laughs; and why, do you ask; because the stone lacks the vitalizing spirit of the Infinite, which in all creation is man's distinguishing and sole characteristic. Life permeates all nature, and the grass, the animal, creating life, low, from the most infinitesimal molecule seen by the highest power microscope to the whale who rolls his ponderous immensity in the unfathomable deep, all are vital with life, but it is not the life of man. The molecular tissues that compose them may be chemically the same, but the ethereal fluid is lacking, the essence of the Infinite is not there. The one is of the earth, earthy, and the other is heaven, heavenly. Matter of itself knows nothing and feels nothing. Matter being the lower power, should be always subject to the higher power, which is the mind. It is the soul, the spirit of the Infinite, which being annihilated and etherealized is alone capable of impression, or as you would say, of feeling. There is a constant conflict raging between mind and matter; mind should control matter, not matter control mind. Hence it follows that the position exercises or the higher power is bound to control the lower power, and therein lies the solution of the problem you seek."

There was a small electric battery on her table. "Look at this," she said, laying her hand upon it; "feel it. You see no sign of life. I press this button, and it becomes radiant with vitality; listen to its voice, it is singing the anthem of the Infinite which greeted the morning star. Feel its throbbing between mind and matter, but the heart beat thrills you like the message from another world. This is Christian science. This is the mystic talisman which is to bring man into closer contact with Nature, which is God, whose matter shall be annihilated, and mind shall be supreme, and God shall be all in all!"

I was stunned and dumb and walked away. I was of the earth, earthy, evidently, for I had the jumping toothache, a sharp pain in my back, sciatica in my left leg, and this with an ugly turn of the grip and a few minor ills, cured me with unmistakable notice that I am still several miles this side of Paradise, with every prospect of remaining there for some time to come. I know it is only imagination, but it feels just as bad as if it was real. I suppose it is all right. I can only say that matter has got the better of me. It is true that my mind at the present time is not in first-class condition, but my matter is infinitely worse than my mind, and my matter succeeds in making my mind exceedingly uncomfortable. I know it ought not to be so, but it is so, and what are you going to do about it? I'm out two dollars and a half—a martyr to Christian science. Perhaps it may come back to me in the intellectual affinity of Infinite, or perhaps it is due to some indissoluble molecular molecule. I'm going to wait and see. Now you know just as much about Christian science as I do, at much less cost; be grateful and await for the development.

Brother Elbridge Gerry, the president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, is again on the war-path, and has laid an embargo on the appearance of a lot of little children in the spectacular opera of Bluebird, Junr. The specialty of the children is the scene of the old woman who lived in the shoe. They sing a song, and dance a little dance, and enjoy the fun as the audience. Their set does not take fifteen minutes. They are well fed, well clad, and well cared for, and as well behaved as any children in the city; while in the theatre they are better cared for and their morals are more carefully supervised than when they are at school, and all children playing parts in theatres are remarkable for their good manners and behavior, but Mr. Gerry fears that their morals might be affected by the associations of the theatre and so prevents them from getting an honest living. Night after night I cross the great Brooklyn Bridge. The streets are wet and sloppier, the air is miserably cold around the entrances to the bridge in New York and Brooklyn; children swarm there; little boys and girls, six, seven and eight years of age—they sell papers, some a few clad and well shod, others have no shoes and their clothes are in tatters. Why does not Brother Gerry look out for these little waifs? He took Joseph Hoffman from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House when he was earning a thousand dollars a week playing on the piano. He was quartered in the finest suit of rooms in the best hotel in New York, with his father, mother, a nurse, a valet, and a special physician to look after him, and Gerry sent him back to Germany, involving Henry Abbe, Hoffman's manager, in a loss of over fifty thousand dollars, for fear his health would suffer. If the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children wants work, money knows where there is plenty of it in New York and Brooklyn. Last week I took a stroll through Little Italy, which is a section of Mulberry street, running from the five points to Canal street. There is no other street scene like it in America. Within rifle-shot of the Bowery and Canal street, two of the greatest thoroughfares in New York, is a section of the town almost as unknown to the great body of New Yorkers as the shores of the Congo or Zanzibar. In five minutes after leaving the Bowery you feel that you have passed into another land and are among another people. Bearded, murderous looking bandits from Calabria and the Pyrenees, lazzaroni from Naples, wharf-rats from Genoa, niggers on from Venice, Pisa, Palermo and Rome crowd the rickety tumbledown tenements on either side. Every patina from Rome to Malta can be heard and bad types of every Romish province can be found. Low drinking shops abound, the streets are filled with bucketers' carts and are strewn with rotting and decayed vegetable. The rules that apply to the streets of New York are completely ignored here, for Paddy Dwyer or Faty Walsh, who divide the political honors of this half-rot, would have the policeman broke who attempted to enforce them. Children unkempt, ragged and dirty swarm in the streets like the locusts of Egypt; peace is unknown, violence is the rule, and little gamins and wild street Arabs of eight and ten carry their stilettoes always ready for use in case of a row. Here is work for Brother Gerry. Heather Jarker than Africa's night fallow ground for missions and the Christian plough. The Rev. M. Ryland, of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, whose character was assailed by one of the members of his congregation, and who was compelled to resign, has been fully vindicated. The conspiracy to ruin him was exposed and it has been reaped back with open arms by his congregation. Brooklyn is making great preparations for a public reception of Dr. Talmage on his return from his tour of the States. It will be a bumper, for the Rev. Doctor is a favorite in Brooklyn. The weather has been some days like summer and others like winter, but the grip still holds on. I am yours, truly, BROADBRIEN.

WHAT

SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES CONSUMPTION SCROFULA BRONCHITIS COUGHS COLDS Wasting Diseases Wonderful Flesh Producer. Many have gained one pound per day by its use.

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TUTT'S PILLS. Stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and is recommended as a household medicine. Price, 25cts.

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MANSON HOUSE. Opposite L. & S. Depot, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, C. H. HOM, PROPRIETOR.

T. J. BRETNEY. Respectfully announces to the Merchants of Lehigh and others that he is now prepared to sell all kinds of HAULING OF FREIGHT, EXPRESS MATTER AND BAGGAGE.

Administrator's Notice. Estate of WILLIAM F. BEEVER, Deceased. Letters of Administration on the estate of Wm. F. Beever, late of Franklin Township, Carbon County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to T. J. Bretney, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will make the same known without delay to T. J. BRETNEY, Administrator, Weisport, Pa., Dec. 25, 1899.

PACKERTON HOTEL. Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehigh, Z. H. C. HOM, Proprietor. PACKERTON, PENN. This well-known Hotel is admirably refitted, and is the best accommodation for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Statutes attached. 1899-1900.

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