

[COMMUNICATED.]

## THE CORRELATION OF IDEAS.

Turn whichever way one will, observation notes that ideas are consecutive, one being the corollary of its predecessors or growing out thereof as an inevitable consequence. Thought in grasping one thing implies many others; for no one idea can stand alone. If a primary fact or truth is grasped, few there are who can exhaust its possibilities.

Semi-tropical lands demand less forethought for their inhabitants, and as a consequence existence is more simple and primitive. No necessity for precaution and hardly for anticipation is required; there is less mental stimulus, less invention and less "variety" which a northern mind of course said, is the spice of life.

A thousand things of absolute necessity to a man of wealth in the temperate zone would be "an embarrassment of riches" in the tropics, and in the antipodes. In the latter a different class of necessities would be considered indispensable, and it is really wonderful how human nature adapts itself to its diversity of conditions, and how wants run in "series" under those very radical differences.

The great desideratum of the Indians is comparative solitude, the desirable thing to civilized man is land; and land implies cultivation; this presupposes an adaptation, then barter for desirable products where land, climate and nature or hereditary genius has also learned how to create a surplus and how to envy greater variety.

The relations of sex in civilization implies regulated marriage, the law compels responsibility and guarantees protection to "the weaker vessel;" the relation implies progeny, sacrifice, industry, a home; the latter claims appointments and appliances, food, clothing, books, education, protection; it means schools, trades, professions; it also means religion, churches, morality, spirituality; in these are included relationship to others, ideas of honor, justice, sympathy, association, the discipline of society and life.

In a broad sense this includes the needs and benefits of combination, of law and order, of courts and penalty, of all government and taxes for the general rule and maintenance of authority; there must be moral as well as legal force behind a decision; this compels submission and dignifies usages and institutions.

Idea follows idea, like "Banquo's line of Kings," and the living organism, whether it is man individually, or in the aspects of his thought, is essentially fecund and prolific. Society, government, education, science, invention, discovery, tread with great stride in this age at least, yet with a dignity and precision never so familiar as a whole in the history of the human race.

The arts of war outstrip the arts of peace, for the reason mainly that the sinews thereof are in the possession of governments, moved upon in part by professional specialists who fear that their education and calling would be less honorable if purely as an army (or navy) of peace; the latter is in the hands of civilians, trades and speculators who to secure the ducats for any enterprise, have to show at least some prospect of profitable success.

From the catapult to the Krupp gun marks many ages of invention; from the boomerang or bow and arrow to the latest "Browning" rifle tells of ages of advancement in sanguinary skill, and from ancient Chinese gunpowder to smokeless or dynamite, thousands of speculative and inventive minds have given such time and experiments, as no eye save one of omniscience can ever reveal as comprehended.

When a lad the making of the old brimstone match and the burning of a piece of linen rag for tinder in the old box not infrequently fell to our lot; now "all you have to do is touch the button and we do the rest;" when the first gas was lit in our great market town, it formed quite an event in local history, and the sick bed of the poor had then hardly a farthing rushlight for its illumination (?) It is surprising how one idea has succeeded another. Probably Utah even in its pioneer days, no more saw the flint, steel and tinder box than it apprehended in those days the electric light, or the hand cart companies anticipated the steam or electric cars.

Inquisitive man seems to have wrested from the Arcana of nature's secrets "things kept hid from the foundation of the world;" the world's interests are more colossal and more complex; reciprocity and trade are factors for peace; English investments belt the world, her capital can be found in every land, and that speaks for peace. Americans claim to be the pioneers of human liberty, and that "peace hath its victories as well as war;" Wall street, consols, and general national debts are not provocative of quarrels; this unique country is not seeking indemnity in extension of territory, and the main war spirits of the present grave crisis are those who never heard the firing of a gun, and a few professionals who want to glorify themselves, justify West Point and have a good show of a liberal pension for life.

All the paraphernalia of war presupposes action, offensive or defensive, as schools presuppose appropriations, school houses, teachers, books, printers, publishers and all auxiliaries; and the more society multiplies professionals in either direction, the more likely for occasion to utilize the element thus created; and the more the emoluments on either side are augmented, the greater the number of aspirants for position, until the supply exceeds the demand. When that is satiated as in all other directions, the reaction comes and the equilibrium returns per force.

Curious thoughts must arise as to the increasing difficulties in the way of war, the forces operating against this on any gigantic scale, yet all this creation of armament and material cannot be without a purpose, and while there is a time predicted when men shall "beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more," it is equally evident that great wars which shall discount those of all the past must occur in order to fulfil the many things which have been predicted in days gone by, whether old or new.

Philosophy, science, discovery, have done (of late particularly) their full share in the development of material things; triumph has succeeded triumph, as experiment has seconded experiment; in one direction only of human thought has there been a condition of statu quo, and that is the relation man occupies to his Creator. If there has been an advance, it has been like that of the crab—backwards; no new light, no new truth, no new definite revealing for "lo these many years;" in fact the ages have run to seed and less is really known of Deity than at any period of religious lore; man, religion, ministers, churches, have been living on a record, on a theory promulgated two thousand years ago, and have not been faithful even to that.

The philosophy of revealed religion, the consecutive character of its truth have been lost; the true chain of ideas, their order, necessity and eternal harmony and beauty, have become obsolete; to the professional religious mind,

true spirituality which is really "communion with the heavens," is ignored and denied, men "preach for hire and divine for money;" if there is a "Thus saith the Lord," it is a question and may be germane to our day and time, or may be not; the key may be lost; it may be one of the secrets of the Priesthood, one of the mysteries of the kingdom; this essential, infallible, consecutive unity of idea as enshrined in the Gospel, was intended as the subject of this article, but with this brief notice and pointer it will be deferred until another time, when it will be seen that unrecognized of the world there is as much order, vitality, system in religion now, within reach of every man, as decided as any of the deductions of science and as incontrovertible as is all eternal truth.

## OUR CUBAN LETTER.

Havana, Cuba, March 15.—Could you step into our new Orphanage this bright morning, you would see something to bring tears to your eyes. Forty little waifs, lately rescued from starvation and not yet out of danger of death from suffering undergone, are blissfully happy over a few toys—the first they ever owned in their lives. It came about in this way: By Dr. Lesser's order, each child who is able to sit up, is put out on the broad marble veranda which faces the whole eastern side of the house, for an hour's sunning, after its bath and breakfast. Being in charge a few hours the other morning, I was sitting out with the children—almost baked in the sunbath myself—while holding in my lap a small girl-skeleton whose protruding bones could hardly bear the wooden chair—when a stalwart young American sauntered up the path. He proved to be an angel in disguise. Said he: "I came up to say good-bye to Miss Barton, as I am leaving Habana this evening and finding her out of town, I thought I would come over and take a look at the new Orphanage." It happened that I was boiling over with indignation at the recent action of the Spanish government in refusing to pass through the custom house a box of children's toys, which some kind soul in the North had sent with the more substantial supplies from the United States; therefore when the young man expressed a desire to do something for the hospital, I told him the story and suggested that he make his donation in the form of playthings for the patient little children who had to sit or lie all day long on their beds. The idea pleased him and he rushed away in true American fashion saying that he would "hunt the town" and send up toys right away. Sure enough, that very afternoon a big box arrived, which contained more downright solid comfort for the small folk, in the form of dolls and tin carts ecetera, than was ever packed in equal space before. The name of the sender is Mr. Butler Duncan, of No. 1 Fifth Ave., N. Y., and I hope this paper may meet his eye, so that he may know how much good his generous gift has accomplished. It was a sight to see those wan faces when the toys were distributed—the look of incredulous wonder, gradually merging into one of delight, slowly followed by an expression of fathomless contentment when they realized that the precious articles were their very own! Even the tiny five-year-old boy with the big head and pipe-stem legs and face as laughed when a small woolly dog with black bead-eyes came into his possession. The little lad was found one morning in Los Fossos, lying on a dead woman's breast. Although I have watched him closely during the several days he has been in the asylum, I never before saw him smile or cry or exhibit