

# Science and Religion

An Eminent Frenchman on the Wonderful Development of the Age—Religion Can Do for Human Society What Science Has Failed to Do.

M. Brunetiere is an eminent man of letters, he is one of the Forty and he is the director of the first organ of literary opinion in Europe. In all these characters his judgment on the present aspect of the long controversy between religion and science is important and valuable, and he has lately given it in the shape of an article in the Revue des deux Mondes, which he calls "Après une Visite au Vatican." The title, indeed, furnishes no indication of the contents of the article. M. Brunetiere is not an interviewer, and he treats all the Pope said to him as meant only for his private ear. What he sets down is simply the reflections that occurred to him when the visit was over, and we think that these are too significant to be passed over without notice.

M. Brunetiere distinguishes three stages in the estimate formed of religion by scientific men. There was the temper of the eighteenth century, which simply despised religion; there was the temper of the central years of the nineteenth century, which respected religion as a phase in the history of humanity, but held that it had been superseded by science; there is the temper, destined, as M. Brunetiere hopes, to be the temper of the twentieth century, which holds that science has lost a part at least of its prestige, that religion has recovered a part, and that it is coming to be seen that the apparent antagonism between them is mainly due to the extravagant pretensions of the men of science. Has science fulfilled one of the promises with which it started? Has it, as Condorcet thought he had proved it would do, established a universal morality? Has it "organized humanity," as Renan expected it to do? Has it told man anything of his origin or his destiny? Has it even explained the origin of language, of society, of laws of conduct? The Hellenists, it is true, have discovered the scattered fragments of the Sermon on the Mount in the "Manual" of Epictetus or the "Thoughts" of Marcus Aurelius. But they have never explained why the Sermon on the Mount has conquered the world, while the "Manual" and the "Thoughts" have remained mere barren pieces of literature. After all has been said there remains something in Christianity which Hellenism cannot explain. The Hebraists have had no better fortune. They have reduced the Bible to the level of the Mahabharata or the Odyssey; they have explained half a dozen different dates for the Pentateuch, and as many authors for the fourth Gospel. But after all their labors, there remains something in the Bible which is found in no other book and in no other history—something which resists exegesis as it resisted philology. Have the historians been more fortunate? They can tell us little enough about their own proper subject; how can they explain a religion the interest of which transcends history, and is as living today as it was in the days of the shepherd kings? The moralists, when they have broken away from religion, are just as much at sea. Physiology cannot prove or disprove the freedom of the will, it cannot explain the sense of responsibility. If we ask rules of conduct from Darwinism, we get them, indeed, but only in such maxims as that the weakest must go to the wall. We are confronted all over Europe by a religious reaction. Science is not bankrupt, but she has undergone a series of partial failures. All these, however, are owing in a great degree to the mistakes which science has committed. It has made an enemy, instead of a friend, of religion; it has insisted on seeing an opposition where, in fact, none exists.

What, then, are we to do? We can neither sacrifice science nor accept it in the place of religion. We can only assign to each its own place and its proper work. Physics, exegesis, physiology, have each much to tell us in the way of reasoning and experience, but they are silent upon miracles and upon revelation. Are they equally silent upon morality? That depends upon the source and the sanction with which men will be content when the conduct of their lives is in question. If morality is an invention or a conquest of man's, it will change with his circumstances. If it is to be the expression of an imperative and immutable law, it needs the absolute, it finds its support only in God. If it is not religious, it is nothing. Every serious attempt that has been made to "laicize" morality, has been nothing but a travesty of some Christian idea. Moralists, such as Bayle or Taine, who have taken as the basis of their system the natural perversity of man and the consequent necessity of restraining the impulses of the animal instinct, have only borrowed the doctrine of original sin. The mystical systems, and those founded, as that of Kant, on the autonomy of the will, have reproduced, the one, the idea of grace; the other, that of justice. The positive morality has learnt the solidarity of human interests and the virtue of sacrifice from Catholicism. "So true is it that we

are all impregnated with Christianity. In it we live and move and have our being."

There are two or three points upon which Catholicism, or more generally religion, may be expected to give us the results which we have so long and so vainly expected from science. One is the radical difference between moral and natural science. A second is the natural perversity of man. A third is the social question. Where there is so much agreement between men of good will, whether inside or outside the church, it would be a crime to set them one against another, or to allow them to remain apart, because they are not quite agreed upon questions of exegesis or geology. M. Brunetiere admits that it may involve some sacrifice of vanity on the part of the men of science to admit that religion can do for human society what science has failed to do. But when social progress demands the sacrifice, there ought to be no hesitation about making it. When the house is on fire, the only question for those who live in it is how to extinguish the flames.

We have simply stated in the briefest possible form the main argument of M. Brunetiere's article. The first part of it is of equal interest for Englishmen and for Frenchmen—the latter part has a special significance for Frenchmen. But the whole is a remarkable tribute to the force of the reaction in favor of religion. As yet, no doubt, this reaction is only beginning. Like other similar changes, it shows itself among the leaders of thought, while the mass of thinking men and women are still where those leaders were twenty years ago. But it is an indication of the direction which thought is taking, and as such it will be interesting to any among our readers who have not happened to see the original paper.—[The London Spectator.

## Cold Waves.

There is nothing more thoroughly incomprehensible than American weather. It seems to have no reason for its existence, and half the time is quite contrary to what has been expected or predicted by those who claim to know about it. We hear a great deal of hot and cold waves. Whence do they come and whither do they go? In summer, if it blows continuously out of the west—at least upon the Atlantic seaboard this is true—the mercury mounts into the nineties, and we of a cool latitude are sweltering in the heat of the tropics. In winter, if the same wind blows, we have a cold wave, which, according to different seasons, may or may not bring us the temperature of the north pole. Prof. Hazen believes that the cold waves originate somewhere in the west—that the cold air comes down from upper layers of the atmosphere, where the temperature is always below zero, and that thence it sweeps across the continent, freezing things up as it goes. If you ascend into the upper air you will find an atmosphere at a temperature of 100 degrees below zero. This rushing of the upper air spreads after it reaches the earth, and is supposed to be kept freshened with new draughts of air of an equally cold degree of temperature, and to exhaust itself only after it has reached the ocean, where it vanishes. The lowest temperature ever recorded in this country—64 degrees below zero—was at Tobacco Garden, North Dakota. That whole region of the west is, however, the home of the lowest temperatures on this continent; and, if Prof. Hazen's theory is correct, it would seem as if Dakota or Montana were the spot whence our weather comes, with all its capricious variations. But if this is true, how can we account for the origin of the hot waves of the summer? They come with the self-same western wind, and they possess much the same atmospheric peculiarities. It is manifestly impossible for the hot wave to come from the rarified air above, and cannot, of course, come from any lower region than we know of. Yet under its influence the temperature rises slowly until it stands at a height reached only in the most torrid countries. The moment these western winds die away the temperature falls again. One peculiarity to be noted about these changes is that the cold waves seldom pass south of the Appalachian range of mountains. This winter, however, points as far south as New Orleans have felt the effects of severe frosts. The Florida orange groves have been blighted, and in the north the carnival of ice and snow has been continuous since Christmas-time.

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

## The Feverish Haste of Modern Life.

Our foreign critics tell us that we Americans are distinguished for restless activity, for hurry for preferring speed to all else. There is much truth in the allegation, but our failing in this respect seems not to be peculiar to us but to be shared by commercial nations throughout the world. Its prevalence in France is commented upon by Maurice Daucourt, in Le Charivari, Paris, in an amusing article entitled "Plus Vite!" (Quicker!) which we translate below:

"When any form of social progress shows itself in our new and hardy civilization, it is a pleasure to observe it and we bless the day that brings it. 'Nevertheless, should we rejoice very much at the recent revelations of the bulletins of hygiene and public health. 'It is very doubtful. 'Moral progress in this learned century is decidedly not up to material progress.

"For, though physical pleasure are more numerous, the joys of the mind are threatening to become fewer and fewer. 'Never were there a greater number of insane persons. We have been forced to double the capacity of the asylums where the weary spirits of our time go to seek shelter.

"There has been a veritable cry of distress, demanding from the State great subsidies for the enlargement of the hospitals adapted to the modern type of lunacy—for there is a type peculiarly modern. 'This form of madness is strikingly typical and fits in admirably with the social situation. 'Politics and sport furnish us with a contingent of patients unheard of in former times.

"The ambition to become quickly famous, the maddening race for office and honors of all kinds, have caused an enormous number of curious cases that have never been given to the public. 'There are now plenty of monomaniacs who are crazy on the subject of speed—their poor brains are sick with the rapid whirl of modern life. 'The last case, and not the least curious, was made known by the entry at Charenton of a Bordeaux professor of gymnastics.

"This learned and innocent university acrobat was probably dreaming of the re-establishment of the Olympian Games.

"But, while awaiting the realization of this dream, he was arrested the other day by a guardian of the peace whom he was passing for the tenth time while running a race around the Column of the Bastille. 'The policeman, who had no patience with fantasies, took him to a commissary of police, who sent him to the infirmary, where the doctors pronounced him a subject for a lunatic asylum.

"He was entered in the official documents as suffering from 'record-breaking delirium.' 'Alas! It was true! 'Record-breaking delirium constitutes one of the most acceptable—what do I say? one of the most logical—varieties in the modern classification of lunacy.

"Today the universal desire is to break a record. It is the aim in the school as upon Mount Blanc, on the race-course as one the tribune. We must have trains running 100 miles an hour and steam road-wagons. Ah! The hare of the fable has changed greatly since La Fontaine. His time has become valuable. Not only does he know how to start promptly, but he wishes to arrive on time also. He even wants to get to his destination before he sets out.

"The poetic ideal is the old motto, 'Excelsior'—'Higher! 'Today the new ideal hurls at us the more scientific cry—'Quicker! 'That is more reasonable, it appears.

"And the proof is that we have succeeded in gaining a good many more lunatics."

## An Ottawa Incident.

As Mr. War Correspondent Villiers concluded his lecture in Ottawa recently on the China-Japanese war, the Governor-General stepped upon the platform for the purpose of moving a vote of thanks to the intrepid man who has wandered, camera in hand, through such gruesome scenes that their representation by magic lantern and clear narrative had seemed to transport that comfortable audience back among the horrors of the dark ages. Taking position between the canvas screen and the footlights, the shadow of Lord Aberdeen was so multiplied upon the "field" as to assume the appearance of an army of men. Thus every gesture and movement was reproduced as by a company of thoroughly drilled soldiers, and the effect was beautiful indeed.

To those of us who realize the force of example, especially the example of those in high places, the incident was eloquent of meaning. To get as much as possible in touch with all classes, creeds and conditions of men, in order to help and benefit them all, has been the aim of Lord and Lady Aberdeen since their advent in our midst—Lady Aberdeen, in particular, has sought to "mother" us all. That they will leave Canada better than they found it is a foregone conclusion. But may we not hope that when their presence is no longer with us, inspired by their example, many who hitherto have spent

their time in empty frivolities will awake to the real meaning of life and join the faithful army of Christian and philanthropic workers who aim to leave the world better than they found it; they, too, seeking their highest glory in service, and thus following Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many.

## Floral Hints and Helps.

The Lily—Monarch of Summer—Flowering Bulbs—Varieties—Culture.

(Specially written for the CITIZEN and HOME GUARD.

The lily is said to be the largest species of flowering bulbs cultivated. There are hundreds of different kinds found in many parts of the world, but Japan and the United States furnish the bulk of the finest sorts. Some are hardy and robust, while others are very tender and delicate. The great need in lily culture is a thorough knowledge of their requirements. No plant does better under treatment and none worse when improperly treated. They need careful attention until they are well established, after which ordinary care will keep them in good condition. It cannot be too strongly impressed that the utmost care is needed in purchasing the bulbs to see that they are fresh, sound and in good condition; for this reason it is always safest to buy home-grown bulbs rather than imported ones, though if recently arrived and bought from a reliable house imported bulbs may be all right. Get a few good sound bulbs rather than a quantity of uncertain and unreliable ones.

## VARIETIES.

The following are among those most easily grown and likely to prove in every way satisfactory to the amateur. Auratum and all its varieties, Candidum, Croceum, Elegans and all its varieties, Longiflorum, Speciosum, Tenifolium, Tigrinum, Umbellatum, Wallacei.

## CULTURE.

The following points are generally important and are safe rules to go by. 1. As a rule bulbs should be planted five or six inches deep in rich, mellow, well-pulverized soil. 2. The soil should have good surface and bottom drainage; nothing is more injurious than water lying about the roots of lilies. 3. Keep the soil clear of weeds. 4. Do not transplant oftener than every fourth year. 5. Mulch the soil in very hot weather, and cut off all flowers as soon as faded. 6. Use nothing in the way of manure but that which is old and well rotted. 7. Cover the beds in winter with leaves or other litter.

They may be grown in the garden, in frames, or conservatories, and some kinds in pots. If grown in pots they should be planted in the fall and kept in a cellar until spring. While growing they should have plenty of sun and air, and be well watered. After blooming they should be repotted in fresh soil in the fall.

Some special kinds will need special care and extra attention, and if a large collection is made it would be advisable to study well the habits of the various kinds from any reliable work on lily culture.

## WHEN TO PLANT.

Bulbs should be planted at once, as soon as received, if not they will dry up and become useless. The best time to plant them is either March or April in the spring, or October or November in the fall. It is best to get them just at the time you want to plant them.

All our care and trouble will be repaid if we see a number of these stately queens of the garden in full bloom, each individual bloom a dream of loveliness and a wealth of fragrance. They lift up their beautiful heads far above most ordinary flowers, as if conscious of their surpassing grandeur. The emblem of purity, of all that is beautiful, they ought to have a place in everybody's garden. They increase so quickly that they are both a paying investment and a lasting pleasure.

## FLORAL DON'TS.

Don't get impatient. Don't give your flowers great attention for a few weeks and then neglect them. Don't neglect the weeds—declare a continual warfare on them. Don't forget to use the hoe round the plants, to keep the soil well stirred. Don't forget the old saying, "Keep the hoe going and you'll keep the crop growing." Don't neglect a plant that has insects on it; apply a remedy at once. Don't neglect to share some of your flowers with others; let them take brightness and cheer to some sick or sad one.

Diderot said that the world was for the strong—what a message for some of us. But the whole course of history and literature contradicts him. If there is a place for power there is also a place for weakness.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes "We have been using Parlee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Hair dye is considered so detrimental to long life that a Paris insurance company refuses to insure the lives of women who use it.

## A TALE TOLD THE EDITOR.

Mr. Thos. Strang Speaks that Sufferers May Read and Live.

Attacked With La Grippe, the After Effects Developing Heart Trouble—His Friends Thought Him Near Death's Door—After Many Failures He Has Once More Regained the Blessing of Perfect Health.

(From the Comber Herald.)

Strangfield is a postoffice corner about six miles from Comber. It was named after the highly-respected and well-known family of Strangs. The neighborhood is a quiet one, being inhabited by a church-going, sober, industrious people. Among the people of that neighborhood none is better or more favorably known than Mr. Thos. Strang. Mr. Strang is a man of middle age and a bachelor. A few days ago he related to the Herald the story of his recovery from an illness which he believes would have resulted fatally but for the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The origin of Mr. Strang's trouble was la grippe, which developed into heart disease. He laid for months with every nerve in his frail body unstrung. He tried many medicines, but none seemed to materially benefit him. He would rally at times and endeavor to walk, but his system being reduced and weakened he would frequently fall prostrate to the ground, and his friends had to carry him into the house. This terrible state of affairs lasted for months and all the while he was getting weaker and even the most hopeful of his friends feared the worst. Mr. Strang was strongly urged to try the world-renowned Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and consented to do so. A neighbor was dispatched to the Comber drug store for a supply. In a few days after beginning their use he began to improve. In a couple of weeks he was able to walk around, and today Mr. Strang is rejoicing and telling the same old story that hundreds of others are telling in this fair Dominion—the story of renewed strength through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Strang is now a sound man. Quite frequently he walks to Comber, a distance of six miles to attend church. He informed the Herald that he was only too glad to give his experience so that suffering humanity may also reap the benefit and thus be released from the thralldom of disease and pain. To his benefactors—for such they are—Mr. Strang feels that he owes a debt of gratitude. With him the days when beads of agony stood on his brow have passed away, and his body has been regenerated anew by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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Willie—Tommy Jones went and hit me an awful crack with an apple. Papa—On purpose? Willie—No, on the nose.

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