

The wisdom to the apple's fall,
Not to the birth-throes of a mighty truth
Which, for long ages in blank chaos dumb,
Yet yearned to be incarnate, and had
found

At last a spirit meet to be the womb,
From which it might be born to bless man-
kind.

He came back at me with remarks about robbing history of all its colour by such criticism and with random re-eriminations of Goths and Vandals.

"Rhyme it how you may," he proceeded, "it was the day that Newton saw the apple fall from the tree that the human race was given its war-ranty deed to the broad estates of modern science. An apple came down and the human mind went up. And how far shall it not go in its ascent, beyond moon and sun and the seven stars? Remember, oh scoffer, that it was the simple question which perplexed Newton for a moment, 'Why does the apple fall to the ground and not rise to the sky?' that, once answered, taught us that we and Saturn with its rings and Arcturus and the Milky Way are all of one family, subject to one law and 'one far off divine event towards which the whole creation moves.' So much because one day an apple came down."

Mine may be an irreligious nature, but I could not help wondering what sort of Principia Newton would have written had he lived in these days when apples are always going up. But my philosophic friend's remarks are worth more than my reflections.

"I consider the fact that man has risen above the earth through learning the reason why apples fall there-to is the main argument on behalf of Newton and on behalf of the apple. The Moon swings round the Earth and departs not from her course, and the Earth is bound by the law of the apple to the service of the Sun, and the Sun through millions of years completes her cycles under bondage to some unknown patriarch among the stars, and the puny body of man is carried, as a microbe in a river's stream, along with Earth and Sun and Star. But the mind of man is

not subject to the force that makes slaves of the Sun and great Orion."

We were a long way from apples I thought, so I asked the philosopher, by way of reminder, what he thought of apple pie.

"We have considered the apple so far," he said, "in its raw state, as given to us by Nature, and as such it is a boon which cannot be overvalued. As a delight to the palate alone its worth is above rubies. 'Comfort me with apples,' said Solomon, and often, after a day's work with files and figures, I have thought of that phrase as I set my teeth into a snappy Northern Spy. There is nothing like an apple for taking the taste of the day's work out of one's mouth.

"But I am no worshipper of Nature's works to the neglect of what man, and what woman, has done. God made the apple, but woman has made the apple-pie. I would give her the right to vote to-morrow, were the right mine to give, just because of what she has done in the way of apple pies, provided, however, that nothing in the act giving her the said rights should be construed to release her from the obligation to go on making the said pies.

"Woman brought about our fall—yes, she did,—through an uncooked apple. May she go on accomplishing our restoration to Eden through the medium of the apple as sliced and spiced and served with cream, and a chunk of cheese on the side if you please; may she lead us back to that ideal state of existence, the memory of which, and the hope of which is embalmed for us in the phrase 'apple-pie order.'"

"Do you not know," I asked, "that philologists are agreed that the phrase you have used is a corruption of *cap-a-pie* order?"

"Of all men," replied my friend, "who in the hands of the devil are labouring for the destruction of the ideals of mankind I would name first the philologist, the man who plucks the golden petals from language and