

the days when the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. Thus in control of imagination one can go, like Dante or Milton, through the fires of hell and come back without a hair of his head being singed or a smell of fire upon his clothes. But, when imagination is yoked to the chair, not of intellect, but of fear, the weak charioteer becoming powerless to control the steed, is carried into the land of horrors from which he comes back, if indeed he does come back, with his mind burnt to a cinder.

It is pleasant at times to surrender one's self to one's imagination, to dream of skies without clouds and of lands without thorns. It is pleasant but not wise perhaps, for the same imagination, once it has charge of its subject, may carry him to lands without flowers and under skies which are always gray. The genii, who come to delight us when we wave our right hand, may come to rend us when we wave our left hand. Still, while I would warn my boy against counting his chickens before they are hatched, I would warn him more earnestly against counting his vultures while they are in the shell. It may do no good to imagine that there are angels on the stairway, but it is at least as reasonable as to think that the old cow is there. Pegasus may prance about my bed and I will be all right in the morning. But have you seen me stumping along Bank street with a heavy look on my face? I have been up late waiting for a cow.

The mind glides readily from the state of fearful imaginings to the state of superstition, from believing that awful things are about to happen, to looking for evidences of these dreaded events in occurrences not logically related to them. This is what we called in our last talk the macrocosmic delusion. A friend who read the report of that talk, called my attention to Julius Caesar as Shakespeare has presented him to us. My friend thought that Caesar was a fine

example of the man who had no macrocosmic delusions. He says to his wife who brings him reports of "horrid sights seen by the watch," which portend some calamity:

"What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions

Are to the world in general as to Caesar."

In that remark lies the whole argument against the fear of the cow on the Stairway. Firstly, if predictions of evil are to be relied upon, what is the good of trying to stand from under? Secondly, if the Universal sends forth messages the Universal sends them to everyone and gives no precedence even to Caesar.

"Cowards die many times before their deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard
It seems to me most strange that men
should fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

One cannot hope to hold fast to fact and to dismiss chimeras with the sanity of a Caesar or a Shakespeare, but after reading how such men have met the reality of death as "a necessary end," one feels the blush of shame upon his cheeks for the fears he has had of the footfall of a phantom cow upon the stairs.

The Ottawa Association.

This association is continuing its progressive policy of holding meetings open to the whole service, and on Tuesday evening, 13th inst., the second meeting of the kind was held. It is impossible to insert an extended report of the meeting in the present issue, but this will appear in the next *Civilian*. The gratifying feature of the meeting was the appreciation meted out to the officers and executive by all present in respect of services rendered; some of those who had in the past criticized the executive courteously acknowledged that such criticism was unfair and undeserved, and the feeling was expressed that the executive, under difficult circumstances, is doing all possible for the general good. Salaries and co-operation were referred to as well as the report which brought forth the foregoing pleasing expressions, and a highly profitable evening was spent by all present.