

of delirium. Lavoisier perished in the Revolution, and the Archbishop of Paris was butchered at the altar by the Commune, yet France was not wrecked; and Russia may survive the starvation of such scholars as Danielevski and Smirnov, and the massacre of Botkin. To have intelligent freemen of the Greek type with a stake in the State (not mere chattels from whose daily life the shadow of the workhouse never lifts), to have the men and women who could love the light put in surroundings in which the light may reach them, to encourage in all a sense of brotherhood reaching the standard of the Good Samaritan—surely the realization in a democracy of such reasonable ambitions should be compatible with the control by science of the forces of nature for the common good, and a love of all that is best in religion, in art, and in literature.

Amid the smoke and squalor of a modern industrial city, after the bread-and-butter struggle of the day, "the Discobolus has no gospel." Our puritanized culture has been known to call the Antinous vulgar. Copies of these two statues, you may remember, Samuel Butler found stored away in the lumber-room of the Natural History Museum, Montreal, with skins, plants, snakes, and insects, and in their midst, stuffing an owl, sat "the brother-in-law of the haberdasher of Mr. Spurgeon." Against the old man who thus blasphemed beauty, Butler broke into those memorable verses with the refrain "O God! O Montreal!"

Let us not be discouraged. The direction of our vision is everything, and after weltering four years in chaos poor stricken humanity still nurses the unconquerable hope of an ideal state "whose citizens are happy . . . absolutely wise, all of them brave, just, and self-controlled . . . all at peace and unity and in the enjoyment of legality, equality, liberty, and all other good things." Lucian's winning picture of this "Uni-