

of their alleged opposition to sound morality." The priests of the Natural Religion were vested in sky-blue tunics, extending from the neck to the feet, and fastened at the waist by a red girdle, over which was a white robe open before. Such was the costume in which La Reveillere-Lépaux exhibited himself to his astonished countrymen, and having the misfortune to be—as we are told—"petit, bassu, et puant, the exhibition obtained no great success. It must be owned, however, that this Natural Church did its best to fill the void caused by the disappearance of the Christian religion. It even went so far as to provide substitutes for the sacraments of Catholicism. At the rite which took the place of baptism, the father himself officiated, and, in lieu of the questions prescribed in the Roman ritual, asked the godfather: "Do you promise before God and man to teach N. or M. from the dawn of his reason to adore God, to cherish (*cherir*) his fellows, and to make himself useful to his country?" And the godfather, holding the child toward heaven, replied, "I promise." Then followed the inevitable "discourse," and a hymn of which the concluding lines were:

Puisse un jour cet enfant honorer sa Patrie,
Et s'applaudir d'avoir recu'?

So much must suffice as to the Natural Church during the time that it existed among men as a fact, or, in the words of the author of "Ecce Homo," as "an attempt to treat the subject of religion in a practical manner." But, backed as it was by the influence of a despotic government, and *felix opportunitate* as it must be deemed to have been in the period of its establishment, very few were added to it. Whereupon, as the author of "Ecce Homo" relates, not without a touch of gentle irony, La Reveillere confided to Talleyrand his disappointment at his ill-success. "His propaganda made no way," he said. "What was he to do?" he asked. The ex-bishop politely consoled with him, feared indeed it was a difficult task to found a new religion, more difficult than could be imagined, so difficult that he hardly knew what to advise. Still, he went on, after a moment's reflection, "There is one plan which you might at least try. I should recommend you to be crucified, and to rise again the third day."

Is the author of "Ecce Homo" laughing in his sleeve at us? Surely his keen perception must have suggested to him as he wrote this passage, "*mutato nomine de me.*" It may be confidently predicted that, unless he is prepared to carry out Talleyrand's suggestion, the Natural Religion which he exhibits, "to meet the wants of a sceptical age," will prove even a more melancholy failure than it proved when originally introduced a century ago by La Reveillere-Lépaux.—"*Ancient Religion and Modern Thought,*" by William Samuel Lilly.

MENTAL EVOLUTION IN ANIMALS.

I POSSESS an English mastiff, by name Kepler, a son of the celebrated Turk out of Venus. I brought the dog, when six weeks old, from the stable in which he was born. The first time I took him out he started back in alarm at the first butcher's shop he had ever seen. I soon found he had a violent antipathy to butchers and butchers' shops. When six months old a servant took him with her on an errand. At a short distance before coming to the house she had to pass a butcher's shop; the dog threw himself down (being led with a string), neither coaxing nor threats would make him pass the shop. The dog was too heavy to be carried, and as a crowd collected, the servant had to return with the dog more than a mile, and then go without him. This occurred about two years ago. The antipathy still continues, but the dog will pass nearer to a shop than he formerly would. About two months ago, in a little book on dogs, published by Dean, I discovered that the same strange antipathy is shown by the father, Turk. I then wrote to Mr. Nicholls, the former owner of Turk, to ask him for any information he might have on the point. He replied, "I can say that the same antipathy exists in King, the sire of Turk, in Turk, in Punch (son of Turk out of Mag), and in Paris (son of Turk out of Juno). Paris has the greatest antipathy, as he would hardly go into a street where a butcher's shop is, and would run away after passing it. When a cart with a butcher's man came into the place where the dogs were kept, although they could not see him, they all were ready to break their chains. A master-butcher, dressed privately, called one evening on Paris's master to see the dog. He had hardly entered the house before the dog (though shut in) was so much excited that he had to be put into a shed, and the butcher was forced to leave without seeing the dog. The same dog at Hastings made a spring at a gentleman who came into the hotel. The owner caught the dog and apologized, and said he never knew him to do so before, except when a butcher came to his house. The gentleman at once said that was his business.

Some years ago, while living in Western Mysore, I occupied a house surrounded by several acres of fine pasture land. The superior grass in this preserve was a great temptation to the village cattle, and whenever the gates were open trespass was common. My servants did their best to drive off intruders, but one day they came to me rather troubled, stating that a Brahmin bull which they had beaten had fallen down dead. It may be remarked that those bulls are sacred and privileged animals, being allowed to roam at large and eat whatever they may fancy in the open shops of the bazaar-men. On hearing that the trespasser was dead, I immediately went to view the body, and there sure enough it was lying exactly as if life were extinct. Being rather vexed about the occurrence in case of getting into trouble with the natives, I did not stay to make any minute examination, but at once returned to the house with the view of reporting the affair to the district authorities. I had only just gone for a short time when a man, with joy in his face, came running to tell me that the bull was on his legs again and quietly grazing. Suffice it to say that the brute had acquired the trick of feigning death, which practically

rendered its expulsion impossible, when it found itself in a desirable situation which it did not wish to quit. The ruse was practised frequently with the object of enjoying my excellent grass, and although for a time amusing, it at length became troublesome, and resolving to get rid of it the sooner, I one day, when he had fallen down, sent to the kitchen for a supply of hot cinders, which we placed on his rump. At first he did not seem to mind this much, but as the application waxed hot, he gradually raised his head, took a steady look at the site of the cinders, and finally getting on his legs, went off at a racing pace and cleared the fence like a deer. This was the last occasion on which we were favoured with a visit from our friend.—*Romanes.*

TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

THE following letter has been addressed by Professor Goldwin Smith to the Toronto Temperance Union:

"The members of the Liberal Temperance Union, of which I am President, do not wish to let the coming session of Parliament pass without promoting temperance legislation on the principles of their Association. But they would do this at a great disadvantage if so important an event as the submission of the Scott Act to the citizens of Toronto were impending. The Scott Act petition has been sent round for signature, and the subject has been fully discussed. The question ought surely to be brought to an issue before the people without further delay. While the suspense continues, the value of large amounts of property in the city, as well as that of important securities in the hands of the banks, remains uncertain, and great numbers of our people are kept in doubt whether they are or are not to be deprived of their livelihood. To ruin a trade by suspense when the question of principle had not been decided against it would manifestly be an unrighteous policy, and one which could not be embraced by any one pretending to the name of a moral reformer. Prolonged agitation is in itself an evil to a community, and money is being expended on both sides which, now that the season of distress is approaching, would be better devoted to the relief of those in need. I think, therefore, that your Association may fairly be asked to make an official announcement as to its intentions with regard to the submission of the Act in Toronto."

LIFE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

LET us, then, try to realize for a moment what life in St. Petersburg is, not to the easy traveller, whose home is far away and who may leave Russia at any moment, but to the native resident, whose family ties and general interests—to say nothing of patriotism—bind him to the country even more firmly than he may chance to be attached to it by the arbitrariness of the police. The lodging-house, under circumstances like these, wears an aspect strikingly suggestive of the gaol. Exigencies of state turn the communal dwelling-place and its picturesque survivals into an aggregation of cells, watched over by a house-porter in the pay of the police. This functionary is a very Heimdal in sharpness of senses: he hears the faintest sounds, and sees without any light whatever; while his omniscience when not wanted is far more complete than any magic carpet of Arabian tale could make it. This personage it is who mounts guard at the *porte-cochère* to watch entries and exits; it is he who sees that all new lodgers are promptly numbered and pigeon-holed at police headquarters; he who keeps a record of the personal habits, companions, and resorts of every man, woman, and child under his charge; he, too, who reports regularly to the authorities any "suspicious circumstance" which may come under his notice. If a christening, a wedding, or a funeral is to bring together a few friends, it is the house-porter who facilitates the intrusion of police spies, ready to snatch at any scrap of colloquial "sedition" capable of conversion into roubles or advancement. If a student's "literary evening" or social gathering is to be swelled into an assembly of conspirators seeking to undermine the foundations of law and order, it is again the house-porter who, figuratively speaking, supplies the gendarmes with their magnifying glasses. And if some unfortunate youth is to pay the penalty of his liberalism by being dragged from his bed at midnight to the fortress of Peter and Paul, nobody is more eager to lead the way to the sleeping suspect than this treacherous janitor of many households, nightly consummating in the garb of the watch-dog his unholy compact with the wolves.

To go in constant fear of the paid denunciator; never to "talk politics" save with relatives, or intimates incapable of treachery; to have your local newspaper turned by the censor into a mere record of foreign events, and your foreign journal sub-edited for you by a policeman, who carefully clips from it or erases everything of "dangerous" tendency; not to know the moment when an enemy may thrust some seditious publication into your letter-box, and so time his disclosure to the police as to have you surprised with the forbidden matter in your possession; to be kept by a silenced press in a state of complete ignorance as to serious events occurring around you; and to feel in regard to your own personal safety, and that of your family and friends, an uncertainty truly Oriental—all this is no more than a mere suggestion of what life is, to thousands of persons born to Russian citizenship in St. Petersburg. And when to the elements of the general discontent, to the bitter emptiness of existence, to the longing for a life of nobler activities, you add the pangs of poverty and the sense of personal wrong, it cannot seem strange that in many of these lodging-houses sensitive humanity should find its last and only safeguard against voluntary extinction in the hopes, the idealism, and the self-sacrifice of a political religion.—*Edmund Noble, in December Atlantic.*