

taints, while the phases of the intoxication resulting from their use find their strict counterpart in the phases of insanity, as seen in any lunatic asylum. Indeed, so strong is this analogy that Dr. Richardson only wonders, not that forty per cent. of the insanity of the country should be directly or indirectly produced by one lethal agent alone, but that so low a figure should indicate all the truth."

His final conclusion, then, is that the craving for narcotics (including alcohol, tobacco, opium, chloral, haschish, absinthe and chloral hydrate) is *not* a natural but a morbid one—that no natural law impels man to the use of these "lethal agents," but that the taste for them, or for "lethal derangement," is instituted by his own action creating a new and morbid craving. To the theory already noticed—that if the supply of one of these agents be cut off, another will speedily be found to take its place—he replies that it is just those persons who from principle abstain from one kind of intoxicant who are least likely to be ensnared by others; while, conversely, those who indulge in one are more likely to betake themselves to others. Few total abstainers do or can use tobacco, the depression it creates almost absolutely demanding the counteractive stimulant of alcohol; and Dr. Richardson himself never met with a victim to opium or chloral hydrate who did not also indulge in wine or some other alcoholic beverage. He does not, by the way, include tea and coffee in his survey of narcotics, probably because the narcotic qualities are so comparatively mild, while their excessive use is comparatively rare. We can hardly class "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" with the "lethal agents" that *intoxicate*, carrying in the very word that most commonly expresses their action—traces of the *poisonous* influence which accompanies it.

The last argument for their use which Dr. Richardson discusses is what we may call the pathological one—that although not necessary in a healthful mode of life—the artificial and high pressure conditions of our complex modern life make them a necessary evil; in short, that "these remedies, at all risk of learning to crave for them, at all risk of falling a victim to toxico-mania, must be accepted, that the work of the world may go on at its usual pace." To this he opposes the query whether those who resort to such perilous aids are doing more work and better work than they who are content to do without. He asks, "Is the man who never touches a lethal weapon—alcohol, opium, tobacco, chloral, haschish, absinthe, or arsenic—a worse man, a weaker man, a less industrious man, a less to be trusted man, than he who indulges in those choice weapons ever so moderately or ever so freely?"

If Dr. Richardson's theory be true, and he argues with much force, it is clear that the total abstainer has much the best of it, both in preserving the healthful and normal condition of his physical economy, and also in refusing to create a craving which may soon make its mastery felt, and in whose ever-tightening embrace there is disease and death. And if he is right it also follows that a necessary step towards the healthful progress of the human race must be the disuse of such "lethal agents" and the elimination from the human system of the morbid craving which has been created by their use. *Fidelis.*

### "NO HUMBUG."

It is not too much to say that the above was a very sad announcement as the heading of a lacrosse match advertisement on Saturday last. Has it come to this, that with a desire to get a few more quarters for admission to the grounds a lacrosse club has to make such a humiliating announcement? To make it worth anything it must be evident on the face of it that some matches have taken place on previous occasions to which the term "humbug" may with truth be applied. Has our great "national game" sunk so low? We have it on record that we received the game in its simplicity from the red man. Lahontan, in his "Voyages," says, "All their games are for pleasure and feasts, for, it is necessary to say, *they hate money.*" Another authority, writing of the game as played by the Indians, tells us, "Any differences or quarrels over the game I cannot recall. . . I do not remember to have seen any rough treatment of each other or foul play at lacrosse among the children of the forest." Colonel Dyde, who played with the Ojibbeways sixty years since, says, "Their play was always conducted with the utmost fairness and impartiality."

Can it be that it has been left for the white man to render the game of lacrosse a thing of betting and "humbug"?

I really fear that the white man has much to answer for in his intercourse with the Indian. We invaded his "happy hunting-grounds," and debased him with the devilish stuff which for all time he has christened "fire-water." We are told in the record of the *Challenger's* voyages that ships take "trade-gear," i.e., soft iron hatchets and such worthless things, to barter with the savages. The natives of the Admiralty Islands soon learned the trick, and manufactured "trade-gear" on their side also—sham hatchets and models of canoes, to be used solely for exchange with the *Challenger* party. And as a crowning shame we have at length converted the red man's national game into a "humbug."

But it is not alone to the game of lacrosse that these words will apply. Have not all our sports become a matter for us to think seriously over? A rowing match seldom or never takes place but a pack of disappointed harpies yell "the race was sold!" and now we have the venerable Judge Marshall,

of Halifax, protesting against the attendant ill consequences of some horse-races announced to take place in that city. "Such races," he says, "as known to all, invariably produce gambling, cheating, lying, and various other crimes and immoralities, deeply injurious to society, especially to young persons," &c. &c.; and a correspondent to the *Halifax Chronicle*, over the significant *nom de plume*, "White Feather," undertakes to defend the modern "Isthmian games," finding a sanction for them in the Epistle to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receives the prize? So run that ye may obtain." No one is desirous of including all sports or national games in a sweeping clause of censure; what is condemned is the gambling and betting upon such events that at the present time invariably accompany them, and which render them a by-word and a reproach.

In the August number of the *Canadian Monthly*, Mr. Goldwin Smith has done a great service by calling attention to the great danger to our national character that this now universal mania for betting on "events" presents, and he points out how it hangs around almost all our sports. Mr. Smith says:—

"There seems to be considerable danger of our being invaded in force by another intruder resembling social rank only in its pedigree. For the vast and most pestilential system of gambling, misnamed 'sport,' which is the curse of England, and which the Second Empire characteristically laboured to introduce as an instrument of social corruption into France, has its origin mainly in the *ommi* of an idle aristocracy, while it is invested with a false dignity and its real character is masked to the eyes of the many by the halo of aristocratic association.

"It is very right to encourage bracing exercises and liberal amusements, not only for the pleasure they give, but because they are essential to the health of body and mind, schools in their way of a generous character, and, after duty and affection, the best antidotes to vice; and if, in practice, this truth has of late assumed a somewhat extravagant prominence, the excess is in some measure the Nemesis of past neglect. For the same reason it is desirable to discourage everything which tends to convert a manly exercise or a liberal amusement into a trade, or, what is still worse, into an excuse for gambling. In England, things have come to such a pass that before a great horse-race, boat-race, or running match, the country becomes a vast gambling hell. Betting places are opened, not only on the scene of the race but in every tavern through the country; the public journals are filled with 'sporting intelligence' penned in the lingo of the blacklegs, and with the predictions of a set of charlatans who make money by acting as the soothsayers of this excited and credulous world of vice."

And in Canada we have seen that the same element exists in our very midst. May we hope that it is not yet too late to raise a warning against what bids fair to become a pernicious nuisance. May we accept last Saturday's advertisement as a recantation of past errors, and a pledge that there shall be "no humbug" for the future attendant at least on lacrosse matches?

### THE CHILDREN IN THE MARKET PLACE.

A Sermon preached in Zion Church by Rev. Alfred J. Bray, Sept. 7th, 879.

ST. MATTHEW xi., 16-20.

Jesus Christ was the divine Critic of his age. He knew what was in man, and needed not that any should tell him. He grudged no praise when speaking of human goodness; He never failed to extol the excellent, and to bless the meek and the wise; He had an eye for every single point of beauty in any character; He understood John and Peter and Nathaniel, and loved them for the actual and for the possible in their nature; but what was not good; what was working against purity and nobility of character; whatever in man was uncertain and selfish, and merely basilar, He condemned without measuring His scorn, or the words by which He uttered it. He flattered none; He undervalued none; He was divinely just in criticism, and held the mirror up that men might see themselves in all their beauty or deformity. You remember how He spoke woes upon the formal Pharisees and letter-loving Scribes of His time; how He brought out one by one the several points of their hardness and ugliness. They are so plain that we could but despise the men though we had no sense of God and eternal righteousness. But for Christ we might have thought well of the Pharisees; their ecclesiastical beards; their ecclesiastical robes; their ecclesiastical strut in the streets; their long prayers and frequent loud charities were, at least, impressing and impressive, and but for the deep searching, heavenly critic who has told us of what the soul of them was builded, we should have numbered them among the saints of the dying Jewish Church. No one else dared call them by their true name; no prophet before Him, and not one of His disciples dared take that solemn looking piece of humanity called a Pharisee, and label it *hypocrite*. But the great Critic spoke out and called things and men by their right names.

"To what shall I liken this generation," asked Christ, and in answer to His own question said, "It is like unto children." Now this is somewhat startling, for under many circumstances He had recommended child-likeness as the very beau ideal of character. He blessed children, and said, "For of such is the Kingdom of God." When His disciples wrangled for places and names of honour, He set a child up in their midst and bade them copy the shrinking modesty. And it is patent that there is a kind of child-likeness which is very beautiful and admirable. It is an early development of spirit; the bloom of Paradise is upon it, which the world has not had time to rub off; it is the period when ambition and self-assertiveness are dormant. But the next stage, when they are big enough to take care of their own limbs, and play in the