

## ARTISAN ATHEISM IN ENGLAND.

A month or two ago, when drawing a comparison between the advantages of living in the Maritime Provinces and in the New England States, we noticed, among other points, which seemed to us to tell in favor of our own country, a steadiness and sobriety—we may safely say a superiority—of tone in morals and religion. Cultured Boston produces and sustains more than one infidel sheet, and the Eastern States are, throughout, more or less permeated by the influence of Free Thought publications issuing from New York, one of which, the *Truth Seeker*, had an enormous circulation a few years ago, and if it still exists, probably retains its popularity. But it is not only in comparison with our near neighbors that we have cause to congratulate ourselves on our comparative freedom from mischievous influences. We are, perhaps, on the whole, a not very deep reading or broadly informed community—possibly we owe to our backwardness in that respect some of our immunity from intellectual restlessness—we are not, therefore, very generally aware that our artisan classes stand in as enviable a position as regards adherence to religious belief towards their brethren of the old country, as they do towards their cousins of the United States. It is in fact known but to few in Canada generally, how deeply the class referred to in Great Britain is imbued with atheism and agnosticism.

An article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, under the heading of the first two words of our own caption, while painfully enlightening us, might almost excuse us, as a whole community, if we were to venture to think we are not quite as some others are.

Mr. Wm. Rossiter, the writer of the article in question, is a gentleman who has lectured much on scientific subjects to audiences of the working classes for many years. He deprecates their narrow knowledge of theology more than he does their crudeness in science, and has evidently labored to impart that sort of breadth which is calculated to diminish the purblind antipathy he finds they entertain towards "all professions, and especially all teachers of religion." This antipathy he characterizes as "very strong and very bitter," and says that "they look on theology as having the same value as astrology, and esteem the clergy as on about the level of fortune-tellers, as encouraging ignorance that they may live by teaching that which they know to be false."

It would be altogether beyond the limits of our space to recapitulate any of the numerous illustrations by which Mr. Rossiter makes it plain that the evil is both widespread and deep, and exposes its weakness, explains, or rather hints at, its strength, and to a certain extent lays bare its sources.

These, he considers to lie chiefly (besides one or two London newspapers which have long been noted for their atheistic tone,) in three periodicals which weekly advocate anti-Christianity. These are of differing degrees of crudeness, and of literary and critical ability. It is not our purpose to enter into any illustration of any of them, but their influence is enormous, and they constitute a propaganda against which the forces of the churches, as they are at present organized, are of little avail among classes easily swayed by the conceit of a little knowledge they fancy beyond the common. So powerful and so captivating is this glamor that it would not, perhaps, be too much to say that two thirds of the artisan-class of England lie under it. That we are, as a community, almost free from an element which, if not perturbing, can scarcely be other than malevolent, and an element which exists to a large extent in the neighboring so much belauded Republic, should surely be a strong argument with our well-disposed youth to stick to their own wholesome country.

## ENERGY AND PERSEVERANCE—THE BEST CAPITAL.

Although capital is undoubtedly needed to develop our great mineral resources, there is still no necessity to cease exertion on that account, as by energetic action and a small outlay, properties which are now lying idle may be placed in a condition to attract capitalists. The same rule applies to manufactures and other lines of business, in many of which there are profitable openings which are not utilized. The most successful manufactures are those that have sprung from very small beginnings, and where the only capital at the start was the brains, energy and perseverance of some one individual, who, by throwing his whole soul into the undertaking, has secured success. "Small beginnings often make very large endings," as is verified every day in the United States, where large fortunes are continually being made by the manufacture of comparatively insignificant articles. Take, for example, baby swings. They are cheap things to make, and yet we hear of a man who is making a fortune out of them. He started with a very simple outfit of tools, comprising two saws, two saw benches, a draw shave, two hand planes, a brace, some bits, and a rough work bench. He did not stand around with his hands in his pockets, waiting for some capitalist to give him a start. He thought those swings would sell, so he made one and peddled it round until he found a purchaser. Then he made another, and sold that, and thus he kept on, until finally people began to think his swings were a good thing to have in the family, and they began to enquire for them. He started eight years ago, and alone did all the work of making and selling them. Things with him are very different to-day. He has a shop two stories in height, and machinery for sawing, planing, boring, mortising, turning, and sandpapering the material entering into the construction of these swings. In that shop forty men find constant employment, and counting the wives and children of these workmen, there is a population of nearly or quite one hundred and fifty making a living out of one man's idea that a baby swing would sell.

A step-ladder is a handy thing to have around the house. A few years ago, three men, by the closest kind of scraping, twisting and borrowing, managed to get together five hundred dollars. They bought some lumber, rigged up a circular or buzz, rip saw, and started

in to make step-ladders. For two years it was a struggle of the hardest kind; sales had to be made by personal canvas prices obtained admitted no margin of profit, and the outlook was of such a discouraging nature that their friends and neighbors pitied them first, then prophesied dead failure, and finally laughed at their folly in sticking by a losing game. There came a change, however. A prominent house-furnishing goods firm, one day, wrote them for prices on five thousand ladders. The size of this possible order nearly took them off their feet. They had sense enough, however, to know that this big house would not give them the order unless prices were made away down, so they sat down and figured the thing over, and having decided that matter, awaited the result, which turned in their favor, and they got the order. Then they went to work: each one took his coat off and pitched in: they worked sixteen hours a day until that order was filled at time, and each ladder was honestly made. The only expense they realized was for lumber, screws, and paint. Within a month from the delivery of these five thousand ladders, they had contracted with the same house for a monthly supply of two thousand five hundred. They are turning to-day, with fifteen men, ten thousand step-ladders each month, and have been doing this for over a year.

About fifteen years ago, in one of the large planing mills in Chicago, a strip of board catching in some unaccountable manner on a buzz saw, was hurled with violence against the leg of one of the workmen, breaking it and badly mangling the flesh. The injury resulted in incapacitating the man for performing the labor required of him in the mill, and he was compelled to seek other means of livelihood. A man of fine mechanical attainments, his endeavors very naturally sought outlet in that direction, so he built, after his own ideas, a scroll or fret saw, foot power, and rigged up a seat on it, as he was unable to stand for any length of time, and began sawing out and putting together articles for household ornaments and utility. After a time, he added to his scroll saw a light boring attachment, and then a little turning lathe. Then he bought a cheap set of carver's tools. Time ran along, and almost before he knew it he was getting more orders than he could alone fill, so he hired a man to dress and prepare his materials, lay out the patterns, and put the articles together. Still his orders increased, and he hired another, and still another man. To-day, he has thirty men in his employ, and he does no physical labor himself. We draw these illustrations of what energy and perseverance can be made to do from United States sources, but we know of numerous instances of a similar kind that have occurred in this Province. They point to the fact that capital in large amounts is not necessary in the founding of industrial enterprises. A good deal of pluck and energy and unconquerable perseverance are better than money, because, having these, money becomes the result, not the means, of success. Perseverance and energy can make money, but money cannot make perseverance and energy. What we need in Nova Scotia are more small industrial establishments. We should not wait for large corporations with heavy capital, but start small enterprises in a modest way, which, if pushed with energy and perseverance will, in the majority of cases, make rapid progress.

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT—WHO SUFFER MOST?

In the September number of the *New Princeton Review*, the injustice of the present system of international pilfering is treated from the American standpoint. The hardships endured by writers whose works have been appropriated by English publishers, are carefully and vigorously set forth. Among other instances, the rather bitter experience of Mrs. Barrow, authoress of *Nightcap Stories*, is related. Calling on the English publishers of her books, she was received with great politeness, but, on requesting a set of her own works to take back to New York, she was calmly told by the publishers that they would be most happy to give her the volumes on receipt of price! Nor was Mrs. Barrow's the most trying experience. Several instances are given in which a book has been mutilated, and the author's reputation injured, in the publisher's wild haste to place the stolen goods in the market. Lew Wallace went into the establishment of Wm. A. Co. in London, and bought a copy of his own book, *Ben Hur*. "I see you have changed my title," said Wallace, "and you have written an entirely new preface, and signed my name to it. And have you taken any other liberties with my book?" Mr. Warne answered that the story of *Ben Hur* had been left out, and a few other unimportant changes made.

Anyone who can imagine how an author loves his offspring of his brain cannot fail to sympathize with those whose books have not only been stolen but mutilated. The injustice of this lack of protection for the products of the mind has been a fertile theme for the essayist. Everyone sees the justice of the demand for an international copyright law. But, alas for the writer of books! everyone is interested in turning a deaf ear to their cry. While authors are sighing and chafing over ill-paid toil, millions of readers in the two countries are thankfully buying cheap books. Until the majority of legislators are either authors or fair-minded men, and that day is distant, there will be no international copyright law.

But the complaint in the *New Princeton Review* comes from rather an unexpected quarter. We have been accustomed to regard Englishmen such as Ruskin and Tennyson, as the greatest sufferers, and the American public as the gainers. And we still think that the American publisher is an improvement on his English co-laborer in the cause of Mammon. There is this difference—he has better books to steal. And yet the hardships of the American author are almost enough to justify the bitterness of the article in the *Review*. The following may be pardoned.—"I believe this is a noted insularity not to be heard in our broader country." But this gratuitous sneer at British pronunciation and syntax is amusing.—"I believe also, that at least one of the editions was adapted to suit the English taste and the exigencies of that perversion of our common language which is now spoken in Great Britain and her colonial dependencies."