

CIVILIZATION.

THE man who said the other day that the only hope for civilization lay in a relapse to barbarism, did not intend his remarks to be taken literally, but as a parody, and indeed it is somehow redolent of the oscarwildernessness; yet, for all that, it does contain an element of truth. If we take the three M's—mind, money and muscle, as the three great objects of cultivation, it will be clear to any one that one of them must suffer from the concentration of the faculties to produce the others.

The savage cultivates muscle with a view to self-preservation in the struggle for existence, not without a side glance at money. His mind has to take a place of secondary importance. The professional athlete cultivates muscle with the direct object of making money, and with the same results. With an exclusive devotion either to money or mind, down goes muscle. Now, if the mental development of the human race is the true object of civilization, it would seem that physically speaking, barbarism has a decided advantage. The more highly developed the human animal is, the more keenly he feels pain, or the less able is he to endure it; a tiger will go on fighting with much more lead in him than a man of the same weight could conveniently hold under the same circumstances, and a Zulu will recover or thrive after a hole has been made in him which would let a European's life out at once; a mediæval fighting man would laugh at the things which put us *hors de combat*, and this tendency to feel pain more keenly seems to be increasing. On the other hand, in the midst of the ever growing conveniences with which mental progress embellishes and assists daily life, the said life becomes more and more mechanical, and less capable of giving pleasure by the simple process of existence; when anything goes wrong, in the digestion for instance, we notice it at once, but the correct working of the machine has ceased to be a source of pleasure. The more elaborate and artificial life is, the more will this be the case. In fact, the greater the luxuries by which we are habitually surrounded, the less power there is of enjoyment. Yet, in spite of this, the curious thing is that the people still persist in trying to obtain luxuries!

The remedy to this is barbarism, which fortunately survives to a considerable extent, especially in the young. All children are barbarians, (some have seen in the abnormal strength of the new born baby's hand, the survival of the grip required to ensure safety in the days when the hairy and tailed Darwinian mother sought it up a tree) most boys are, and many young men—that is of the English speaking races. They take delight in doing things which look disagreeable and are of no pecuniary advantage. They find a pleasure in hurting one another, and consequently do not mind being hurt, bless them! The temporary discomfort of this is Epicurean, for it gives a much keener appreciation of the simple pleasure of existence; at the same time it is not without its great and wholesome influence on the mind.

The perfection of civilization would no doubt be a state in which money was so longer a principal object of desire: in which there was leisure, therefore, to improve and raise the standard of the mind, and in which the softening effects of exclusively mental culture were counterbalanced by an equal devotion to athletic exercise for its own sake. This was the ideal of the Greeks, especially at Athens, where the population as a whole attained a level of education which has not been generally touched elsewhere. But there it was rendered possible by a system of slavery which will never occur again. Will the 20th or any subsequent century manage it without? At present our universities and schools come nearest to it; what wonder then that every one is sorry when the time comes to leave.

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Oh, this civilization of ours, how proud we are of it, like a child with new clothes! We think we have the finest that ever was, because it has run up so suddenly with its steam, its electricity, and its explosives. Yet they do not constitute it, and even in mechanical arts we seem in some ways far behind some earlier ages of the world whose monuments only have endured to taunt our conceit with their eternal grandeur.

Our ancestors strewed their floors with sand and rushes, and didn't mind dirt; we are beyond them there, we have carpets and polished floors, and on every spare wall and in every paper and magazine appears advertisements of rival soaps. The humblest can keep clean, even keep their floors clean; and so at the door of modern civilization stands the scraper! Humble emblem of that which is next to godliness!

There are no scrapers at the portals of Pompeii; there are no scrapers at the Zulu kraal, for the Zulu wears no boots; there are no scrapers at the Turkish house or Mosque, for the Turk takes his off; there are no scrapers at the Red Indian's wigwam, for he would not appreciate their use; there is no scraper at Trinity College front gate—oh, indeed! why not?

Is there no mud in Toronto? is there no balm in Gilead? is there no snow which sticks to the heel and makes an amateur and quite unexpected and wholly unnecessary slide in the front hall? Why not indeed!

LORD'S IN 1902.

"THE season's cricket at Lord's has produced some curious incidents, for which the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway must be held mainly responsible. We do not refer to the haze and smoke which has prevented half the matches being finished. That is now an accepted condition of the game. Nor does the loss of three of the ground-men by fatal accidents on the railway exceed the average mortality of recent years. It is well known that no insurance company will assure the life of any one playing at Lord's; but it is idle to expect that a fields-man, anxious to save runs and keen in his pursuit of the ball, to go round by the bridge instead of crossing the line. Fogs and fatalities, however, are matters of course; and since a well-known amateur was killed, while fielding at long-off, by a ginger-beer bottle thrown from the window of a passing train, experienced players always elect to field at the pavilion end. The committee, in view of the frequency of accidents, will, during the winter months, consider the advisability of treating the railway-line as a boundary, though the ground will in that case be so curtailed that a boundary hit will only count two runs. It is thought, however, that the row of memorial stones erected to the memory of players killed by various mishaps, will soon form a complete and efficient boundary. But we allude rather to the incidents affecting the games themselves. The feat of the veteran, J. T. Hearne, in taking all ten Surrey wickets for three runs, by bowling his fastest when trains were passing behind his arm, has been much discussed. Unfortunately he was committed for trial for assault, a ball bowled by him from the other end having passed the wicket-keeper and broken the window of a carriage and the head of a passenger inside. The magistrate, in sending Hearne for trial, remarked: that the prisoner might take bails, but he (his worship) could not. Hearne was eventually acquitted, but was thus prevented from playing in the second half of the season. It will be remembered, too, that the Yorkshire match against M.C.C. was delayed for a day, owing to the attempt of the Yorkshiremen, whose train was late, to save time by leaving it