

The Dominion Review.

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1896.

NO. 8.

CELSUS: THE FIRST PAGAN CRITIC OF CHRISTIANITY, AND HIS ANTICIPATION OF MODERN THOUGHT.

BY REV. SAMUEL J. BARROWS, D.D.

It is an interesting glimpse that we get through a historic vista of sixteen hundred and fifty years of the intellectual and literary activity of the church at Alexandria. Origen, that sweet-hearted, large-minded theologian and scholar, has made it the seat of his labors. Under the patronage of his generous friend Ambrosius, he is devoting himself with tremendous industry to the production of works which are to survive the rust and blight of sixteen centuries. This wealthy friend and patron has kindly provided him with seven shorthand writers, who relieve each other at stated times, and with an equal number of transcribers, together with young girls who act as copyists, and who prepare for publication the matter he has dictated. What literary opulence for a man who had been accustomed to live on four obols a day, and who had literally construed the command of Jesus not to possess two coats or to wear shoes! But Ambrose pays the bills.

Origen, having offended his ecclesiastical superiors at Alexandria, took himself to Caesarea, where he soon developed large influence. The friendship of Ambrose did not desert him; and one day Origen received from his benefactor a book which had excited great attention in the heathen world, written in Greek, bearing the title *Logos Aethes*, or "True Discourse." It was a powerful arraignment of the beliefs of the Christians. Still more, it was an earnest appeal to Christians to be reconciled to the existing order of things. It was written by a man of immense learning, who had ranged through the vast fields of Greek literature; who knew its poets and philosophers, its history and mythology; who quotes from Homer, Hesiod, Pindar, Heraclitus, Herodotus, Euripides and many others; who was deeply imbued with the philosophy of Plato, and had studied the religious systems of the Jews, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Indians; a man of wide travel, a student of art and science, a social economist, a patriot with a profound interest in the welfare of the State. And all this vast learning was gathered and wielded with immense force by a mind of philosophic grasp, breadth of sympathy, critical acumen, brilliant wit, and at times capable of glowing eloquence. This book was written by one Celsus. Who this Celsus was, Origen

did not know. The name was a common one. Keim has counted about twenty who bore it. When Origen received the book, he was nearly sixty years of age. It came into his hands, therefore, about the year 245. But this book had been in existence for many years. Origen, therefore, can only guess at the author. He presumes him to be an Epicurean who lived in the time of Hadrian. Origen's palpable error in calling the author of the "True Discourse" an Epicurean has been followed by many of the church historians; and even Froude, who had the material at hand for knowing better, repeats the erroneous assumption. This Celsus is not an Epicurean, but a decided Platonist. As he is the first heathen author who mentions the sacred books of the Christians, and as some of his references bear directly upon the authorship of the four Gospels, it is important for New Testament critics to fix his exact date; but for the more general purpose of this article, which is rather to exhibit the mind and method of Celsus, such precision is not necessary. The difference is a matter of forty years. Various German critics, taking Origen's guess that he lived under Hadrian, put him about 137. Keim and others, through various political indications in his works, place him during the reign of Marcus Aurelius. The indications favor the latest date, 178 A.D.

Here, then, we have a criticism of Christianity written by a cultured Greek mind in the third quarter of the second century. It fell into the hands of Origen about sixty-five years after it was written. Its author had passed away, but the work had not lost its vitality. Origen was disinclined to reply to it, falling back on the example of Jesus, who, when falsely accused, opened not his mouth. But the earnest request of Ambrose, with the intimation that some believers might have their faith shaken by its argument, induced him to undertake the task. We may be grateful to Ambrose for his request and grateful to Origen for acceding to it, since this work of Celsus is known to us only through the elaborate reply which Origen constructed to demolish it. The great service he has rendered to Christian literature lies, not in the fact that he destroyed the argument of Celsus, but in the fact that he has so well preserved it. Origen took up the work of Celsus piece by piece, paragraph by paragraph, and enveloped each extract in a tissue of refutation. Instead of having the full living, breathing argument of Celsus, or even the articulated skeleton, we must seek the disjointed bones in the eight books in which Origen sought to give them Christian burial. We undoubtedly owe it to the fact that the work of Celsus was so thoroughly incorporated in Origen's reply, that it has been preserved to us at all. If there had been any means of detaching it, it would probably have shared the cremation which overtook the works of Porphyry at a later date. Fortunately, it was not possible to burn Celsus without burning Origen with him.

Origen was a fair-minded and generous critic, who would not wilfully garble or pervert. He has not shunned to exhibit the argument of his opponent in all its force. He sometimes paraphrases, sometimes skips

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and condenses; but with all the gaps, broken links, and sundered joints, we feel, after we have gone through the pages of Origen, that we may practically and substantially reconstruct the work of Celsus. Its transcendent value for us is that, one hundred and forty years after the death of Jesus, it gives us the first picture of Christianity in relation to the thought and life of that age, drawn by a highly-cultured Greek, with a mind deeply saturated with the Platonic spirit, and standing as the conservator of existing institutions. And the interest is greatly increased from the fact that, in developing his argument, Celsus has surprisingly anticipated a vast deal of modern criticism and modern thought.

Within the last twenty-five years there has been a revival of interest in the study of Celsus, and in the works of Pelagand, Keim, and Baur he has for the first time had justice done to him. If we look at the conception of this heathen writer which prevails in most ecclesiastical authors, it is that of a flippant, sophistical, shallow Pagan who ventured to raise his voice against Christianity, and who was effectually silenced by the overmastering reply of Origen. It is to a totally different conception of him that we here invite attention. Perhaps nothing will do more to dispel the traditional view than by stepping into the background and letting Celsus come to the front. Only the reader must remember that this man stands, not on a Christian platform, but amid the grand temples of the Pagan world, looking down upon the snarl of Christian sects and seeing with alarm the spread of influences which threaten to undermine the ancient religion. To understand Celsus at all, we must put ourselves in his place. Reading to-day his sharp and acid criticism, his withering sarcasm directed against Christianity, it might seem as if this man were a bold and trenchant radical, striking at the root of all religion. Nothing could be more false. Celsus is not an iconoclast; he is a conservative. He is not an Epicurean, who has given up all belief in God and Providence; he is not like Lucian, a man of the world who could satirize the myths of Paganism, and thus place weapons in the hands of Christians against the Polytheists. To Celsus, it is the Christians who are the image-breakers; it is the Christians who are Atheists, refusing to worship longer in the temples; it is the Christians who are materialists, substituting for a pure spiritual conception of God the gross anthropomorphism of the Hebrews and deifying a human being; it is the Christians who are flooding the world with silly superstitions, and who by their secret societies, their exclusiveness, their refusal to take up arms in behalf of the emperor, are threatening the life of the State. There is something deeply interesting, and also deeply pathetic, in the picture of this cultivated Greek, who, like Theodore Parker, combines vast powers of sarcasm with the deepest reverence, taking up his pen to resist a new and powerful form of intellectual and political disorder, and making an affectionate appeal for the preservation of what he deemed the established order of the world.

The work of Celsus may be divided into four parts: 1. A brief intro-

duction. 2. A representation of a dialogue between a Jew and Jesus, which is followed by an address of the Jew to his countrymen. 3. A criticism of the doctrine of the Christians. 4. An attempt to reconcile Christianity with the religion of the emperor.

It is noticeable that many who have written upon Celsus overlook this last, but to us one of the most important divisions of the treatise. It constitutes the natural climax to the work.

Turning from the literary order to the philosophical method, we find that the author has chosen his central point of attack with great skill. He directs the whole force of his battery against the claim of Christianity to be a special divine revelation,—a religion essentially new and essentially superior. In exposing its pretensions to exclusive inspiration, he aims to exhibit the irrational character of its dogmas, its supposed miracles, its deification of Jesus, its claim to be the only means of salvation, its materialistic doctrine of the resurrection, and its unworthy views of God. And then, having shown that Christianity can rest simply where all other religions must rest—on the basis of universal religion,—he appeals in a reconciling tone to the Christians as citizens and patriots to support the emperor.

In the very introduction of the "True Discourse," the motive of the work comes out. Celsus accuses the Christians of forming secret societies in violation of law: their exclusiveness is political as well as religious. He then undertakes to knock away the props on which this exclusiveness is built. Christianity, he says, grew out of Judaism. It was of barbarian origin. The doctrines of Christianity have nothing new in them; they are common to the other philosophies. For instance, the argument of the Christians against the worship of idols is that they are the work of men, and an inferior cannot create a superior. Heraclitus, the philosopher reminds us, said practically the same thing before. The Persians had also rejected the worship of idols. Christianity, therefore, presents nothing new.

There is a passage in the introduction which we quote, because it shows the writer could not have been an Epicurean. In recognizing the heroisms of Christians who died for their belief, he says:

"I do not say that he who holds to a good doctrine ought to renounce it, either in reality or in appearance, for the sake of saving his life; but no man ought to accept a doctrine unless it is supported by reason. Some of the Christians are unwilling to give reason or to listen to reason concerning their belief, and make use of these expressions: Examine not, but believe; your faith will save you; wisdom is a bad thing; foolishness is a good thing."

He admits that there are wise and sound-minded Christians; but his general assertion is that Christianity is for ignorant men; that accounts for its rapid spread. There is an important historical fact implied here, namely, that when he wrote Christianity was making rapid headway and becoming a threatening annoyance. "The founder of the Christian sect,"

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he continues, "was living only a few years ago, and yet the Christians believe him to be the Son of God."

In a dramatic way Celsus then introduces an imaginary dialogue between Jesus and a Jew. The Jew accuses him of having derived his birth from a virgin, and upbraids him with being born in a certain Jewish village of a poor woman of the country, who gained her living by spinning, and who was turned out of doors by her husband, a carpenter by trade, because she was unfaithful. According to Celsus, the real father of Jesus was a soldier named Pantherus. When Jesus was a youth, he was compelled by poverty to go to Egypt and work there for many years. While in Egypt, he became acquainted with some of the occult sciences on which the Egyptians pride themselves. Afterwards he returned to his own country, and, being elated with the success of his magical performances, proclaimed himself a god. This story of Pantherus, Celsus undoubtedly derived from the Jews; for, as the Christians extolled the birth of Jesus, the Jews did what they could to degrade it. "You assert," continues the imaginary Jew, addressing Jesus, "that when you were baptized by John, the figure of a bird lighted upon you twice. What responsible witness was there for this appearance? Who heard the voice from heaven calling you the Son of God except yourself and a fellow criminal?" He discredits the story of the wise men, and does not believe that Herod conspired against the children, or slew all the infants that had been born about this time. The supposed Jew says:

"The prophecies upon which you base these claims apply to innumerable persons. On what ground do you refer them exclusively to yourself? You assert that you are the Son of God. Now, every man born under divine providence is a son of God; if so, in what can you differ from others? Why did you go to Egypt when you were an infant? Were you afraid of being slain? But it is not natural for God to fear death. An angel came from heaven and commanded you and your relatives to flee lest you should die. But could not the great God protect you where you were? He had already sent two angels in your behalf. But suppose we admit that the stories propagated by your followers are true, in what do your performances differ from the performances of other jugglers?"

And Celsus goes on to tell some of the wonderful feats performed by Egyptian jugglers for a few obols in the market-place. They will impart knowledge of their most venerated arts, will drive out demons from men, expel disease and invoke the souls of heroes, exhibit extensive banquets, tables, and dishes and dainties having no real existence; they will put in motion what are not really living animals, but which have only the appearance of life. And he asks, "Since, then, these persons can perform such feats, shall we of necessity conclude that they are sons of God, or must we admit that they are the proceedings of wicked men under the influence of evil spirits?" Celsus was evidently acquainted with the theosophy and spiritualism of his time.

The supposed Jew then makes an appeal to his countrymen:

"How could we believe him to be a divine being, who never confirmed his assertions by any great work; but, after we had pronounced judgment against him and proceeded to arrest him, he most ignominiously concealed himself and was betrayed by those whom he called his disciples? A God running away from his pursuers! A God betrayed by those who regarded him as the solemn messenger of the great God! Now, if a person plotted against informs the conspirators that he knows all about their plans, they desist from executing those plans; but the alleged predictions of Jesus have no effect upon his disciples; it shows that he never predicted anything."

The argument of Celsus was not, of course, directed against the human weakness of Jesus, but against the weakness of his supposed deity. It is sometimes assumed that the deification of Jesus was a later process; but this work, in which it furnishes a central point of attack, shows how early the process had begun and how it had gone on. We see also that even one hundred and forty years after the death of Jesus there was no living tradition in regard to him. Celsus says: "Some of the believers, like drunken men who lay violent hands on themselves, have altered the original form of the gospel in three ways, in four ways, in many ways. The prophecies which you have with reference to Jesus may apply with a greater degree of probability to ten thousand other men. The prophet announces a great potentate, a leader of nations and armies, not such a pestilent fellow. Such obscure sayings and misinterpretations do not prove the manifestation of God and the Son of God." When we compare the quotations in the New Testament with their original setting in the Old, as Prof. C. H. Toy has done in his excellent book on "The New Testament Quotations," we see how strained is the application of these prophecies to Jesus, and how acutely Celsus has anticipated some of the results of modern criticism.

Again, Celsus, wishing to identify the works of Jesus with similar works performed by magicians, exclaims:

"O light! O truth! He distinctly declares with his own voice, as yourselves have recorded, that others will come performing similar works by the power of one Satan. Jesus, then, does not deny that such works were done by wicked men and sorcerers. Is it not, then, ridiculous to conclude from the same works that the one is God and the other a sorcerer? You say you believe in him because he predicted his own resurrection; but others have predicted similar things for the purpose of deceiving stupid people. This was the case with Zamolxis in Scythia, the slave of Pythagoras, and with Pythagoras himself in Italy, and with Rhampsinitus in Egypt, and with Orpheus among the Odrysians, and Protesilaus in Thessaly, and Hercules and Theseus. But the real thing to be considered is, not what fables say, but whether a really dead man ever came to life again. Do you think that what you say of others is fiction, but that what you say of him is truth?"

Celsus points out here the vulnerable heel in all arguments which attempt to prove the divine origin of Christianity by appealing to its recorded miracles. What he asks is, that Christians shall show as much respect for the miraculous claims of other religions as for their own. The

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special argument for miraculous Christianity falls to pieces before this one challenge: "Do you think that what you say of others is fiction, but that what you say of him is truth?"

But he presses the Christians further when he asks them not to present myths and fables as if they were facts. We find in Celsus a marked anticipation of the science of comparative mythology, not of course in its details, but in its principles. He saw that by the rapid idealization of those times, in which the human mind embodied nature and humanity in poetic conceptions, the Christians and the Jews had a mythology as truly as the Greeks or the Egyptians. Taking it as mythology, Celsus had no fault to find. A myth to him presented no difficulty. He saw that myths bloom as freely from the human mind as blossoms on the trees, and that they grew in every variety of soil. If there were space, it would be interesting to show the ease with which he matches a myth of the Christians with a myth of some other religion. But, though he has no trouble with myths as such, he declines to accept them as historical facts. Whenever such a claim is made, then he subjects it to a most searching examination. With the humanity of Jesus he could have no quarrel, but with the deification of Jesus he could have no peace. And he discovers with great acuteness the seams where the proper humanity of Jesus is welded on to his improper deity: the inconsistency and contradiction of sometimes ascribing to him human functions and then ascribing to him those which are divine. Jesus, as Celsus saw him in Christian representations, was an unnatural being. He did not do what might have been expected of a god, and the whole drama of his life as represented in Christian mythology was a mixture of incongruous elements. Celsus says:

"According to you, he could not help himself when living, but after he had died [when the presumption is that he would be still more helpless] he raised himself from the dead and showed the prints of the nails. But who saw this? A distracted woman, or perhaps some of those engaged in the same system of delusion who had either dreamed so, owing to a peculiar state of the mind, or under the influence of a wandering imagination had formed an appearance according to their own wishes, which has been the case with numberless individuals."

We see in this paragraph how far Celsus anticipated the view of Renan and Strauss in regard to the resurrection, declaring that its truth rests upon the evidence of an hysterical woman, and that the phenomenon of these appearances must be studied by the laws of psychology. Celsus would have referred the matter to the Hellenic Society for Psychical Research. If the divinity of Jesus was to be tested in this way, he claims that Jesus ought to have shown himself after his resurrection to those who persecuted him, and in general to all men; or, to have manifested his divinity, he ought to have disappeared from the cross.

"Now, all these statements are taken from your own books: we need no further testimony; you fall upon your own swords."

In another place Celsus, referring to the resurrection of Jesus, says :

"There came an angel to the tomb of this said being (according to some, one ; according to others, two), who answered the women that he had risen. For the Son of God could not himself, as it seems, open the tomb, but needed another to roll away the stone."

Celsus had read Homer, and the Homeric heroes do not generally get the gods to do things for them which they can do for themselves.*

(To be continued.)

A DAY DREAM.

BY WM. M'DONNELL,

Author of the original poem, "*The Beautiful Snow*."

ONE day I slept, I cannot say how long.
 I woke ; I was awakened by a song.
 'Twas like the humming o'er a child asleep
 That some fond mother would in slumber keep :
 A song so soft and sweet that I could be
 Lulled by its soothing through eternity.
 I had a dream, and dreamt that I was dead,
 And that my spirit to some fair land fled.
 Where all seemed bliss, with beauteous scenes of peace,
 Where none from that bright world would seek release,
 And then there came a wish, an earnest prayer,
 That those I fondly loved were with me there.
 I looked ; though strangers kindly welcomed me,
 None of my heart's companions could I see ;
 For, oh ! the absence of those friends so dear
 To me would leave celestial regions drear.
 And then I sighed, and felt as if alone,
 And that pure happiness from me had flown.
 Then with sad feeling, which naught could divert,
 I longed to be with friends again on earth,
 Whose smiles would be like sunshine all around,
 Though bleak the land and sterile the rough ground ;
 Though in a desert, each would seem a flower,
 And the lone waste more like a pleasant bower.
 'Twas then I heard that song so low and sweet,
 And gladly woke, old friends again to greet.
 Nor would I leave them, though in heaven to be—
 'Twould not be heav'n if them I ne'er could see.
 What bliss, if some sweet strain, when this life's o'er,
 Could gently wake us on some happy shore,
 To meet with dear old friends and part no more.

Sturgeon Point, Aug. 19, 1896.

* Reprinted from THE ARENA, Boston.

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A PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY.

BY J. M. WHEELER.

Few places within such easy reach present a greater contrast than London and Canterbury, the one the real, the other the ecclesiastical metropolis of England. Setting out on a pilgrimage to the latter place, I left London-on-the-Sands with my friend Mr. Munns, of the Marine Drive Hotel, Margate, who had secured seats for four (ourselves and wives) on the four-horse break which passes his hotel daily in the season. The weather is glorious enough to have delighted old Dan Chaucer, and the pilgrims are as merry as ever were those in his famous "Canterbury Tales."

Our first stopping-place is at Birchington-on-Sea. The brake draws up at an inn opposite the parish church, and time is given to view the monument erected to the memory of the freethinking poet Rossetti, designed by his life-long friend, Ford Madox Brown. In accordance with his mother's wish, it is cruciform in character, representing a Celtic cross. The designs on the cross represent Lilith with the spreading branches of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, Dante and Beatrice with an angelic guide, and Fra Angelico painting on his knees with the brush falling from his dying hands. The Celtic scroll work runs into the monogram, "D. G. R.," and beneath are the words :

HERE SLEEPS

GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSETTI,

Honored under the Name of

DANTE GABRIEL ROSETTI

Among Painters as a Painter and among Poets as a Poet.

Born in London, of parentage mainly Italian, 12 May, 1828.

Died at Birchington, 9 April, 1882.

The poet's grave reminds us that we have left behind in Margate the last resting-place of Francis Adams, a poet not so gifted or refined as Rossetti, but whose "Songs of the Army of the Night" are nonetheless of sterling merit. No stone as yet marks the suicide's grave, but a fitting epitaph were his own lines :

Bury me with clenched hands,
And eyes opened wide ;
For in storm and struggle I lived,
And in struggle and storm I died.

On we go, past trees, corn, clover, and hedgerows covered with convolvulus, to the half-way house at Sarre, where we change horses and walk to the bridge, which, my guide, philosopher, and friend points out, divides the Isle of Thanet from the rest of the beautiful county of Kent. Thence onward through a delightful country to Canterbury, which, like

all the other monastic seats, reminds us how carefully the monks chose to dwell near the fat of the land, including well-stocked wood and water.

Canterbury, as becomes its position, has an air of great respectability. Its narrow, winding streets, with numerous antique buildings; its many towers and fragments of ancient wall and gate, give it an appearance of highly-honored age. Yet, as we afterwards learnt, it also, like the faith of which it was the centre, exhibits every sign of decay. Parsons abound, but, we were told, bring little money to the town, ordering their goods from the great London stores. The workers are extremely poor, and so many subsist on the old charitable foundations that they scarce dare call their souls their own. Poverty, prejudice, and hypocrisy hang round the cathedral precincts.

After refreshing the inner man, we make at once to the site of the old Butter-market, where the monument to the atheist poet, Marlowe, stands almost at the entrance to the Cathedral, reminding us of the monument of his great contemporary fellow-heretic, Giordano Bruno, at Rome. Marlowe, if no martyr, was an apostle of humanism, and it is likely would not have lost his life at the age of twenty-nine had he not been aware that his life was forfeited under the charge of blasphemy which hung over him, and to avoid a warrant for which he went to Deptford, where he was killed. The monument is a handsome structure, enclosed within rails. A bronze statue of the youthful genius of poetry, laurel-crowned and with lyre, gracefully surmounts the ornamental pedestal, which has four niches inscribed with the names of Marlowe's chief plays, "Tamburlaine," "The Jew of Malta," "Faustus," and "Edward II." Of these, only one is filled with a spirited statuette of the sanguinary yet heroic barbarian Tamburlaine. It is a fitting memorial of the morning star of the English drama, and we rejoice to see it almost under the very shadow of the cathedral.

Few spots could teach more impressively the lesson of evolution in human affairs, the incessant flow of the stream of time, and the inevitable decay and oblivion of the past, than the noble pile now before us. We are carried back at once to the ages of faith, when wealth and devotion were lavished on religion, and even kings humbled the majesty of State before the loftier pretensions of the Church. The whole cathedral was a shrine of the arrogant prelate, Thomas-a-Becket, and a monument of sacerdotal supremacy; and to this day they speak with horror of Oliver Cromwell having stabled his horses within the sacred precincts.

We are, of course, shown the spot where Becket was murdered, and my jocular friend gravely points out to the assembled crowd a vein of red between the stones, and innocently inquires if it be due to iron or to blood. We see, too, the place where Henry II. did penance, and the tombs of kings and prelates, now almost crumbling into dust like the dignitaries themselves. Here lie Cardinal Pole, Archbishop Morton, Meric Casaubon, and worthies of the church too numerous to mention.

Here, too, is the Warriors' Chapel, reminding us how easily the cross

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forms the handle of the sword; while the frayed and tattered remnants of military standards speak of long bravery of the battle and the breeze. The littleness of the great and the vanity of glory are borne forcibly upon us amid the evidences which show how the tide of time obliterates all the sand castles of human design.

The Cathedral guide, as Mr. Munas, my better guide, remarked, knew only his stereotyped "patter," though very observant that the cash was duly deposited in the appointed boxes. My friend pointed out to him that the title-page of the New Testament was "lost, stolen, or strayed" from the French Bible even in the sacred crypt, and I, noticing evidences of antiquity in the French texts on the walls, which are rapidly being renovated out of existence, asked whether they might not date before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), which, we are told, brought over the Huguenots, who were allowed the use of the crypt. The guide replied in the negative. But the fact that in the oldest portion of the Cathedral the services and inscriptions were in Old French still weighed on my mind, which was not entirely relieved by reading in "Goulden's Guide to Canterbury and the Cathedral" (p. 5), that "Queen Elizabeth in 1561 granted the Walloons the Undercroft of the Cathedral as a place of worship for themselves and their successors." For the guide-books, like the guides, only repeat the patter of those who came before them, and I suspect that a French service may have remained since the time of the Normans.

Service is now on in the handsome choir above, where the choristers are singing beautifully. We "assist," as the French say,—that is, we sit down and listen. An ancient, probably toothless, canon mumbles the first lesson; so that, though we could touch him with a walking-stick, it is difficult to say what he is muttering. The contrast of old and new is preserved even here, for the lesson from the New Testament is read by Dean Farrar with the clear intonation of the practical popular preacher. It is from Matthew 10, and the Dean shows his learning and his leanings by substituting the word *gehenna* for "hell" in verse 28. He reads without mincing the declaration: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." The freethinkers present wonder that so intelligent a man can preach such a gospel. But the reason is, perhaps, before us in this very building, for there is the beautifully-carved archbishop's throne, now well within reach of the Dean of Canterbury.

As we take a last look at the noble cathedral, we feel that it would be a mistake to judge its founders by the standards of the present. They were in earnest, and gave of their best to the service of God. In doing so they left a legacy of permanent beauty to human kind. We cannot share their faith, but we may share their devotion, and, like them, give of our best for the service of man.*

* Reprinted from London FREETHINKER.

THE CHURCH AS A FACTOR IN CIVILIZATION.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD, CHICAGO.

CHRISTIANITY, as an institution, has everywhere been modified by its environment; and, consequently, it exhibits to-day great diversity of form and character. "The Church" is a mosaic of different designs and colors. It includes numerous bodies of believers, with creeds as unlike and with quality of membership as different as those, for example, of the Abyssinian Church and those of the American Unitarian societies.

Under favorable conditions the poorest fruit improves. In a soil and climate not suited to its development the best deteriorates. So a religion among a people whose conceptions are superior to its teachings, loses its worst elements and receives valuable additions; while the highest religious system, introduced among barbarians, is soon changed by them in accommodation to their undeveloped condition.

Everywhere the Church has met with forces to which, in order to maintain its influence, and even its existence, it has had to adjust itself; and it has, in many cases, become so modified as to differ but little, except in name and a few dogmatic features, from what it is supposed to have supplanted. The Latin Church, though it has retained some of the early Christian belief, supplemented with dogmas of doubtful origin, took over from imperial Rome many of her pagan ideas and ritualistic observances. "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar," it is said. In like manner, if the Christian veneer which covers a people be removed, the natural characteristics of the people will be found to exist very near the surface. Not only a common human nature, but racial and sometimes even national characteristics are deeper than the impressions and traits produced by any *special* form of religion, though this, continued through centuries, may have a very strong modifying influence.

However much credit is given to the Church as a moral force in human history, we will all agree, of course, that it had nothing to do with those civilizations which preceded the rise of Christianity. To the Church mankind is in no way indebted for the impulse that was given to intellectual progress by ancient Greece,—"that inimitable Greece," as Renan says, "which existed but once for the simultaneous delight and despair of all who love the beautiful." The Christian Church did not help to produce the character of Timoleon, of Aristides, of Socrates. Independently of her influence came into existence the language and literature, the sculpture and art, the ideas of personal liberty, and all those inspirations and achievements of genius which contributed to make the Greeks the intellectual aristocracy of the human race, and their country, where "freedom rose like sunrise on the sea," the brightest spot on earth.

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The Church was not a factor in the civilization of Rome, nor in the more ancient Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, and Assyrian civilizations.

The Church had no part in producing the civilization which exists to-day outside the pale of its influence,—that of China, Japan, and other non-Christian nations, that will compare favorably, in morals as well as in intelligence, with some of those countries in which the authority and influence of the Church are least disputed and least counteracted by secular agencies and free-thought tendencies of the age.

Can the *superiority* of the highest civilization which exists to-day be justly ascribed to the influence of the Church, wholly or in a large degree? We must remember that the highest condition has been reached in the temperate zone, which is more favorable to high intellectual and moral development than any other region of the earth. Whatever religion prevailed, the people of the temperate zone generally, where there were not special counteracting causes, either in the character of the people or in local conditions, would probably represent the highest attainments of the race. To this fact, doubtless, may be attributed largely the high character of the civilization of Middle and Southern Europe and regions corresponding therewith on this continent; though we should bear in mind that the conditions of the tropics were necessary for the emergence of society from barbarism, which would have been impossible in the temperate zone.

Characteristics of race, due probably to the long-continued influence of climate and soil, among other conditions, count much in a nation's progress, and in the national and individual character of the adherents of all religious systems. When, to illustrate the difference between the influence of Romanism and Protestantism, some writers contrast the condition of the United States with that of Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, they fail to distinguish between the inborn characteristics of these peoples. Suppose the latter countries had accepted Protestantism, is it probable that they would have attained to a position equal to that of the North American republic? It is as unjust to ascribe the condition of the least advanced Roman Catholic nations to their religion as it would be to give credit to Romanism for the culture and progress of the French nation, whose leading minds have long since risen above the dogmatic teachings and conservative influence of that church.

Civilization, we should bear in mind, is a very complex product. Its factors are so numerous and so varied in character, and there are so many activities, some of them apparently antagonistic to progress, which force themselves upon our attention as—viewed in the light of history—necessary and helpful parts of the evolutionary process, that we are liable to be lost in the vast labyrinth of forces which are the co-operant agencies of advancing civilization.

It has been common for theologians to point to civilization as the result of

their religion, and to all the dark spots in the heathen world as the result of its religions ; but the careful and impartial thinker considers the influence of civilization upon religion, as well as the influence of religion upon civilization. He sees that there has been a multitude of forces in operation for centuries to produce present mental and moral conditions, and knows that it is impossible, by ideal separation of one strand from all the others which connect existing conditions with the past, to estimate to what extent the total result is due to that particular strand. The forces of civilization cannot be studied isolatedly ; for they exist only in co-operative activity, none acting detached from or existing independently of all others.

All institutions, doubtless, have come into existence in response to some demand of man's nature, and have been necessary to the attainment of present conditions. This is true even of slavery, which was never right, yet, when it became a substitute for the horrible massacre of prisoners taken in battle, was a sign of progress. As man was constituted, the present social state could not have been reached except through slavery; however revolting it is to contemplate from an enlightened and moral point of view.

In regard to the Church, we may say that its priesthoods, its creeds, its ecclesiasticisms, are products of religious and social life, not creations *de novo*. The Church is what it has been made,—first, by the elements derived from pre-existent conditions ; and, second, by all the environing influences operating upon it during its existence, modifying its character and determining its policy.

The Church is an outcome of the human mind and the human heart, which is true of all political and religious agencies and institutions and of all human activities and achievements which belong to the sequent order of man's historical development.

In the first two centuries the moral elevation of the Christian Church presented a strong contrast to the general social condition. In the third century there was a marked moral decadence, which continued through a long period of ecclesiastical despotism ; but, Christianity having been, in the beginning of the fourth century, proclaimed the established religion of the empire, by the beginning of the fifth the Church, to quote from Guizot, had "conquered the barbarian, and became the bond, the medium, and the principle of civilization between the Roman and the barbarian worlds." The imperialism of pagan Rome thus survived in the empire of the Church, which perpetuated the idea of unity, of a public national life, which the destruction of the empire tended to extinguish, and held together by its unifying power the social forces when society was threatened with dissolution. This was, beyond all question, a great service to the world.

But the moral and social conditions under ecclesiastical imperialism would seem to indicate that the Church during the Middle Ages had but little, if any,

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regenerating power. Of the Eastern Empire, under the Church, whose power was absolute, and which existed nearly eleven centuries un subdued by the barbarians, the historian (Lecky) says that "the universal verdict of history is that it constitutes, without a single exception, the most thoroughly base and despicable form that civilization has yet assumed"; that there "has been no other enduring civilization so absolutely destitute of all the forms and elements of greatness, and none to which the epithet 'mean' may be so emphatically applied."

In the Western Empire, where the Church exercised absolute control for seven centuries after the invasion of the barbarians, and where society was permeated by ecclesiastical influence, the same historian says that those centuries "should be placed in all intellectual virtues lower than any other period in the history of mankind."

Of course, the Church during those ages was affected by the conditions in the midst of which it grew to power and influence. We cannot hold the Church responsible for all those conditions which affected her, as well as society in general, so injuriously. The old Paganism had become too effete to have any influence over the moral life of the people in the great centres of population, and in its special form it was doomed to disappear. The rapid rise and increasing power of the new faith were an indication that the Roman world was preparing to pass through a profound moral crisis, which would be attended with a violent and wide-reaching change of the old order of things. If Roman society had been different, the Church would have been different.

As the Church cannot be justly credited with the moral and intellectual elevation which has marked the history of a people among whom the institution has existed, neither can it be justly held responsible or condemned for all the ignorance and moral debasement which have co-existed with it. At the same time, we can see that where the authority and conservatism of the Church, in times of turbulence, have been in opposition to mischievous innovations and in support of social order and personal morality, her influence has been a powerful aid to civilization. But, whatever contribution the Church has made to that degree of stability which has been necessary to progress, she has retarded progress by her influence against that mental flexibility and that modifiableness of conditions without which no advance is possible. The Church has been obstructive in making the thought, spirit and methods of an outgrown past, formulated in creeds, as finalities of thought, and organized in institutions, the authoritative standards of more advanced times.

During the Middle Ages the policy of the Church was well adapted to keep the people in ignorance. But I may mention a service to the cause of learning which she performed quite unintentionally. The monastic movement contributed to the decline of letters; but, fortunately, the Greek and Roman classics were

preserved, and the monasteries were the receptacles in which they were kept, and in many cases preserved from destruction. Protestant writers have condemned, as one of the great crimes of the Roman Catholic Church, her keeping the people in ignorance of the Bible. "Every rational principle of religion," says Hallam, "called for such a change [translation of the Bible and liturgy]; but it would have been made at the expense of posterity." Retained as the language of the Church, Latin was preserved in its purity; and the splendid works of pagan antiquity, on which the dust of centuries was allowed to collect, were preserved and transmitted to posterity. "There is no adequate cause"—to quote again from Hallam—"for keeping the people in ignorance, and the gross corruptions of the Middle Ages are in a great degree assignable to this policy. But learning and, consequently, religion derived from it the utmost advantage." The study of this literature I need not say was one of the most important factors in the awakening to intellectual life. "The revival," says Lecky, "which forms the starting-point of our modern civilization, was mainly due to the fact that two spheres of intellect remained uncontrolled by the sceptre of Catholicism. The pagan literature of antiquity and the Mohammedan schools of learning were the chief agencies in resuscitating the dormant energies of Europe."

The study of ancient literature and of Arabian science, which travelled into Europe through the channel of the Moors, while the influence of the Church was exerted in opposition to knowledge, was a part of that evolutionary process which led to freethinking habits, to numerous heretical divergences from the established faith, and finally to the Reformation.

The Roman Catholic Church has almost universally resisted innovations, including the most important movements of the centuries in which she has ruled the minds of men. Her attitude has been one of hostility to science and intellectual freedom. Macaulay goes so far as to say that "during the the last three centuries to stunt the human mind has been her chief object. Throughout Christendom, whatever advancement has been made in knowledge, in freedom, in wealth, and in the arts of life, has been made in spite of her, and has been in inverse proportion to her power. The loveliest and most fertile provinces of Europe have under her rule been sunk in poverty, in political servitude, and in intellectual torpor; while Protestant countries, once proverbial for sterility and barbarism, have been turned by skill and industry into gardens, and can boast a long list of heroes and statesmen, philosophers and poets."

This statement is perhaps not entirely judicial or quite just (by reason of what the historian omits to say); but it is true that the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, during the last few centuries at least, has been obstructive of progress.

The Greek Church, too, which in Russia is united with the state, and helps to keep up militarism and to subject the people to temporal and spiritual

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despotism, is against all innovating tendencies and in support of whatever is established, thereby counteracting, as far as possible, all progressive movements and humanitarian reforms among the people.

The Protestant churches, in addition to the good influence they have otherwise exerted, counteracted to some extent by their opposition also to science, reform, and freedom and independence of thought, have helped to release the mind from the thralldom of authority, and have unwittingly promoted that individualism and freedom of thought which are indispensable to political, social, and religious advancement. Not to Protestant creeds, but to the Protestant principles and to the Protestant *spirit* which developed in and outside of the Catholic Church, and found expression in active opposition to ecclesiastical authority by the voice and pen of Luther, is the world indebted for the grand impulse to progress known as the Reformation. Luther's brave protest involved the right of every mind, in the exercise of private judgment, to protest against whatever it conceived to be false and wrong; and it has led legitimately to freedom of thought, investigation, science and progress.

But every religious and social condition, like every stage of life, being the product of pre-existent conditions, any sudden transition in the character of a people, or in its habits of thinking, and in the attitude to newly announced truths or newly inaugurated reforms, was not possible. The Protestant churches followed the Mother Church in persecuting heretics, in opposing new discoveries, and in combating reform generally. For instance, the Anglican Church opposed through its representatives in the House of Lords Sir Samuel Romilly's bill for the abolition of the death penalty for shop-lifting to the value of five shillings. The bishops who supported the slave trade also warmly supported the oppression of the American colonies. Catholic emancipation, the extension of suffrage, the removal of disabilities from dissenters, the abolition of rotten boroughs, the disestablishment of the Irish Church,—all these reforms the Anglican Church did its best to defeat.

To-day it is pledged to sustain monarchical and aristocratic pretensions and traditions. Its clergy flatter those in power, and lecture the poor on the virtues of resignation and submission, producing, as an intelligent English writer (William Clarke) says, the dull, boorish existence of the English rural districts, from which the towns have been saved by the vitality of town life, the growth of dissent, and the development of modern industry. The clergy of the Anglican Church are for the most part electioneering agents for the Tory party, and the institution is anti-democratic and obstructive of political and social reform.

The Nonconformist churches and their representatives have a more progressive spirit, and their co-operation in many reforms has been in marked contrast to the influence of the Established Church of England and of other countries.

Where Protestantism has culminated in a large amount of Freethought, in as

well as outside the churches, leading to separation of Church and State, the churches have become identified with progressive movements; and, after they have acquired some degree of strength and popularity, these movements have often been championed by the churches. These churches, conserving what has been attained,—too often the bad as well as the good, I am compelled to say,—are in an attitude to receive, though slowly, the higher thought of the age, and to conform their teachings and methods to its demands.

The Church and Christianity have often, even by able writers, been given credit for the removal of many evils which were really perpetuated through their influence. Take slavery, for instance, which was condemned by the Essenes and by some pagan reformers as early as the fourth century before Christ. It continued to exist in Christian Rome eight hundred years; and the number of slaves, historians have stated, exceeded that in the pagan empire. "The first nation in Europe," says Higginson, "that abolished slavery in the colonies (France in 1793) did in the same session abolish Christianity; and, when Christianity was restored, slavery came back also." When France emancipated the blacks of San Domingo, the Christian House of Lords and the head of the Anglican Church opposed every proposition for abolition. In England missionary societies owned slaves, and owners of slaves were sent to Africa as missionaries. In this country, within the memory of men still living, scholars and representatives of the Protestant churches, like Moses Stewart of Andover Theological Seminary, President Fisk of Middletown Theological Seminary, Rev. Nehemiah Adams, and Alexander Campbell, defended slavery on Scriptural grounds. Rev. Albert Barnes declared that the strongest of all supports of slavery were the ecclesiastical bodies of the land. As Rev. Carlos Martyn, in his *Life of Phillips*, says, the churches generally, even from 1840 to 1850, were "apologists and often defenders of manstealing," and the clergy "branded the abolitionists as fanatics meddling with what did not concern them, and anathematized them as infidels assaulting the administration of Providence."

Says the historian Guizot: "Slavery existed a long time in the heart of Christian society without its being particularly astonished or irritated. A multitude of causes and a great development in other ideas and principles of civilization were necessary for the abolition of this iniquity."

If, when she has favored oppression, fomented religious wars, or incited to persecution, invoking the aid of the civil power to enforce her arrogant claims, the Church has been a hindrance and obstruction to progress, she has been, by reason of her numbers and power, when on the side of justice and light, a powerful aid to human advancement, an important "factor in civilization."

We speak of political and social institutions which man has produced as factors in civilization; but even man's discursive intelligence and purposive will, instead of being creative or ultimate causes, are only factors in mental and moral progress.

The unconscious life, that "dark continent within us" which carries on a multitude of operations independently of our conscious, voluntary effort,—for instance, building up the bodily structure and directing all the wonderful processes of assimilation and growth as with the skill of a master builder,—this unconscious life, more perhaps than the conscious, discursive intelligence, has moulded human character and shaped and directed human affairs. Man seems to be the sovereign and arbiter of his own destiny; but he is ever in the "trade winds," so to speak, of the Universal Power, and his volition and action only help to accomplish results which often he cannot foresee, and which are far beyond the capability of his voluntary powers to produce.

Thus, while we can see where the Church has been for or against this or that conception or movement, it is difficult, if not impossible, for a finite mind to balance the good and evil that have resulted from her influence, and to determine to what extent she has helped or hindered civilization. Had the Church come into existence by a miraculous creation, or had she descended from some other sphere, and had her influence been separate and distinct from that of all other agencies, we might perhaps approximately estimate the amount of good and of evil she has done, and have some data for judging as to the preponderance of one over the other. But of an institution which is a product of the human mind, and of all those forces which have been back of man and working through him; of an institution which has been formed amid and modified by human conditions, which has been but one of a myriad of human agencies, all in simultaneous operation,—of such an institution we can only say that its formation, growth, and influence have been a part of the evolutionary process which has resulted in present conditions, that in all its branches and various degrees of enlightenment it has been as necessary as have been the different stages of human progress. Without the Church the present civilization could not have been reached; but we may add, that our civilization is one upon which a more advanced age may look back with wonder that men professing to be rational could be proud of a system containing so much of the barbarism and savagery of the remote past.

What the state of the world would be if there had been no Christian Church, it is idle to ask; for the Church belongs to that natural order in which cause and effect are united, and, as the world and man are constituted, the absence of the Church from human history and from human affairs, past and present, would simply links dropped out of the chain of causation, antecedents without consequents, discontinuity in the mental, moral, and religious life of man, and impossible conditions which would be (if they could exist) fatal to all calculation and all reasoning in regard to man and the world.

The universe with its many apparent irregularities, is a cosmos in which all events are related in a common order; and the life of the human race, with all its diversities, inconsistencies, and apparent lawlessness, is a grand unity in which no individual and no thought or act of man is isolated from the common life out of which have grown all institutions and all moral and religious agencies that have appeared in the history of mankind.

HISTORY SEVEN THOUSAND YEARS B.C.

AMERICAN scientists exploring near the ruins of the ancient city of Babylon, in Assyria, have stumbled unexpectedly upon still another buried city nearly one hundred feet below the surface of the desert. Here, in the ruins of the ancient and hitherto unknown city of Nipur are the remains of a highly developed civilization, which date back to 7,000 years before the time of Christ. Thus, almost at the upturning of a spade, the record of human civilization is carried back 2,250 years—or further than we are to-day from the birth of Christ.

This totally unexpected revelation of a second hidden city underneath the buried ruins of one already known to archaeologists, confronts the students of the Bible with a puzzling problem. Scriptural experts and translators have all agreed that the date of the Creation was about 4,004 years before Christ. The first chapter of the book of Genesis, which narrates the creation of the earth and the birth of Adam and Eve, is generally accompanied in our bibles with the marginal note "4,004 B.C." But the discoveries now brought to light in ancient Assyria apparently upset the reckonings of the Biblical scholars. If civilization was highly advanced in the Euphrates Valley, the recognized cradle of the human race, at least 7,000 years before Christ, it is plain that the date 4,004 B.C. ascribed by translators of the Scripture as the beginning of all creation must be revised.

Professor S. A. Binion, the eminent archaeologist and Egyptologist, who is a member of the Deutsche Mergenlandische Gesellschaft of Germany, the Biblical-Archæological Society of London, the American Oriental Society, and other learned bodies, and who recently published "Ancient Egypt or Mizraim," has written the following account of the recent discoveries, showing their historical importance.*

BY PROFESSOR S. A. BINION.

Not since modern science began to dig and search among the ruins of the East, has a more surprising scriptural discovery been made than the recent finding of large numbers of stone tablets in prehistoric Nipur, the buried city of the Euphrates, whose existence under ancient Nipur was unsuspected. These tablets show that a high state of civilization existed 7,000 years before the birth of Christ, and 3,000 years before the creation of the world, as set down in the marginal chronology of the Bible.

These are the oldest writings ever found, and there is reason to believe that others now being deciphered are still older. No previous scientists who had searched the ruins of Chaldea discovered relics that discredited the marginal chronology, and it has remained for Professor

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Hilprecht and Haynes, of the University of Pennsylvania, to now bring to light the proof that civilization is far older than had been supposed, and that the Bible chronologists have been wrong in their figures.

The marginal Biblical chronology puts the creation of the world at 4,004 years before the birth of Christ. This has been computed by an ingenious method. Carefully adding up the ages of the immediate descendants of Adam, given in years in Genesis, the time of the deluge is reached. Then the descendants of Noah contribute their ages to the table down to the time of the entrance of the children of Israel into Egypt. From that time, the descendants of the twelve tribes, whose ages are stated in Exodus, bring the table down to the captivity of Babylon. Then the New Testament gives the generations of the rulers of Judea down to the birth of Christ. Thus the creation of the world has been set down at 4,004 years before the birth of Christ.

It has been claimed that the Pyramid of Sakarah, in the Necropolis of Memphis, in Egypt, was the oldest known structure of human creation, and there are evidences to show that it was erected about 4,000 years before the birth of Christ. But up to the present time there has been an absolute lack of positive proof of man having lived on this earth more than 4,004 years before the birth of Christ, the date which all Biblical students fix as that of the creation of the world.

Now, however, we have in the great mass of relics which American enterprise has excavated from the ruins of Nipur, in Mesopotamia, positive proof that a high state of civilization was in existence there 7,000 years before the time of Christ. Here, upon the very spot where the Garden of Eden is thought to have been situated, and a few miles from the Tower of Babel, where variety in language is believed to have had its origin, antiquarians have unearthed tablets which carry back written human history 2,250 years further than anything before known.

Many cuneiform records upon tablets of Babylonian history have been unearthed in an excellent state of preservation. Some of these are 9,000 years old, and are almost as clear to-day as when the writing was done. Not a doubt has been expressed as to the correctness of the dates of the tablets taken from prehistoric Nipur, and which have just been deciphered. Assyrian chronology up to the time of Sargon is not so much beset with obstacles as the Egyptian. Their scribes put down the dates, counting the years from the accession of the various rulers. The day of the month and the year are invariably given on these tablets, and as their months are lunar, bearing the same names and exactly corresponding to the present Jewish calendar months, it is within easy reach of the chronologist.

An extraordinary feature of the ruins from which these priceless records have been excavated is the fact that they were under more than thirty-six feet of earth, upon the top of which were ruins of the ancient city of Nipur, which archæologists had regarded as one of the oldest known. Both of these cities, one under the other, had the same name,

although they were separated by some 5,000 years of time. The existence of the prehistoric city of Nipur, whose relics are now throwing so surprising a light upon the history of civilized man, was not suspected up to three years ago. Assyriologists who had personally examined the ruins of the upper city never dreamed that beneath their feet were the streets and houses of a city 5,000 years older. It was supposed, when they reached the brick platform upon which the upper city stood, that they were standing on its foundation. In two or three places where this brick platform was dug through for a short distance, nothing but earth and sand underlay this upper city, and separated it from the lower city, because no such phenomena had ever previously been encountered in the progress of the excavations among the ruins of Chaldea or Egypt. Even at the present time, when we know that the ruins of the lower city are more extensive and far more surprising and interesting than those of the upper city, there is some mystery about their history. How did ancient Nipur sink into the plain? How did it come to receive a covering of earth? That it did sink a certain distance is evident from the fact that its streets are below the level of the plain. But how came it to be covered? The soil surrounding the ruins of the under city is clearly alluvial, although neither the Euphrates nor the Tigris, both of which are near by, has ever apparently overflowed this spot. This fact, in connection with the extreme antiquity of prehistoric Nipur, leads me to believe that the city was destroyed by the deluge. The stratification of the bed of the Euphrates shows the evidences of a deluge, but scientists and geologists assert it was only a partial deluge. Yet I am convinced that prehistoric Nipur, which has now been dug up, was wiped out by the deluge described in the Bible.

Even the upper city of Nipur had been thickly covered with earth and *debris* when the excavations there were begun. The ruins were under a mound, or "tell," which had been noticed by Layard, Rawlinson, Botta, and other archaeologists. The mound was, like the surrounding country, covered with a luxuriant vegetation of short grass and brilliant flowers, during certain months of the year, when it would relapse back into a desert waste with the approach of the dry season. Layard and Rawlinson did not attempt to dig the mound, but conducted excavations elsewhere in Mesopotamia. It was not until 1888 that the munificence of private citizens enabled the University of Pennsylvania to send an expedition to excavate Nipur, and the work was begun under Professor John Peters. He worked down to the floor or platform of the city, and this was taken by all of the members of the expedition to be the ground level of ancient Nipur. The excavating was then continued in a lateral direction, and nobody supposed until recently that there was anything underneath. Then it was suggested that they dig down until rock or virgin soil was struck. The excavations below the platform quickly began to reveal the most interesting relics. It was found that the ruins of the ancient

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Temple of Bel had been built directly above a far more ancient temple. For a distance of thirty feet the work progressed, and at almost every turn of the spade carvings, tablets, bricks, cylinders or utensils were unearthed. A hitherto unsuspected series of ruins was discovered. And as the work progressed the archaeologists on the spot were amazed to find that the lower city seemed to have enjoyed a higher form of civilization than the upper one, which appeared to have been built 5,000 years later.

The carvings were larger and richer, the architecture more elaborate, and the buildings greater in size and more gorgeously decorated. Professor J. H. Haynes, who had succeeded Dr. Peters, actively pushed the work, and an enormous mass of relics was taken out, to be boxed and sent to this country. A great number of fine photographs of walls and ruined temples has also arrived. In all, over 30,000 separate relics have been excavated from ancient Nipur and sent to the University of Pennsylvania. There all the work of deciphering the cuneiform tablets has been done by Professor Hilprecht, the noted Assyriologist. It is he who has discovered that these cuneiform tablets date back 9,000 years from the present time, and that they tell in detail the story of the rise and fall of dynasties whose existence was unknown to the modern world. Some of the records tell of commercial transactions, such as the purchase of a slave or the sale of a camel.

Others describe the intention of various rulers of the country to build new palaces. Still others proclaim, in accordance with the custom of ancient times, the virtues and conquests of various kings, or describe proclamations of laws or announcements of religious feasts. All these are dated with the day, month, and year.

One interesting discovery made by Prof. Haynes could not be sent to this country because of its size, but excellent photographs of it have reached Philadelphia. This was the most ancient keystone arch known to archaeologists. It was found twenty-three feet below the platform of the upper city, and Prof. Hilprecht is of opinion that it cannot be later than 5,000 B.C.

The wall of the lower city was an enormous and marvellous construction, seventeen feet in height and forty-five feet broad at the top. It was broad enough to make a promenade, and an army could have been gathered upon it. Prof. Haynes found that the foundations of this wall of Nipur were far below the level of the desert, and that it seems to stand upon still another wall of unknown height. Enormous bricks, about twenty-five inches long, probably the largest ever made, were used in the construction of these walls, and many of them have been sent to this country.

But the cuneiform tablets were the most valuable objects brought to the surface. Those that have been deciphered tell the number and names of the rulers of the country to 7,000 B.C. Sargon and his son, Naram Sin, who flourished about 3,800 B.C., were previously supposed to be the pioneers of Babylonian history; but these cuneiform inscriptions give

us the names of dynasties some thousands of years earlier, and the Academy now just says: "The 'gray dawn' of history is a phrase no longer applicable to the Babylonian conquerors of Syria and Northern Arabia."

The question may now be asked whether still older ruins cannot be discovered by further digging on this site. Prof. Haynes is now working among the ruins of Nipur, and has not yet reached bed rock or virgin soil. It has been suggested that a third series of ruins may be discovered, but this is only conjecture. At any rate, the scientific world will watch with eagerness the further work of Prof. Hilprecht in deciphering the cuneiform tablets he has now in hand. He intimates that some of them may be 1,000 years older than any he has yet translated, which would carry us back 10,000 years from the present day. So surprising have been the discoveries among the ruins of Nipur, that the attention of archaeologists in all nations has been drawn to the spot; and it is not improbable that further expeditions will be sent out to dig in the surrounding country.



ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE, LISTOWEL, ONT.

PLACIDLY mighty St. Lawrence
 Glides from the portal of even,
 Forth to the rolling Atlantic,
 Forth to the heart of the sea,
 Like to a soul never selfish,
 Buoyant and gentle, yet noble,
 Bearing the burdens of others,
 Strong in the strength of the free.

Tarries the sun for a moment,
 Neath curtains of purple and crimson,
 Just on the threshold of amber
 And gold of the gates of the West,
 Smiling a smile of approval,
 Then drops from his warm shining fingers
 Showers of rarest of rubies
 On to the calm river's breast.

Fair in the flush of that glory,
 Kissed by the lips of the river,
 Fanned by the breath of the east wind,
 Revels the Emerald Island.
 Forth from the stately cathedral,
 Beautiful poem in marble,
 Gently the hymn of the even
 Floats o'er valley and highland.

Softly the voice of the Sister,
 The laughter and glee of the children,
 Like prattle of streamlets in spring-time,
 Come to us sweet as we pass,
 Sweet as the call of the robin,
 Sweet as the song of the south wind,
 Sweet as the hymn of the harpers
 Over the billows of glass.

Forward we float with the river,
 Out of the vanishing glory,
 Into the shadows that gather,
 Till the sweet, gentle voice of the Sister,
 The laughter and glee of the children,
 Seem but a wail and a moan,
 And the beautiful temple of marble
 Only a dungeon of stone,
 Reared on the backs of the toilers,
 Crushing the hearts of the builders,
 Till hope from her temple had flown ;
 For up in the heart of the city
 They languish in numberless hovels,
 Where sunshine and joy are unknown.

Perishless Love, never changing,
 Come to the heart of our country,
 Breathe o'er each prairie and mountain,
 And banish the gloom of our heart ;
 Sweep by thy might from our cities
 Tenements shadowed by temples ;
 Be thou for hearth and for altar,
 And for the nation the light.



A FAMOUS GERMAN DRINKING SONG.

THE *Montreal Star*, in its "Notes and Queries" department, the other day gave some English versions of a well-known German ballad, "Out of the Tavern." The first is from a work, "Scottish Song; its Wealth, Wisdom, and Social Significance," published by the late John Stuart Blackie in 1889, in which he makes these remarks on "Drinking Songs and Convivial Songs:"

"One way in which a drinking song can be elevated into the region of classical poetry, as distinguished from the mere rhythmical expression of nervous exhilaration, is by looking on the humorous side, and amusing our fancy with an exhibition of frail humanity which, if seriously taken, would be purely painful. This humorous fashion of treating the drinker, who has lost the sober use of his senses in the titillation of his nerves, is admirably managed in the German song, 'Gerad aus dem Wirthshaus' The devotee of Bacchus, coming out of the atmosphere of the tavern, big with beer and dim with tobacco, not recognizing clearly his whereabouts or his whatabout, forthwith concludes that the external world and all its accompaniments are in a state of intoxication. The streets, he says, are inverted, the right hand having become the left, and the left the right; the moon is making faces, with one eye open and the other shut; and the street lamps - 'Du lieber Gott!' - are all shaking and tumbling about, unable to stand on their legs, unquestionably drunk. Everything, in fact, has become intoxicated, staggering and reeling into unreasonable chaos: a world in which no reasonable person can enjoy a tolerable existence; therefore he, the alone reasonable in a storm of unreason, as a wise man, will not venture further, but go back into the tavern."

This is Professor Blackie's version:

A BLESSED DELUSION.

OUT from the tavern. I come and stand here;
All things are looking so odd and so queer:
Right hand with left hand confounded, 'tis clear
The streets have been drinking too much of the beer.

And there's the moon, too, aloft in the sky,
Glinting and squinting, and shutting one eye;
Fie on you! fie on you! you old toper, 'tis clear,
Moon, you've been drinking too much of the beer.

And there's the lamps, too, all flickering queer,
Some very far away, some very near,
Reeling and wheeling, now here and now there:
Lamps, you are drunk! this plain truth I declare.

Round about, round about, great things and small,
One only sober—myself—of them all;
With such a rout I'll not venture my skin:
Wisdom commands to go back to the inn.

The editor does not consider Professor Blackie's effort a happy one, and we agree with him. How utterly artificial compared with such a

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song as "Willie brew'd a peck o' maat!" Then we have another, but much poorer version, "Trinker's Bedenken," from Dulcken's "Book of German Songs":

THE TOPEK'S DILEMMA.

JUST from the inn my departure I took:
Street, thou hast surely a marvellous look!
Right side and left side are both out of place;
Street, thou art tipsy! A very clear case.

Moon, what a comical face thou dost make,—
One of thine eyes asleep, t'other awake!
Thou, too, art tipsy, I plainly can see.
Shame, my old comrade, oh! shame upon thee!

Look at the lamp-posts, too, here is a sight!
Not one among them can now stand upright.
Flick'ring and flack'ring to right and to left,
Sure they all seem of their senses bereft.

All things about me are whirling about,
One sober man alone—dare I stay out?
That seems too venturesome—almost a sin;
Think I had better go back to the inn.

And then another, an anonymous one, about which we cannot follow the editor in his opinion that it is "slightly better":

OUT of the tavern I've just stepped to-night;
Street, you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place;
Street, you are drunk! 'tis a very clear case.

Moon! 'tis a very queer figure you cut;
One eye is staring, while t'other is shut;
Tipsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame;
Old as you are, 'tis a horrible shame!

Then the street lamps! what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering,—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion; now, isn't it odd,
I am the only thing sober abroad?
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain,—
I'd better go back to the tavern again.

By far the best rendering of the verses came from the late Robert Barnabas Brough, author of "Songs of the Governing Classes." It was published in the first volume of the *Train*, a monthly magazine started in January, 1853. Dr. Strauss (better known as "The Old Bohemian") translated the song into prose for the benefit of the *Train* band, and two of them, viz., Mr. Brough and Mr. Godfrey Wordsworth Turner, availed themselves of the favor. The late John Oxenford considered Brough's version fully equal to the original. Here it is:

OUT of the grog-shop I've stepped in the street.
 Road, what's the matter? you're loose on your feet;
 Staggering, swaggering, reeling about,
 Road, you're in liquor past question or doubt.
 Gas-lamps, be quiet—stand up, if you please.
 What the deuce ails you? you're weak in the knees;
 Some on your heads—in the gutter some sunk—
 Gas-lamps, I see it, you're all of you drunk!
 Angels and ministers! look at the moon—
 Shining up there like a paper balloon;
 Winking like mad at me. Moon, I'm afraid,—
 Now I'm convinced—Oh, you tipsy old jade!
 Here's a phenomenon! Look at the stars—
 Jupiter, Saturn, Ceres, and Mars,
 Dancing quadrilles: caper'd, shuff'd, and hopp'd;
 Heavenly bodies! this ought to be stopped.
 Down come the houses, each drunk as a king—
 Can't say I fancy much this sort of thing.
 Inside the bar it was safe, and all right,
 I shall go back there and stay for the night.

Subsequently, continues the *Star* editor, Godfrey Turner adopted the *motif* of the German song, and published in *Fun* (then edited by the younger Hood) his clever verses entitled "The Tight Boots":

THE TIGHT BOOTS.

My boots are tight; the hour is late;
 My faltering footsteps deviate;
 And through the stillness of the night
 A wail is heard—"My boots are tight!"

O weary hour! O wretched woe!
 It's only half-past three or so;
 We've not had much—I feel all right,
 Except my boots—they're very tight.

Old friend, I love you more and more,
 Though we have met but once before.
 Since then I've had a deal of sorrow;
 You'll come and dine with me to-morrow?

What's this? A tear? I do not think
 You gave us half enough to drink.
 The moon up there looks precious queer.
 She's winking! Ha! another tear.

I'm not a man who courts a row,
 But you insulted me just now.
 By Jove, my friend, for what you've said,
 I've half a mind to punch your head.

You won't forget to-morrow, eh?
 I'm sure to be at home all day.
 Policeman, have you got a light?
 Thanks. Yes, they are, as you say, tight.

The man I like's the sort of man
 A man can trust, you un'erstan'?
 I call that man a man, you know.
 He is a man. Precisely so.

If any man addresses me,
 No matter who that man may be;
 I always say, 'twixt man an' man,
 This man's a man—you un'erstan'.

The houses have a quivering look;
 That corner one distinctly shook;
 I've got another fellow's hat—
 Well, never mind; all's one for that.

The gas goes leaping up and down,
 We can't be right for Camden Town.
 This road went east the other day;
 I think south-west's a shorter way.

There used to be a place near here
 Where one could get a glass of beer.
 I wish we had some bottled Bass—
 What is the matter with the gas?

There's hardly wind enough to blow
 The reedy lamp-posts to and fro;
 And yet you see how each one leans—
 I wonder what the deuce it means?

My pipe's gone out; the air is chill;
 Is this Mile End or Maida Hill?
 Remember—six o'clock we dine;
 Bring several friends—say eight or nine.

The tavern bar was warm and bright,
 And cheerful with a ruddy light.
 Let's go back there and stop all night—
 I can't walk home: my boots are tight.

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A MUNICIPAL FAMILY HOME.

BY PROF. L. S. ROWE.

THE gradual extension of the sphere of municipal activity which has gone hand in hand with the growth of large cities is perhaps better illustrated in Glasgow than in any other of the greater centres of population. One of the objects which the municipality has kept steadily in view has been to provide comfortable quarters for that great mass of the poor who are dependent upon the lodging-houses for shelter. For a long time the impossibility of maintaining an adequate police supervision over the private lodging-houses had become apparent. Abuses of the worst description were continually being suppressed only to appear again after a short interval. It was this fact more than anything else that finally decided the authorities to adopt the plan of erecting a series of municipal lodging-houses which should combine comfort and cleanliness with cheapness. There was still one class unprovided for, viz., the widows and widowers with children, who are compelled to be absent from home during the day, and have no means of assuring themselves of the care of their children during this period. To supply this want the municipality has now erected a "Family Home," which both for arrangement and management stands alone in the history of modern municipal enterprise. The "home" is situated on a large plot of ground in the poorest section of the city, and thus most conveniently situated for the class it is intended to reach.

There are accommodations for about 165 small families. In addition to the ordinary bed- and living-rooms, there are reading, smoking, recreation, and a large dining-room. For the children a spacious nursery and roof-garden are provided. The nursery is in charge of a specially-trained nurse who has several others under her direction. Hot- and cold-water baths, and specially-constructed small kitchens for the preparation of infants' food, are distributed throughout the building. With all these comforts and conveniences, it has been the endeavor of the corporation to keep the cost to the lowest possible level. With this end in view, the scale of charges was announced as follows:

Rental :	For mother	62 cents,	with 1 child	16 cents—	\$0.78 per week.
"	"	62 "	" 2 children	32 "	— 0.94 " "
"	"	62 "	" 3 "	36 "	— 0.98 " "
For father	87 "	" 1 child	16 "	— 0.93 " "	
"	"	87 "	" 2 children	32 "	— 1.19 " "
"	"	87 "	" 3 "	39 "	— 1.23 " "

The charges for board are—

For adults, per day, breakfast,	5 cents ;	dinner,	8 cents ;	tea,	6 cents.
For children, per week,	45 cents for single child.				
"	"	"	39 "	each for two in family.	
"	"	"	33 "	" " three or more in family.	

Although the "home" has been open but a few months the difference in appearance between the children living there and those of the immediate neighborhood is already apparent. Another advantage which is not to be ignored is the fact that the low charges act as an incentive to father and mother to support the children and keep them with them rather than have them become a charge upon public or private charity. It seems more than likely that the principle of the "Family Home," once fully demonstrated, will come to have a permanent place in the institutions of the cities of Great Britain.*

THE WAGE EARNER'S INTEREST IN IMPROVED HOUSING.

ONE day a wandering cynic chanced to visit a humble tenement lodging, and found the bathtub full of coal. He did not stop to inquire what he himself would do if he lived in quarters so restricted that there was no other means of storage, but straightway formed the opinion that improving the homes of working people was a fruitless task because of their misuse of such improvements. Though the tale may represent reality in isolated instances, as a generalization it is absolutely untrue. Even the dullest and lowest intelligence will, in time, respond to an ameliorated environment. This is not a mere thesis. There is plenty of evidence to sustain it. Lord Shaftsbury, who practically interested himself for more than sixty years in improving the homes of the masses, said time and again that many of the people who were in a filthy and deplorable condition had been made so by their surroundings, and that where their homes had been improved, they had been rescued from such conditions. Human nature is imitative; good example is catching.

What are the wage-earner's special interests in improved housing? In the first place, this class is vitally interested in the conservation of health. Good health means earning power, and as all workingmen lead more or less of a hand-to-mouth existence, any loss of earning power is a serious matter. Sir James Paget, the distinguished English physician, estimates that the whole population of England between 15 and 65 years old works in each year 20,000,000 weeks less than they might if it were not for sickness. He puts down the loss inflicted on wage-earners at nearly \$15,000,000 annually. He refers simply to a purely preventable loss. Some years ago the London health authorities instituted inquiries in certain low neighborhoods to estimate the value of labor lost in a year, not by sickness, but from sheer exhaustion induced by unfavorable surroundings. It was found that upon the lowest average, every worker lost about 20 days in the year from this cause. Wage-earners are vitally interested in wise sanitary laws. Who, if not wage-earners, should wish to abolish rookeries where the death-rate equals 73 in 1,000? +

* Reprinted from PUBLIC OPINION, New York (condensed from City and State and Century).

THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

BY JEANNE E. SCHMAHL.

THE question of religious differences cannot be passed over when treating of the women's question in France, because of the stress laid upon it by the women themselves. Whatever may be the religious attitude of *political* France, the majority of Frenchwomen are Catholics; whereas up to January, 1893, the women's movement in Paris was ostensibly hostile to Catholicism, and the tenets of its leaders extreme Republicanism. Among the more thoughtful, it came to be pretty generally admitted that there was room for some association of no special political or religious tendency: simply groups of men and women united on one point, namely, the amendment of laws concerning women, with perhaps no other point of contact of opinion. A powerful association was gradually forming. Among its earliest members were the leading journalists of Paris, deputies and senators of every shade of opinion, celebrated scientists and jurists and a few of the best-known female authors, among whom was Mme. Adam, now for the first time taking part in the women's movement. Then, as if to give special significance to the new mode of action, a few women of the old French aristocracy, notably the Duchesse d'Uzès, joined the movement. With such a staff the actual work was comparatively easy, and I willingly consented to direct the young association; and we started "L'Avant-Courrière" on January 30, 1893.

Taking into consideration that the civil code is the one great obstacle to the emancipation of women in France, we decided to attack it. We were not long in coming to the conclusion that, financial freedom being the root of all liberty, we must first set to work to obtain for married women the right to their own earnings. We agreed that each member should be free to choose his or her mode of action, each one working as occasion and situation might permit for the furtherance of the cause in hand. But, as a natural consequence of this freedom of action, each member was to undertake the entire responsibility of his or her acts and pay the cost thereof. Thus free scope would be given for individual initiative; while the society of "L'Avant-Courrière" only took the responsibility of whatever was the common action of the entire association and accepted as such by me. Next, in consideration of the social odium thrown on the women's rights question, which threatened to deter a great many women from joining us, we stipulated that no name but mine should be published unless by permission. After nearly four years' existence we have every reason to congratulate ourselves on having made our rules so elastic. Each one of us has been able to do the work best adapted to her means and surroundings, and we have found help and encouragement on all sides. When we decided to placard all Paris and some of the provincial towns, our great, flaming posters cost us nothing but the stamp

duty. The artist, A. Lepère, designed our emblem, a dreary barren landscape with the rising sun just visible above the horizon,—woman's land, with the glimmer of hope in the distance,—and one of the best-known printers in Paris printed it for us on paper given by another friend. A gang of bill-posters worked all night, generously giving their help, and on the morning of January 18, 1894, the papers told the Parisians how the walls of their city were covered with an appeal in favor of women.

In March, M. Leopold Goirand, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, wrote me expressing sympathy and offering his aid. On July 7 he laid our Married Women's Earnings bill on the table of the Chamber. On February 27, 1896, the bill conferring upon married women the power of free disposition of their earnings passed the Chamber of Deputies without opposition—the first time in French history that a women's rights movement have received support from the government. It is difficult to predict what reception we shall get in the Senate, yet even there we have many friends and therefore had the right to be hopeful. This very important modification of the French marriage laws affects about 4,500,000 workwomen, not to speak of authors, musicians, painters, actresses, teachers, shop-assistants, and domestic servants—in all about 6,000,000 women workers who, if married, have, as the law now stands, no right to their own earnings, if that right has not been stipulated for by a legal agreement made at the time of their marriage.

As a rule Frenchwomen have a tendency to avail themselves of exceptional privileges separately and gradually accorded them rather than to combine and fight for the principle of a right. This characteristic, however, should by no means make us despair of the future of women in France. The emancipation of women will be the work of men, and that some of the finer minds in the University of France realize whither they are conducting the rising generation of women, was strikingly indicated the other day in a speech made by M. Arnaud at the Cahors college for girls. He said :

"The woman's question is not the least important part of the social question in France, and our legislators are beginning to realize that equality of education implies equality of rights for women. As her place in the household and in the family becomes more and more important, so, as a natural consequence of progress, must women's sphere outside the home circle be widened and elevated."

A point well worthy of "making a note on" in these days, when divorce laws are claiming the attention of reformers, is the record of Wyoming, which has had woman suffrage for twenty-five years. From 1870 to 1890, the rate of divorce in the United States at large increased about three times as fast as population. In the group of Western States, omitting Wyoming, it increased nearly four times as fast as population. In Wyoming it increased only about half as fast as the population.—*Union Signal*.

* Reprinted from PUBLIC OPINION, New York (condensed from Forum).

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THE STAGE AND ORCHESTRA.

OPENING OF THE TORONTO SEASON.

THE theatrical season in Toronto has opened, but nothing is yet stirring in the musical world. During the Exhibition period the theatres did a really good business; not at all an extraordinary business, but a business that is usually described in newspaper English by the statement that "the houses were crowded every night." It is true that they were well filled at the time referred to, but the fact that during the week following the close of the fair the Grand Opera House only gave three performances of "Thoroughbred," and the Princess closed (apparently for an indefinite time), points to what I have already presumed to indicate—a poor theatrical season for us here in Toronto.

"The Old Homestead," with which the Grand Opera House opened, is a piece so well known as to need no commendation. It was presented here with a good company, and—being well suited in all respects to a time when the city was largely filled with strangers and country folk—was received with an amount of popular appreciation which evidenced at once its dramatic worth and its unimpaired popularity. The piece following "The Old Homestead" came here with the reputation of a great London and New York success; it is a quiet English comedy called "Thoroughbred," and was clever and well played; but, whatever its merits (and they are considerable) it was not highly-flavored enough for Toronto, and, while probably it played on each occasion of its three performances to paying audiences, it certainly did nothing more. It was not appreciated here, and the major portion of the comments which reached my ears were condemnatory, while the best said about it from the more friendly persons among the audiences mostly merged into the faint praise which damns. Thomas Seabrook was of course clever, but George Grossmith's song, while humorous, was a distinct disappointment to those who heard it. The re-appearance of Lillian Russell was a notable theatrical event; the lady and her gold and silver bicycles are by this time a familiar figure on our streets, and the lady's name is "familiar in the mouths" of our gilded youths, and even in the mouths of some whom it would be ridiculous to dub youths in any sense.

Miss Russell played here to comparatively small houses, which I regretted to see, because, artistically as well as personally, the lady herself is well worth seeing and hearing. Miss Russell may not, perhaps, be able to still claim that she is "the queen of comic opera," though I am not acquainted with the name of any actress who can claim to have supplanted the fair *chanteuse* in the special line of work in which she has for so long reigned supreme. The comic opera in which she appeared here the other day is in a musical and literary sense a light and airy trifle, evidently constructed to place no unnecessary strain upon Miss Russell's vocal powers, which is quite excusable when we remember the number of years this clever artist has been a popular favorite. "An American Beauty" is, perhaps, a pretentious title, but Lillian Russell fills it to perfection, and of course her series of elaborate costumes aided her considerably in producing an admirable personal effect. Her principal song was, "Truly I love thee." That Miss Russell appeared more slim in figure than on the occasion of her last visit to this city may have been due to admirable costuming only, but anyhow the fact, or supposed fact, was generally commented on. The supporting company calls for no comment; it was good enough for the work it had to do, but it evidently

had not been assembled "utterly regardless of expense." Only three performances of "An American Beauty" were given here.

As personal and usually trivial gossip appears to be very much in favor just now, it may interest some people to hear that Lillian Russell pens her personal correspondence on square gray sheets of paper, having her monogram, surmounted by a coronet, stamped obliquely in the corner.

The production at the Toronto Opera House of "Oriental America" was a notable event at this theatre. The piece was really a comic opera performed by an entire colored troupe. It was cleverly done, some of the singing being of a high order of merit; and, as it was during the last week of the Exhibition, the house was well filled all the week; but the piece did not suit the audiences of this house, it was above their appreciation, and "Oriental America" was voted "slow" and "rotten." This is not by any means the first experience Manager Small has had of a discouraging kind when a really superior class of attraction has been put before the public at popular prices. The popular taste is for melodrama—very much melodrama: plenty of murder, of course, a little seduction or adultery, or a little of both, a house on fire, an explosion, a tank of real water, a live horse, a steam engine, and a very much baffled villain in the last (the fifth) act; this kind of thing, properly interlarded with some cellar-flap dancing and comic singing, takes with the crowd, and Mr. Small may as well leave off attempting to elevate the masses, but by giving them plenty of blood-and-thunder melodrama, crowd his house and fill his purse. One objection I overheard to "Oriental America" was that "It was all singing." The real objection was, of course, that the singing was too good, and not of the popular order. Mr. Small has, however, discovered his error, for he has gone back to melodrama very religiously, and as a result his house is doing well.

PROFESSIONAL NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Albert Chevalier is beloved of all the London gallery gods. In fact, it was one of them who originated the appellation of "Chivy," by which name his familiars call the famous coster interpreter. It happened one night while he was singing "My Old Dutch," when, during one of the pauses in that pathetic song, a voice was wafted from above, exclaiming: "God bless you, Chivy." The name has stuck to Chevalier ever since.

"Charlotte Corday" is to be the title of the new play in which Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Brown Potter will make their appearance in London. The piece is written, I believe, by the actor and actress, who have already performed in it in India and in the colonies. "Charlotte Corday" is founded on the tragedy of Ponsard, produced at the Théâtre Français in 1850 and revived at the Odéon in 1880.

Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, has written an opera libretto in French on a Turkish plot for M. Massenet. The queen is probably the only living author who has written verses in four languages, French, German, Swedish and Roumanian.

Hereafter any circus manager in Italy who does not carry out his advertised programme, or misleads the public by means of posters, will have to pay a fine of \$500.

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"Mary Pennington, Spinster" is to have its American production at Palmer's Theatre, on October 5th. It may be remembered that Mr. W. R. Walkes' play made its first appearance in London a short time ago, but did not meet with a very favorable reception.

Miss Lottie Collins has returned to the scene of her former triumphs, namely the Palace Theatre, London, and met with a gratifying reception. Her new songs are more remarkable for the charming manner in which they are sung than for any striking originality of verse or music. Nevertheless, they appeared to be to the taste of the audience, and, after all, that is the principal thing.

Two of the leading musical societies in Leeds, England, will co-operate during the coming season. There will be a jubilee performance of "Elijah" on October 14. The "Messiah" will be given on December 21, and a miscellaneous concert on March 10. There will also be three orchestral concerts, at the last one of which (on March 24) Herr Joachim will appear.

The critic of the Melbourne *Argus* remarks of Nat Goodwin's acting in "A Gilded Fool": "His acting was marked by singular originality and consistent humor. Rarely have we seen an actor who does so much upon the stage and seems to do so little. Here is a comedian in the best sense of the word, an actor of rare and expressive power, of great variety of mood, and one who is the master of methods not learned by rote in any technical school of stagecraft."

Operas by Berlioz are seldom heard on any stage, and although the Parisians are fond of calling Berlioz the French Wagner, they leave the performance of his operas in the hands of the Germans. Mottl, of Carlsruhe, is the principal champion of Berlioz; but next winter "Benvenuto Cellini" will be produced at Berlin. Another novelty underscored there is Max Schilling's "Ingwelde," about which a good deal of ink has already been spilled.

The newest thing in dime museum freaks is billed as "the man who can't stop talking." It is said he was formerly a pugilist.

The return of Minnie French to the stage in her old rôle of the Innocent Kid in "A Parlor Match" will be a welcome event. Miss French retired from the stage some years ago on account of poor health. She has entirely recovered, and was never stronger or more agile in her life.

Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" is one of the most pretentious farce comedy productions on the stage. It has a cast of fifty people and the staging of the piece is probably the most elaborate of any of the Hoyt productions. With one or two exceptions, the cast of the comedy this season includes all the old favorites in their original roles. The costumes and scenery are all new.

Bret Harte's new play, "Sue," will be presented for the first time at Hoyt's Theatre, on Tuesday night, November 15. As it is the distinguished novelist's first ambitious attempt at play writing, the occasion promises to be interesting as a distinctively literary as well as theatrical event. The production will be particularly interesting by reason of the appearance of Mrs. Annie Russell as Sue, and Joseph Haworth, who will play the part of her husband. Other well-known names in the cast are Horace Lewis, Louis Masson, Guy Standing, Theodore Roberts, Sam Reed.

FROM OUR OWN OBSERVATORY.

The Great Victorian Age and the Great Augustan Age.

NEARLY two millenniums have passed since what was in many respects the greatest empire the world has yet seen attained the height of its glory. Never, since then, has the mentality of man reached such a brilliant development; never, since then, have the rights of men and women as citizens been placed upon such broad and enduring principles; never, since then, have the fortunes of a great State seemed to be based on such solid and stable foundations. Yet have we seen such a marvellous condition of prosperity and progress wiped out by the incursions of barbarians, against whose successive onslaughts the efforts of civilized man seemed utterly futile. Can such a fate overtake the greatest of modern empires? It seems hardly possible; and yet there are considerations which might well make us hesitate as to our answer. Certainly, the world is, in a sense, much smaller than it was in the days of Cæsar; the factors are all, to a large extent, known. To-day, we can send a message round the world in less time than it took to cross the Tiber; and we can number our possible savage assailants as accurately as probably the inhabitants of a Roman province were ever numbered. But in many ways the conditions are very similar, even if they are not worse to-day than they were under the Imperial sway. Slavery was the lot of a large proportion of the Roman people; to-day, modern inventions and methods have reduced, not only the lowest orders, but the great bulk of the middle and upper classes, to a condition of practical slavery which only assumes a more irksome shape because it is nominally a condition of freedom. We see, too, enormous and overpowering properties accumulated, while the discontented classes seem able to do little but join in a chorus, demanding bread, while their strikers destroy the capital employed in producing it. And if we have no fear of the destruction of our civilization by the incursion of millions of Chinamen, let us not forget that the real enemy may come from within. With the trades unionists, democrats, and socialists organizing a "universal strike" of labor, to be consummated in the case of a general war, we may see where our real danger lies, and we may understand why an English statesman hesitates to plunge his country into a great war. And we should be led, also, to contemplate most seriously the methods we must adopt to prevent such a calamity. If we are to be saved from destructive racial and religious and class wars, every effort should be made to improve the mental condition of the masses, and thus facilitate their development into free and intelligent and unprejudiced citizens.

Attitude of the United States on the Armenian Troubles.

Some of our friends who are never weary of denouncing England—alternately as a truculent bully and as a cowardly trader—must feel some slight twinges of conscience when they see the quiet way in which the President disclaims any intention of interfering in European quarrels. Of course, it is not the business of the United States to protect the Armenians from their bloodthirsty oppressors, but if not, it is difficult to see why it should be the duty of England to step in, at the risk of producing far worse calamities. Certainly, if any nation owes it to humanity to strike a blow at the present time, that nation is the United States. Her missionaries have doubtless done more than anybody else to precipitate the crisis; yet probably all she will do, when the climax comes, will be to send a guardship, under cover of British guns, to bring away her ambassadors

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and a few refugees. The pretence that the American nations have no concern with European wars is the shallowest sort of hypocrisy, when we remember how ready some of our neighbors professed to be to go to war in a case in which they had no more real interest than they have with the moon. On other grounds, however, we conceive that the sober minds of the United States are justified in holding aloof from a quarrel the end of which no man can foresee. Just the same arguments will justify the English policy. Unless a sufficiently extensive European concert be organized with a fixed policy in regard to the final settlement, no single nation should be expected to shoulder the Armenians' burden. But if the United States wish to avoid all responsibility and fully justify their non-intervention, they should withdraw their missionaries.

Every Man expects England to do her duty.

The Toronto *Telegram* on Saturday, Sept. 26th, had the best cartoon we have seen on the subject of the Turkish atrocities. Weeping Armenia is appealing to Uncle Sam for aid. Uncle Sam is just hoisting the stars and stripes, and replies: "Help ye, Armenia? Can't ye see I'm histin' Old Glory, and them's the sentiments I'll stand by, though it costs me my life's blood!" The "sentiments" are inscribed on the flag—"Every Man expects ENGLAND to do Her Duty."

Britain's Work in Civilization.

It may not be out of place to recall a few of the words of Capt. A. S. Crow-ningshield, of the U.S. Navy, who, writing recently of the attacks made by some of the newspapers upon Britain, said: "I have visited many British colonies in various parts of the world, and I have had occasion to compare them with nearly Latin-American republics, the successors of 300 years of Spanish rule, and I can endorse all that Mr. Wells has to say. In 1892, while in command of the United States steamship *Kearsarge*, I ascended the identical river, the Orinoco, which Mr. Wells would see thrown open to navigation—going as far as Ciudad-Bolivar (formerly Angostura), 240 miles above its mouth—and I do not hesitate to state, that if that great waterway were situated in a British possession, its shores, instead of being, as they now are for the greater part of the way, a howling wilderness, would be lined with prosperous settlements. . . . Those great civilizers, trade and commerce and agriculture, backed by law and order, would bring about in the adjacent territory a state of affairs that has never yet entered the head of the average Latin-American politician. If England has grabbed territory, she has grabbed it to some purpose; and no people or race, be they savage or civilized, has come under her rule but has been raised in the social scale, benefited and made free, where formerly they were degraded, if not in an actual state of savagery or slavery. It is all very well to 'twist the lion's tail,' but truth is truth, and it is time the people of this country should, as regards England's rule and methods in her colonies and possessions, know a little more of it. . . . Though the British Government has the name of a monarchy, Americans should understand that it is to-day—and has been for the past sixty years—as much of a democracy as our own, and that it has done more to elevate and improve the condition of human beings in this benighted world than any other government on the face of the earth, or, I might say, than all others combined."

The Toronto Sunday Street Car Service.

The provisional agreement between the officials of the city of Toronto and

The Toronto Street Railway Company has been agreed upon, and all that now remains is to put the question to a vote of the citizens. The voters' lists are being prepared, and the whole matter should be decided before the end of October. What the decision may be no one, we think, can safely predict. The mass of the 15,000 who voted against the cars on the last occasion will doubtless again vote in the same way, and it is questionable whether there is such a strong feeling in favor of the cars as to carry the election; the parsons as a body are talking vigorously, using the same old arguments as to "Sabbath" and Lord's day observance, and the certainty of working-men being forced, as a result of Sunday cars being run, to work seven days for six days' pay, and so on, and, unfortunately, the masses don't seem to have sufficient sense or knowledge to discern the fallacies involved, or manly independence enough to strike a blow for freedom. We can only hope the vote will carry; for, the car service once established, its evident utility will be the best argument in its favor.

Convict Labor in the United States.

Carroll D. Wright, U.S. Commissioner of Labor, recently issued a bulletin regarding convict labor in the United States. His figures show:

	Total Pri-soners.	Females.	No. engaged in productive labor.	Per cent.	Engaged in prison duties.	Per cent.	Idle and sick.	Per cent.
1885	41,887	1,967	30,853	73.7	8,391	20.0	2,633	6.3
1895	54,244	1,688	38,415	70.8	8,804	16.2	7,025	13.0

In 1885, the contractors paid for convict labor \$3,512,970, which gave them a product valued at \$28,753,999, or \$8.19 for every dollar expended in wages. In 1895, the product was \$19,042,472, the wages paid probably under \$2,500,000.

The Canadian Pacific Railway.

The following statement of Canadian Pacific Railway receipts and expenses shows a steady progress in its financial position. It may be noted that the company resumed payment of interest on its ordinary stock with a dividend of 1½ per cent. for 1895:

Year.	Gross Earnings.	Expenses.	Net Earnings.
1887	\$11,606,412	\$ 8,102,294	\$3,504,118
1890	16,552,528	10,252,828	6,269,700
1894	18,752,167	12,328,858	6,423,309
1895	18,941,036	11,640,085	4,300,951

The company has an enormous monopoly, and, properly handled, should rapidly reach a substantial dividend-paying position. To do so, however, it must cease its practice of "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs," by starving out the farmers, on whom it ultimately depends, by excessively high freight rates.

Canadian Trade Returns for August.

The Ottawa *Gazette* shows the following figures for August, 1896, with the corresponding figures for the same month last year:

	Exports, Canadian Produce.	Total Exp.	Imports.	Duty.
August, 1895	\$11,779,326	\$12,448,823	\$11,028,065	\$1,799,483
August, 1896	11,130,013	13,173,562	11,082,875	1,813,789

Decr., 649,314 Incr., 724,739 Incr., 54,810 Incr., 14,306

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BOOK NOTICES.

THE ARENA FOR OCTOBER.

THIS is the last issue but one of the ARENA previous to the elections for President, and contains several important papers on the silver question. Senator Morgan has the opening paper on "Silver—A Money Metal," in which he maintains that "The question whether one coin or one description of money will retire another from circulation is purely a domestic question, and depends solely upon our own laws." Senator Morgan is not a demagogue to flatter the mob; his notion is that "men sometimes, if not always, are dishonest enough to transfer their worst property into the hands of others, even in payment of debts. This is all there is of the celebrated 'Gresham law,' about which so much has been said. Every sovereign government has found it necessary to counteract this tendency of the people to defraud each other, by statutes to regulate the coinage and value of money, and to compel them to accept and use such coined money at a fixed legal value in payment of debts. . . Not one authentic fact can be stated to show that in our whole history full legal-tender silver dollars have ever driven full legal-tender gold coins into retirement." There are articles on connected subjects by Senator J. P. Jones, "What the Remonetization of Silver would do for the Republic," and Prof. Frank Parsons, "Free Silver v. Free Gold." Among the interesting contents of this number are "The Religion of Jesus Christ in its Relation to Christianity and Reforms," by Rev. G. D. Coleman, and "Are our Christian Missionaries in India Frauds?" by Rev. J. R. Mueller. (Boston, 25c.; \$3.00 per ann.)

THE MONIST begins its seventh year with the October number, and in the space of time which has elapsed since its foundation it has succeeded in enlisting the collaboration of the most eminent thinkers and inquirers in the world. It is doubtful if any other philosophical periodical can show a list of contents covering an equal period of time that is comparable to it in originality and weight. The present number is in every respect the peer of its predecessors. The opening article is by Prof. C. Lloyd Morgan, the foremost comparative biologist of England, and discusses "Animal Automatism and Consciousness." Professor Morgan combats Huxley's theory that animals are pure automata, and seeks to reinstate the controlling function of consciousness. Mr. C. S. Pierce, a distinguished American thinker, and creator of several new methods of higher logic, discusses the great logical work of Professor Schroeder of Germany, as also the nature generally of this science. This article is extremely important. Mr. E. Douglas Fawcett depicts in brilliant and rapid strokes the history of philosophy "From Berkeley to Hegel," and attacks the position of the editor of *The Monist*, Dr. Carus, who answers in the following article, "Panlogism," showing the nature of soul, mind, immortality, and discussing the purpose of life. The final article, by Prof. G. Bruce Halsted, of the University of Texas, now delving in the libraries of Russia and Hungary, treats of the new geometry. Concluding the number are the usual letters from foreign countries, besides notes and reviews. (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. Single number, 50 cents. Yearly, \$2.00)

The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, have just issued in their Religion of Science Library a Cheap Edition of Professor Mach's "Popular Scientific Lectures," which were remarkably well received on their first appearance and pronounced to have "scarcely a rival in the whole realm of popular scientific writing." Professor Mach was formerly Professor of Physics in Prague, but has recently been called to a chair of philosophy in Vienna. The same Company also announce for early publication a novelette by Richard Wagner entitled "A Pilgrimage to Beethoven," a brochure by Count Tolstoi on "Christianity and Patriotism," a "History of English Secularism" by George Jacob Holyoake, "Ancient India: Its Language and Religion," by Prof. H. Oldenburg, and later, Gustav Freytag's "Luther," and a new translation with the original text of Lao-Tsze's "Tao-Teh-King."

GRAVE AND GAY.

MACHINE-MADE LITERATURE.

THEOLOGICAL SOUP-MAIGRE.—This is a dish which requires very careful cooking, for if underdone it is insipid, while overdone it is emetic. The most successful method is as follows : Take a young curate of studious propensities, who has read Rousseau, Tom Paine, and Shelley, without having the faintest idea of what these writers mean, and whose mind is a hopeless muddle of atheism, the rights of man, and free love. He must be placed in a position where he can air his ignorance without restraint—as a missionary in Central Africa, or as the curate-in-charge of an agricultural English parish, where neither savage nor clodhopper can reply to his sophisms. The skillful novelist has unlimited opportunities for “padding out” to three volumes by inserting long quotations from forgotten authors, whose theories have been exploded long ago. As this concoction appeals to a very limited circle, it is necessarily expensive, three volumes usually costing about a guinea and a half.

PIOUS PUDDING.—To one good young man with an interest in foreign missions add one religious young woman, teacher in a Sunday school, who devotes her life to the collection of subscriptions for the conversion of the Jews. The devout dialogues of these two characterless characters may be diluted with an unlimited admixture of quotations from tracts of a perfectly harmless kind. This pudding may be recommended as non-intoxicating and a very mild stimulant. It is quite within the range of moderate incomes, and rarely exceeds, crown octavo, three-and-six.

TO MANUFACTURE MODERN MACHINE-MADE POETRY.—Nothing more is necessary than the knowledge of how to turn a crank without jerking. The method is simplicity itself. The poet writes a series of commonplace sentiments in every-day prose. He then measures off the paragraphs into feet, and with the aid of a rhyming dictionary he inserts at regular intervals certain words that are similar in sound. No reflection is necessary. Original ideas are rather distracting than otherwise.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Arthur—Papa, I read this morning that people become what they eat. Papa—So it is said, my son. Arthur—Then do the cannibals become missionaries, papa?

Teacher—Will some little scholar please tell what happened after the children of Israel had marched seven days round the walls of Jericho blowing their horns? Yes, Tommy Taddells, you may answer. Tommy Taddells Please, ma'am, they tumbled to the racket.

An English judge tells this story of a jury in the north of England, where he was trying a case. The usher of the court proclaimed with due solemnity the usual formula—“Gentlemen of the jury, take your proper place in court!” Whereupon seven of them instinctively walked into the dock.

During the long French war, two old ladies in Stranher were going to the kirk. One said to the other, “Was it no a wonderfu’ thing that the Breetiesh were aye victorious ower the French in battle!” “Not a bit,” said the other; “dinna ye ken the Breetiesh aye say thair prayers before gain’ into battle?” “But canna the French say thair prayers as weel?” Quickly came the characteristic reply: “Hoot! Jabberin’ bodies wha could understan’ them?”

This story is told of the most popular of American novelists who has just passed away. Telling her little boy that anger was sinful, he put to her the question, “Why then, mamma, does the Bible say so often that God was angry?” As mothers do too often, she evaded the question by telling him he would understand it better when he was older. This did not satisfy the child, and after pondering seriously for a while he burst out: “Oh, mamma, I have found it out. God is angry because God is not a Christian.”—*New York Independent.*