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Science and Religion.

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The Dominion Review.

VOL. II.

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NO. I.

CAN WE HAVE, DO WE NEED, A DIVINE REVELATION ?

BY REV. T. ERNEST ALLEN.

WHEN the chicken breaks through the imprisoning shell, it enters a new world. So does a man enter into another realm of being when, having become convinced that the opinions imposed upon him by environment are some of them false, he sets about the task of testing his stock of ideas, and organizing them into something like a coherent and consistent whole.

In religious discussions, it is a common thing to hear one of the disputants open with the remark, "You accept the Bible, of course?" meaning thereby, "You believe the Bible to be *all* true." Sometimes this view crops out in even grosser forms. One says, "It is wicked to question the truth of the Bible;" and an intelligent young lady, speaking of a gentleman, once declared, "I hate him, because he is a Democrat and don't believe the Bible!" This ready question, "You accept the Bible?" is regarded as a crucial one. If your reply be "Yes," the expectant sectarian, if logical, has a vision of a railway along which he is to draw you to a predetermined stall in the theological round-house as irresistibly as a locomotive would pull a caboose. If "No," a dynamite cartridge has blown up the road-bed and excavated a chasm usually recognized as impassable by a refusal to talk upon the subject.

That the dogma of Bible infallibility is not one entitled to be accepted as a postulate of Christianity, that it is by no means the self-evident truth implied in the mental attitude of the great mass of professed Christians, and even of clergymen, it will be the purpose of this paper to show.

I. *The antecedent improbability that a man or a book is infallible is exceedingly great.*

Those among us who claim an infallible book point to the Bible as the only one. To set up this extraordinary claim for one book out of the hundreds of thousands, if not several millions, of books which constitute the world-literature of all time, certainly imposes upon the advocates of the doctrine the burden of proof, demands that they should clearly set forth the essential characteristics of an infallible book, and show conclusively that the Bible belongs to that class. Again, many men have been active agents in producing the Bible. It must be shown that these

men—less than one in a billion of all who have lived upon earth—were infallible when acting as agents, if not at other times in their lives. No, it is not permissible to *assume* the infallibility of the Bible, and then infer that of the agents, or *vice versa*.

II. *We have no test whatever which can discriminate between a finite authority not yet transcended and an infallible authority.*

Consider the nature of human authority. A scientist, A, strictly defining his terms, says, "All x is y ." Previously, he had made many statements which had been verified by other scientists, and this agreement in results had established his reputation as an authority. Because he was correct in a number of instances, he is assumed to be correct in others. P, at any number of removes from A, observing something inconsistent with the proposition "All x is y ," or finding no record of the statement having been verified, may conclude to test it, and, noticing cases in which x is not y , dissents from his predecessor's conclusion. Before P appeared, the authority of A may never have been questioned since the time his reputation became established: but, obviously, however painstaking and conservative A may have been, there always existed—not a possibility merely, but—a strong probability that an induction based upon a greater knowledge of facts, the use of finer instruments or a change in some other factor, would discredit some things which he held to be true.

This will illustrate what is true in the case of the Bible. The only legitimate foundation B can have for the statement, "The whole of the Bible is true," is a careful consideration of *each and every proposition* contained in it, and then, having found all of them true, his conclusion will embody the result of a perfect induction. But what does this imply? That the Bible in its entirety is really true? That it will withstand the tests which other men may apply through all time to come? No; but simply that, measured by the degree of development attained by B, no flaw was found. C, more unfolded than B, may at any time point out errors which will compel the re-statement, "Some of the Bible is not true." As it cannot be proved that C never can furnish evidence contradicting B, therefore no man is justified by reason in claiming that the Bible is an infallible book. Under circumstances most favorable to the case of conservatism, he could not go beyond the assertion, "No man has ever yet disproved a single statement made in the Bible."

III. *Only an infallible being can apply the necessary tests to prove that man or a book is infallible.*

We have to deal now, not with assumptions, uncertain beliefs, or guesses, but with the question of *sufficient proof*. The testimony of an infallible being cannot furnish sufficient proof, because the very attempt to measure another person with a view to finding out whether he is infallible or not, presupposes the possession of an infallible standard and

the infallible action of all of the faculties concerned in the comparison. To call attention at this point to but a single difficulty: By what process can a man infer that one product of his mental activities,—namely, a certain standard,—is entirely independent of a universal condition of fallibility which has been operative in every thought and act throughout his whole life? It will be seen, then, that the affirmative statement, "He is infallible," involves the declaration, "I am infallible, therefore I know." The same course of reasoning applies to the Bible.

IV. *Even conceding the infallibility of a man or a book, this furnishes no guarantee that the teachings promulgated can be infallibly interpreted or applied to every-day life; but, on the contrary, the fallibility of man necessarily involves a fallible interpretation and application, and so destroys that very certitude the alleged need for which constitutes the raison d'être for such a revelation.*

As the strength of a chain is measured by the strength of its weakest link, so is the authority of an alleged infallible revelation reduced for each person to the authority of the weakest faculty or power brought into play by him when he tries either to comprehend or to apply it. The greater the emphasis laid upon the necessity for such a revelation, the greater the implied weakness of the link joining the revelation to the understanding of man. Some may say, "Did not God know what He wanted to say, and don't we know what the language used means?"

Setting aside various readings in manuscripts, translations, and many other difficulties, the truth is, that we do not know the meaning of the language used to that degree of perfect precision which the transfer of infallibility from a book or man to the mind of a disciple would require. Even in the physical sciences, where many terms have been freed from ambiguity almost or quite up to the ideal limit, there is a subjective element involved, not interfering, ordinarily, with the communication of thought, but at times illustrating that language is not a perfect medium for inducing in one mind the state of another. How great the difference between the concept "oxygen" in the mind of an old chemist and in that of a high-school boy who has just witnessed his first experiments with this element! It is true that the word *denotes* the same thing, and so it serves the purpose of identification; but the *connotation*, the full meaning of the term to the two persons, is very different. What is true in physical science applies with even greater force in religion and ethics, where there is less real agreement as to the meaning of many of the terms employed.

Were Christians asked to point out a proposition in the Bible fundamental in religion and destined to be permanent, they would accept "God is love" as such an one. And yet how fluent, and necessarily so, are these terms, "God" and "love!" How different the meaning to a boy of ten and a Hedge or a Martineau, and how inadequate the present

thought of the latter will seem to them a thousand years hence! The truth that the mere alleged fact of infallibility fails utterly to accomplish the results desired by the advocates of the doctrine is practically illustrated by the large number of creeds formulated during the last eight centuries, and by the forty or fifty sects now existing in our own country. If infallibility is worth anything in every-day life, how happens it that there are so many sects?

V. *A consideration of the internal evidence shows the Bible not to be infallible.*

Were it not such a common thing in life, in science as well as in religion, for *a priori* views and dogmas to blind men's eyes to facts which ought to be patent to all, one might well be amazed at contemplating the thousands of ministers and millions of professed Christians who accept the teaching of Bible infallibility, when the facts are all against it and there is nothing approximating a valid argument in its favor. It is generally assumed by laymen that their religious leaders have fairly and squarely reconciled all alleged discrepancies in the Scriptures, that I will present what I consider a clear case of contradiction. Can the reader harmonize the different statements? The inscription on the cross is given in the four gospels as follows:

"THIS IS JESUS THE KING OF THE JEWS." Matt. 27: 37.

"THE KING OF THE JEWS." Mark 15: 26.

"THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS." Luke 23: 38.

"JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS." John 19: 19.

The Authorized Version is identical with the Revised, except that the comma after Nazareth is omitted. Speaking of the inscription, John says (19: 20): "And it was written in Hebrew, and in Latin, and in Greek." Granting that it was different in the three languages, and that three of the evangelists took their records one from each language, both of which suppositions are improbable, how are we to account for the fourth? Even if we thus reconcile Matthew, Luke, and John, it will not do to say that Mark's inscription, "The King of the Jews," which indeed forms part of the other three, does not contradict the others, and therefore does not need to be harmonized with them, since the infallibility of the record is as positively disproved if Mark omitted a portion of the inscription as it would be had he added to it. Observe, too, that this comparison of the strict letter of the gospels is the proper way to sustain the point here taken, because the infallibility claimed by the advocates of the doctrine must be an infallibility of the letter, a plenary inspiration. For it is because reason cannot be trusted, we are told, that such a revelation is needed as an authority independent of and higher than reason. But, if *every word* of such a revelation be not infallible, obviously it is not only permissible but necessary that reason should discriminate between the fallible and the infallible portions,—a procedure which would

subject all of revelation to reason, and which is, in fact, a complete abandonment of the doctrine.

Having cited reasons for rejecting the doctrine under consideration, let us ask whether, after all, we need an infallible revelation. The claim of dogmatic Christianity may be summarized thus :

(1) God loves all men.

(2) He desires that all should be saved.

(3) He has furnished us with all of the means needed, the Bible among others, to secure salvation. Possessing, then, from this standpoint, all of the means, and the Bible being fallible, it follows from the premises that an infallible revelation is not needed.

A father, dying when his son was an infant, left explicit directions as to the boy's education and course in life. "How unfortunate," we exclaim, "that he did not live so that he could guide his footsteps through the pitfalls of youth!" And yet Christians generally hold, and to-day, that God in his dealings with humanity has played just such a part. "These are the last words God ever spoke to man," said a clergyman, referring to the last verse of the last chapter of Revelation. At the same time, though God be an "absentee" to man, Christian theism insists that we must look to him as the First Cause of all the phenomena we witness day by day in the material universe. No, the Father of all has not so abandoned his children. We do not require an infallible revelation, then, because we have something vastly better. Our Father has not gone away; he is with us always, adapting his words to our unfoldment and needs.

Let us ask ourselves which was the earlier in origin, the religious sentiment in man or in the Bible? Setting aside the consideration that dogmatic Christianity would deny the saving power of the Old Testament without the New, and, in order to date the Bible back as far as possible, conceding for the sake of the argument the claim that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, it is clear that there could have been no Bible before the time of the Jewish law-giver. But the religious sentiment must have been active long before this. History and psychology furnish independent proofs that such was the case. The "*Thus saith the Lord*" of the leader in the wilderness would have evoked from the children of Israel no more response than from so many stones, had not the religious sentiment been more or less developed in each of them. Herbert Spencer points out that this sentiment must either have been created in man, or else have resulted from the intercourse of man with his environment. In either case, then,—since, as indicated, to appeal to the religious sentiment of men who have none is like asking a man born blind whether he admires a white or a red rose the more,—the religious sentiment must antedate the Bible, and it must also have had a purpose then as well as now.

As, from the very beginning of his career upon the earth, man has,

through his senses, lived in communion with the material universe, not less certainly, has he, through his religious endowment, lived in communion with a spiritual universe; and as much in one case as in the other has marked progress been a work of time, with no more a leaning to absolute truth in religion than in science. Who would think of bringing together the classics of modern science, of claiming the books of Bacon, Newton, Laplace, Darwin, Helmholtz, and others, as canonical, and then insisting that they contained the infallible truth, that for a long time men would find in them the last word to be said upon the great themes of science? No one, for science is recognized as being a growing body of knowledge. Not less surely, however, does every man live in a religious environment which, through experience and inference, furnishes the objective conditions essential to religious progress. In place of the dogma of Bible infallibility, then, we should put the truth of the universality of revelation—that men are no more cut off from access to God than they are from nature.

Again, as an infallible bible of science would most certainly be a stumbling-block in the pathway of science, by directing the thoughts of men from the sources of knowledge, so has been and is an infallible bible of religion a mighty impediment to the progress of religion. The conception both of the need and of the existence of an infallible book based upon a psychology which is false through and through. It belittles and dries up the religious nature of man, by centering his thought upon written human productions as a finality,—productions which, however good, and though registering the high-water marks of gifted religious natures through centuries, are at best but sign-boards pointing us to the Father.

Would we behold God, we must look *at him*, not at the sign-boards. Helpful as a means, to view the Bible as an end in itself becomes a positively an idolatry as the worship of a graven image; the misguided worshipper is led blindly by the letter, when he might be inspired, enlightened, and strengthened by communion with and guidance by the living God.*



BURNS.

TO-DAY be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy;
We take, with thanks, the gold of heaven,
And leave the earth's alloy.
Be ours his music as of spring,
His sweetness as of flowers,
The songs the bard himself might sing
In holier ears than ours. —Whittier.

* Reprinted from THE ARENA, Boston.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO INGERSOLL.

The Two Ways.

THERE are two ways. One is to live for God. That has been tried, and the result has always been the same. It was tried in Palestine many years ago, and the people who tried it were not protected by their god. They were conquered, overwhelmed and exiled. They lost their country and were scattered over the earth. For many centuries they expected assistance from their god. They believed that they would be gathered together again, that their cities and temples and altars would be rebuilt, that they would again be the favorites of Jehovah, that with his help they would overcome their enemies and rule the world. Century by century the hope has grown weaker and weaker, until now it is regarded by the intelligent as a foolish dream.

Living for God was tried in Switzerland, and it ended in slavery and torture. Every avenue that led to improvement, to progress, was closed. Only those in authority were allowed to express their thoughts. No one tried to increase the happiness of people in this world. Innocent pleasure was regarded as sin, laughter was suppressed, all natural joy despised, and love itself denounced as sin. They amused themselves with fasting and prayer, hearing sermons, talking about endless pain, committing to memory the genealogies in the Old Testament, and now and then burning one of their fellow-men.

Living for God was tried in Scotland. The people became the serfs and slaves of the blessed Kirk. The ministers became petty tyrants. They poisoned the very springs of life. They interfered with every family, invaded the privacy of every home, sowed the seeds of superstition and fear, and filled the darkness with devils. They claimed to be divinely inspired, that they delivered the messages of God, that to deny their authority was blasphemy, and that all who refused to do their bidding would suffer eternal pain. Under their government, Scotland was a land of sighing and sorrow, of grief and pain. The people were slaves.

Living for God was tried in New England. A Government was formed in accordance with the Old Testament. The laws, for the most part, were petty and absurd, the penalties cruel and bloody to the last degree. Religious liberty was regarded as a crime, as an insult to God. Persons who differed in belief from those in power were persecuted, whipped, maimed and exiled. People supposed to be in league with the Devil were imprisoned or killed. A theological government was established, ministers were the agents of God, and they dictated the laws and fixed the penalties. Everything was under the supervision of the clergy. They had no pity, no mercy. With all their hearts they hated the

natural. They promised happiness in another world, and did all they could to destroy the pleasures of this. Their greatest consolation, their purest joy, was found in their belief that all who failed to obey their words, to wear their yoke would suffer infinite torture in the eternal dungeons of hell.

Living for God was tried in the Dark Ages. Thousands of scaffolds were wreathed with blood, countless swords were thrust through human hearts. The flames of the fagots consumed the flesh of men. Dungeons became the homes of those who were tortured in the name of God. In the name of God every cruelty was practised, every crime committed, and liberty perished from the earth. Everywhere the result has been the same. Living for God has filled the world with blood and flame.

There is another way. Let us live for man—for this world. Let us develop the brain and civilize the heart. Let us ascertain the conditions of happiness and live in accordance with them. Let us do what we can for the destruction of ignorance, poverty, and crime. Let us do our best to supply the wants of the body, to satisfy the hunger of the mind, to ascertain the secrets of nature, to the end that we may make the invisible forces the tireless servants of the human race, and fill the world with happy homes.

Let the gods take care of themselves. Let us live for man. Let us remember that those who have sought for the truths of nature have never persecuted their fellow-men. The astronomers and chemists have forged no chains, built no dungeons. The geologists have invented no instruments of torture. The philosophers have not demonstrated the truth of their theories by burning their neighbors. The great infidels, the thinkers, have lived for the good of man.

It is noble to seek for truth, to be intellectually honest, to give to others a true transcript of your mind—a photograph of your thoughts in honest words.

There are two ways. The narrow way, along which the selfish go in single file, not wide enough for husband and wife to walk side by side while children clasp their hands. The narrow road over the desert of superstition, "with heaven and there a traveller." The narrow grass-grown path, filled with flints and broken glass, bordered by thistles and thorns, where the twice-born walk limping with bleeding feet. If by this path you see a flower, do not pick it. It is a temptation. Beneath its leaves a serpent lies. Keep your eyes on the New Jerusalem. Do not look back for wife or child or friend. Think only of saving your own soul. You will be just as happy in heaven with all you love in hell. Believe, have faith, and you will be rewarded for the goodness of another. Look neither to the right nor the left. Keep on, straight on, and you will save your worthless, withered, selfish soul. This is the narrow road that leads from earth to the Christian's heartless heaven.

There is another way—the broad road. Give me the wide and ample way—the way broad enough for us all to go together. The broad way, where the birds sing, where the sun shines and the streams murmur. The broad way

through the fields where the flowers grow, over the daisied slopes where sunlight, lingering, seems to sleep and dream.

Let us go the broad way with the great world, with science and art, with music and the drama, with all that gladdens, thrills, refines, and calms.

Let us go the wide road with husband and wife, with children and friends, and with all there is of joy and love between the dawn and dusk of life's strange day.

This world is a great orange tree, filled with blossoms, with ripening and ripened fruit, while, underneath the bending boughs, the fallen slowly turn to dust. Each orange is a life. Let us squeeze it dry, get all the juice there is, so that when death comes we can say: "There is nothing left but withered peel."

Let us travel the broad and natural way. Let us live for man. To think of what the world has suffered from superstition, from religion, from the worship of beast, and stone, and god, is almost enough to make one insane. Think of the long, long night of ignorance and fear! Think of the agony, the sufferings of the past, of the days that are dead!

I look. In gloomy caves I see the sacred serpents coiled, waiting for their sacrificial prey. I see their open jaws, their restless tongues, their glittering eyes, their cruel fangs. I see them seize and crush in many horrid folds the helpless children given by fathers and mothers to appease the Serpent God! I look again. I see temples wrought of stone and gilded with barbaric gold. I see altars red with human blood. I see the solemn priests thrust knives into the white breasts of girls. I look again. I see other temples and other altars, where greedy flames devour the flesh and blood of babes. I see other temples and other priests, and other altars dripping with the blood of oxen, lambs, and doves.

I look again. I see other temples and other priests, and other altars on which are sacrificed the liberties of man. I look. I see the cathedrals of God, the huts of peasants; the robes of priests and kings, the rags of honest men.

I look again. The lovers of God are the murderers of men. I see dungeons filled with the noblest and the best. I see exiles, wanderers, outcasts,—millions of martyrs, widows and orphans. I see the cunning instruments of torture, and hear the shrieks, and sobs, and moans of millions done to death.

I see the dungeon's gloom, I hear the clank of chains. I see the fagot's flames, the scorched and blackened face, the writhing limbs. I hear the jeers and scoffs of pious fiends. I see the victim on the rack, I hear the tendons as they break. I see a world beneath the feet of priests, liberty in chains; every virtue a crime, every crime a virtue; intelligence despised, stupidity sainted; hypocrisy crowned, and the white forehead of honor wearing the brand of shame. THIS WAS.

I look again, and in the East of hope's fair sky the first pale light shed by the herald star gives promise of another dawn. I look, and from the ashes, blood,

and tears the heroes leap to bless the future and avenge the past. I see a world at war, and in the storm and chaos of the deadly strife thrones crumble, altars fall, chains break, creeds change. The highest peaks are touched with holy light. The dawn has blossomed.

I look again. I see discoverers sailing across mysterious seas. I see inventors cunningly enslave the forces of the world. I see the houses being built for schools. Teachers, interpreters of nature, slowly take the place of priests. Philosophers arise, thinkers give the world their wealth of brain, and lips grow rich with words of truth. THIS IS.

I look again, but towards the future now. The popes, and priests, and kings are gone; the altars and the thrones have mingled with the dust, the aristocracy of land and cloud have perished from the earth and air, and all the gods are dead. A new religion sheds its glory on mankind. It is the Gospel of The World,—the religion of the body, of the heart and brain, the evangel of health and joy. I see a world at peace, where labor reaps its true reward; a world without prisons, without workhouses, without asylums for the insane; a world on which the gibbet's shadow does not fall; a world where the poor girl, trying to win bread with the needle—the needle, that has been called “the asp for the breast of the poor”—is not driven to the desperate choice of crime or death of suicide or shame.

I see a world without the beggar's outstretched palm, the miser's heartless stony stare, the piteous wail of want, the pallid face of crime, the livid lips of lies, the cruel eyes of scorn. I see a race without disease of flesh and brain, shapely and fair, the married harmony of form and use; and as I look, life lengthens, fear dies, joy deepens, love intensifies. The world is free! THE WORLD SHALL BE!



LIFE'S BATTLEFIELD.

BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE, LISTOWEL, ONT.

I STOOD upon the wide, wide tented field,
 I heard the clarion's clanging near and far,
 I saw the blaze of banner, glare of shield,
 I felt the plunging tide of ruthless war.

I saw the serried hosts that forth and back
 Were march'd and counter-march'd across the plain,
 I saw the wasting flame, the ruins black,
 I saw the tears that fell above the slain.

I saw the lonely vigils in the night
 That faithful pickets kept while others slept,
 Full many a gallant, unrecorded fight,
 Before some pass one, single-handed, kept.

Anon a warrior, spurr'd and belted, came,
 Whose breast was hid 'neath blazing jewell'd stars ;
 His were the laurels, his the loud acclaim,
 While they who follow'd bore but wounds and scars.

He glow'd, a goodly sun ; but, lo ! the light
 Was but a spark that he might call his own,
 For round him whirl'd full many a satellite
 That fed the flames that burn'd before his throne.

Pale Famine, stalking, fill'd with nameless dread
 The stoutest hearts, and nerveless left strong arms,
 Feet falter'd that from foe had never fled,
 Eyes dimm'd that ne'er had dimmed at war's alarms.

Though many a tent grew still, and dark, and cold,
 Time-serving wantons sped on hurrying feet,
 On silver salvers bearing pearls and gold
 To those whose store was ne'er aught but complete.

Forc'd marches, bivouacs, unremitting strife,
 Frost, famine, battle, watches drear and lone ;
 Some bore them all, nor murmur'd, yet in life
 They asked for bread ; their answer now a stone.

And near and far were mounds that covered those
 Whose hands had never warr'd for place or prize ;
 Yet here may pause, alike their friends and foes,
 And read their date in costly sculptur'd lies.

Oh, Prince of Peace ! cut short this wasting strife,
 Call Order from this Chaos by thy will ;
 Let right be might, command that love be life.
 Lord, o'er this tented field, speak, " Peace, be still ! "



A WALK UP FLEET STREET.

BY J. M. WHEELER.

"WE walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He asked me (I suppose by way of trying my disposition): 'Is not this very fine?' Having no exquisite relish of the beauties, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men, I answered: 'Yes, but not equal to Fleet-street.' Johnson: 'You are right, sir.'"

—Boswell's "Life of Johnson"

DR. JOHNSON is not recorded to have said: "Sir, let us take a walk down Fleet Street." That was happily invented for him by the late Augustus Sala. But he did say that the major portion of the wit and worth of the country might be found within a mile's radius from his own residence. This is far less true now than in the days of the burly doctor. Yet Fleet Street remains the great literary centre; and in a walk up Fleet Street, from the publishing office of the *Free Thinker* in Stonecutter Street, many points of interest are called up. I will jot down a few to illustrate how much a narrow area of London streets may suggest to one who loves to connect the present with the past.

Just behind Mr. Forder's shop is the parish graveyard where Chatterton was buried. The marvellous boy, who perished ere his prime, took poison in his lodgings at Brooke Street. He was a Deist, and left lines rejecting the inspiration of the Bible. In front of the graveyard was Shoe Lane, where, in my young days, stood the old forum of discussion known as "Coger's Hall." Hard by was the shop of John Cleave, of the *Chartist Cleave's Gazette*, one of the upholders of a cheap press, and opponent of the Stamp Act in the days of costly newspapers. On the other side, in Shoe Lane, the *National Reformer* used to be issued by John Watts. I remember him well, though it is over thirty years since I attended his funeral. Opposite was Farringdon Market—the old Fleet Market. On the way at Farringdon Street was the old Fleet debtor's prison, where early marriages were performed in the bad old times. Pennant, in his "Account of London" (1793), says: "In walking along the street in my youth, on the site next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question: 'Sir, will you be pleased to walk in and be married?'" "The parson," continues Pennant, "was seen walking before his shop, a squalid profligate figure clad in a tattered plaid and night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or roll of tobacco." The most famous of these fleet parsons, Dr. Gainham, was known as the Bishop of Hell. The sky-pilots now found in the neighborhood are very superior persons; if of the Anglican variety, possibly bound for St. George's College or St. Paul's; if of the dissenting breed, for the Memorial Hall, erected in memory of the ministers who came out of the Church in 1662. Behind the Memorial Hall, in Belle Sauvage-yard, is the large establishment of Messrs.

Cassell; and behind that is Newgate Prison. Here, from 1824 to '26, a number of Richard Carlile's shopmen were confined for upholding the freedom of the press, and Campion, Clarke, Hassell, and Perry conducted the *Newgate Monthly Magazine*, a Freethought periodical conducted in gaol. Beyond is Smithfield, the scene of so many martyrdoms, and where Bartholomew Legate was burnt to death for anti-Trinitarian heresy, as late as 1612. The sight of St. Paul's may remind us how well paid are its deans and canons, while its noble architect erected it on a pittance of £200 a year. But it is his monument. Comte said the heavens declare the glory of Kepler and Newton; so the Church of St. Paul declares the glory of Wren. *Si monumentum requiris circumspice*. At the side is Paternoster Row—the row of booksellers, once that of rosary sellers, of which there is one poor Catholic remnant next door to a rabid Protestant purveyor of trashy anti-Catholic literature. In front of St. Paul's is the renovated statue of Queen Anne, of whom it used to be said that she had her back to the Church, and her nose facing a brandy-shop.

At Ludgate Circus we are in the thick of the printers' district, full of memories of the past. Where the Post-office now is was the Bridewell, where, as Pope reminds us in his "Dunciad," church service was followed by the whipping of criminals:

"This labor past, by Bridewell all descend
(As morning prayer and flagellation end)
To where Fleet ditch with disembroguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."

Just over the bridge was the Rotunda, where the Devil's chaplain used to orate, clad in full canonicals. The church on the left going up Fleet Street is St. Bride's, which still exacts church rates. At the west end of the church Lovelace, the poet, was buried. At the corner is the *Punch* office, redolent of memories of Jerrold, Thackeray, Mayhew, Hood, a'Becket, Lemon, Brooks, Doyle, Leech, Keene, and Du Maurier. Just beyond is Salisbury Square, where the Bishop of Salisbury had a place. Here Clarendon lived, and at a house in the square Richardson wrote "Pamela." Here was the old Duke Theatre, established by Sir W. Davenant. It is mentioned in the MS. book of Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels to Charles I.: "I committed Cromes, a broker in Long Lane, the 16 Feb., 1634, to the Maralsey, for lending a church robe with the name of *Jesus* upon it to the players in Salisbury Court, to present a Flamen, a priest of the heathens." A little farther west was the convent of the Carmelites, or Whitefriars, whose house and gardens extended from Fleet Street to the Thames. In 1608 a charter of King James exempted this district from the jurisdiction of the City of London, and under the slang name of Alsatia it became the asylum sanctuary of debtors, cheats, and other infamous characters, and is graphically described by Sir Walter Scott in the "Fortunes of Nigel." It

was at the corner of the old Alsatia, now Bouverie Street, that Mr. Bradlaugh established the shop of the Freethought Publishing Company. At the opposite corner was one of the three Fleet Street shops owned in succession by Richard Carlisle—Nos. 53, 84, and 62; and over the way was the Fleet Street House No. 147, established by Mr. G. J. Holyoake. What memories of bygone battles for freedom do these names call up! What stories, too, are connected with the newspaper offices and taverns in the street!

Here is Mitre Court, leading to the Temple, with its memories of great lawyers and its Gnostic Temple church, outside which is the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith. But we must not linger, for a little book might easily be written on the Temple. Just notice, however, an instance of how inscriptions may deceive. The perfumers at the corner of Temple Gate have a notice that it was "Formerly the Palace of Cardinal Wolsey." As a matter of history, it was built in the reign of James I., when it was the office of the Duchy of Cornwall. Where now is the banking-house of Messrs. Barclay used to be the Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his club, and where in after years Swift, Garth, and Addison met. Over the way, at the corner of Chancery Lane, Abraham Cowley was born. Hard by lived Isaac Walton, to whom a memorial window is erected in new St. Dunstan's Church, where he was buried. Here at the old church, which formerly occupied the site, used to be two wooden figures of wild men, who struck the hour with a little tap of their clubs. Some said they represented Good and Magog, others that they were substitutes for the original effigies of St. Dunstan and the Devil. But we must turn up Fetter Lane, anciently called Fetter Lane from the number of idle persons who used to frequent it. In Fetter Lane resided the Puritan Republican, "Praise God Barebones," Dryden, and Swedenborg. Turning round by Fleur-de-lis Court, where the Positivists have their hall, we are soon in Gough Square, where a tablet is over one of the houses where Dr. Johnson lived in this neighborhood; and before us is 17 Johnson's Court, long the publishing office of the *National Reformer*, and where I first met the devoted servant of Freethought, Austin Holyoake.*

REVELATION.

THE prodigious number of Christian sects already forms a great presumption that they are all founded on erroneous systems. The wise man says to himself: If God had intended us to render him any particular worship, this worship would have been necessary to our species. If this worship were necessary, he himself would have communicated it to each of us, as invariably as he has given to each of us two eyes and one mouth.—*Voltaire*.

* Reprinted from London FREETHINKER.

FORESTRY IN THE WINNIPEG DISTRICT.

BY T. W. FISHER, WINNIPEG.

II. *Conclusion.*

EXCEPT to the few who have made a study of the question, the economic aspect of forest preservation in this country is regarded solely as one affecting the timber supply; the more important one, that of a forest cover for hydrologic purposes, being entirely lost sight of. But the woods, when in a condition of nature, constitute the best system of reservoirs; the *humus*, or spongy coating above the soil, receiving and holding back a large part of the rainfall, which it gives out again slowly during intervals of drought. To what extent forests affect the rainfall is a question upon which meteorologists do not seem as yet to have wholly agreed: but that it is in direct proportion to the extent of woodland, I think, admits of no doubt. It has been established by observation that the total volume of evaporation from a forest area, including transpiration, exceeds the evaporation from a water surface by 51 per cent.

Leaving to scientific observers to settle the exact effects of forests on the total of the world's rainfall, the writer is firmly of the opinion, based on observations extending over many years, that the absence of forests is one of the chief causes which renders the pursuit of agriculture so difficult and its results so uncertain, in some parts of this country.

We know that in large tracts of North-western Manitoba and in Assiniboia, where the land is entirely clear of bush and remote from large bodies of water, the rainfall is so uncertain that crops cannot be depended upon, although the quality of the soil may be such as to justify expectations of the most luxuriant growth.

As a bit of local testimony to the value of forests in promoting agriculture, I may mention that in a letter from a correspondent at the new town of Dauphin, in township 25, range 19, west of the first meridian, and about 150 miles north of the 49th parallel, it is stated that the land along the rivers in this district, owing mainly to the shelter afforded by the woods, has produced and ripened in the open air, melons and tomatoes in large quantities; and this, not for a single season, but ever since the experiment was first made, several years ago.

We are now brought to the heart of the question immediately under consideration, namely, what agencies shall be employed to prevent a still further reduction in the woodland area, and how and to what extent the treeless prairies should be forested.

These it must be admitted, are questions which cannot be answered without careful consideration.

Happily the title to most of the timber lands of the country yet remains in the Crown, the Dominion Government having at the outset

wisely adopted the policy of withdrawing such lands from settlement and sale; only small lots, of twenty acres each, having been sold, and these very few in number. This policy simplifies the question greatly, and is in marked contrast to that pursued in the United States, where the Government in dealing with large timbered tracts of land have, in selling the timber, parted with the fee simple of the soil as well; thus putting it out of their power to adopt any comprehensive system of forest preservation; and lands which were originally parted with for trifling considerations must now be repurchased at enormous cost.

We in Canada are therefore placed at a great advantage over our neighbors in dealing with this problem. It is to be hoped, then, that the government will apply and carry out, before it is too late, those methods which, after a mature consideration of the whole question, seem best adapted to maintain without impairment the future timber supply of this country.

A good beginning has already been made. In 1893, at the suggestion and under the direction of Mr. E. F. Stephenson, Crown Timber Agent for the district, two large tracts of timbered lands were surveyed and set apart as permanent reserves; one on the Riding Mountains, in the north, and the other on the Turtle Mountains, in the south; while the establishment of other reserves is, I believe, under consideration.

In Germany, the Crown forests, which comprised a total area of over six million acres, are managed by specially-trained Government officers, who take charge of the timber until it falls into the hands of the consumer—the felling, the manufacture, and everything connected with it being done by Government employes. Under their careful and scientific management, these forests yield an annual net revenue of \$1.33 an acre, equal to \$10,560 for a timber berth of fifty square miles.

Satisfactory as this result is, the system is obviously unsuited to the conditions of this country at the present time, and some simpler method must be sought. Probably it will be found sufficient for the present to place one or more rangers on each reserve, according to its size, to exercise general supervision over the operations of lumbermen and settlers, to see that only matured timber be cut, the refuse removed or placed in such a position as not to be a menace to the standing timber in case of fire, and such other care taken as will maintain the forest in its integrity. But the setting apart of reserves north, south, and west is not enough. There are wide stretches of open prairie between these reserves which are entirely treeless, and settlers have in many cases to travel fifteen to thirty miles for their winter's supply of fuel,—a hardship which needs only to be stated to be appreciated.

The Government might well consider the advisability of setting apart, wherever practicable, in addition to the large reserves, one square mile in each township as timbered land. The cost would not be great. Indeed, after the first charge for planting and fencing—the fencing being necessary as a protection against cattle during the early stages of

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growth—the chief expense would be in guarding against prairie fires; and this is a danger, it must be admitted, which cannot be ignored.

The most sensible timber for a beginning in this direction is undoubtedly the common white poplar, whose remarkably rapid growth and hardy nature strongly commend it for the purpose. It grows to a size sufficient to make good fence rails in ten years, and at thirty years has reached maturity, its diameter rarely exceeding fifteen inches. It is a valuable wood for fuel, being much superior to its congener in Ontario, where it is somewhat despised. There are many other woods more valuable than the white poplar which can be easily grown, but as a protection—or, in the technical language of the professional arboriculturist, a “nurse”—to the trees of a less hardy and less rapid growth it would be invaluable.

To enter fully into a consideration of the methods of planting, the care and general management of a forest, would carry us beyond the intention of this article; but it may be stated as a fact which is not likely to be disputed that the indigenous woods are those from which the best results may reasonably be looked for. Those who want more exact information are referred to the writings of Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere and of Mr. Alexander Kirkwood, both eminent authorities.

The experimental farms at Brandon and Indian Head, along with their other work, have been making experiments in tree culture; but sufficient time has scarcely yet elapsed since their establishment for any definite or important results to have been arrived at.

In considering plans for re-forestation and the protection of existing forests, what is primarily and imperatively demanded is the efficient guarding of the timber lands against fire, without which all other labor, expense and forethought will have been bestowed in vain.

In Ontario, the fire-ranging service has been principally confined to those parts of the Crown domain under license, one-half of the expense being borne by the Department and the remainder by the owners of the limits. But the conditions existing here and in Ontario are so dissimilar, that the methods adopted there would be found wholly unsuited to this country. Here, the danger arises from fires started in the prairie grass, perhaps many miles from the forest; while there, the fires originate generally in the woods themselves, the coniferous trees of which they are chiefly composed lending themselves readily to the spread of the flames. It would seem, therefore, that a force in the pay of the Government is the system best adapted to Ontario; while here, with our vast stretches of prairie, subject at any unknown point to conflagration, such a force as it would be possible to support would be found altogether inadequate.

The old adage, that prevention is better than cure, seems particularly applicable to all regulations for the guarding against fires in a prairie country; and this seems to have been the guiding principle which animated the Legislature of Manitoba in framing their acts. From inquiries made in many directions, it appears almost certain that in nineteen cases out of twenty these fires originate from easily preventible causes; hence

the penalties provided under "The Fires Prevention Act" of Manitoba, for kindling fires and letting them run, will not be thought too severe. Here is one section of the Act:

"Any person who shall kindle a fire, and let it run at large, in any wood, prairie, meadow, marsh, or other open ground not his own property, or who intentionally or by gross carelessness permits any fire to pass from his own land, to the injury of the property of any other person, shall, on conviction therefor, be fined in a sum not exceeding two hundred dollars, or less than twenty dollars, and, in default of payment thereof, shall be imprisoned for any term not exceeding twelve months."

Another section provides for the protection of hay stacks in the open plains, by making fire guards around them, the penalties for the neglect of which are the same as in the above section.

But the most important part of the Act, I think, is that which provides for the appointment of "fire guardians":

"The Council of each rural municipality may, at its first meeting in each year, appoint by by-law a sufficient number of resident householders within the municipality to carry out the provisions of this Act and the by-laws or rules, if any, passed under its authority with respect to the prevention of, and protection of property, against, prairie or bush fires.

"The persons so appointed shall be called and known as 'Fire Guardians,' and their authority shall follow the order in which they are appointed, the one first named to be the Chief Guardian, and so on in the order of naming, unless in the by-law or resolution of the Council making such appointment it is otherwise or specially provided.

"The Council of each municipality shall provide the Fire Guardians with such appliances for suppressing or extinguishing a fire as the Council may prescribe, or as the majority of said Fire Guardians may consider useful or necessary in the premises and the said Council approve of."

Then follow provisions, amongst other things, for the co-operation of Fire Guardians of adjoining municipalities; the duties of residents in case of fire; the obedience due by residents to the Fire Guardians; the procedure against Guardians for neglect of duty; penalties and prosecutions; and, finally, the appointment of a Fire Commissioner with very extensive powers.

Altogether, the Act is very comprehensive in its scope and well-considered in detail. It is a very drastic measure, introduced to meet what was felt to be a great menace to the community. It practically includes every settler in the rural municipalities as a member of the fire guardian service; and, however arbitrary; that seems, under present conditions, to be the only thoroughly effective system.

But, so inconsistent is human nature with itself, that, however willing the public is to have good laws put on the statute-book, it is frequently averse to seeing them carried into effect; and, although some of the municipalities have already appointed Fire Guardians, it may reasonably

be doubted whether, if left to themselves, others will very generally avail themselves of the provisions of the Act. To make it operative, what is most needed, in the opinion of the writer, is the appointment of a Fire Commissioner, as provided for by the Act. But he should be a salaried officer, acting jointly on behalf of all the interests concerned, and devoting his whole attention to the service. The details as to his duties and the apportionment of the expense could easily be arranged.

Elsewhere in this article is mentioned the desirability of having a section of land in each township set apart as a timber reserve; but in many parts of the district, more especially of course in the older settlements, there are numbers of townships in which all the lands therein have been alienated from the Crown; hence, it must necessarily be left to private enterprise in each such locality to meet the demand for timber; and it would be well for the farmers to commence at once systematic tree planting on their farms, so that each might have in a very few years a patch of wood of his own. It should be taken into account, too, as one of the probabilities, that the Government timber regulations, which were framed in the early days rather out of a regard for the then needs of the settlers than with a direct view to revenue, may soon be so amended as to secure to the Department of the Interior a return more nearly commensurate with the value of the timber and the expense incurred in its protection than is at present obtained. It is obvious, then, that the farmer who, fifteen or twenty years hence, shall have a small part of his own land in timber will be in a very advantageous position.

If it were suggested to the average farmer that he should plant trees with a view to profit, on the same principle that he puts in other crops, the proposition would probably be received with derision. But why should it? The investment is very similar in principle to putting a few dollars away in a savings bank for the benefit of his children, or as a provision for his old age. If it be admitted that a certain proportion of forest is necessary to secure the amelioration of climate and for the storage of moisture—as has already been sufficiently proved—then any objection that may be made, on the score of the land being too valuable to be spared for such a purpose, loses all force; as the farmer would naturally place his bit of forest where it would provide the most shelter for the other crops, to which the timber might very properly be considered as an adjunct. With reasonable care and very slight labor, fifteen or twenty acres of forest would supply the timber required on a farmstead in perpetuity. When once established, it might be regarded as a capital producing profit by its annual growth in wood, just as money deposited in a savings bank produces interest. Many of the farmers in this country can now well afford to make a beginning in this direction, having passed through the struggles the pioneer settler has to contend with, and having every reason to hope for a comfortable and prosperous future. From such men the subject should at least receive an interested hearing.

It will perhaps be contended that, with increased facilities for transportation, as the country fills up, coal will supplant wood in the country as it has to a large extent already done in the town; but wood is almost sure to remain the favorite summer fuel, either in town or country, when it can be procured at slight cost. The value to the farmer of having a ready source to draw upon at any time for fuel, fencing timber, etc., is not, however, the only, nor even the main consideration to be kept in view. The value of a belt of timber on two sides of his farm, as a protection against storms and for the storage of moisture, by the accumulation of snow, would alone amply repay the cost in money and time expended on it.

Let us imagine we have reached that stage in our progress when each homestead in this prairie country shall have a belt of timber along its northern and western boundaries, and there would have followed such an alteration in the physical and climatic conditions that it is safe to say the possibilities of agriculture would be greatly enhanced and its pursuit made much more attractive.

I am well aware of how inadequately this subject has been treated, and how many aspects of it have, necessarily, been left altogether untouched; its relation to game preservation, for instance. To the sportsman it should be one of deep interest. This country is the natural habitat of the pin-tailed grouse—or, as they are commonly called, "prairie chicken"—and with proper forest cover their numbers might be almost indefinitely increased. All game, in fact, are, more or less, dependent on the forest for their existence, as any one skilled in woodcraft well knows.

In conclusion, it may be said that every one, be he urban or rural, has a deep concern in the maintenance and extension of our forest lands.



A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how beneath the moonbeam's smile
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for a while,
 Then murmuring subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on time's eventful sea,
 And, having swelled a moment there,
 Thus melts into eternity.

—Thomas Moore.

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THE TAXATION OF CHURCH PROPERTY.

BY REV. MADISON C. PETERS.

The general theory of all just taxation is reciprocal service. Judge Cooley says: "The protection of the government being the consideration for which taxes are demanded, all parties who receive, or are entitled to, that protection may be called upon to render the equivalent." It costs the community something to enjoy the use of property. If the church paid taxes it would pay its fair and honest share to secure its enjoyment of the use of property. Church property is not exempt from taxation. The taxes have to be paid, and the property that is exempt, or rather omitted from the tax roll, is simply spread upon the other property. Everybody's tax goes up at least one-tenth. The American people would rise up in rebellion against direct taxation for church support, but what is exemption from taxation but an indirect state support of the church, a virtual subsidy for its support, and at the expense of the general public? The state avoids a deficiency in its revenues by transferring to other property increased taxation, not by the voluntary action of the tax-payers, but by the compulsion of law, all of which is out of consonance with our republican institutions. The founders of our republic wisely separated church and state. But if we are taxed for the support of churches it cannot justly be said that church and state are separated. Benjamin Franklin said: "When a religion is good, I conceive that it will support itself, and when it cannot support itself, and God does not take care to support it, so its professors are obliged to call for help from the civil power, it is a sign, I apprehend, of its being a bad one." The churches enjoy no immunity from the operations of the laws of God. They place roofs upon their buildings to keep out the rain, and put up lightning rods to prevent lightning striking them. If God does not vary his laws for the benefit of churches, why should the state be expected to do so?

It is argued that many churches are not self-sustaining at present, and that to tax them would render them still less so. Thousands are less able to provide for their children because of the tax-collector. Why should the laborer pay taxes upon his humble home, and the religious corporation be exempted? Make all property bear its just and equal share of taxation and you lessen the laboring man's burden. When the workingman feels that his burden is heavier, because the magnificent possessions of the church are exempted from the tax roll, do you wonder that the church loses its power over him? Tax churches and only those able to bear taxes will dare to be extravagant. Tax churches, and modest buildings will be erected where they are most needed, instead of a few imposing structures in the fashionable quarter. Every tax-payer in the city, the county

and the state has his percentage of state tax correspondingly increased because of the needlessly expensive church properties of the cities, churches which he may never enter. The church yields no income to the incorporators; neither do many other kinds of property. But the state cannot regulate its action by rule of income. The state may and does tax for local benefits; then why not also for general benefits? The saloon-keeper by force of law is compelled to help pay the taxes on my church, in the use of which I denounce his infernal traffic. If the saloon-keeper is taxed to support my church, in all fairness he ought to have something to say in its management. "No taxation without representation."

In 1850, the church property of the United States, which paid no tax, municipal or state, amounted to \$87,000,000. In 1870 it was \$365,483,587. The census of 1890 reported the alleged value of church edifices, the lots on which they stand, and their furnishings, at \$680,687,106. This does not include parsonages, lots, monasteries, convents, schools, colleges, etc. A conservative estimate of the value of the church property of all sects in this country is \$2,000,000,000. In 1875, President Grant, in his message to Congress on the subject of a total separation of church and state, and the taxation of church property, said: "In 1900, without a check, it is safe to say that this church property which pays no tax will reach a sum exceeding \$3,000,000,000. So vast a sum receiving all the protection of the government, without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay taxes. In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religious or otherwise, if allowed to retain real estate without taxation." History is said to repeat itself, and the United States are in a fair way of reaching a condition which took place at one time, and in France, Italy, Spain, South Germany, Mexico, and some of the South and Central American republics. In these countries corporated religious wealth became so great that it crippled their resources, paralyzed industry, and produced political and social ambitions which were only alleviated by wholesale confiscation. The taxation of church property is in the interest of American principles, and in harmony with the experience of nations. Exemption is a relic of the principle of church and state, inherited from the Old World, and not yet eliminated from our political system.*

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SOME PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN EPITAPHS.

BY R. F. UNDERWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.

A CHRISTIAN writer has remarked: "There is not much hope on the Pagan tombs, though all that is affectionate and humane is there." This is probably true, generally speaking. In the later days of the republic and in the empire there was much Stoicism, but no excess of optimism; and while there was no such religious idea of a future life, and no joyful anticipations in regard to it. Doubt and disbelief as to the reality of conscious existence after death were as common then perhaps as now. The popular idea was that of a dark underworld as the home of the dead. Thus:

"The bones of Nicen are buried here. Ye who live in the upper air, live on, and farewell. Hail ye, below, receive Nicen."

Another epitaph says:

"Traveller, curse me not as you pass, for I am in darkness and cannot answer."

The Roman Pagan epitaphs have usually at the top "D. M.," meaning *Dis Manibus*, "to the manes," or souls of the departed. A wife entreats the manes to take good care of her husband, to allow her to see him in her dreams, and soon to be with him again. She says:

"When I lost thee, O my husband, I lost the sweet light at the same time."

Husbands testified to the worth of their wives in words like these:

"I loved her better than myself, and nothing could part us but death."

"Though dead, she will always be alive to me, and always golden in my eyes."

"She never pained me except by her death."

"She was chaste, modest, irreprouchable, a mother to all the world; she came to the help of all who were needy."

Aulus Memmius Urbanus to his "dearest fellow-freedman," expressed himself in these words of friendship:

"Between thee and me, my most excellent fellow-freedman, there has never been a dispute. We first met in the slave-market; we received our liberty in the same house; and nothing but this fatal day could separate us."

Among other inscriptions are the following:

"I have restored everything committed to my trust, I have not been quarrelsome, I have done all the good I could."

"I have never had any lawsuit, I have not quarrelled, I have paid my debts, I have been faithful to my friends. I had a small fortune, but a great mind."

"When my daughter Lyda died, the model of beauty perished. Strangers who pass, fill with tears the hollow recess in this marble."

"Our hope was in our boy; now all is grief and ashes."

"The fates judged ill when they robbed me of my boy."

Some of the epitaphs emphasize the brevity of life :

"Life is a trifling gift."

"Live for the present hour, since we are sure of nothing else."

The skeptical and agnostic view of the future is expressed in the following inscriptions :

"Once I was not. Now I am not. I know nothing about it, and it is no concern of mine."

"I lived as I liked, but I don't know why I died."

On the tombstone of one who evidently enjoyed life is found the following :

"You who read this go and bathe in the baths of Apollo. I have done so with my wife often. I would now if I could."

A man whose wife, child, brother, sister and nephew died the same day, wrote :

"The angry gods gave all five in one day to an everlasting sleep."

Another inscription is rather bitter in spirit :

"I lift my hands against the gods who took me away at the age of twenty, though I had done no harm."

These epitaphs are quite different from the early inscriptions found on Christian tombs in the Catacombs, some of which are as follows :

"Eutuchius, wise, pious, and kind, believing in Christ, entered the portals of death, and has the rewards of light."

"To dearest Cyriacus, sweetest son. Mayst thou live in the Holy Spirit."

"Regina, mayst thou live in the Lord Jesus."

"To my sweetest husband. Live in God."

"Here sleeps, in the sleep of peace, the sweet and innocent Severianus, whose spirit is received into the light of the Lord."

"Silvana, thou didst live well with me from thy maidenhood, rejoicing in innocent wedlock. Refresh thyself among the holy spirits."

On one tombstone is written : "Called away by angels." Words like these are found often : "He departed in peace." "He has rested." "He will rest." "He went to God." "Thou dost repose forever free from care." "Ever faithful, he will remain with God." "In peace and benediction." In some of the Christian epitaphs prayers of the dead are asked, as in the following :

"Here rests a handmaid of God, who of all her wealth retains this house only. Her friends bewail her and seek for consolation. O pray for thine only child, whom thou hast left behind. Thou wilt remain in eternal rest."

In the early days when these inscriptions were written Christians seemed not to be disturbed by fears of an angry god or of hell torments. There are but few allusions to doctrine in these epitaphs ; no reference to titles or rituals ; the character and practical works of those commemorated are given prominence, together with their faith in God and in Christ as the son of God and the savior of mankind, and in immortality

and peace with God. There was a childlike simplicity in this faith. There was but little of the controversial spirit and theological strife which, centuries later, disgraced Christendom and led to wholesale destruction of life. In the thousands of inscriptions of the first centuries there is no reference whatever to many of the doctrines which, in later times, came to be regarded as essential to salvation.

The adherents of the new faith had a confidence and hope and enthusiasm which the old Pagan religion, undermined by doubt and disbelief, could not impart, and this faith, which supplied a want that the old Pagan system could no longer meet, spread and gained in power and influence till it became the established religion of the empire, meanwhile becoming a great theological and ecclesiastical system, as corrupt in its character, as persecuting in its spirit, and as paralyzing in its influence, as any system that ever ruled the minds of men.

THE TORONTO MAIL ON VICTOR HUGO.

THE scholarly literary editor of the *Mail and Empire* often writes some clever criticism, but when he allows his theological prejudices to overbalance his judgment, his verdicts become supremely childish and unjust. It is the story over again of the orthodox denunciation of Voltaire and Paine, whose every merit was turned into a crime because they denounced the follies and vices of a corrupt priesthood. Here is a sample of this failing in the shape of a criticism of Victor Hugo :

"About Victor Hugo, as a man of letters, we have what we deem to be a sound conviction that he is very much a mountebank. His style in French is rhapsodical, therefore it is praised to the skies by Algernon Swinburne, who loves rhapsody. In English it reads like rant, and therefore is very pleasing to very young gentlemen who think that fine language is eloquence, and that notes of exclamation are notes of statesmanship. In politics Hugo was very much of a coward. He hid during the *coup d'etat*, in some wine-shop ; he lived in exile, insulting Queen Victoria, whose dominions afforded him shelter ; he did not return till the Republic was established ; and then he returned to rant. He was always firing off letters at kings and statesmen, none of whom minded him very much. He had a fine faculty for shrieking and attracting attention, but posterity has, we think, turned a cold shoulder to him."

It is rather early, certainly, to say what "posterity" has done in regard to such a prominent man as Victor Hugo, considering the recent date of his death ; but to style him a mountebank comes with poor grace from a writer who talks of "notes of exclamation" being mistaken for "notes of statesmanship." Some people might mistake this for an attempt at fine writing. Then think of the outrageous solecism of

attributing *political cowardice* to Victor Hugo because, at the time of the *coup d'état*, he hid in a wine-shop! When the streets of Paris were filled with soldiery shooting down, not only the armed men who were trying to defend the barricades, but every man and woman who came within range of their muskets, surely a man would have been, not brave, but a madman, who should have needlessly exposed himself to their shower of bullets. Who but a madman would have gone back to France and surrendered himself to the clutches of Napoleon the Little? We do not believe he ever insulted Victoria, but was he to turn Royalist because he sought shelter in her dominions?

The following passage, appreciative of Hugo's versatility and his power as an artist as well as a writer, is from a sketch of "Victor Hugo's Home at Guernsey," by G. Jeannot, in *Scribner's* for January:

"It will not be without interest to say a word or two with regard to the drawings of Victor Hugo. We shall find some excellent specimens hanging in the billiard-room. Victor Hugo drew with passionate enthusiasm, and this enthusiasm passed from his brain into the least line he drew. He had besides this an instinct for the dramatic; he found it everywhere: in the tempest, in the calm; in a tuft of grass as well as in the sidereal immensities. This perpetual consciousness of the dramatic in everything was so natural to him that, if he took a sheet of paper, a little black coffee, and the end of a match, he could, by looking into his own imagination, that transformer of memory, draw in quick succession, as if from life, the dramatic pictures which followed one another there. There is only one other man who possessed to so great a degree this faculty for creating the fantastic and visionary; this was Gustave Doré. But the fantastic of Doré is commonplace and without dignity, whereas that of Hugo is superb and original. And why? Without doubt because Hugo was transmuting his own particular dreams, while Doré realized those of all the world. There is no scientific skill, in the vulgar sense, in Hugo's drawings, but a spontaneous creativeness, contemptuous of all rule and of everything ever seen before. It is the vigorous and pure expression of the idea predominating for the moment in his mind. . . . These observations seem to me to explain why Victor Hugo, in his manifestations as a graphic artist, remains an inimitable master, and of power equal to that which he displayed in a literary direction."

THE CHURCH AND THE SCHOOL.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Ah, we know you! We know the clerical party; it is an old party. This it is which has found for the truth those two marvellous supporters, ignorance and error. This it is which forbids to science and genius the going beyond the Missal, and which wishes to cloister thought in dogmas. Every step which the intelligence of Europe has taken has been in spite of it. Its history is written in the history of human pro-

gress, but it is written on the back of the leaf. It is opposed to it all. This it is which caused Prinelli to be scourged for having said that the stars would not fall. This it is which put Campanella seven times to torture for saying that the number of worlds was infinite, and for having caught a glimpse at the secret of creation. This it is which persecuted Harvey for having proved the circulation of the blood. In the name of Jesus it shut up Galileo. In the name of St. Paul it imprisoned Christopher Columbus. To discover a law of the heavens was an impiety, to find a world was a heresy. This it is which anathematized Pascal in the name of religion, Montaigne in the name of morality, Moliere in the name of both morality and religion. For a long time the human conscience has revolted against you and now demands of you, "What is it that you wish of me?" For a long time already you have tried to put a gag upon the human intellect; you wish to be the masters of education, and there is not a poet, not an author, not a thinker, not a philosopher that you accept. All that has been written, found, dreamed, deduced, inspired, imagined, invented by genius, the treasure of civilization, the venerable inheritance of generations, the common patrimony of knowledge, you reject. There is a book—a book which is from one end to the other an emanation from above; a book which is for the whole world what the Koran is for Islamism; what the Vedas are for India—a book which contains all human wisdom illuminated by all divine wisdom,—a book which the veneration of the people calls The Book—The Bible! Well, your censure has reached even that—unheard of thing! Popes have proscribed the Bible. How astonishing to wise spirits; how overpowering to simple hearts to see the finger of Rome placed upon the Book of God! And you claim the liberty of teaching. Stop; be sincere; let us understand the liberty which you claim.

IT IS THE LIBERTY OF NOT TEACHING.

You wish us to give you the people to instruct. Very well. Let us see your pupils. Let us see those you have produced. What have you done for Italy? What have you done for Spain? For centuries you have kept in your hands, at your discretion, at your school, these two great nations, illustrious among the illustrious. What have you done for them? I shall tell you. Thanks to you, Italy, whose name no man who thinks can any longer pronounce without inexpressible filial emotions—Italy, mother of genius and of nations, which has spread over all the universe all the most brilliant marvels of poetry and the arts, Italy—which has taught mankind to read—now knows not how to read! Yes, Italy is of all the States of Europe, that where the smallest number know how to read. Spain, magnificently endowed Spain, which received from the Romans her first civilization; from the Arabs her second civilization; from Providence, and in spite of you, a world, America—Spain, thanks to you, wears a yoke of stupor, a yoke of degradation and decay; Spain has lost this secret power which it had from the Romans;

this genius of Art which it had from the Arabs; this world which it had from God, and in exchange for all that you have made it lose, it has received from you—

THE INQUISITION!

—the Inquisition, which certain men of the party try to-day to re-establish; which has burned on the funeral pile millions of men; the Inquisition, which disinterred the dead to burn them as heretics; which declared the children of heretics infamous and incapable of any public honors, excepting only those who shall have denounced their fathers; the Inquisition which, while I speak, still holds in the Papal library the manuscripts of Galileo sealed under the Papal signet. These are your masterpieces. This fire which we call Italy you have extinguished. This Colossus that we call Spain you have undermined—the one in ashes, the other in ruins. This is what you have done for two great nations. What do you wish to do for France? Stop! you have just come from Rome! I congratulate you; you have had fine success there. You come from gagging the Roman people, and now you wish to gag the French people. I understand. This attempt is still more fine, but take care, it is dangerous. France is a lion, and is still alive!

THE BABY.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

LIKE a tiny glint of light piercing through the dusty gloom
Comes her little laughing face through the shadows of my room.

And my pen forgets its way as it hears her patt'ring tread,
While her prattling treble tones chase the thoughts from out my head.

She is queen and I her slave, one who loves her and obeys,
For she rules her world of home with imperious baby ways.

In she dances, calls me "Dear!" turns the pages of my books,
Thrones herself upon my knee, takes my pen with laughing looks.

Makes disorder reign supreme, turns my papers upside down,
Draws me cabalistic signs, safe from fear of any frown.

Crumples all my verses up, pleased to hear the crackling sound,
Makes them into balls and then—flings them all upon the ground.

Suddenly, she flits away, leaving me alone again
With a warmth about my heart, and a brighter, clearer brain.

And although the thoughts return that her coming drove away,
The remembrance of her laugh lingers with me through the day.

And it chances, as I write, I may take a crumpled sheet,
On the which, God knoweth why! read my fancies twice as sweet.

RECENT BRAIN SURGERY IN ITS PSYCHOLOGICAL BEARINGS.

BY S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.

It is only necessary to glance over the pages of the great American monthlies, (which lead the world,) to learn that the present age is one of splendid material and mechanical improvement. Scarcely a month passes without the publication of some startling invention or of some wonderful amelioration of the material ills of mankind.

But while the advance in engineering, electrical appliances, and other mechanical items of progress, are well known to the population at large, there is another sphere in which achievement has been so remarkable as almost to stagger the imagination, and which is less widely known. Partly from its technical character, and partly because a certain amount of close, serious thought is necessary to understand its tremendous significance.

I refer to the increasing dominion over, and modification of, *that entity or those twins*, or whatever else they may be—Brain and Mind.

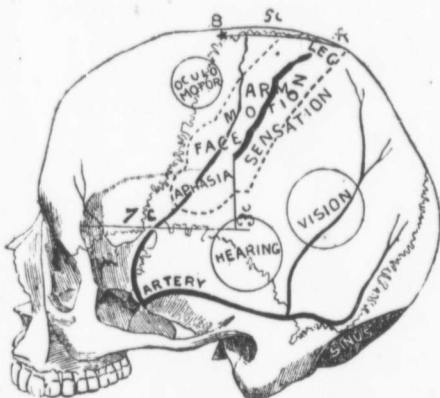
Even in a period after the middle of this century the brain was regarded as an organ with a single function—the function of thought. It was not supposed to possess any centres of localized action entirely distinct in character and situation. The heart was known as a machine which pumped the blood through the body, and the lungs as a great reformatory institution where its impurities were removed. The stomach and the liver acted as units. Did one thing, each of them, and nothing else.

But within recent years it has been discovered that the brain, besides well-authenticated centres of sight, smell, taste, hearing, etc., has also an endless number of well-defined motor-centres, each of which controls the movement of a strictly-limited portion of the human body. One centre produces motion of the face; another motion of the shoulder; another motion of the elbow; another motion of the wrist; and still others—motion of the thumb and of the fingers.

That the subject may be thoroughly understood, it should be stated at the outset that the nervous system of man consists of certain ingoing fibres which carry the impulses of sight, of hearing, of smell, and of taste to their individual brain-centres. In the grey-matter cells of these centres, by some process at present entirely unknown, the particular sensation thus carried is elaborated into thought, and these thoughts send messages through a certain second set of fibres—connecting sense-centres with motor-centres—the grey-matter cells of sense with the grey-matter cells of motion or action. From these latter centres commands are issued through the efferent nerves to the various muscles. Thus the legs, arms, hands, head, etc. are moved.

I am walking some day, we will suppose, in late spring, or early summer, in the woods, or through the fields, and my eye lights upon a bush covered with exquisite *some things*. An impulse of sense mounts, like lightning, through the optic nerve to the sight centre in the brain. There a process called thought is carried on; memory is invoked; and that cell, or those cells, as the case may be, decide that the objects which grow on that bush are flowers—wild roses. And by a certain association of ideas the conclusion is also reached that they have a delicious fragrance. Then a command is carried from this sight-centre, along the fibres of connection to the motor-centres of the arm, hand, and body generally, and these second centres bid me stoop down and pluck the rose, and lift it, and smell it.

This is the general process by which motion of various kinds becomes a more or less immediate result of sensation. And this is about as popular an explanation of the great intricacy of the actions as I can formulate.



MAP OF THE HUMAN SKULL, SHOWING LOCATION OF CENTRES OF MOTION AND SENSATION.

If the reader will closely examine the accompanying illustration, showing the now well-localized functions of the brain, he will find food for some very lively thought. The broad, wavy black line running almost vertically represents, as he will notice, the "fissure of Rolando," which is the great motor-axis of the brain. I mean to say that it crosses all the various motor-points of action in the brain. It is well-known that touch is at once the finest and the most indispensable of all the senses. This particular sense has the general name of "Sensation" in the picture.

Darwin's white cats with blue eyes illustrate this fact very nicely. If any one has ever possessed a litter of these animals they will no doubt have noticed that they are, for some time after birth, very imperfectly, if at all, gifted with the senses of sight and hearing. In after life such kittens invariably become blind. Approach such a litter; shout at the top of your voice; make all kinds of extravagant and threatening motions before the eyes of the little animals,— nothing can disturb the serenity of their repose. But blow, gently, across their backs,—moving the fine fur, like the bending waves of wheat before the wind,— and in an instant every kitten in that basket is a picture of active, moving life.

Well, if this sense of touch is the most important and the finest of all the senses, we should find it most intimately and most centrally situated as regards the various centres of motion. It takes only a glance at the illustration to show that this is the case. And, as a matter of fact, any one can readily understand why this must be so.

A coal has fallen out of the fire on the carpet. Its red hue, indicative of burning heat to the eye, has disappeared. It is growing cold. But it is still quite hot enough to destroy tissue rapidly. I stoop down, very foolishly, and pick it up. In the twinkling of an eye those efferent nerves of my arm and hand have carried a startling message of "fire" to the "sensation" centre in my brain. With equal rapidity a message flashes across the short intervening space to the "hand-centre" of motion. And, ever so much quicker than the wind, the command flies down through neck and shoulder and arm to my hand, "drop that coal." It is done, and though my fingers tingle for some time; there has been no material destruction of my flesh.

Take the centre of sight again. You will notice that it is also very medially located as regards the motor-centres, though not quite so near to them as to the seat of "sensation." This is another instance of the wonderful prevalence of design in nature and in man. I mean in the building of nature and of man.

I am walking along the street in front of a building that is being torn down, and perhaps beneath some scaffolding. I look up. A brick has escaped the interfering boards, and is falling right down on my head. Again the sense of sight, and again the quick commands which it elicits. What are they? First, "move the head"; second, "protect it with the arm or hand"; third, "run as fast as you can." This is the exact sequence of the muscular actions. And if you will notice the picture again you will see that the motor-centres bear just this proportionate relation, as regards distance, to the centre of sight.

As hearing is a sense which does not require such instantaneous or such admirably correlated muscular action, it will be noticed that its centre is not so centrally located as regards the motor-centres. And it will not require any great amount of reasoning to see why it should be placed just where it is.

How have all these facts of sense and motor locality been discovered? Mainly,

if not altogether, by vivisection of the brain of the monkey and the dog, and by electric excitation of all the exposed surfaces of the brain, from time to time until it was learned that touching a certain portion of brain tissue with the pole of the battery produced action in a well-defined portion of the body. It is now well ascertained that the motor-centres in the human brain are almost identically the same, as regards location, as those in the brain of the dog and monkey. I have had an illustration reproduced of the brain of the latter, showing the various other important fissures and giving the individual and particular motor-centres with more completeness.

What has been the advantage of brain vivisection to humanity? We all know how wave after wave of reprobation has surged over this country and England from time to time, intended to overwhelm the poor vivisectionists. How all kinds of tear-compelling narratives and of quaintly adroit *argumenta ad homines* have been employed to prevent experiments upon animals. It ought, however, to be well known to-day—and I think it is well known—that animals thus operated upon are as tenderly adjusted and as carefully etherized as the daughter of the millionaire, and that just as much watchful care is exercised to mitigate suffering after the operation and to hasten the animal's recovery. And, in the next place, *operations upon the brain are almost absolutely painless*. Is it not strange that so little suffering should attend the severance of the very *sancta sanctorum* of life and thought, but it is so.

And what have these experiments enabled great surgeons to do for suffering man himself? I will try and explain all the marvellous wonders they have wrought by detailing two operations, performed respectively by Dr. Robert Weir, of New York, and by Dr. W. W. Keen, of Philadelphia.

CASE I. A gentleman, thirty-nine years of age, had always been perfectly healthy until a certain attack of malarial fever occurred, accompanied with a good deal of pain. One day, as he rose to go to the window, his wife noticed a spasm of the right cheek and neck, which did not involve the arm, nor was consciousness lost. In 1886 (two or three similar attacks having occurred in the interval) he fell, unconscious, and bit his tongue. These attacks were all accompanied with twitching of the right arm and hand and right side of the face. His memory became impaired and his speech thick. No injury had ever been received on his head, nor was anything abnormal observed even when his head was shaved. Gradually his right hand and arm became weak, and as a result his handwriting degenerated. This weakness of the right arm slowly increased, and along with it a weakness of the right leg, and, as a consequence of the increasing paralysis of his face, "drooling" at the right side of the mouth set in.

Dr. Weir examined him, at Dr. Seguin's request, and both of them reached a diagnosis, chiefly based upon the facts already given, that the man had a small tumor, situated as above described, and on November 17, 1887, the skull was

opened at the junction of the arm and face centres. This operation was witnessed by Dr. Keen. Nothing abnormal was seen on the surface of the brain. Yet so confident was Dr. Weir of the correctness of the diagnosis, that he boldly cut into the brain substance, and from its interior removed a tumor of the size of a hazelnut by means of a small surgical spoon. The man made a perfect recovery. When examined microscopically, it was found that the tumor was of a malignant character.

Now, just consider what an absolutely fantastic thing that operation was—wonderful in its boldness, more wonderful in its perfect success. Dr. Weir had nothing at all to guide him except certain facts, and his ability to reach an accurate idea of the exact position from the various symptoms and the fixed order in which they followed each other. Doubtless he had often experimented upon the brains of dogs and monkeys. And his great experience in that line showed him exactly what impairment of bodily function followed the excitation of certain limited localities in the dog's or monkey's brain. The slightest error in calculation from these facts to his final surgical action would have certainly entailed, not only the possibility of great damage to other sound centres in this gentleman's brain, but also great hazard to his life. This gentleman recovered rapidly, and lived for four years without any recurrence of the disagreeable symptoms above described. But then the tumor, which was malignant (and malignant disease is a vice of the whole system), returned, and finally destroyed his life

(To be concluded.)



GOLD.

COMMERCE has set the mark of selfishness,
 The signet of its all-enslaving power,
 Upon a shining ore, and called it gold,
 Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
 The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
 The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,
 And with blind feelings reverence the power
 That grinds them to the dust of misery!
 But in the temple of their hireling hearts
 Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
 All earthly things but virtue.

—Shelley

FROM OUR OWN OBSERVATORY.

The Quebec Hierarchy and the Manitoba School Question.

THE speech of Mr. Laurier makes it almost certain that the worst anticipations as to the outcome of the Manitoba school settlement will probably be realized. The war, indeed, has begun; and it is now the question of the hour, Is Canada to be a free country, or are Canadian politics to be in the perennial control of the agents of the Pope and the Jesuits? What the final result will be, we have not a shadow of doubt; but, in the meantime, the action of the bishops will produce a vast amount of irritation, and may possibly render needed legislation difficult of enactment. The energies of the Government will be taxed to countervail the efforts of a grasping, an unscrupulous, and a secretly working priesthood, and, instead of being devoted to useful work, will be diverted in order to fight an enemy with whom they should have no sort of warfare. It is an evil result of the old-time connection between Church and State; and is only one instance of the waste of energy, and consequent disorganization, which will continue in greater or less extent as long as the degrading union is continued in any shape. "Keep Church and State for ever separate" was Grant's injunction, and it is one which should be strictly adhered to in every civilized country in which decent government is aimed at.

One thing is quite clear, and that is, that while Mr. Laurier is right in saying that he has secured for the Manitoba Catholics as much as the late government tried to get, and perhaps more—that is only true from the point of view of a loyal citizen, not from that of the hierarchy. He has secured for the Catholics what will amount to separate schools in cases where there is a majority of Catholic scholars; but he has not consented to place the teaching entirely in the hands of the priests. That is a fatal blunder, of course. For of what use is it to give to the children Catholic teachers, if those teachers are to be competent, and if the children are to be properly instructed? The chief difference between the terms offered by the late and by the present governments is this—that the present settlement secures a good education to the children, whereas the late government's terms would have established separate schools and secured the priests in their determination not to teach the children anything but "religion." As Victor Hugo told the French priests, they want the liberty not to teach.

Mr. Tarte says the Catholics want schools in which their children can be educated as well as the children in the Public schools. We must ask, Who are *the Catholics*? In Manitoba there would appear to be *one* Catholic—Mr. Langevin. In Quebec there are a few bishops and priests. Of the tother people, a few appear to leave their souls entirely in charge of the priests; but the rest are mostly afraid to say what they want. We must be content to wait till this school matter is settled finally, and then we believe we shall find out that Mr. Tarte is right, and that the last election was a fair expression of the opinion of the mass of the Catholics.

In *La Patrie*, Mr. Beaugrand thus speaks of the circumstances of which the ban on *L'Electeur* is but one sign: "The Province of Quebec occupies in America the same position as Spain does in Europe. We have been for years the only country where religious oligarchy flourishes in its narrowest and most absolute form. Formerly Mexico and San Salvador vied with us as to whom belonged the palm, but these two republics finally got vexed and became

sufficiently modernized to abolish the Holy Inquisition and to seclude religious influence in the sacristies during election contests. One must not be mistaken : Mr. Pacaud receives the blow, but Mr. Laurier is the person aimed at. *L'Electeur* is assassinated, but with the hope that the point of the sword, after killing Mr. Pacaud, will touch the Prime Minister of Canada in some vital part. And then, oh, then, we shall see a heavenly sarabande danced by the masters and school 'marms,' holding no diplomas, who are empowered to teach the people in our unfortunate country, where one might think that it is a crime and an abomination to be able to read a newspaper that is not edited by the village sexton or beadle." Mr. Beaugrand, referring to Mr. David's intention to appeal to Rome, advises him to do nothing so foolish, but to go to the Privy Council, "via Quebec, Montreal or Otthwa," and offers him \$100 to \$500 in the way of assistance. He says people tell him he may want the money soon to defend himself ; but he expresses his determination to continue the struggle for liberty to exercise "the rights of a free citizen in a free land" ; and may his tribe increase.

Le Soleil is the name of the new Quebec Liberal organ, started to replace the suppressed sheet, *L'Electeur*. The first edition was eagerly bought up by the excited crowds that awaited its issue, and the presses had some difficulty in supplying the demand. In most respects, it is nearly identical with *L'Electeur*. Whether it will be allowed to go on without priestly censure remains to be seen. We can only hope that, if it be denounced by the bishops, it will fight them. It is said that Mr. Pacaud had offers of considerable sums of money to continue *L'Electeur*, but chose not to assist his possible readers to *risk their souls* (!) by disobeying the orders of the bishops. Which shows that true education is very badly needed even among the more cultured classes of the Catholics.

It seems funny to listen to Mr. David, the author of the suppressed book, "The Canadian Clergy," expressing his "deep sorrow over the action of those in authority at Rome towards my hapless book, which, as I have stated before, was not written with any feelings of antagonism towards the Church I am a member of ;" and asserting that "what had been said in the book was simply an honest expression of opinion on his own part in relation to certain privileges claimed by the Catholic clergy." Surely, Mr. David had been very imperfectly instructed by his pastors and masters, or he would have known that this sort of thing is just what Catholic laymen are specially cautioned against. The idea of a layman having any opinion—honest or otherwise—opposed to that of the clergy ! And presuming to criticize them, too ! Well, he has learnt the lesson now. Confronted with excommunication, he has eaten the leek. We could wish he had been brave enough to nail his colors to the mast, and fight the Church which he sees is strangling his country ; but perhaps his environments do not permit him to sacrifice himself.

The Montreal *Witness* makes these pertinent remarks in reference to the outrageous claims of the Romanists : "The declaration of a preacher at Notre Dame last Sunday, that the Roman Catholic Church bears the mark of the true church in being a persecuted church, calls to mind the story of the wolf who, meeting a lamb, accused him of seeking to devour him. A notable part of the persecution from which the church suffers is, it seems, the fact that newspapers dare to differ in politics from the lords of their souls, the bishops. Here we have a meeting between two parties, one of which can destroy the other with a snap of its jaw, while the other can only bleat ; one of which can, in its own

esteem, send the other to eternal damnation, while the other can at the utmost only writhe a little while being crushed. At the very moment when the one is crushing the other under its foot, it is the crushed one that is accused of persecution. In condemning the readers of the *Electeur* to everlasting burnings—for such is monstrosly held to be the fate of all such as do not receive the sacrament at the hands of certain who differ from them in opinion—these lords of men's souls assume to prescribe absolutely what shall be written in any newspaper and what any one shall read, under pain of the thunderbolts of heaven. The language used by the bishops is truly august. The crime for which the poor newspaper has to die, and for which its readers have to go to hell, is—that this paper actually set itself up against what certain bishops, 'exercising their rights, judged it proper to say from their thrones.' Is this also the mark of being the representatives of him who forbade his followers to be called masters, for one was their master, even Christ?"

We fully believe with the *Witness* that the fight will be much less hurtful to the newspaper that boldly faces the enemy than is commonly believed. "The victory in the long run will certainly not rest with the prelates, nor will it rest with the party which has secured in its own interest this frantic and fatal action on the part of churchmen who evidently do not see what they are doing. There is certainly something very cheerful about the speed with which the party of leagued bondage and corruption is precipitating its own downfall. We do not know if we may here quote Goldsmith's familiar rhyme without disrespect, or if anyone will see anything apposite in it :

"The dog and man at first were friends,
But when the pique began,
The dog to gain his private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

"The wound it seemed both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

"But soon a wonder came to light,
That showed the rogues they lied,
The man recovered from the bite,
And the dog it was that died."

The Church of England in all parts of Canada has recently been denouncing the Public schools as "purely secular" schools, and have been demanding that religious instruction should be made a part of the regular curriculum. How little truth there is in the charge against the schools is very clearly exhibited by a correspondent of the *Vancouver World* of Dec. 25. E. Benson, who gives a list, occupying the best part of a long column of small type, of passages in the five reading books used in the public schools in which the various doctrines of the Christian religion are set forth. In the light of these passages, one sees how Jesuitical the claim of the churchmen is. Radically, it comes to the same thing as the Catholic claim. The priests simply want to capture the schools as an adjunct to the Church. The people will find out, sooner or later, that the pretensions of the Protestant clergy lead logically to the same conclusions as those of the Romanists, and that, if education is ever to be conducted on sound principles, the parson as well as the priest must be kept out of the school.

THE STAGE AND ORCHESTRA.

The Month in Toronto.

THE closing month of the year has been a very satisfactory one artistically, as far as Toronto is concerned. We have been favored with some operatic and dramatic companies much above the average in general ability, and the public support accorded them has been of a fairly satisfactory kind, when we come to compare it with the business done in the larger houses of larger cities across the line.

The Metropolitan English Opera Company, that opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday, December 7, fared worst; the company came here in debt, and on Tuesday morning the manager (one of the Grau family of New York) left Toronto for New York ostensibly to finance, but really leaving a company of nearly seventy ladies and gentlemen (many of whom were foreigners who could speak no English) to carry on the business and to pay their way out of the city as best they could. It was a mean thing to do, but one which is not unfrequently done; and persons so left have practically no remedy, for it is of no use suing a bankrupt. Perhaps the best remedy in the circumstances would be a good horse-whipping, but this is a drastic remedy, which in these mincing times one scarcely cares to recommend. The total receipts of the Metropolitan Opera Company for the seven performances given were barely a couple of thousand dollars—little more than one good night's business ought to have produced. However, the company is to be commended for faithfully carrying out its contract with the public; with the assistance of Mr. O. B. Sheppard (who acted well in the matter) the entire company returned to New York, but of course minus their salaries. The company gave us a different opera at each performance, and the result only confirms the opinion of those who understand the business, that grand opera cannot be made a financial success at the ordinary playhouse prices. The company was an all-round good one, but the triumph of the week was won by Miss Lizzie McNichol, a mezzo-soprano of much ability. Miss McNichol has been seen here on several occasions in comic opera, and while the lady was always popular, few people were prepared to see her develop as artistically as she did in the role of the gipsy Azucena in "Il Trovatore."

The appearance here of Auguste Van Biene, and a carefully selected London company, in "The Broken Melody," was such as to justify the flattering notices that had preceded him. Mr. Van Biene as Paul Borinski, the actor-cellist, is undoubtedly a man of rare ability, with an interesting and attractive personality. He played to indifferent houses at the beginning of the week, but his audiences improved each evening, and many people, having heard and seen him once, returned to enjoy the performance again; he left an impression among the theatre-goers of this city that will stand him in good stead on his next visit. Of Van Biene as a player on the violoncello it is quite reasonable to say he is excellent, without talking a lot of raving nonsense about his being the best in the world.

The company from the London Royalty Theatre did a good week's business at the Grand Opera House, but scarcely such business as it deserved. Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet and Miss Irene Vanbrugh are a good show in themselves, but they brought with them an entire English company of excellent

capacity ; the result being that we had a first-class representation of "The Child Widow" and "The Queen's Proctor," both of which were worth going a long way to see, especially put on as they were.

The closing week of the year was made pleasant by a couple of operatic concerts at which Madame Albani was the centre of attraction, De Koven and Smith's new opera "The Mandarin," and the apparently still popular "Wang." "The Mandarin" is light, clever, well played, and admirably mounted. It has done unexpectedly well here, the Princess Theatre having had eight large audiences in it during the week. Of Madame Albani it is needless to say much, except that her voice is in a marvellous state of preservation, and it is only a trained and critical ear that can detect those changes which must exist in the voice of a singer who is well into middle age. Madame Albani's reception in Toronto—both in public and private—was most flattering. Of "Wang," we need only remark that, considering how often it has been given here and how little there is in the production in either a literary or an artistic sense, the popularity with which the public continue to patronize and support it is surprising. Still I am pleased to think, from the substantial support given to Madame Albani, to "The Mandarin," and to "Wang," that we may hope for better houses during the rest of the season than the initial months led us to expect. Another thing, too, seems certain : it is not, perhaps, satisfactory, but we may as well face plain facts—the public just now do not want grand opera, and they will not pay for it ; but comic opera is in demand, and apparently can be made to play to paying business. This being so, our theatre managers should see that we have it—bright scenery and costumes, light dialogue, light songs, light music, and pretty girls, appear to be the collective theatrical necessity of the hour ; perhaps it may not be art, but it certainly is business.

Amateur Associations and the Profession.

The question as to what extent the theatre proper is being interfered with by amateur vocal and elocutionary societies is, from a theatrical point of view, an important one. These amateur associations are, to a certain extent, probably, good things ; at any rate, whether we think them good or bad, we have them in constantly increasing numbers, and as they are conducted at little individual expense and afford a fair amount of amusement to the members, we cannot expect them to decrease. But they interfere undoubtedly with the theatres, as they provide a certain number of entertainments during each season at a low per capita charge for admission, and as each performer and all the members of the society in addition, become personal and usually persistent canvassers for the sale of tickets, it is not at all surprising that the patronage is almost always numerically large. That these societies turn out among us an undue proportion of young ladies and gentlemen, who labor under the impression that they each possess great artistic capacity for the stage in one form or another, is a circumstance from which the public suffers to some extent but from which the persons more immediately concerned suffer most in the long run. This, however, is a side issue ; but the point at present is—do these amateur associations lessen the attendance at our theatres ? And I think that at times like the present, when money is scarce, they do so to an appreciable extent. But the most serious opposition the theatres have to contend with is the prevalent practice of giving "entertainments" of very varying kinds at the different churches throughout the

city, or in some schoolroom or building under the direction of a religious body, to aid in raising funds for the benefit of the sect providing the show. The charge will vary from say ten cents to occasionally one dollar, and often professional people are engaged to give *eclat* to the affair, but the programme is usually largely filled by ambitious amateurs who are quite satisfied to play for the honor of the thing. And here is where the effect of organization comes in; these church socials and entertainments are as a rule accorded a crowded attendance, because the canvassing (mostly by young ladies) has been severe. It is said that the people who attend these functions are not theatre-goers; to a certain extent this is true, but only to a certain extent; and it is an incontrovertible fact that these entertainments do affect the legitimate theatres and music-halls to a large extent. This is a grievance our theatrical managers must put up with, I have no doubt: but that it is a grievance is soon seen when one remembers that the theatres are all heavily taxed and pay large sums for artists, and the religious houses are not taxed one single cent, and pay most of their performers nothing. The position is a serious one; but of course ladies and gentlemen have a perfect right, if so disposed, to fret and fume their little hour upon a stage, and it is equally of course the right of their friends and acquaintances to say whether they will suffer what is often the affliction of listening to them, and in addition pay their money to undergo the suffering. If the public will be more discriminating in the class of amateur entertainments to which it extends patronage the legitimate artists and the legitimate places of amusement will gain appreciably, while the reputable churches and religious bodies will gain much in the respect of all decent people both inside and outside of their ranks by ceasing to lend countenance to a line of business which is made to pay, as a rule, by means that, if critically examined, are no more nor less than a genteel system of blackmail.

WILFRID WISGAST.



A CONSOLATION.

WHEN to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of past things,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;
 Then I can drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
 Then I can grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 And if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

—*Shakespeare.*

GRAVE AND GAY.

AFTER LONGFELLOW.

A Nebraska real estate dealer, known in his native state as a "boomer," has the following on his letter-heads :

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
That the town is full of gloom,
For a man's a crank who slumbers
In these bursting days of boom.
Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal ;
Every dollar that thou turnest
Helps to make our new town roll.
But enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
If you have no money, borrow—
Buy a corner lot each day.
Lives of great men all remind us,
We can win immortal fame.
Let us leave the chumps behind us,
And we'll get there all the same.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Let us make the dry bones rattle—
Buy a corner lot for wife.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Booming early, booming late."

Rev. Primross—What made you stop praying for a bicycle ?

Bobbie—"Cause pa told me I couldn't have one.

Truth crushed to earth will rise once more—

So is the story told :
But lies when crushed get up and soar
A hundred thousand fold.

The youthful heir of the noble house came slowly down from his high place and stood in the paternal presence. "Fader," he asked, holding out a brilliantly pictured sheet, "who was Villiam Chenings Pryan ?"

The old man gazed fondly at his son. "Ah, he vas a great man. I dells you a secrets, Ikey. He will maig de United State vail for feefty cents on de toller !"

A Portuguese workman who had been suspected of freethinking, was at the

point of death. A Jesuit came to confess him, and, holding a crucifix before his eyes, said, "Behold the God whom you have so much offended. Do you recollect him now ?"

"Alas, yes, father," said the dying man. "It was I who made him."

And he had made many more such gods too.

Della Ware—Do you believe in the Biblical admonition of giving a kiss for a blow, Mr. Westside ?

Westside—Well—er—that depends Miss Ware. How hard are you going to strike me ?

Hicks—The Bible says, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

Wicks—It's clear, then, that our maid reads the Bible.

Two old darkies down South were heard to hold this conversation : "Bruder Barnes, dere's bad noos agoin' round here." "What's dat, brudder !" "Why, de Lord am dead." "Den how's de word agoin' round if dat's true ?" "Well, any how, dere's bin a preacher around sayin' de Lord—dat's Jesus—am dead." "Oh, de Lord Jesus ! Dat's no matter—dat's on'y one ob de boys. I fort yer mean de ole man."

Parson (to Ahsin, just burnt out the second time)—This must be a judgment of heaven.

Ahsin—Not much. I euchered it this time.

Parson—But, my good man, you can euchre the Almighty.

Ahsin—You bet I can. I insured the darned place.

Wayworn Watson—If you could live your life over again, what would you do ?

Perry Patetic—I'd just leave out all de days I was sober.

Mother—There's only one piece of cake left, Jack ; how's that ?

Jack—It was so dark in there, mammy, that I didn't see it.