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THE DOOM OF CHRISTIAN SPAIN.

BY G. W. FOOTE, EDITOR "FREETHINKER."

V. MEXICO AND PERU.

From the West Indies we now turn to Mexico and Peru. The former was conquered by the pious and cruel Cortes, the latter by the still more pious and cruel Pizarro. Millions of human beings were slaughtered, and two great civilizations destroyed, in a comparatively few years. By ruining the cities, and exterminating the classes who possessed knowledge or exercised power, the Spaniards reduced the miserable remnant of two great nations to the condition of wandering savages who had almost entirely forgotten the superiority of their ancestors.

Keats has immortalized the "eagle eye" of Cortes. But the eagle eye was accompanied by eagle talons and beak. On his way to the city of Mexico he fell upon the Cholulans. "We slew many of them," wrote Bernal Diaz, "and others were burnt alive; so little did the promises of their false gods avail them." The Spaniards worshipped the *true* god, but it did not prevent them burning their defenceless enemies alive. And it was really not the *god* of the Spaniards who overwhelmed the *gods* of these poor aborigines of America. The Spaniards had horses which the natives had never seen; they had muskets that could be fired at a distance; they had artillery that could sweep away whole ranks of men and lay protecting walls in ruins. "The nobler but weaker nature," as Froude says, "was crushed under a malignant force which was stronger and yet meaner than itself."

Mexico was a splendid city, immensely larger and finer, and considerably more populous, than Madrid. "Well might the rude Spanish soldier," says Froude, "find no parallel but in the imaginations of his favorite Romance. Like Granada, encircled, but not frowned upon, by mountains; fondled and adorned by water like Venice; as grand in its buildings as Babylon of old; and rich with gardens, like Damascus; the great city of Mexico was at that time the fairest in the world." The population amounted to at least three hundred thousand. Froude helps conceive it to have been much larger. All the European eye-witnesses agree in praising the size and beauty of this great capital, and the number and quality of its inhabitants.

Cortes made a prisoner of Montezuma in his own palace, but he was glad to leave the city, in order to collect his forces for a successful attack upon it. Ravaging the provinces, he slaughtered wholesale and made a multitude of prisoners; not men, for it was too troublesome to guard them, but boys, girls, and young women. These were all branded with the letter "G" and divided up amongst the soldiers. But the rank and file complained that by the time Cortes and the officers were satisfied only the old and feeble women were left of them.

Mexico was besieged for seventy-five days, and was captured on August 15, 1521. The streets and houses were full of dead bodies. "I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem," wrote an eye-witness, "but whether there was such mortality in that I do not know." During the siege the ground had been ploughed up to get at the roots of the herbage, the bark had been eaten off the trees, and every drop of fresh water was consumed. A vast number of the inhabitants perished by wounds or famine. Those who remained were "a grief to behold."

The conquerors held a thanksgiving service, and then began to search for gold. Not finding as much as they expected, they took the son of Montezuma, who had fought so bravely, and put him to the torture in order to make him confess where he had concealed the treasures. His feet were soaked in oil and scorched with fire. His cousin, who was tortured with him, looked beseechingly to the lord to give him leave to speak, but the gallant young king replied with contempt, "Am I on a bed of roses?" But why dwell any longer on these barbarities? It is enough to say that Cortes and his Spaniards, by the aid of warlike discipline and destructive weapons, to which the Mexicans could offer no effectual resistance, destroyed a civilization superior to that of Spain herself, and reduced the remnant of its people to a state of ignominious and miserable slavery.

Pizarro acted even more wantonly and wickedly in Peru. A very curious civilization existed in that country, which it is beyond our purpose to describe. The monarch was called the "Inca," and Pizarro sought a friendly interview with him, with the perfidious intention of seizing his person. The Inca approached with a large retinue, and the plain behind him was covered with thirty thousand of his soldiers. A rascally priest, Father Vincent Valverde, undertook to explain the Christian religion. This was done through an interpreter, who made a terrible mess of it. The Inca was informed that he had already got one god, but the Spaniards had three; so, if he accepted them, there would make four. Then he was told all about the life and death of Jesus Christ. He listened incredulously, and at length answered: "Your God, you say, was put to death by the very men he created; but my God still lives in the heaven and looks down on his children." He was then shown the priest's breviary. Turning over its leaves, and lifting it, perhaps contemptuously, to his ear he said, "This is silent; it tells me nothing." The book was thrown with disdain to the

Whereupon the priest lost patience. He had spent too much time ready in trying to convert this infidel. "Set on at once, I absolve you," he cried to Pizarro, who was only awaiting the word. Martial music struck up, cannon and muskets began to fire, and the Spanish horsemen rode in among the astonished Peruvians. Not a single Spaniard fell, and four thousand Peruvians were slaughtered. "The Spaniards," says Robertson, "pursued them towards every quarter, and with deliberate and unrelenting barbarity continued to slaughter wretched fugitives, who never once offered to resist. The carnage did not cease until the close of day."

The Inca was a captive, and his kingdom was ransacked for gold. It was divided up on the festival of St. James, the patron saint of Spain. "Though assembled," as Robertson says, "to divide the spoils of an innocent people, secured by deceit, extortion, and cruelty, the transaction began with a solemn invocation of the name of God." More than eight thousand pounds fell to the lot of each horseman, and half as much to each foot soldier. Pizarro's own share must have amounted to a large fortune.

These infamous wretches capped the rest of their crimes by their treatment of the captive Inca. They resolved to try him in a Spanish criminal court, Pizarro being one of the judges. Never was there such a tragical-farce, or such a farcical comedy. Amongst other charges against the Inca were these: he had incited his subjects to resist the Spaniards, and had wasted treasure which belonged to the conquerors! For these wonderful offences he was condemned to be *burnt alive*. Such was the sentence of the court presided over by the base and bloody Pizarro, and Father Valverde warranted it to be just. The poor monarch, tried and sentenced by foreigners in his own country, pleaded with tears to be sent to Spain, but the unfeeling Pizarro ordered him to immediate execution. Father Valverde, however, made an effort to convert him. He was promised a mitigation of his punishment if he would embrace the Christian religion. The offer was accepted, the poor Inca was baptized, and then strangled at the stake instead of being burnt to death.

Pizarro with his Spaniards went through Peru, slaughtering and robbing to his heart's content. Happily he paid the penalty of his crimes at last, being beheaded for rebellion against his own sovereign. The fact is, the Spaniards quarrelled amongst themselves over the spoils of Peru, which were richer than those of Mexico. They killed each other like greedy devils, but the natives were the worst sufferers. The civilization of the country was absolutely destroyed. A hundred years afterwards its scanty inhabitants looked with ignorant astonishment at the mysterious ruins of its recent greatness.

It is beyond doubt that Cortes, Pizarro, and nearly all the other Spaniards engaged in the conquest of America were devoted sons of the Church, and felt that they were not violating any religious principle in their treatment of the

natives, who were infidels for certain, and probably descended from some other progenitor than Adam. Both on the mainland and in the West Indies they showed, at least, the elevating effect which Christianity had produced upon their characters. "Gold hunting and lust," says Froude, "were the two passions for which the Spaniards cared; and the fate of the Indian women was only more dreadful than that of the men." Wherever they went they made a hell. As they went far. Take this story of a deed of theirs in the beautiful land of Florida, once their possession, but now a part of the United States. After the massacre of St. Bartholomew a powerful Spanish fleet bore down upon a Huguenot settlement there. The settlers had lived there for years, cultivating the soil, building villages, and dwelling on good terms with the natives. Every one of them was seized, to the number of nearly a thousand; they were all flayed alive, and hung out upon trees, with the inscription over them, "Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." Then the Spaniards settled there themselves. But two years afterwards a French Huguenot armed and equipped a vessel at Rochelle, sailed across the Atlantic, collected a strong party of Indians, and fell suddenly upon the Spaniards, slaying every man of them he could find, and hanging their bodies on the same trees that had borne their victims, with this inscription over them: "Not as Spaniards, but as murderers."

VI. CUBA.

Spain has lost the greater part of her empire. She has only a few possessions left in America, and the principal of these is Cuba. The island is 41,655 square miles in extent—larger than Ireland, but not as large as England. Only about a tenth of it is fairly well cultivated, and some parts of the interior are almost unexplored, although the Spaniards have been there for four hundred years! The total population (according to the last figures we have) is only a little over a million and a half, consisting as follows:

Spaniards	-	-	-	-	977,992
Foreign Whites	-	-	-	-	10,632
Chinese	-	-	-	-	43,811
Negroes	-	-	-	-	489,249

Cuba was always a home of slavery. Dr. R. R. Madden, who spoke from personal knowledge, declared in 1840 that "slavery in Cuba was more destructive to human life, more pernicious to society, degrading to the slave and debasing to the master, more fatal to health and happiness, than in any other slave-holding country on the face of the habitable globe." Cairnes, the historian of the Slave Trade, writing in 1862, said: "It is in Cuba at this day that we see in the servile class the coarsest fare, the most exhausting and unremitting toil, and even the absolute destruction of a portion of its numbers every year by the slow torture of overwork and insufficient rest and sleep." Slavery increased, instead of

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diminishing, there during the present century. The slave population of the island was estimated in 1792 at 84,000; in 1817 at 179,000; in 1827 at 286,000; and in 1843 at 436,000 (Ingram's "History of Slavery and Serfdom," p. 203). There were 500,000 slaves in 1873. But the Moret law of gradual emancipation began to operate in 1870; in 1885 slavery was "rapidly dying," and it was finally abolished by the Spanish government in 1886.

Only a few years ago, therefore, quite a third of the inhabitants of Cuba were slaves to the Spaniards. Since then the natives have been constantly struggling for freedom and self-government. Their efforts have been met with the regular devices of Spanish cruelty, and at length the infamous General Weyler hit upon the policy of deliberately starving the rural population, in order to prevent their "assisting the rebels." It is calculated that a quarter of a million men, women, and children have been slowly done to death in this way during the last five years. The suffering of these innocent and helpless people has been unspeakable.

Now, the island of Cuba is less than a hundred miles from the coast of the United States. Is it any wonder, then, that the American people are shocked beyond endurance at the story of this poor people's sufferings? Spain has had warning after warning, but she has lied, evaded, and procrastinated. The Cuban question has now come to a crisis, and Spain has no longer to shuffle diplomatic messages, but to face the armed and embattled indignation of the great American Republic. To this struggle there can be but one issue, unless Spain is able to obtain the assistance of Europe, and that is impossible while England bars the way. Cuba, therefore will be freed from the curse of Spain. Beautiful and fertile, and splendidly situated, this noble island will doubtless become the home of self-governing millions. It may join the United States, or remain under the great Republic's protection; in any case, America will never be foolish enough to let it pass under the control or influence of any European power.



WHAT IS A FREETHINKER?

BY CHARLES C. CATTELL.

It may be that some persons would like to know the answer of one who desires to be known as such, rather than an answer invented for him. Fifty years ago there was a very common saying, "Give a dog a bad name and you may as well hang him." One of the best lexicons gave it as "a softer name" for Deist, Unbeliever, etc. When Mr. Holyoake first applied the term "Secularism" to represent the opinions of those who no longer believed in orthodox views, it was called a cloak for ugly Atheism. Professor Huxley invented "Agnostic," and that was voted a cowardly refuge from the penalty of being called Atheist or Infidel.

All this was said by persons professing Christianity and calling themselves Christians, instead of by their true title, libellers of their opponents. We can understand and appreciate objections to new terms for old ideas; but new terms to express new ideas or new views of things, or a new name for a new policy in advocating them, are not open to the same objections. It is enough justification if a new name tones down some unreasonable public feeling, cools inflamed bigotry, giving reason and common sense a chance in the world. Names require new definitions, as new knowledge makes new distinctions in principles an intellectual necessity. Half a century ago, "Methodist" implied a sneer at dissenting piety, and "Unitarian" denoted some wild creature to be avoided: as its habits and peculiarities were totally unknown, it was dangerous to approach one. "Atheist" was described as a nondescript monster, created by nature in a moment of madness. "Infidels" were persons who rejected the divine accounts of atrocious Bible characters, and as a consequence were prone to commit murder and suicide, as described in leaflets distributed among ignoramuses. When Coleridge went to preach for the Unitarians, he was anxious for his coachman to point out their church. But that was too much for him. He named all the other churches, till he came to one that was "something in the opposition line." That may be taken as a fair representation of what people in general know about a Freethinker—something in the opposition line.

Everyone must have noticed how little the general public cares about the exact meaning of the terms they use about each other. As instance the popular designation of "Atheist" to Voltaire and Paine. That term appears extremely convenient for Christian use, for it has been employed for over a thousand years to describe all sorts and conditions of men. In early times, Christians themselves were termed "Atheists;" and so Athanasius names Arius, and the Romanists Erasmus. Unbelievers in witchcraft received that title in days gone by. Telescopes did not escape a title of "Atheistical inventions," inasmuch as they extended human vision beyond the limit fixed by God in the eye. To call every

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man an "Atheist" who dissents from the creeds of Christendom may be convenient, but it is a palpable and very unjust error. A man may hold various opinions about theology and Christianity without denying an intelligent first cause—a personal God.

An Atheist, a Deist, a Pantheist, or a Theist may be a Freethinker, but a Freethinker is not necessarily either. The mistake arises from confounding things and ideas which materially differ. Everyone knows that a thinker is one who uses his brains, but what is a free-thinker? We are indebted to the noble Saxon tongue for the grand word "FREE." It originally meant not under vassalage, not ruled by arbitrary despotic power. A free people lives under government by assent or consent—a system under which the laws control all alike. In like manner, a man who exercises his mental powers only under the laws of evidence and logic, unrestrained by pope or priest, church or king, or other arbitrary authority, is a Free Thinker. He acknowledges only one authority—Truth—that which admits of logical proof or demonstration; and allows only one thing to influence him in forming conclusions—valid Evidence. The conclusions resulting from a comparison of ideas and of probable events he holds entitled to respect.

With regard to the nature and constitution of the human mind, the Freethinker is (as all thinkers ever find themselves) surrounded by the conditions of existence, which affect the process of thought. But he differs from others by his repudiation of the artificial and imposed restrictions already named. He aims at disarming prejudice and overcoming social ostracism, just as those before our time despised the threats of the pulpit, the throne, and the gaol. He resists all the instruments that the enemies of Freethought invent to arrest the progress and development of mind. He also differs from others in inviting the most searching inquiry into the grounds of his conclusions, and is fully prepared to abide the consequences of the most rigorous investigation of what are deemed the most sacred subjects. He is not overawed in the exercise of his reasoning faculties by ancient dates or reputed divinity. He sets a higher value on Freedom—the right of free inquiry, of free speech, and of free writing—than on all else in the world beside. In its absence, what becomes of the hope of the world or the worth of human nature?

" 'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it."

It is the pioneer of all progress and civilization, and all that obstructs it the Freethinker would sweep away. He is often called "Sceptic" and "Doubter," as though to merit those names were wicked and derogatory. But the fact is, that the world owes a vast deal to scepticism and doubt, the forerunners of inquiry, and which alone lead to knowledge and certainty. The world owes an everlasting tribute to the man who uttered the first doubt. The disciples who followed him, and those who

now continue the great work, are our aids in arriving at our present rational beliefs.

It is impossible to imagine our intellectual progress becoming the historical fact which it is to-day, and of which we justly feel proud, in the absence of doubt. Everyone who has studied the development of mind during the past two hundred years must have observed that the process was this—doubt, inquiry, knowledge: opinion, investigation, certainty. Whatever freedom and happiness are enjoyed to-day are the result of this method. Whoever started the process, to whatever nation may be traced the initiative, the Freethinker to-day declares his title to the heritage of the ages, and in his humble way endeavors to hand down to posterity this method of human illumination. The Freethinker can point to nations, where the influence of his method is still unfelt, as wallowing in ignorance and superstition—only worthy of being placed by the side of what all are agreed were the dark ages of mankind.

It may be worth while to point out to those who have never thought on the question, that what is denounced as doubting is the only proper state of mind in regard to many of the deepest problems which the human intellect has attempted to solve. In the absence of sufficient evidence, in a state of uncertainty, the philosophic attitude of mind in relation thereto can be only fittingly described as a state of doubt. It is only those who have thought little, and not those who have thought much, who declare all problems solved or that some never will be.

Freethinkers, of course, arrive at different conclusions, but they all accept the same method—unrestricted inquiry, relying upon reason and facts, the laws of logic and evidence—and follow this method wherever it may lead, without fear or favor.

To conclude, as the pulpit men say, how shall we briefly answer the question—What is a Freethinker? He is one who observes, thinks, and judges for himself, urging others to follow his example. He is one who is free from the credulity of the ignorant and the priest-ridden. His hopes, desires, and aspirations lie in the success of efforts to free mankind from two terrible afflictions, ignorance and poverty. He aims at pre-eminence among men for intelligence and nobleness of mind. If he has a religion, it is free from intolerance and superstition, and concerned only with promoting the welfare of mankind, intellectually, morally, and physically. He devotes himself to the service of humanity, and the consciousness of rendering such service affords him pleasant thoughts through life, and the privilege of dying in peace when he can live no longer.

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THE GODS.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

VIII.

During that frightful period known as the "Dark Ages," Faith reigned, with scarcely a rebellious subject. Her temples were "carpeted with thrones," and the wealth of nations adorned her countless shrines. The great painters prostituted their genius to immortalize her vagaries, while the poets enshrined them in song. At her bidding, man covered the earth with blood. The scales of justice were turned with her gold, and for her use were invented all the cunning instruments of pain. She built cathedrals for God, and dungeons for men. She peopled the clouds with angels and the earth with slaves. For centuries the world was retreating its steps—going steadily back towards barbaric night! A few infidels and a few heretics cried "Halt!" to the great rabble of ignorant and made it possible for the genius of the nineteenth century to revolutionize the cruel creeds and superstitions of mankind.

The thoughts of man, in order to be of any real worth, must be free. Under the influence of fear the brain is paralyzed, and instead of bravely solving a problem for itself, tremblingly adopts the solution of another. As long as a majority of men will cringe to the very earth before some petty prince or king, what must be the infinite abjectness of their little souls in the presence of their supposed creator and God? Under such circumstances, what can their thoughts be worth?

The originality of repetition, and the mental vigor of acquiescence, are all that we have any right to expect from the Christian world. As long as every question is answered by the word "god," scientific inquiry is simply impossible. As fast as phenomena are satisfactorily explained in the domain of the power, supposed to be superior to nature, must decrease, while the horizon of the known must as constantly continue to enlarge.

It is no longer satisfactory to account for the fall and rise of nations by saying, "It is the will of God." Such an explanation puts ignorance and education upon an exact equality, and does away with the idea of really accounting for anything whatever.

Will the religionist pretend that the real end of science is to ascertain how and why God acts? Science, from such a standpoint, would consist in investigating the law of arbitrary action, and in a grand endeavor to ascertain the rules necessarily obeyed by infinite caprice.

From a philosophical point of view, science is knowledge of the laws of life; of the conditions of happiness; of the facts by which we are surrounded, and the relations we sustain to men and things—by means of which, man, so to speak, subjugates nature and bends the elemental powers to his will, making blind force the servant of his brain.

A belief in special providence does away with the spirit of investigation, and is inconsistent with personal effort. Why should man endeavor to thwart the designs of God? Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature? Under the influence of this belief, man, basking in the sunshine of a delusion, considers the lilies of the field and refuses to take any thought for the morrow. Believing himself in the power of an infinite being, who can, at any moment, dash him to the lowest hell or raise him to the highest heaven, he necessarily abandons the idea of accomplishing anything by his own efforts. As long as this belief was general, the world was filled with ignorance, superstition and misery.

The energies of man were wasted in a vain effort to obtain the aid of this power, supposed to be superior to nature. For countless ages even men were sacrificed upon the altar of this impossible god. To please him, mothers have shed the blood of their own babes; martyrs have chanted triumphant songs in the midst of flame; priests have gorged themselves with blood; nuns have forsworn the ecstasies of love; old men have tremblingly implored; women have sobbed and entreated; every pain has been endured and every horror has been perpetrated.

Through the dim long years that have fled, humanity has suffered more than can be conceived. Most of the misery has been endured by the weak, the loving and the innocent. Women have been treated like poisonous beasts, and little children trampled upon as though they had been vermin. Numberless altars have been reddened, even with the blood of babes; beautiful girls have been given to slimy serpents; whole races of men doomed to centuries of slavery, and everywhere there has been outrage beyond the power of genius to express. During all these years the suffering have supplicated; the withered lips of famine have prayed; the pale victims have implored, and Heaven has been deaf and blind.

Of what use have the gods been to man?

It is no answer to say that some god created the world, established certain laws, and then turned his attention to other matters, leaving his children weak, ignorant and unaided, to fight the battle of life alone. There is no solution to declare that in some other world this god will render a few, or even all, his subjects happy. What right have we to expect that a perfectly wise, good and powerful being will ever do better than he has done, and is doing? The world is filled with imperfections. If it was made by an infinite being, what reason have we for saying that he will render it nearer perfect than it now is? If the infinite "Father" allows a majority of his children to live in ignorance and wretchedness now, what evidence is there that he will ever improve their condition? Will God have more power? Will he become more merciful? Will his love for his poor creatures increase? Can the conduct of infinite wisdom, power and love ever change? Is the infinite capable of any improvement whatever?

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We are informed by the clergy that this world is a kind of school; that the evils by which we are surrounded are for the purpose of developing our souls, and that only by suffering can men become pure, strong, virtuous and grand.

Supposing this to be true, what is to become of those who die in infancy? The little children, according to this philosophy, can never be developed. They were so unfortunate as to escape the ennobling influences of pain and misery, and, as a consequence, are doomed to an eternity of mental inferiority. If the clergy are right on this question some are so unfortunate as the happy, and we should envy only the suffering and distressed. If evil is necessary to the development of man in this life, how is it possible for the soul to improve in the perfect joy of paradise?

Since Paley found his watch, the argument of "design" has been relied upon as unanswerable. The Church teaches that this world, and all that it contains, were created substantially as we now see them; that the grasses, the flowers, the trees, and all animals, including man, were special creations, and that they sustain no necessary relation to each other. The most orthodox will admit that some earth has been washed into the sea; that the sea has encroached a little upon the land, and that some mountains may be a trifle lower than in the morning of creation. The theory of gradual development was unknown to our fathers; the idea of evolution did not occur to them. Our fathers looked upon the then arrangement of things as the primal arrangement. The earth appeared to them fresh from the hands of a deity. They knew nothing of the slow evolutions of countless years, but supposed that the almost infinite variety of vegetable and animal forms had existed from the first.

Suppose that upon some island we should find a man a million years of age, and suppose that we should find him in the possession of a most beautiful carriage, constructed upon the most perfect model. And suppose, further, that he should tell us that it was the result of several hundred thousand years of labor and thought; that for fifty thousand years he used as flat a log as he could find before it occurred to him that by splitting the log he could have the same surface with only half the weight; that it took him many thousand years to invent wheels for this log; that the wheels he first used were solid, and that fifty thousand years of thought suggested the use of spokes and tire; that for many centuries he used the wheels without linch-pins; that it took a hundred thousand years more to think of using four wheels instead of two; that for ages he walked behind the carriage, when going down hill, in order to hold it back, and that only by a lucky chance he invented the tongue; could we conclude that this man, from the very first, had been an infinitely ingenious and perfect mechanic? Suppose we found him living in an elegant mansion, and he should inform us that he had lived in that house for five hundred thousand years before he thought of putting

on a roof, and that he had but recently invented windows and doors, would we say that from the beginning he had been an infinitely accomplished and scientific architect?

Does not an improvement in the things created show a corresponding improvement in the creator?

Would an infinitely wise, good and powerful God, intending to produce man, commence with the lowest possible forms of life; with the simplest organism that can be imagined, and during immeasurable periods of time, slowly and almost imperceptibly improve upon the rude beginning until man was evolved? Would countless ages thus be wasted in the production of awkward forms, afterwards abandoned? Can the intelligence of man discover the least wisdom in covering the earth with crawling, creeping horrors, that live only upon the agonies and pangs of others? Can we see the propriety of so constructing the earth that only an insignificant portion of its surface is capable of producing an intelligent man? Who can appreciate the mercy of so making the world that all animals devour animals; so that every mouth is a slaughter-house, and every stomach a tomb? Is it possible to discover infinite intelligence and love in universal and eternal carnage?

What would we think of a father, who should give a farm to his children, and before giving them possession should plant upon it thousands of deadly shrubs and vines; should stock it with ferocious beasts and poisonous reptiles; should take pains to put a few swamps in the neighborhood to breed malaria; should so arrange matters that the ground would occasionally open and swallow a few of his darlings, and besides all this, should establish a few volcanoes in the immediate vicinity, that might at any moment overwhelm his children with rivers of fire? Suppose that this father neglected to tell his children which of the plants were deadly; that the reptiles were poisonous; failed to say anything about the earthquakes, and kept the volcano business a profound secret; would we pronounce him angel or fiend?

And yet this is exactly what the orthodox God has done.

IX.

ACCORDING to the theologians, God prepared this globe expressly for the habitation of his loved children, and yet he filled the forests with ferocious beasts; placed serpents in every path; stuffed the world with earthquakes, and adorned its surface with mountains of flame.

Notwithstanding all this, we are told that the world is perfect; that it was created by a perfect being, and is therefore necessarily perfect. The next moment, these same persons will tell us that the world is cursed; covered with brambles, thistles and thorns, and that man was doomed to disease and death, simply because our poor, dear mother ate an apple contrary to the command of an arbitrary God.

A very pious friend of mine, having heard that I said the world was full of imperfections, asked me if the report was true. Upon being

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and doors; informed that it was, he expressed great surprise that any one could be guilty of such presumption. He said that, in his judgment, it was impossible to point out an imperfection. "Be kind enough," said he, "to name even one improvement that you could make, if you had the power." "Well," said I, "I would make good health catching instead of disease." The truth is, it is impossible to harmonize all the ills, and pains, and agonies of this world with the idea that we were created by, and are watched over and protected by an infinitely wise, powerful and beneficent God, who is superior to and independent of nature.

The clergy, however, balance all the ills of this life with the expected joys of the next. We are assured that all is perfection in heaven—the skies are cloudless—there all is serenity and peace. Here empires may be overthrown; dynasties may be extinguished in blood; millions of slaves may toil 'neath the fierce rays of the sun, and the cruel strokes of the lash; yet all is happiness in heaven. Pestilences may strew the earth with corpses of the loved; the survivors may bend above them in agony—yet the placid bosom of heaven is unruffled. Children may aspire vainly asking for bread; babes may be devoured by serpents, while the gods sit smiling in the clouds. The innocent may languish into death in the obscurity of dungeons; brave men and heroic women may be changed to ashes at the bigot's stake, while heaven is filled with song and joy. Out on the wide sea, in darkness and in storm, the shipwrecked struggle with the cruel waves, while the angels play upon their golden harps. The streets of the world are filled with the diseased, the deformed and the helpless; the chambers of pain are crowded with the pale forms of the suffering, while the angels float and fly in the happy realms of day. In heaven they are too happy to have sympathy; too busy singing to aid the imploring and distressed. Their eyes are blinded; their ears are stopped and their hearts are turned to stone by the infinite selfishness of joy. The saved mariner is too happy when he touches the shore to give a moment's thought to his drowning brothers. With the indifference of happiness, with the contempt of bliss, heaven barely glances at the miseries of earth. Cities are devoured by the rushing lava: the earth opens and thousands perish; women raise their clasped hands towards heaven, but the gods are too happy to aid their children. The smiles of the deities are unacquainted with the tears of men. The shouts of heaven drown the sobs of earth.

Having shown how man created gods, and how he became the trembling slave of his own creation, the questions naturally arise: How did he free himself, even a little, from these monarchs of the sky, from these despots of the clouds, from this aristocracy of the air? How did he, even to the extent that he has, outgrow his ignorant, abject terror, and throw off the yoke of superstition?

Probably the first thing that tended to disabuse his mind was the discovery of order, of regularity, of periodicity in the universe. From this he began to suspect that everything did not happen purely with

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reference to him. He noticed that whatever he might do, the motions of the planets were always the same; that eclipses were periodical, and that even comets came at certain intervals. This convinced him that eclipses and comets had nothing to do with him, and that his conduct had nothing to do with them. He perceived that they were not caused for his benefit or injury. He thus learned to regard them with admiration instead of fear. He began to suspect that famine was not sent by some enraged and revengeful deity, but resulted often from the neglect and ignorance of man. He learned that diseases were not produced by evil spirits. He found that sickness was occasioned by natural causes, and could be cured by natural means. He demonstrated, to his own satisfaction, at least, that prayer is not a medicine. He found by sad experience that his gods were of no practical use, as they never assisted him, except when he was perfectly able to help himself. At last he began to discover that his individual action had nothing whatever to do with strange appearances in the heavens; that it was impossible for him to be bad enough to cause a whirlwind, or good enough to stop one. After many centuries of thought, he about half concluded that making mouths at a priest would not necessarily cause an earthquake. He noticed, and no doubt with considerable astonishment, that very good men were occasionally struck by lightning, while very bad ones escaped. He was frequently forced to the painful conclusion (and it is the most painful to which any human being was ever forced) that the right did not always prevail. He noticed that the gods did not interfere in behalf of the weak and innocent. He was now and then astonished by seeing an unbeliever in the enjoyment of most excellent health. He finally ascertained that there could be no possible connection between an unusually severe winter and his failure to give a sheep to a priest. He began to suspect that the order of the universe was not constantly being changed to assist him because he repeated a creed. He observed that some children would steal after having been regularly baptized. He noticed a vast difference between religion and justice, and that the worshippers of the same god took delight in cutting each other's throats. He saw that these religious disputes filled the world with hatred and slavery. At last he had the courage to suspect that no god at any time interferes with the order of events. He learned a few facts, and these facts positively refused to harmonize with the ignorant superstitions of his fathers. Finding his sacred books incorrect and false in some particulars, his faith in their authenticity began to be shaken; finding his priests ignorant upon some points, he began to lose respect for the cloth. This was the commencement of intellectual freedom.

X.

THE civilization of man has increased just to the same extent that religious power has decreased. The intellectual advancement of man depends upon how often he can exchange an old superstition for a new

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truth. The Church never enabled a human being to make even one of these exchanges; on the contrary, all her power has been used to prevent them. In spite, however, of the Church, man found that some of his religious conceptions were wrong. By reading his bible, he found that the ideas of his god were more cruel and brutal than those of the most depraved savage. He also discovered that this holy book was filled with ignorance, and that it must have been written by persons wholly unacquainted with the nature of the phenomena by which we are surrounded; and, now and then, some man had the goodness and courage to speak his honest thoughts. In every age some thinker, some doubter, some investigator, some hater of hypocrisy, some despiser of sham, some brave lover of the right, has gladly, proudly and heroically braved the ignominy of superstition for the sake of man and truth. These divine men were generally torn in pieces by the worshipers of the gods. Socrates was poisoned because he lacked reverence for some of the deities. Christ was crucified by a religious rabble for the crime of blasphemy. Nothing is more gratifying to a religionist than to destroy his enemies at the command of God. Religious persecution springs from a due mixture of love towards God and hatred towards man.

The terrible religious wars that inundated the world with blood tended at last to bring all religion into disgrace and hatred. Thoughtful people began to question the divine origin of a religion that made its believers hold the rights of others in absolute contempt. A few began to compare Christianity with the religions of heathen people, and were forced to admit that the difference was hardly worth dying for. They also found that other nations were even happier and more prosperous than their own. They began to suspect that their religion, after all, was not of much real value.

For three hundred years the Christian world endeavored to rescue from the "Infidel" the empty sepulchre of Christ. For three hundred years the armies of the cross were baffled and beaten by the victorious hosts of an impudent impostor. This immense fact sowed the seeds of distrust throughout all Christendom, and millions began to lose confidence in a God who had been vanquished by Mohammed. The people also found that commerce made friends where religion made enemies, and that religious zeal was utterly incompatible with peace between nations or individuals. They discovered that those who loved the gods most, were apt to love men least; that the arrogance of universal forgiveness was amazing; that the most malicious had the effrontery to pray for their enemies, and that humility and tyranny were the fruit of the same tree.

For ages a deadly conflict has been waged between a few brave men and women of thought and genius upon the one side, and the great ignorant religious mass on the other. This is the war between Science and Faith. The few have appealed to reason, to honor, to law, to freedom, to the known, and to happiness here in this world. The many

have appealed to prejudice, to fear, to miracle, to slavery, to the unknown and to misery hereafter. The few have said, "Think!" The many have said, "Believe!"

The first doubt was the womb and cradle of progress, and from the first doubt, man has continued to advance. Men began to investigate and the Church began to oppose. The astronomer scanned the heavens while the Church branded his grand forehead with the word, "Infidel" and now, not a glittering star in all the vast expanse bears a Christian name. In spite of all religion, the geologist penetrated the earth, read her history in books of stone, and found, hidden within her bosom souvenirs of all the ages. Old ideas perished in the retort of the chemist and useful truths took their places. One by one religious conceptions have been placed in the crucible of science, and thus far, nothing but dross has been found. A new world has been discovered by the microscope; everywhere has been found the infinite; in every direction man has investigated and explored, and nowhere, in earth or stars, has been found the footstep of any being superior to or independent of nature. Nowhere has been discovered the slightest evidence of any interference from without.

These are the sublime truths that enabled man to throw off the yoke of superstition. These are the splendid facts that snatched the scepter of authority from the hands of priests.

In that vast cemetery called the Past are most of the religions of men and there, too, are nearly all of their gods. The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago. Over column and cornice, over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines. Brahma, the golden with four heads and four arms; Vishnu, the sombre, the punisher of the wicked, with his three eyes, his crescent, and his necklace of skulls; Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood; Kali, the goddess; Draupadi the white-armed, and Krishna, the Christ, all passed away and left the thrones of heaven desolate. Along the banks of the sacred Nile, Isis no longer wandering weeps, searching for the dead Osiris. The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves. The sun rises as of yore and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon, but Memnon is a voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands; the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs wrought in curiously sculptured stone, sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead. Odin, the author of life and soul, Vili and Ve, and the mighty giant Ymir, strode long ago from the icy halls of the North; and Thor, with iron glove and glittering hammer dashes mountains to the earth no more. Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids; fallen upon the summits of the hills and covered with the centuries' moss, are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of Persia and of the Aztecs have died out in the ashes of the past and there is none to rekindle and none to feed the holy flames. The harp of Orpheus is still; the drained cup of Bacchus has been thrown

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side; Venus lies dead in stone, and her white bosom heaves no more with love. The streams still murmur, but no naiads bathe; the trees still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance. The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and Danaë lies unnoticed, naked to the stars. Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinai; lost are the voices of the prophets, and the land once flowing with milk and honey is but a desert waste. One by one, the myths have faded from the clouds; one by one, the phantom host has disappeared, and one by one, facts, truths and realities have taken their place. The supernatural has almost gone, but the natural remains. The gods have fled, but man is here.

Nations, like individuals, have their periods of youth, of manhood and decay. Religions are the same. The same inexorable destiny awaits them all. The gods created by the nations must perish with their creators. They were created by men, and like men they must pass away. The deities of one age are the bywords of the next. The religion of our day and country is no more exempt from the sneers of the future than the others have been. When India was supreme, Brahma sat upon the world's throne. When the sceptre passed to Egypt, Isis and Osiris received the homage of mankind. Greece, with her fierce valor, swept to empire, and Zeus put on the purple of authority. The earth trembled with the tread of Rome's intrepid sons, and Jove grasped with mailed hand the thunderbolts of heaven. Rome fell, and Christians from her territory, with the red sword of war, carved out the ruling nations of the world, and now Christ sits upon the old throne. Who will be his successor?

Day by day, religious conceptions grow less and less intense. Day by day the old spirit dies out of book and creed. The burning enthusiasm, the quenchless zeal of the early Church, have gone, never, never to return. The ceremonies remain, but the ancient faith is fading out of the human heart. The worn-out arguments fail to convince, and denunciations that once blanched the faces of a race, excite in us only derision and disgust. As time rolls on, the miracles grow mean and small, and the evidences, our fathers thought conclusive utterly fail to satisfy us. There is an "irrepressible conflict" between religion and science, and they cannot peaceably occupy the same brain nor the same world.

While utterly discarding all creeds, and denying the truth of all religions, there is neither in my heart nor upon my lips a sneer for the hopeless, loving and tender souls, who believe that from all this discord will result a perfect harmony; that every evil will in some mysterious way become a good, and that above and over all there is a being who, in some way, will reclaim and glorify every one of the children of men; but for those who heartlessly try to prove that salvation is almost impossible; that damnation is almost certain; that the highway of the universe leads to hell; who fill life with fear and death with horror; who curse

the cradle and mock the tomb, it is impossible to entertain other than feelings of pity, contempt, and scorn.

Reason, Observation and Experience—the Holy Trinity of Science—have taught us that happiness is the only good; that the time to be happy is now, and the way to be happy is to make others so. This is enough for us. In this belief we are content to live and die. If by any possibility the existence of a power superior to, and independent of nature, shall be demonstrated, there will then be time enough to kneel. Until then, let us stand erect.

Notwithstanding the fact that infidels in all ages have battled for the rights of man, and have at all times been the fearless advocates of liberty and justice, we are constantly charged by the Church with tearing down without building again. The Church should by this time know that it is utterly impossible to rob men of their opinions. The history of religious persecution fully establishes the fact that the mind necessarily clings to old ideas until prepared for the new. The moment we comprehend the truth, all erroneous ideas are of necessity cast aside.

A surgeon once called upon a poor cripple, and kindly offered to render him any assistance in his power. The surgeon began to discourse very learnedly upon the nature and origin of disease; of the curative properties of certain medicines; of the advantages of exercise, air and light, and of the various ways in which health and strength could be restored. These remarks were so full of good sense, and discovered so much profound thought and accurate knowledge, that the cripple, becoming thoroughly alarmed, cried out, "Do not, I pray you, take away my crutches. They are my only support, and without them I should be miserable indeed!" "I am not going," said the surgeon, "to take away your crutches. I am going to cure you, and then you will throw the crutches away yourself."

For the vagaries of the clouds the infidels propose to substitute the realities of earth; for superstition, the splendid demonstrations and achievements of science; and for theological tyranny, the chainless liberty of thought.

We do not say that we have discovered all; that our doctrines are the all in all of truth. We know of no end to the development of man. We cannot unravel the infinite complications of matter and force. The history of one monad is as unknown as that of the universe; one drop of water is as wonderful as all the seas; one leaf, as all the forests; and one grain of sand, as all the stars.

We are not endeavoring to chain the future, but to free the present. We are not forging fetters for our children, but we are breaking those our fathers made for us. We are the advocates of inquiry, of investigation and thought. This, of itself, is an admission that we are not perfectly satisfied with all our conclusions. Philosophy has not the egotism of faith. While superstition builds walls and creates obstructions, science opens all the highways of thought. We do not pretend to have

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circumnavigated everything, and to have solved all difficulties, but we do believe that it is better to love men than to fear gods; that it is grander and nobler to think and investigate for ourselves than to repeat a creed. We are satisfied that there can be but little liberty on earth while men worship a tyrant in heaven. We do not expect to accomplish everything in our day; but we want to do what good we can, and to render all the service possible in the holy cause of human progress. We know that doing away with gods and supernatural persons and powers is not an end. It is a means to an end: the real end being the happiness of man.

Felling forests is not the end of agriculture. Driving pirates from the sea is not all there is of commerce.

We are laying the foundations of the grand temple of the future—not the temple of all the gods, but of all the people—wherein, with appropriate rites, will be celebrated the religion of Humanity. We are doing what little we can to hasten the coming of the day when society shall cease producing millionaires and mendicants—gorged indolence and starved industry—truth in rags, and superstition robed and crowned. We are looking for the time when the useful shall be the honorable; and when REASON, throned upon the world's brain, shall be the King of Kings and God of Gods.

THE END.

PUSH AND PROVIDENCE.

BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE, LISTOWEL, ONT.

Henceforth (a paradox that comforts while it mocks)

Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail.

What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me,

I might have been a brute, but would not sink in the scale.

—Robert Browning.

If Rabbi Ben Ezra had leaned on the arm of Providence, all the Brownings ever kissed by the muses could not have made him say that. He possessed push and a courage that enabled him to grapple with Fate whenever that power intended to drag him down to a lower level. I am not out to prove that there is no Providence. I have no incontrovertible evidence one way or the other. There may or may not be such a Being in the suburbs of the universe. I, like yourselves, am entitled to vote in one ward only, and my observation has taught me that he, she, or it cuts no sort of figure at all in that ward. Yes, things often happen that are placed to the credit of Providence, but that is the work of the devil—I mean injustice, you understand. A little investigation shows that in 999 cases out of every 1,000 the good deed was the work of some individual

who gives one dollar's worth of honest energy for every copper coin he receives. In the remaining one case the benefactor is one who has a little more than he requires for his immediate needs and who has not commenced the cultivation of bristles, or is one who is investing for the thousand per cent. dividend promised by the Gospel. This is true, as you can prove for yourself, if you take the trouble, and not very much trouble either. If you are waiting for something to turn up, I pledge you my word of honor you will not be disappointed, for it is an unalterable rule of nature that the toes of men shall soon or late point towards the roots of the daisies. Must you die? Grieve not, for you will never be one whit more dead than you are this minute. The only difference will be that you will be buried and so be out of the way. To wait is to be rocked in the arms of Death; to live is to push, push, push!

But obstacles meet you at every inch of the way, you aver. Be thankful for that, for only men meet opposition. Some succeed so easily, you murmur. Are you sure of that? One may have his heels and the bulge of his panties greased by patronage, and in this wise slide serenely down the inclined plane over which the many travel into nothingness—or heaven. A billygoat or a boot-jack could do as much. Better, a thousand times better than this, is it to advance one poor inch by your own efforts, though you have to war single handed against Fate, Fortune, and Fools. You may be unloved and unknown, but that is no loss item in your ledger if you have refused to be thwarted. Better to shout—

“In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud,
Beneath the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed,”

though you never know what the multitude call a victory, than to be pitchforked into prominence by incapable hirelings. One day, or the whole six of the creation campaign, is time all too short in which to make a man. Every one who has done aught to turn circumstance to the advantage of his race required for his fashioning every trial, every second of time that came to him.

One grain of push is worth more to the world than a thousand tons of Providence. It is worth more to the individual who possesses it than the piled-up Providences of all the ages.

Though the gods pile the Himalayas across your path, push. If it is your will to advance, they cannot stop you wholly. Those who trust in Providence never accomplish anything. Cromwell proclaimed this truth when he supplemented his silly advice with the wise admonition—“Keep your powder dry!”

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CORELLISM.

BY M. C. O'BYRNE, LA SALLE, ILL.

EVERYBODY knows Marie Corelli—that is, everybody who reads the papers or amuses himself by dipping into the flowery meads of current imaginary literature. For Miss Corelli is emphatically *the* novelist of her generation, the most popular writer of the day. To her belongs the unique distinction of having literally fought her way to reputation and—incidentally, of course—to comparative opulence; for that literary worker is verily and indeed opulent who can dictate his or her own terms to those enemies of the *gens humana* the publishers of London town. Higher praise even than this is due to her, for has she not openly and visibly triumphed over the whole nefarious brood of literary critics, and does she not, like a brave little female giant-killer, periodically promenade before the bone-bestrewn den of Lang the Lang-headed, defiantly challenging him, under the contemptuous nick-name of David McWhing, to forego his cannibal repast for the nonce and come forth and behold “the potent, resistless, unpurchasable quality of Genius?” Nay, more even than this, is it not credibly related that the invidious race of publishers’ readers, the mawworms whose mission it is to gnaw at new MSS. lest haply their writers should come before the great impartial public,—is it not said that even these are afraid to report adversely on any production of this wonderful little Marie?

She is, growl the literary journals, read only by servant girls and the weaklings of theosophy and spiritualism. This may be true in the main, for, thanks to the Parliament of Great Britain, servant girls now carry their studies beyond the catechism and the do-your-duty-in-that-state-of-life style of literature so much in favor with vilage clergymen and those who furnish the shelves of village Sunday school libraries. If it be true, why then we need not wonder that Marie’s volumes are perennial and lucrative, inasmuch as there are more servants than masters and mistresses, and because Miss Corelli stands ever ready to transport cook, scullery-maid, and housekeeper into realms of pure aether where there are no joints to baste, dishes to wash, or cobwebs to be swept away.

Rightly regarded, Miss Corelli is a great liberator. Grandly daring, with all a woman’s impetuosity illuminated with more than a touch of Southern fire, she compels the hitherto thoughtless to think. She does for the masses what the Gnostics did for the early Christians, that is to say, she makes them look at life as it stands reflected in the blue vault above them rather than in the luteous pool of some miserably limited orthodoxy at their feet. She takes the Devil, “Auld Hornie” of our childhood, the supporter of tithes, prebends, canonries and bishoprics, and transforms him into a cynical, black-eyed gentleman of to-day,

elegantly clad and wearing immaculate linen, the pet of London society and a pessimist mainly because human perversely indefinitely postpones his own reconciliation with God. As Prince Riménez—an hidalgo-like cryptogram for our old-world friend Ahriman—he goes about, always in the "hupper suckles," seeking, not whom he may devour, but whom he may rescue from hell. The theory of his existence as a devil, what we may term his *raison d'être* outside the pearly gates, at once enlists our sympathies, and "the scrowes of Satan" become part and parcel of our own griefs and grievances. As Miss Corelli makes him lament, "Every lost soul sets another bar between myself and heaven!" therefore his mission on earth is to rescue souls from perdition.

With all respect to the clergy, who are men of great erudition and admirable breeding generally, I submit that this Corellian devil is distinctly superior to their own. In the first place, he fully justifies the old saying that "the devil is a gentleman"; in the second place, his existence as man's adversary is not so flagrantly opposed to the grand postulate that God is love. In like manner our popular novelist extends indefinitely the environs of heaven and correspondingly removes the popular concept of Deity farther and farther from the man-shaped monstrosity of Kadesh and the tabernacle of the congregation. As the sage Heliobas—Miss Corelli's great hierophant—is a distinct improvement on the jugglers who terrified Pharaoh, so is the Corellian centre of light and mystery much more awe-inspiring than the apocalyptic New Jerusalem. In the realm of ideation our Marie is as superior to the seer of Patmos as in the sphere of theologosmogony Spinoza was superior to the parents of the Genesis legend of creation. Starting from the groundwork of the fall of man and the atonement, she carries her readers into a region whose immensity, when contemplated, makes the so-called redemption-scheme of our little world both an absurdity and a blasphemy. Her brilliant and versatile genius, like the wire-strung kites of modern meteorologists, soars far above the leaden, low-lying vapors of earth, and brings from that purer element gleams and coruscations potent to melt and disintegrate many idols and illusions that have stood so long in the dim light of religion that even the wisest have considered them irremovable.

Marie Corelli makes her readers think.

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PARALLEL RELIGIONS.

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THAT scholar who makes himself thoroughly familiar with the religion of ancient Rome, antedating the alleged birth of Jesus hundreds of years, is always shocked as he runs a parallel with the old religion and that which is pretendedly new, known as Christianity. It is not a matter of faith alone, but it extends to every department of Church literature and practice, from the chief priest—Pontifex Maximus—down to the lowest subordinate priest and humblest layman. We trace the history of that pontiff back seven hundred years before our era, and his sacerdotal powers merged with the monarch, were identical with that of the later Catholic popes clothed with civil authority. Their ideas of heaven and hell were substantially the same as are now taught in orthodox pulpits. Saturn was the father of the Gods, as was Elohim in the Hebrew system, while Jupiter, paralleled by Jehovah, became the active reigning monarch in heaven. Pluto presided over Hades, as does Satan in Christian mythology. The millions of lesser gods are known as saints in the modern system.

Jes or Yes was one of about forty different names which Bacchus—Dionysius of the Greeks—bore. He was a son of Jupiter by a mortal woman. He was personified as a glorious and sublime being, who, under the form of an eternally flourishing youth, subdued all enemies, and travelled from East to West through all countries. He taught the culture of the vine, and thus, by a sort of miracle, converted water into wine. It was the image of Jes, otherwise Bacchus, which was removed from Pontus, on the Black Sea, near 300 years before our era, to Alexandria, Egypt, where a huge temple, one of the seven wonders of the world, was erected for his reception and was dedicated to his worship; and there he was posed as the resurrected god, Osiris. He was anointed, christened, made a christ, after the manner of ancient kings. Temples were also erected and dedicated to his worship at Memphis and Conopus. In the year 140 the worship of this god, Serapis—the resurrected Osiris—was introduced into Rome by Antonius Pius. His mysteries were celebrated on the 6th of May, agreeing with Ascension Day. The name, spelled in Greek characters, as near as we can give them in English type, was IHS. The H is the capital Eta, with the power of E long. Now convert this Jes into Latin, by adding the Latin termination, us, and we have Jesus. This Jesus, anointed, christened, became when strongly capitalized Jesus Christ.

The real origin of the mystical letters IHS, surrounded with rays of glory, to this day retained, even in our Protestant churches, and supposed to stand for Jesus Hominum Salvator, is none other than the identical name of Bacchus, YES (otherwise Jes), exhibited in Greek letters.—Rev. Robt. Taylor in *Diegesis*, p. 187.

The Imperial Dictionary, in its department of abbreviations, says,

truthfully, of these letters, IHS: "These letters are usually looked upon as the initials of Iesus Hominum Salvator—Jesus the Saviour of Men, or In Hoc Salus—In this Cross is Salvation, but they were originally IHS, the first three letters of IESOUS, the Greek form of Jesus."

Will some Greek scholar be so kind as to inform us why the Greek letters IHS, spelling Jes in English characters, were wrested from their meaning and were used as initial letters for Iesus Hominum Salvator, rendered in English, Jesus the Savior of men? Was it not designed to mislead? It certainly does to those who are ignorant of the Greek characters, or who are thoughtless in the premises.

There is scarcely a festival or a holy day on the Catholic calendar which had not its counterpart in Roman mythology. And the sacraments of baptism and of the Lord's supper were in vogue among the Pagans of Rome just as they are celebrated among Catholics now. Cicero, born 106 years, according to accepted chronology, before Jesus made mirth of the people eating their god, as sceptics do now of the eating of the body and drinking the blood of the dear Savior. To quote Cicero accurately, he inquired: "How can a man be so stupid as to imagine what he eats to be a god?" May not the same question be asked with propriety to-day?

Prayers were directed to the gods and hymns were sung in their praise with as much fervor 2,500 years ago as now.

As said in these columns, awhile ago, every rite, ceremony, festival and holiday of the old Romans is preserved, and is still in force among Roman Catholics. Their Gods have been slightly changed, several of them, as Esculapius, the physician, who raised the dead to life; Bacchus the God of wine; and Prometheus who came down from heaven, was clothed with flesh, gifted with prophecy, suffered for the salvation of men—all were merged into the common character Jesus; while Isis and her son, with her home in Egypt, and temples to her honor in Rome before the Christian era, and known as the Queen of Heaven, was converted into the Madonna, the mother of our Lord.

The ritual used in Catholic worship is retained in its present Latin tongue, its very language, when carefully criticised, betraying the fact that it is a survival of Paganism. The Protestant reformers, ignorant of the real beginning of Christianity, attempted to remodel the worship but its barbarian origin crops out in all their exercises.

Every symbol and emblem of the church, as the cross, the miter, the crozier, the fish, the lamb, the dove, were in use by Pagans long centuries before the Christian era. Originally the cross was an emblem of the male life principle in nature; then it was used as a sign of victory and was placed on banners, borne at the head of armies, and worn upon the breast as a charm as now by Christians.—*Progressive Thinker*.

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BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY MAJOR-GEN. J. G. R. FORLONG, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S., ETC.*

V.

WHILE India was certainly the fruitful centre of religion from the 7th century B.C., yet Trans-Himalaya, Oxiana, Baktria, and Kaspiana seem to have still earlier developed similar religious views and practices. We may reasonably conclude that Jaino-Buddhism was very anciently preached from China to the Kaspian by the saintly leaders who, as claimed by Indian Jains and Buddhists, perambulated the Eastern world long prior to the 7th century B.C. But the western trend of Jaino-Buddhism is not at all obscure. Between the Kaspian and the Euxine—Northern Kakasia—in the great triangle stretching down to the deltas of the Don and the Volga, lived the Dags, Daks, or Dacæ, in a country known to the Romans as Dagh-istan. From here went many colonies, such as were known to the Greeks as Getæ, Dacæ, etc., to the rich plains of Istar (the Danube), until all the northern basin was known as Dacia, with a fringe of Getæ along the west coast of the Euxine. From these, thought Strabo, sprang Mæssæ and Thracians, and all these were driven southward or absorbed as the Dacæ increased and spread—process Rome did her best to stop during the first century B.C. With great difficulty a Roman army penetrated to the Danube in 75 A.C.; but it had to retire, though announcing the annexation of Mæssia, which the Dacians forthwith devastated, and in 81 A.C. dictated a peace with tribute, which the Emperor Titus was glad to accept.

In 103 A.C. the legions again vainly tried to establish a frontier on the Danube, and even the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, in 175-80, was glad to accept from the Dacian King Decebalus what he called Dacia Aureliana in Dardamia—the hilly tracts east of the present Sophia.

In these moves we see how Baktrian faiths passed west, and how, in the 7th and 6th centuries B.C., or earlier, Zalmoxis and Pythagoras were preaching and teaching, like the Butha-Gurus of Jains and Buddhists; and why Josephus said that the priests of Getæ “resembled those Dacæ who are called Polistai,” the *Polistai* or *Ctistæ* of Strabo.

According to Scaliger, “these Dacæ lived alone like monks, in tents and caves;” and Strabo says “they were a Thracian sect who lived without wives. . . their brethren, the Mæsi, religiously abstained from eating anything that had life. . . . living in a quiet way on fruit and vegetables, honey, milk, and cheese.” Homer, of the 7th century B.C. or earlier, called them “most just men . . . living

* Condensed from “Short Studies in the Science of Comparative Religions.” By Major-General Forlong. London: Quaritch.

on milk, devoid of desire for riches, and peregrinators of the country," i.e., pathetic philosophers or preachers, like all Buddhas. They were, in fact, as Josephus shows, like to his Essenic brethren on the Jordan, whom he and numerous pious Pharisees joined during their early novitiate, just as Burmese gentlemen commonly enter for a time upon the yellow robe discipline of the monasteries. John the Baptist, Jesus, and their disciples are examples of common Essenic life in Asia. Josephus says that the Essenic brethren, "like the ancient Dacæ, neither married, drank wine, nor kept servants, living apart and ministering to the wants of each other, with all things in common. "They offer no sacrifices," he says, "and teach the immortality of the soul," as do Jains, but not Buddhists. "They exceeded all men in virtue, engaged only in husbandry, and entered upon their novitiate with the symbolic gifts of an axe, a white robe, and an apron. Full membership was not obtained for at least two years"—a practice also of Jaino Buddhists.

In the first and second centuries B.C. Essenes are classed as the third great Jewish sect—viz., Sadducees, Pharisees (a form of Parsees), and Essenes; and Josephus mentions them as prominent B.C. 166, 110 and 106. The Essenes laid no particular stress on any particular faith or doctrine, but on an ideal calm purity of life—a true Jaino-Buddhism—that is, as Josephus says, on "the ascetic virtues of Putha-goreans and Stoics, with a spiritual knowledge of sacred law." Greeks, indeed, called the Essenes Putha-gorians; and Herod, who died 4 B.C. "held them in high honor, and let them off the oath of allegiance" (Ant., x, 10, 4). The historian mentions one "Judas, a leading Essene of 110 B.C., who lived in ordinary society;" and the importance of the sect is seen in their name being given to one of the gates of Jerusalem. Josephus says that in his Essene days there were 4,000 Essene celibates living among the desolate places around the Dead Sea—all men who honored their divine Ideal by living in holes like foxes, and "knowing not where to lay their heads." Not without reason do De Quincy say: "They were the first Christians."

Christian writers from the earliest times down to Bishop Lightfoot have agreed in attributing Essenism to "Eastern religions," passing through a wide tract of Zoroastrianism, especially in the days when Parthians were ruling millions of Buddhists on the Indus and Narbada, as well as in Western Asia. Dean Mansel in his "Gnostic Heresies," wrote: "Essenism is due to Buddhist missionaries who visited Egypt within two generations of the time of Alexander the Great—that is, about 260 B.C., when, says Bishop Lightfoot ("Collos."), "Hermippus of Smyrna gave to all Greek-speaking peoples the most detailed account of Zoroastrianism. . . . Its tenets had moulded the various tenets of the Gnostic sects. . . . The Magian system (Mazdeism) then took root in Asia Minor, . . . and then, if not earlier, its demonology stamped itself deeply on the Apocryphal (nay, all) literature of the Jews. Palestine was surrounded (and permeated) by

Persian influences, . . . and Mazdeism supplied just those elements which distinguish the tenets and practices of the Essenes from the normal type of Judaism—Dualism, Sun adoration, invocation of spirits and angels, magical rites, and intense striving after purity." We may not, however, acquit Jews of any of these practices but this last high moral phase, which is the peculiar aspiration of the Jaimo-Buddhists.

Marvellous stories are told of Zalmoxis and Pythagoras, just as in the cases of Buddha and Christ. Zalmoxis travelled in Egypt and the East, and on returning lived for three years like a Buddha in a cave or forest retreat, and then went about teaching—honored as a priest or king. "Of his death no man knoweth," and all Thracians thought he would come again in glory for the salvation of his people. He taught more than the Jaina doctrine of the resurrection of the soul, believing, like Christ, that our bodies would rise again; and this got such a hold upon the Thracians that they believed they never really died, but merely passed on to a more blessed land. The good and clever Greek was "the son of the highest" (Apollo), and his face often shone like that of Moses; he could pass himself through walls and be in two places at once; he taught the Indian doctrines of metempsychosis and transmigration; believed in many "mysteries" of Orpheans, in a divine Logos or Word, and considered no animal should be injured, all having souls like men. He was, says Grote, "a thoroughly good man, and revealer of a good life, well calculated to raise man to a higher level," yet he was by no means the first Buddha even in the West.

Nor was Christianity first taught by Christ, unless we mean by it the vicarious sacrifice of a god. The Rev. Dr. Ginsburg places this beyond doubt in the following passage from his booklet on the Essenes: "Essenism urged on its disciples to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; so Christ (Matt. 6: 33; Luke 12: 31). The Essenes forbade the laying up of treasures upon earth; so Christ (Matt. 6: 19, 21). The Essenes demanded of those who wished to join them to sell all their possessions and to divide it among the poor brethren; so Christ (Matt. 19: 21; Luke 12: 33). The Essenes had all things in common, and appointed one of the brethren as steward to manage the common bag; so the primitive Christians (Acts 2: 44, 45; 4: 32-34; John 12: 6; 13: 29). Essenism put all its members on the same level, forbidding the exercise of authority by one over another, and enjoining mutual service; so Christ (Matt. 20: 25-28; Mark 9: 35-37; 10: 42-45). Essenism commanded its disciples to call no man master upon the earth; so Christ (Matt. 23: 8-10). Essenism laid the greatest stress upon being meek and lowly in spirit; so Christ (Matt. 5: 5; 11: 29). Christ commended the poor in spirit, those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the poor in heart, and the peacemakers; so the Essenes. Christ combined the healing of the body with that of the soul; so the Essenes. Like the Essenes, Christ declared that the power to cast out evil spirits, to per-

form miraculous cures, etc., should be possessed by his disciples as signs of the belief (Mark 14 : 17 ; comp. also Matt. 10 : 8 ; Luke 9 : 1, 2 ; 10 : 9). Like the Essenes, Christ commanded his disciples not to swear at all, but to say Yea, yea, and Nay, nay. The manner in which Christ commanded his disciples to go on their journey (Matt. 10 : 9, 10) is the same which the Essenes adopted when they started on a mission of mercy. The Essenes, though repudiating offensive war yet took weapons with them when they went on a perilous journey ; Christ told his disciples to do the same thing (Luke 22 : 36). Christ commended that elevated spiritual life which enables a man to abstain from marriage for the kingdom of heaven's sake, and which cannot be attained by all men save those to whom it is given (Matt. 19 : 10, 11 ; comp. also 1 Cor. 8) ; so the Essenes, who as a body in waiting for the kingdom of heaven abstained from connubial intercourse. The Essenes did not offer animal sacrifices, but strove to present their bodies as living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which they regarded as a reasonable service ; the Apostle Paul exhorts the Romans to do the same (Rom. 12 : 1). It was the great aim of the Essenes to live such a life of purity and holiness as to be the temples of the Holy Spirit and to be able to prophesy ; Paul urges the Corinthians to covet to prophesy (1 Cor. 14 : 1, 39). When Christ pronounced John to be Elias (Matt. 11 : 14), he declared that the Baptist had already attained to the spirit and power which the Essenes strove to attain in their highest stage of purity."

CHRISTIANS IN THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

BY S. W. GREEN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WHEN Dean Stanley's "Christian Institutions" first appeared, in the early eighties, I read the book from cover to cover with deep interest. In it the Dean traces institution after institution to its heathen origin, and one in reading it is inclined to wonder what, if any, were the original features of Christianity. Others preceded and have followed the Dean along similar lines. Fra Colonna, in Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," is a notable example. The chapter of the Dean's book which most strongly attracted my attention was that entitled "The Roman Catacombs." In it he takes up especially what he describes as the earliest catacombs, those of the first century and the beginning of the second. His leading example is the catacomb of Sts. Nereus and Achilles, otherwise of St. Domatilla. This chamber De Rossi regards as the oldest, reaching back to the beginning of the second century. In this chamber Stanley finds three general characteristics—everything is cheerful and joyous, many of the decorations are from heathen sources, and we have here not merely the

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beginning but in a certain sense the end of early Christian art. The apotheosis of suffering had not then come, nor had the shadow or the substance of the Cross yet overlaid the consciousness of the Christian world.

Some ten years afterwards I first read "The Rise of Christendom," by Edwin Johnson, a book which denies the credibility of the traditional scheme of early Christian history and the genuineness of the documents on which it is supposed to rest. I recalled Dean Stanley's chapter on the catacombs, and went back to it with this new question in my mind: What evidence is there that any Christian, dead or alive, ever entered or was carried into one of these catacombs during the first thousand years of this era? The Dean takes up this question, "What is the sign that we are here in the chamber of a Christian family?" These signs he finds in the Good Shepherd and the Vine and Branches. These emblems are common; they pervade the tomb of Domatilla. In any book or series of pictures of the Roman catacombs they are very frequent. The Good Shepherd, or, as the Dean suggests the translation, "The Beautiful Shepherd," appears sometimes "in chapels, sometimes on the tombs themselves, sometimes on the tombs of the humblest and poorest, sometimes in the sepulchres of Emperors and Empresses—Galla Placida and Honorius—but always the chief mark of the Christian life and faith." Is the Dean justified in the last clause quoted?

If the Good Shepherd and the Vine were such distinctively Christian emblems at the end of the first century, if they were so well known as to appear thus over and over again in Christian burial places, how is it that the so-called "synoptic" Gospels know them not? What of them has come down to us in the Gospels is contained in the fourth, the Good Shepherd in the tenth, and the Vine and Branches in the fifteenth chapter. I suppose common consent recognizes the fourth as the latest, and scholars who put it earlier than the second century are rare. Is it credible that the whole Christian community in the first century should have been so familiar with these emblems as their presence in the Roman catacombs is made to imply, and that Matthew, Mark and Luke either were unacquainted with them, or, being acquainted, neglected or refused to notice them in the Gospels?

That these emblems were distinctively Christian is a sheer assumption. They were not only not "the chief mark of the Christian life and faith," but they were part and parcel of the old Roman life, so many other elements of which have been incorporated in Christianity, as the Dean's whole book is intended to show. "It is astonishing," he says, "how many of these decorations are taken from heathen sources and copied from heathen paintings. There is Orpheus playing on his harp to the beasts; there is Bacchus as the god of the vintage; there is Psyche, the butterfly of the soul; there is the Jordan as the god of the river." And more to the same effect. That certain chapters in the Fourth Gospel record Jesus as claiming to be the Good Shepherd and the Vine no more prove them

to be distinctively His than parables or sermons in which other every-day elements are employed prove those elements to have been distinctively Christian. Why should Jesus have used these similes any more than others if they were not familiar to the every-day life of his hearers? The Vine is present everywhere in all history, sacred and profane, and if the Good Shepherd had not been in the same category it would not have appeared in the tenth chapter of John.

The Dean calls attention to a known fact, saying that in some of the paintings of the Good Shepherd the creature on his shoulder is represented not as a lamb but as a kid, not a sheep but a goat. This, he goes on to say, "provokes the indignant remonstrance of Tertullian in the only passage of the Father which contains a distinct reference to the popular representation of the Good Shepherd. If the early Christians knew of the teachings of the last part of Matthew xxv. would they have made their Good Shepherd carrying one of the company there sent off from the left into everlasting punishment?"

The Roman Catacombs as Christian burial places are unknown in the history of the first 1,000 years of this era. The Dean says "there are no allusions to the catacombs in Gibbon or Mosheim or Neander; nor, in fact, down to the close of the first quarter of this century." The tradition is that they were first revealed to the comparatively modern world in the sixteenth century, (May 31, 1578). The ecclesiastical history ascribed to Eusebius, claiming to cover the ground from the beginning to 324 of this era, is as empty of them as it is of the burning of Rome in Nero's time and of his throwing Christians to the wild beasts. Is it credible that distinctively Christian burial emblems were so common in the early centuries of this era as tradition holds, and yet that any authentic history of those centuries should know nothing thereof? The New Testament writers are silent about them. Is there any evidence that any genuine emblem in the chamber of St. Domatilla, or in any other of the catacombs, generally regarded as of Christian origin, is anything but old Roman? I do not doubt that when opportunity offered the same hands and brains that have so altered and forged the literary records to which they had access busied themselves with underground as they did with above-ground survivals and creations.



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ANIMISM.

BY PROF. TYLOR, AUTHOR OF "PRIMITIVE CULTURE."

VI.

Nowhere in the world had such thoughts a stronger hold than in classic antiquity, where it was the most sacred of duties to give the body its funeral rites, that the shade should not flit moaning near the gates of Hades, nor wander in the dismal crowd along the banks of Acheron. An Australian or a Karen would have taken in the full significance of the fatal accusation against the Athenian commanders, that they abandoned the bodies of their dead in the sea-fight of Arginousai. The thought is not unknown to Slavonic folk-lore: "Ha! with a shriek the spirit flutters from the mouth, flies up to the tree, from tree to tree, hither and thither, till the dead is burned." In mediæval Europe the classic stories of ghosts that haunt the living till laid by rites of burial, pass here and there into new legends, where, under a changed dispensation, the doleful wanderer now asks Christian burial in consecrated earth. It is needless to give here elaborate details of the world-wide thought that when the corpse is buried, exposed, burned, or otherwise disposed of after the accepted custom of the land, the ghost accompanies its relics. The soul stays near the Polynesian or the American Indian burial-place; it dwells among the twigs and listens joyfully to the singing birds in the trees where Siberian tribes suspend their dead; it lingers by the Samoyed's scaffolded coffin; it haunts the Dayak's place of burial or burning; it inhabits the little soul-hut above the Malagasy grave, or the Peruvian house of sun-dried bricks; it is deposited in the Roman tomb (*animamque sepulchre condimus*); it comes back for judgment into the body of the later Israelite and the Moslem; it inhabits, as a divine ancestral spirit, the palace-tombs of the old classic and new Asiatic world; it is kept down by the huge cairn raised over Antar's body lest his mighty spirit should burst forth, by the iron nails with which the Cheremiss secures the corpse in its coffin, by the stake that pins down the suicide's body at the four-cross way. And through all the changes of religious thought from first to last in the course of human history, the hovering ghosts of the dead make the midnight burial-ground a place where men's flesh creeps with terror. Not to discuss here the general subject of the funeral rites of mankind, of which only part of the multifarious details are directly relevant to the present purpose, a custom may be selected which is admirably adapted for the study of animistic religion, at once from the clear conception it gives of the belief in disembodied souls present among the living, and from the distinct line of ethnographic continuity in which it may be traced onward from the lower to the higher culture. This is the custom of Feasts of the Dead.

Among the funeral offerings described in the last chapter, of which the purpose more or less distinctly appears to be that the departed soul shall take them away in some ghostly or ideal manner, or that they shall by some means be conveyed to him in his distant spirit home, there are given supplies of food and drink. But the feasts of the dead with which we are now concerned are given on a different principle; they are, so to speak, to be consumed on the premises. They are set out in some proper place, especially near the tombs or in the dwelling-houses, and there the souls of the dead come and satisfy themselves. In North America, among Algonquins who held that one of a man's two souls abides with the body after death, the provisions brought to the grave were intended for the nourishment of this soul; tribes would make offerings to ancestors of part of any dainty food, and an Indian who fell by accident into the fire would believe that the spirits of his ancestors pushed him in for neglecting to make due offerings. The minds of the Hurons were filled with fancies not less lifelike than this. It seemed to them that the dead man's soul, in his proper human figure, walked in front of the corpse as they carried it to the burial-ground, there to dwell till the great feast of the dead; but meanwhile it would come and walk by night in the village, and eat the remnants in the kettles, wherefore some would not eat of these, nor touch the food at funeral feasts,—though some indeed would eat all. In Madagascar, the elegant little upper chamber in King Radama's mausoleum was furnished with a table and two chairs, and a bottle of wine, a bottle of water, and two tumblers were placed there conformably with the idea entertained by most of the natives, that the ghost of the departed monarch might occasionally visit the resting-place of his body, meet with the spirit of his father, and partake of what he was known to be fond of in his lifetime. The Wanika of East Africa set a cocoa-nut shell full of rice and tembo near the grave for the "konea" or shade, which cannot exist without food and drink. In West Africa the Elik cook and leave it on the table in the little shed or "devil-house" near the grave, and thither not only the spirit of the deceased, but the spirits of the slaves sacrificed at his funeral, come to partake of it. Farther south, in the Congo district, the custom has been described of making a channel into the tomb to the head or mouth of the corpse, whereby to send down month after month the offerings of food and drink.

Among the rude Asiatic tribes the Bodo of North-East India thus celebrate the last funeral rites. The friends repair to the grave, and the nearest of kin to the deceased, taking an individual's usual portion of food and drink, solemnly presents it to the dead with these words, "Take and eat; heretofore you have eaten and drunk with us, you can do so no more; you were one of us, you can be so no longer; we come no more to you, come you not to us." Thereupon each of the party breaks off a bracelet of thread put on his wrist for this purpose, and casts it on the grave, a speaking symbol of breaking the bond of fellowship,

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and "next the party proceed to the river and bathe, and having thus lustrated themselves, they repair to the banquet and eat, drink, and make merry, as though they never were to die." With more continuance of affection, Naga tribes of Assam celebrate their funeral feasts month by month, laying food and drink on the graves of the departed. In the same region of the world, the Kol tribes of Chota Nagpur are remarkable for their pathetic reverence for their dead. When Ho or Munda has been burned on the funeral pile, collected morsels of his bones are carried in procession with a solemn, ghostly, sliding step, keeping time to the deep-sounding drum, and when the old woman who carries the bones on her bamboo tray lowers it from time to time, then girls who carry pitchers and brass vessels mournfully reverse them to show that they are empty; thus the remains are taken to visit every house in the village, and every dwelling of a friend or relative for miles, and the inmates come out to mourn and praise the goodness of the departed; the bones are carried to all the dead man's favorite haunts, to the fields he cultivated, to the grove he planted, to the thrashing-floor where he worked, to the village dance-room where he made merry. At last they are taken to the grave, and buried in an earthen vase upon a store of food, covered with one of those huge stone slabs which European visitors wonder at in the districts of the aborigines in India. Beside these, monumental stones are set up outside the village to the memory of men of note; they are fixed on an earthen plinth, where the ghost, resting in its walks among the living, is supposed to sit shaded by the pillar. The Kherisho have collections of these monuments in the little enclosures round their houses, and offerings and libations are constantly made at them. With what feelings such rites are celebrated may be judged from this Ho dirge:—

"We never scolded you, never wronged you,

 Come to us back!

We ever loved and cherished you, and have lived long together

 Under the same roof;

 Desert it not now!

The rainy nights and the cold blowing days are coming on;

 Do not wander here!

Do not stand by the burnt ashes; come to us again!

You cannot find shelter under the peepul, when the rain comes down;

The soul will not shelter you from the cold bitter wind.

 Come to your home!

It is swept for you and clean, and we are there who loved you ever;

And there is rice put for you, and water;

 Come home, come home, come to us again!"

Among the Kol tribes this kindly hospitality to ancestral souls passes on into the belief and ceremony of full manes-worship: votive offerings are made to the "old folks" when their descendants go on a journey, and when there is sickness in the family it is generally they who are first propitiated. Among Turanian tribes of North Asia the Chuwash put food and napkins on the grave, saying,

" Rise at night and eat your fill, and there ye have napkins to wipe your mouths!" while the Cheremiss simply said, " That is for you, ye dead, there ye have food and drink!" In this region we hear of offerings continued year after year, and even of messengers sent back by a horde to carry offerings to the tombs of the forefathers in the old land whence they had emigrated.

Details of this ancient rite are to be traced from the level of these rude races far upward in civilization. South-East Asia is full of it, and the Chinese may stand as its representative. He keeps his coffined parent for years, serving him with meals as if alive. He summons ancestral souls with prayer and beat of drum to feed on the meat and drink set out on special days when they are thought to return home. He even gives entertainments for the benefit of destitute and unfortunate souls in the lower regions, such as those of lepers and beggars. Lanterns are lighted to show them the way, a feast is spread for them, and with characteristic fancy some victuals are left over for any blind or feeble spirits who may be late, and a pail of gruel is provided for headless souls, with spoons for them to put it down their throats with. Such proceedings culminate in the so-called Universal Rescue, now and then celebrated, when a little house is built for the expected visitors, with separate accommodation and bath-rooms for male and female ghosts. The ancient Egyptian would set out his provision of cakes and trussed ducks on reed scaffolds in the tomb, or would even keep the mummy in the house to be present as a guest at the feast. The Hindu, as of old, offers to the dead the funeral cakes, places before the door the earthen vessels of water for him to bathe in, of milk for him to drink, and celebrates on new and full moon the solemn presentation of rice-cakes made with ghee, with attendant ceremonies, so important for the soul's release from its twelve months' sojourn with Tama in Hades, and its transition to the heaven of the Pitars, the Fathers. In the classic world such rites were represented by funeral feasts and oblations of food.

(To be continued.)



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THE STORY OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

BY E. W. L.

XV.

It even amid all these unspeakable horrors something grimly humorous occurred. Seventeen men were holding some unfinished buildings a little out of the camp. This little post was connected with the intrenchment by what, for want of a better word, may be called a covered way, constructed of carts and waggons. The little garrison being duly instructed what to do, Captain Moore and Lieut. Delafosse strode from out their shelter, the former crying out with a loud voice, "No. 1 to the front; CHARGE!" A number of Sepoys in hiding, completely duped by the trick, jumped to their feet and ran for their lives. The garrison immediately fired a murderous volley and more than a dozen mutineers fell to the dust.

On June 10th a lady and four children, *en route* to Calcutta, stopped innocently at Cawnpore. They were taken before the Nana and shot. The next day another lady was travelling past; she was seized, decapitated, and her head offered as a *nuzer* [a gift in token of homage] to the Nana. On the 12th the Nana captured 136 fugitives, chiefly females. They were ordered to be shot. The lady boldly upbraided the Nana for his cruelties, and threatened him with the terrible punishment which the government would sooner or later inflict upon him for his many crimes. The hands of this lady were placed in bags of powder, and two slow matches applied. After the explosion the 136 fugitives were shot. A private and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. White) were walking and talking together, protected as they thought by the wall. Mrs. White held in her arms twin babies. A bullet passed through her husband's heart, killing him, and broke both arms of the wife. One of the twins was seriously wounded also. An ayah, carrying a baby, had both her legs shot off. The collector, talking to his wife, was cut in two by a cannon-ball. Lieut. Wheeler, Sir Hugh's son and aide-de-camp, was wounded. He was lying on a sofa; one sister fanning him; another sister was talking to her parents. They were all in one room. A cannon ball, passing through the door, carried off young Wheeler's head, leaving on the sofa the bleeding trunk; a ghastly spectacle for his parents and his two sisters to gaze upon. The story could be lengthened indefinitely by detailing all the horrors of these terrible three weeks.

Something ought to be said of the brave deeds performed by these beleaguered heroes; and yet it seems invidious to pick out solitary instances of valor where there were valorous, men, women, and even children. Let one suffice. Captain Thomson relates the story:

"A shot had entered the tumbril of a gun, blew it up and ignited the wood-work of the carriage, thus exposing the ammunition all around to destruction. The rebels . . . directed their fire to this centre with redoubled fury. How to extinguish the flames was the problem . . . when my friend Delafosse, with the coolest self-possession imaginable, went to the burning gun and, lying down under the burning mass, pulled away splinters of the wood and scattered earth with both hands upon the flames." Then others ran to his aid, carrying buckets of water, and the fire was extinguished. Captain Thomson says: "The character of this exploit will be better appreciated when I add that all the while six guns were playing their 18 and 24 pounders around the spot."

The Nana was far too astute not to know that the Government would sooner or later send help to the Europeans in Cawnpore. But he did not know to what scanty rations (chiefly split peas and water) they were reduced; nor did he know how weak and worn with famine and fatigue were the defenders. But he did know that his own people, led by native officers, would never have the pluck to carry the frail intrenchments by storm. So the wily Nana plotted. "Oh, for that warning voice," which has come to some in the day of distress; but it came not to them of Cawnpore.

A family named Greenway had paid the Nana \$150,000 as a ransom for their safety. The Nana took the money and slew the Greenways. A relative of these, Mrs. Greenway, was a prisoner in Bithoor. Mrs. Greenway, half naked and half starved, an infant in her arms, was sent by the Nana to the beleaguered with a letter; of which precious document this is the text: "To the subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. All those who are in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie, and are willing to lay down their arms, shall receive a safe passage to Allahabad." Sir Hugh strenuously opposed capitulation; he did not believe in any promise made by the Nana. But he was overpersuaded. Those within the fort parleyed with those without; the hungry mouse in the hole was about to trust the cunning cat that couldn't get there. A treaty of capitulation was agreed upon: the garrison to march out under arms, each man provided with sixty rounds of ammunition. Boats were to be furnished, and a safe-conduct pass to Allahabad given the party. No warning voice was heard; the Nana was triumphant!

June 27th, 1857, the fatal day dawned. Elephants and palanquins were in readiness to carry the women, the children and the wounded to the boats at the landing-place. It was a sad, melancholy procession, composed of the wounded, the sick and the half-starved. The boats were there, but stranded on a sand bank. Knee-deep in water the Europeans had to wade to get into them. How ingenious is cruelty, whether Christian or pagan! Let the museums of Europe bring forth the instruments used in torturing heretics and let them speak for Christianity. And let Nana Sahib and his diabolical devices plead for paganism.

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As soon as the Europeans were in the boats the signal to start was given. It was a signal better understood by the native boatmen than by the Europeans. Instantly the thatched covering which served as an awning to the boats was set on fire and the boatmen leaped to land. Sepoys in houses and on the shore lined the banks of the river, and these men opened a deadly fire on the betrayed fugitives. Carbines, muskets and 9-pounders belched forth destruction. The boats were in flames and the neighboring water was crowded by those who tried to escape from being burnt. At length two boats were pushed off; but one was sunk by shot nearly as soon as she got afloat. In the other all who could manage it took refuge. The native boatmen had made off with the oars; cannon balls destroyed the rudder. The current carried the boat down stream; whenever she stranded the men, with such spars as they could get, pushed her again afloat. Sepoys kept up the pursuit all day, and at night again the boat stranded. Arrows, with flaming flax attached, were shot into her; these did no harm. At dawn a boat full of Sepoys made an attack. That boat stranded also; the British jumped into the water and slew every Sepoy. This was followed by a storm of rain and wind; the boat floated once more. Again she stranded; and again the relentless Sepoys attacked the fugitives. Captain Thomson, Lieut. Delafosse, Sergeant Grady, and eleven privates were ordered to charge them. This they did; drove them off and returned. But the boat was gone! Never again did they see their late comrades. This insignificant band of fourteen was pursued by Sepoys; the little force ensconced itself in a small temple. The enemy piled wood and bags of powder at the door and blew it open. The fourteen heroes charged the hostile crowd and forced their way through. Half the number reached the river and swam for their lives. Three more were shot. Six miles lower down stream Captain Thomson, Lieutenant Delafosse, and Privates Murphy and Sullivan landed. The officers were partially clothed: one wore a shirt, the other had a piece of cloth tied round his loins; the two Irishmen were naked. A right good fellow, Diribijah Singh, of Moorar Mhow, in Oude, saved them, treating them with great kindness. These four were the only Europeans who escaped the Cawnpore massacres. Of the boat passengers, 130 women and children were captured by Sepoys and handed over to the Nana. Later we shall see what became of them.

The energetic measures taken by Lord Elphinstone kept Bombay quiet. If the Madras Sepoys had any sympathy with the mutineers, it was smothered by the arrival of European troops. The Gwalior Contingent mutinied; but Scindia's Rajah manœuvred so deftly in the British interests that the force was kept for more than three months where the mutineers could do no harm. Lucknow was isolated; all around was mutiny. Realizing this, Sir Henry Lawrence prepared for a siege. Most of the treasure and much of the powder were buried. This was a saving in guards and anxiety. Stores of all descriptions were brought

in and stowed away. Between 200 and 250 cannon were brought in also. The church was filled with grain, the racket-court with forage, and piles of fuel were placed in front of the Residency. This building was converted into a fort, the coolies working at it day and night. European civilians were drilled twice a day. The Muchee Bhowun was a strong fort commanding the bridge. The plan was to occupy the fort and the Residency. While all these preparations were being made, the ordinary business of the Government was carried on. The courts sat, tried cases, and several mutineers were hanged. The heat was terrible, and there was much sickness. The news from without was disheartening: the Cawnpore massacres had been reported; and the only cheering intelligence was that Neill was at Allahabad, and had promised to come to the rescue as soon as he could. Fifty thousand dollars was offered for the body of Nana Sahib, dead or alive.

The mutineers were in strong force on the Fyzabad road, and only 25 miles from Lucknow, towards which they were marching. Sir Henry determined to meet them with a force of four European and six Oude guns and one howitzer for artillery, commanded by Major Simons; for cavalry, 36 Europeans (volunteers) and 80 Sikhs; and for infantry, 300 men of the 32nd Foot and 220 faithful Sepoys. This little force of 666 men and 11 guns met the mutineers at Chinhut. The Sepoys numbered 5,000 infantry, 800 cavalry, and 160 artillery. They at once opened fire, and Sir Henry ordered the cavalry to charge. The European volunteers did so bravely, but the Sikhs bolted, and the Oude gunners followed suit. The mutineers then pushed forward; the 300 Europeans charged, but were forced to retire; and Sir Henry, seeing all was lost, ordered a retreat. A large body of Sepoy cavalry made a dash to cut off the retreat, but the 30 volunteer horsemen, despising the enormous odds, charged furiously and put the hostile cavalry to flight. Another calamity befell the British force—the water carriers went over to the enemy; and this loss was seriously felt in the retreat. Covered by the brave horsemen, the troops, stopping ever and anon to fire a volley at the enemy, and faint with thirst, re-entered Lucknow, having lost 112 Europeans and 88 natives, besides four guns.

To add to this disaster, the military police and the Oude regiments joined the mutineers. Under such circumstances, the Muchee Bhowun fort could not be retained. Between the Residency and the fort a sea of mutineers surged. To get a message to the fort, four officers, amid the incessant firing of the Sepoys, signalled from the roof of the Residency to the men holding the fort that they were to join the main body. This they did that night, and scarcely were they safely within the Residency when 240 barrels of powder and half a million rounds of ammunition exploded. There was no longer a fort at Muchee Bhowun.

Never do misfortunes come as spies; they march in battalions. So writes a great authority; and so it was at Lucknow. A calamity overshadowing all that had preceded it now befell the garrison. On the 2nd of July Sir Henry Lawrence

was wounded, impending, passed a Lawrence surpassed

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was wounded by a shell, and on the 4th he died. And so, amid the darkness of impending ruin, he, whose career had hitherto been so brilliant and successful, passed away. Brave and generous, gentle, yet stern when duty bade, Sir Henry Lawrence attained a renown which very few have achieved and far fewer have surpassed.

(To be continued.)

AEROLITES.

THOSE who have had the good fortune to witness the converting of molten iron into steel by the "Bessemer" method, will not easily forget the ravishing colors which glow and flicker above the furnace during one period of the process—colors innumerable, and new, and evanescent almost as the lightning's flash; but which the retina holds long enough to communicate to consciousness both surprise and delight. What lovely shades of orange! what tones of red! and at rare intervals occurs a flash of radiance altogether indescribable, as if a gem were cremated, and all it held of beauty etherialized into color. Now, when an aerolite of any magnitude plunges into the atmosphere which surrounds our earth, the same colors are produced, and the causes of both are nearly identical. In the production of steel, it is the atmosphere which moves, a blast of air being driven through the metal mechanically. In the case of the aerolite, it is the metal which is in motion, and rushes through the air; but in both instances combustion frees the various foreign substances, which expire in brilliance—leaving a homogeneous base, or a residue of scoria, which said scoria is found pretty equally distributed all over the world, from the floor of the ocean where the deepest soundings have been made, to the peaks of the highest mountains where, in sheltered nooks and crannies, it lies secure from the disturbing violence of storms.

Our earth must have had a tremendous peppering from these cosmic particles, in number altogether inconceivable. Most of them are small, ranging from the size of a marble to that of a cricket ball. The former perish in feeble light at the moment of impact with the atmosphere; others endure for a second or two, and during their transient blaze and extinction, leave a trail of exquisite colors, only seen under like conditions, and which, alas, very few of us witness. It is the solitary watcher of the sea coast on the look out for suspicious craft, or other guardians of the night, who behold these glories perhaps with indifference. It is almost exasperating to read among the items in the morning paper an account of the advent of one of these vagrant beauties, and to remember by how little we missed an interview; and how we envy the person so favored; the only consolation for our disappointment is when the writer discloses enough of himself as

to assure us that he is one of those who are intelligently interested in such events, and that at least the loyalty of one patient watcher of the skies has met his reward.

Some few of these interesting visitants which have reached this planet are large, and most national museums contain one or more. England, America, Paris, Vienna possess specimens weighing from 8,000 to 2,000 pounds each. What are they? whence come they? are questions which naturally suggest themselves. The first enquiry is not a difficult one to answer. They are samples of the physical universe simply, and contain no element that does not exist in the whole planetary system from the sun to Neptune.

It is only rational to suppose that at the earlier period of planetary life our earth must have experienced a tremendous bombardment of such missiles, and that meteoric showers as they are called were continuous for ages. The awful whirl of nebulous matter when our solar system was in process of formation, sent these particles gyrating on their own account, until the greater bulk of the earth induced the wanderers to return, which they did under the irresistible persuasion of superior attraction—and which they have been doing since, getting fewer as the ages lapse, and the time may arrive when an aerolite will become as rare as a live volcano.

K. P. C.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

STEPHEN GIRARD, the founder of Girard University, was a lover of children and gave his wealth to his country. Very few men in history have united so many apparently contradictory qualities. He loved children passionately, and the sight of a crippled or miserable-looking urchin would bring tears to his eyes. His devotion to the United States never once faltered, and at every reverse during the war of 1812-15 he ground his teeth and, it is said, swore in his native French. At length he offered to dedicate his entire fortune to the war, lent the Government \$5,000,000, and asked no interest till the war closed. A rich man who loves children and is willing to give all his wealth to his country must have a great deal of good in him.

His bravery was of the morally sublime order. When the yellow fever scourged Philadelphia, and had driven away most of the nurses, he and Peter Helm worked two months in the hospital at the most menial offices and shamed the faint-hearted into bravery. An affliction in early childhood destroyed his right eye and distorted that side of his face, so the boys nicknamed him by a French word that might be translated "wall eye." He lost his mother when he was quite young and his father was harsh. In short, he was a miserable, lonely child, and fled from home to be a cabin boy at the age of ten.

The romance of his life came to him in Philadelphia, where he opened his first store. He loved and was beloved again. She was singularly beautiful and vivacious; he taciturn, disfigured and eleven years her senior. For a few years they were happy; then she suddenly lost her health, soon became violently insane, and lived in that condition thirty years in the state asylum. Their only child died in infancy, and the sad old man finished his journey alone. His magnificent charities have preserved his name for all time. He was a deist in religion and named his ships after infidel authors.