

# The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

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Great Epochs in English Literature and Their  
Causes—A Sketch. 2. The Chaucerian Epoch.

BY HON. A. B. WARBURTON D. C. L.

**B**ESIDES the writers already mentioned, a number of men flourished before Chaucer, whose names are well worthy of remembrance; but they are scattered over a long interval. They wrote, either before the Conquest, or when, after that event, the rugged Saxon of the English was yet struggling with the polished Norman French for supremacy. They were, as it were, the heralds announcing the coming birth of our English Literature. They watched by its cradle, they nourished its childhood, but not till Norman and Saxon became one, was it possible there could be a great literary period in England. That time came when the deep policy of Henry II and Edward I had borne its fruit in the creation of an English nation; when the rulers of the land were brought to know their Island realms to be the real sources of their power and greatness; when they abandoned the foreign tongue brought in with the Conquest; when the rude strength of the common speech had blended with the courtly polish of that which Normandy

sent, to form the rich, flexible and sturdy language which has gone on growing and expanding until it has become the English of to-day. Such a time was reached at the dawn of the Chaucerian era. Rulers and ruled had become fused, perhaps it would be more accurate to say hammered, into one, when causes, to which I shall hereafter refer, had prepared the literary ground. As ever happens, when occasion demands, the men arose, and we had the first great epoch in English Literature, the era as inseparably associated with the name of Geoffrey Chaucer, as that of Elizabeth and James I is with that of William Shakespeare.

The Chaucerian period is chiefly to be remembered for the writings of Chaucer himself. The "Father of English Poetry" was trained in the camp and Court of Edward III, then the most brilliant in Europe, and was often employed on diplomatic services of great importance.

He had early served in the fierce wars which the Anjouine kings of England waged in France, and, for at least twenty-seven years, had borne arms. Not the life, one would imagine, adapted to encourage the muse's growth. In his first expedition with the armies of Edward III he was made prisoner by the French. It is not unlikely that the knowledge gained during his captivity, may have had its influence on his later career. But, it would seem that the astute princes, who held the reins of government during those stormy times, attached more importance to Chaucer's ability as a diplomatist than to his skill in the arts of war, as we find him frequently employed on missions of importance to various parts of the continent, at one time seeking to extend English trade in Italy, where he remained a year and is supposed to have become acquainted with Petrarch. Whether that be so or not, it is fair to assume that, during his stay, he acquired that knowledge of Italian literature and of the Italian people which has in a marked degree impressed itself upon his works.

Besides his Italian mission, he visited France and Flanders on various matters of moment to the state and proved himself a successful plenipotentiary, and also, what literary men very frequently are not, a thoroughly good man of business.

The time was when the romantic gallantry of the Anglo-Norman knighthood had reached its highest pitch. It was the era of chivalry, and Chaucer was deeply imbued with the spirit of his age. His great work, or rather collection of works, is the *Canterbury Tales*, a number of stories told by pilgrims to the shrine of Thomas A'Becket at Canterbury. Every rank in life furnishes its pilgrim. There is an old knight, just returned from foreign wars, who:—

“Fro the time that he firste began  
To riden out, he loved chivalrie  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.”

He had fought, under the banner of the Cross, against the heathen in Africa, in Spain, in Armenia, in Turkey, and:—

“At mortal batailles had he ben fifteen,  
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene,  
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.”

His experience in war has rendered him perfectly indifferent to his personal appearance, for, though:—

“His hors was good, he ne was not gaie,  
Of fustian he wered a gipon  
All besmottred.”

He is altogether a good representative of the old feudal aristocracy. With him is his son, a coxcomb of the day. Of this youth we are told that he was:—

“—————A young squyer,  
A lovyer and a lusty bachelor,  
With lokkes crulle,\* as they were layde in presse,  
Of twenty year he was of age, I gesse.”

A passage, by the way, which effectually disposes of

\*lokkes crulle—curled locks.

the claim of our American cousins, those inveterate claimants of all things, to be the sole and original proprietors of the expression, "I guess."

There are also nuns and clergymen, a physician, and a sergeant learned in the law, both of whom are credited with many of the peculiarities still commonly ascribed to their professional descendants.

The "Knight's Tale" is first told in simple and beautiful language, just the story we might expect from the lips of one of the Third Edward's veterans. He tells the mournful story of the Greeks, Arcite and Palæmon, embellished with the extravagant chivalry of the Middle Ages. The other Tales follow in rapid succession, and are each in keeping with the character of its supposed narrator. But the limits of this sketch forbid to linger over them. Suffice it is to say, they are all stamped with the genius of the writer, though some are clothed in language unfit for general reading.

It may, I presume, be taken for granted that this grand old writer is not so well known or so much read as authors of later days, so it may be permissible to point out that his genius is essentially dramatic. His works are not dramatic in form, but in their spirit, their essence, they betray the dramatic mind, and while the genius of Chaucer is quite distinct from that of Shakespeare, yet the faculty of insight into the lives and thoughts of men seems equally acute in both, and, had the earlier writer flourished in the days of Elizabeth and James, one cannot but think that his name would have shed additional lustre over the glorious record of the English drama.

To those who take sufficient interest in the noble literature, which is our inheritance, to search its treasures, let me recommend a careful study of the Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales: it will amply repay the time devoted to it and it may be safely said to be a work unique in literary annals.

Chaucer, though the brightest, was, by no means, the only luminary of this period. There were many others, of whom mention must be made of Gower, called by Chaucer "the moral Gower," author of "Confessio Amantis," or the Lover's Confession, a work which would lead us to suppose the lovers of the 15th century to have been much more communicative than are their brethren of the 20th.

The neighboring kingdom of Scotland had then also her great literary awakening. Her writers of that day are not unworthy the great men, whose careers, during that age, shed a halo of glory over the record of Scotland's story. Though having no Scotch bloods in my veins, I often wonder why it is that with a Caledonian Society receiving enthusiastic support from Scotchmen, or their descendants, flourishing in our midst and while the members of that Society, besides being an intelligent and enterprising body of men, are intensely loyal to the traditions of their race, and while it would be running an undue risk for any one to question their patriotic love for the land from which they sprang, they yet, so far as I have been able to learn, have made no effort to bring before their countrymen in this new world, the great literary works of Scotchmen who flourished during about the most glorious era of their country's history. It does seem as if Scotchmen here, in their admiration of the marvellous genius of Robert Burns, have lost sight of the great Scottish writers who preceded him. Should this hint lead that Society to take up this subject and make reading men here acquainted with the wealth of Scottish Literature, I feel assured that a valuable service will have been rendered, not only to our Scottish friends, but also to every lover of literary culture in this Province. This, however, is but a digression. I can no more than name the great Scottish poets, Wyntoun, Barbour and Blind Harry.

Among prose writers of this period were John Wycliffe,

the well-known theological writer, and Mandeville, who, after thirty-four years wanderings in Eastern lands, wrote a book on his adventures and what he had seen. He did not escape the fate, common to subsequent writers of travels, of having his veracity much questioned. His works afford curious illustrations of the credulity of his time, when, for instance, he speaks of birds of Madagascar, which carried elephants through the air, and other tales equally absurd.

Despite all its crudities, despite all its incredible stories, this is a great literary age. It crystallized our language into its present form; to it we owe that flexible, vigorous speech called the English language, which, if it is not so already, is destined to become the dominant tongue throughout this wide world.

But, though the temptation is great, it will not do to linger over these old days. Great as this period of Chaucer was and worthy to be remembered, it, by no means, stands alone in our literary history.

This brilliant era was succeeded by a long, long, night in English Literature. One searches almost in vain, through the next 150 years or so, to find that Englishmen had thought or soul above the brutal love of slaughter. But God loved our Motherland and our Anglo-Saxon race, and the time came when the darkness was to pass away and, under His fostering care, a bright and noble day was to dawn. Then we had the Shakespearean era.



## The Woods and Hills.

“**I**F thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou would'st forget  
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.”

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## The Supreme Court of P. E. Island 100 Years Ago. — II.

BY THE EDITOR.

**I**T may be taken for granted that the extremely free-spoken, independent manner in which John Macdonald, (alluded to in the article preceding this) expressed his opinion of the Supreme Court, must have ruffled the dignity of the gentlemen who then occupied the Bench, for on the 8th of July, 1802, more than a year after the time that Mr. Macdonald read his vehemently plaintive petition, we find the Attorney General making a motion whereby it was “Ordered that John Macdonald of Allisary do, on the 1st day of next Term, attend the Court and Answer the matters contained in the Affidavit of Thomas Wright, Esquire, His Majesty's Surveyor-General.”

In the following term of the Court we do not find any entry of Macdonald's case, but it is related that among other matters attended to, two citizens (colored men, I think) were brought before the Court. One of them was charged with not keeping the pumps and wells in proper

repair. His punishment is not recorded. The other, who must have been a quarrelsome customer, was made to "enter into a recognizance to keep the peace towards all His Majesty's subjects, and particularly towards K——, his wife,"—the prisoner's wife, presumably.

It was on the 28th of June, 1803, that John Macdonald's affair was finally settled by his entering into a recognizance to keep the peace. These recognizances seem to have been singularly effective things, and to have disposed of cases as thoroughly as Mr. Weller, senior, seemed to think his "alleybis" could. On this day also is entered down the fact that "a number of Roman Catholics appeared and took the oath provided to be taken by them, by the *31st George III., c. 32.*" There is nothing more that is very interesting in the other cases of this term.

The Court met on the 21st day of February, 1804, and, upon the day following, the record says that the Grand Jury was called "and returned an indictment against Black Jack for felony. The said Jack, being arraigned upon his indictment, pleads not guilty. The Court orders him to be brought up tomorrow at ten o'clock for trial."

Accordingly on the 23rd February, the Jury was empanelled and sworn. Mr. Attorney General prosecutes for the Crown, and opens the causes. "The examination of the prisoner, taken before a magistrate, read. The prisoner calls Mr. Brecken to give him a character, and the Clerk of the Court for the same purpose. Jury receive their charge and retire, and after some time return a verdict of: Guilty of stealing to the extent of ten pence." The Court ordered the prisoner back to Jail, and to be brought up on the next morning to receive his sentence.

When on the next day the Court met "Black Jack, who was found guilty upon his trial yesterday, having been brought up for sentence, the Court were pleased to pass the following verdict: That the said Black Jack be placed at

the end of a cart or sled, and be whipped from the Jail in Charlottetown to the Stocks; from thence to the Wharf, and from thence to the said Jail; but during the said whipping he is only to receive sixty lashes or stripes: that the above sentence be put into execution tomorrow between the hours of nine and five o'clock."

Customs were certainly different in the days when George III. was King. Here is an entry that has the full flavour of that time:

THE KING

vs

JOHN FREDERICK HOLLAND, ESQ.

"Upon an information filed by His Majesty's Attorney General against the said John Frederick Holland, for carrying a challenge to Benjamin de St. Croix to fight a duel. Issue joined. Jury impanelled."

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## Alone With the Dying.

BY M. M. M.

**I**T is only a hospital ward in a city far west. The nurse treads lightly as she passes to and fro, lest she might awake or disturb the weary sufferers lying there. She pauses beside a cot, on which lies the form of one, young in years, but whose life is ebbing fast away. Those weary brown eyes look up at her and gaze pleadingly into her face. Their look seems to say, "can you not do something for me? Oh! must I lie here and die?" The heart of the gentle nurse is moved to the very core; she knows that the sufferer is beyond all human help, that no act of hers can relieve the pain which is every moment growing more intense. She can only smooth back those brown curly locks from that noble brow and utter words of comfort to that departing soul.

Dying in a foreign land, away from those who love her:

is this to end it all? As she lies there her thoughts go back over the days spent in the old homestead. She thinks of the time when, coming home from school, she would run to her dear father's knee and tell him all about that day's work. And then when anything saddened her, how she would lay her weary head on her fond mother's bosom and tell her all about it. Then by and by came the parting. She was going to seek her fortune far away from the dear ones at home. In memory she can see her father as he drove her to the station. His darling was leaving him and perhaps forever. She can see him gazing sadly at the train which was taking her from him. How well she remembers it all and she asks herself, "is this the end? Oh, God! must I die away from everyone I ever loved? Will no one disperse these clouds which are enveloping me and are shutting out all earth from me?"

The time is passing on, but hark! what is that sound which breaks the stillness of the night around? Hush! what is that sound which makes the faithful nurse bend more lovingly over her care? It is the rale, that awful rale which heralds the coming of the messenger. Oh, little do those outside the hospital know of the suffering within its walls. A soul is going to its God. One weary toiler is laying aside her work and is wending her way towards her heavenly home. She will soon be free from care; free from sorrow and free from everything which tends to make this world a vale of woe.

The limbs are growing cold and the muscles are relaxing their tension. Those eyes, once so bright, are now growing dim. The pulse weakens; that brave heart is refusing to do its work. Once more the eyes open and gaze into the kindly face of the nurse; one last, mute appeal. A long-drawn sigh and all is still. The messenger has come and gone. The soul has departed to its God. The nurse bows down her head over the cot. She is alone with the dead.

Long Island Hospital, Boston Harbor, Mass.

## IN THE CLOUDS.

BY RACHAEL M. H. OWEN.

UP in the clouds as white as foam,  
Sits a King on his beautiful throne,  
He has a wondrous golden crown,  
Edged with rubies and eiderdown.

He rules over many people there,  
But one of them is most wondrous fair,  
For her hair is like gold and her eyes are blue,  
As blue as the violets wet with dew.

But no one will look at her to my surprise  
For fear of dazzling their delicate eyes,  
For she is the glorious evening star,  
That sheds its silvery beams afar.

## BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

I THINK the stars look like God's eyes  
And the blue sky the carpet of Heaven,  
The moon, the beautiful golden gate,  
Where we have our sins forgiven.

I think the clouds look like beautiful white ships,  
And the sky the beautiful blue sea,  
The sun a lantern on the mast,  
For the soldiers that go to sea.

I think the clouds look like little woolly lambs,  
And the sky the pretty blue flowers,  
The sun a golden belt  
About this lovely world of ours.

I think the clouds look like angels,  
And the sun their golden hair,  
The stars the windows they peep through,  
And the sunset their golden chair.

[The author of the above verses, Rachel M. H. Owen is a little girl only nine years old. Ed.]

## The Visit of King Edward VII to P. E. Island.

BY MAJOR J. B. POLLARD.

**T**HE visit of the Prince of Wales to this Province in the year 1860 excited a great deal of interest, not only in P. E. Island but in the neighboring Provinces as well. On the 8th of August of that year several steamers and other vessels arrived in port from Pictou, Shediac and Richibucto, and from Cape Breton, having hundreds of excursionists on board, whose object was to witness the landing of His Royal Highness and the reception given to him in Charlottetown. The Volunteers from our rural districts turned out in goodly numbers to assist in bidding the Royal guest a hearty welcome, and the city was thronged by all classes to do him honor.

The Prince had taken passage for Canada on board H. M. line-of-battle-ship *Hero* of ninety-one guns. He sailed from England on the 10th of July. Having arrived in safety, he visited the capitals of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and on the morning of the 10th of August was expected to arrive at Charlottetown.

Early on that morning volunteers in uniform, and crowds of spectators, were seen on the principal streets. The two war-ships and other vessels in port were profusely decorated, adding greatly to the appearance of the decorations of the city.

At 11 o'clock the booming of artillery at Fort Edward proclaimed that the squadron bearing the Royal visitor was approaching the harbor. There was hurrying to and fro; those whose duty it was to receive the Prince assembled on Queen's Wharf where His Highness was to disembark. From the landing stage a carpeted walk reached to a carriage in waiting, on each side of which the guard of honor

was posted. The guard comprised the detachment of the 62nd British regular troops under Captain Wilkinson, and the Prince of Wales Rifles under Captain Lea. Their formation was, ranks facing inward, while the officers and colors took post in the interval, with the band in the rear. The volunteer companies, not told off for other duty, flanked the guard of honor in the same order up Queen Street. Major Davies, with his troops of cavalry, was posted at the foot of the street.

The civil societies taking part in the demonstration were : The St. Andrew's Society, dressed in plaid scarfs of the various Highland Clans, carrying a banner on which was emblazoned the Rampant Lion of Scotland; next the Sons of Temperance, wearing snow white collars over their shoulders, set off with rosettes; arranged in the same order was the Benevolent Irish Society, wearing green silk scarfs trimmed with gold lace and fringe, carrying a banner of green silk, adorned with the golden harp of Ireland, and wreath of shamrocks; then the Honorable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, whose emblems were aprons of pure white lamb skins, and a standard of blue silk, emblematic of the various mysteries of the craft. A carriage way was kept open for the passage of His Royal Highness to the intersection of Kent Street, but from that point to the lodge gate all order ceased.

The Irish Volunteers, under Captain Murphy, were posted as a guard of honor at Government House. A personal guard to the Prince during the first day and night of his sojourn was selected from the Artillery, commanded by Lieut. Morris; it consisted of one sergeant and thirty rank and file, the main body under Captain Pollard being stationed at George's Battery since early in the week.

Upon a dais opposite the landing stage were the judges, clergy, mayor, corporation, members of the Bar and Assembly in their robes: officers of militia in scarlet tunics,

shakos surmounted with white and crimson plumes, and sashes of crimson silk, were also in attendance.

While these preparations were being completed, the ships of the Royal Squadron moved majestically to their place of mooring. The ship bearing the Royal Standard, on board of which was His Royal Highness, when opposite George's Fort was greeted with a salute of welcome from the Battery.

Continuing on, the three-decker, with port-holes open, her terrible guns frowning therefrom, anchored with her broadside on a line with Queen Street as though some devilment were intended. But on casting the eye high aloft, and observing the peaceful waving of the Royal Standard, all hearts became tranquil.

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At ten minutes of two o'clock, royal salutes thundered forth spontaneously from all the warships in port, by which signal the Prince was proclaimed to have gone on board his barge *en route* to the landing stage; a few minutes later the booming of artillery at George's Battery announced His Royal Highness to have landed. As soon as the Prince—who wore the dress uniform of a Colonel of the army—stepped on the wharf, the guard of honor presented arms and the band played "God save the Queen," upon which His Highness raised his feathered hat. A youthful bloom on his brow, and the easy grace of carriage which attended his movements, together with the lofty position he occupied, attracted the attention of every spectator, and when the band had ceased to play, hearty cheers burst from the assembled crowd. His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor then received the Prince, and in the name of the people, welcomed His Royal Highness to the Island.

The Prince was escorted to Government House by a procession marshalled in the following order by the Grand Conductor, Colonel Frances Longworth.

Troop of Cavalry  
Military Band  
Recorder, Mayor, Treasurer  
Carriage containing the Prince and Governor  
Other Carriages  
Judges  
Members of Legislature  
Committee of Management  
Clergy  
Members of the Bar  
Naval and Military Officers

To describe the repeated volleys of cheers that accompanied His Royal Highness during the procession would be impossible, suffice it to say they were incessant.

On Rochfort Square, upon an elevated platform, were a thousand neatly-attired children, who, as the Prince approached, sang the National Anthem. His Highness paused before them, uncovered his head and remained so until their infant voices had ceased to sing. The Royal carriage then resumed its way through the crowd at the lodge gate, where the guard under Lieutenant Morris was mounted. The crowd of spectators halted, but still their cheering continued.

At Government House, His Royal Highness was welcomed by Mrs. Dundas, and conducted to the drawing-room. When the guard of honor presented arms to the Prince, the Royal Standard of England, Ireland and Scotland was unfurled to the top of the flag-staff, where it gracefully waved during the period of the Royal visit. So far all went as merry as marriage bells; but now the rain which had been threatening, began to descend, and continued through the afternoon and following night, marring the effects of the illumination and fireworks.

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The morning of the 11th opened with a clear, bright, and unclouded sky. The guard at the lodge gate was early

relieved by the detachment of the 62nd regiment. At the hour of 11 o'clock, the Prince held a levee at Government House; then His Highness inspected the Volunteers who were drawn up in open order on the foreground, under command of Major, the Hon. T. H. Haviland. After the review the captains of the different companies were called to the front, to whom the Prince expressed himself as highly gratified with the fine, soldierly appearance of the men, whilst their discipline was not only honorable to themselves, but reflected credit on the colony. Major Davies and his cavalry were also complimented by His Highness.

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At 1 o'clock the judges, members of government, mayor, recorder, clergy and prominent citizens, assembled upon a dais in front of the Colonial Building, in order to present His Royal Highness with addresses of welcome. The guard of honor, commanded by Major, the Hon. T. Heath Haviland, comprised the Artillery, under Captain Pollard, Prince of Wales Company under Captain Lea, and the Irish Volunteers, under Captain Murphy. Two covered stands were erected for the accomodation of the ladies who were present to witness the interesting ceremony; sheltered from the scorching rays of the summer sun, with flowers in their hands, and smiles on their faces they assembled in vast numbers, while the military band enlivened the scene with exquisite music.

Preceded by a troop of cavalry, the Prince, accompanied by the Lieut. Governor, the Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of St. Germans, and other members of the Royal Suite, arrived and was conducted to the platform, where addresses were presented by the city and the government, and read by the Recorder and the President of the Council. His Royal Highness in those addresses was informed that the people hailed with joy His Royal presence, as he was the first of his Royal line to grace our Island with a visit.

When His Royal Highness had responded, cheering was renewed. Retiring to Government House, His Royal Highness—attended by his suite—graced by his presence a promenade held on the beautiful ground, on which was assembled the *elite* of the city, and the distinguished strangers whom the Prince's visit had attracted to Charlottetown. The band was also in attendance.

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There was a grand display of fireworks in the evening, which for a time covered the waters of the Hillsborough with a brilliant glare. At the hour of 9 o'clock, the five warships at anchor in the harbor became illuminated, lights of many colors were placed at the port-holes, on the shrouds, masts, and along the yards. Rockets were sent up from each ship for half an hour, and when they broke on high myriads of falling stars added to the brilliancy of the scene.

A ball and banquet was given in honor of His Royal Highness, which was attended by a large and brilliant assemblage. The Prince arrived at 10 o'clock, and commenced the mirth of the evening by dancing with Mrs. Dundas. The music was lively and quadrilles followed fast upon each other. The Prince evidently appreciated the reception he had received—dancing in great spirits with several ladies during the evening. His Highness departed for Government House, accompanied by his kind host and hostess, in the early morn. The Prince of Wales Rifles Volunteers, having been on guard at the scene of festivity since early the previous evening was now dismissed.

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The city at an early hour on Saturday the 12th, was all alive. As the hour for the departure of His Highness drew nigh, the guard of honor and volunteer companies had assembled and were marshalled into position, while the dais on Queen's Wharf became occupied as it was on the morn-

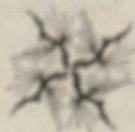
ing of the 10th. At 12 o'clock the lowering of the Royal Standard at Government House, together with the booming of artillery at George's Battery, signified that the visit of the Prince of Wales to our shores had terminated and that His Royal Highness was about taking leave of the colony.

As an expression of thanks for the kindness he had received, the Prince handed a donation of £150 to the Governor, to be disposed of for charitable purposes.

On Queen's wharf His Highness was received by a guard of honor. His barge being in waiting, he proceeded to his ship; then ascending the deck the Royal Standard was unfurled and each warship discharged a farewell salute; then as the noble ship on her voyage to Quebec passed outward a last greeting from George's Fort sounded far over the waters of the Hillsborough.

The Prince, at the time of his visit to Prince Edward Island, was in the nineteenth year of his age and was heir apparent to the crown and throne of his ancestors, which by the death of his Queen-mother he ascended on the 22nd January, 1901. His Majesty King Edward is very popular, not only with his own loyal subjects but also with foreign potentates. Long may he be an advocate of peace and friendship the world over.

From 1860 the guns of St. George's Fort were utilized as a saluting battery until 1867, when they were set aside for others of heavier metal. Then, as years rolled on, made venerable through age and service, they were finally removed to Queen Square Gardens, where they now rest in honorable positions, which they are likely to occupy for many a long day.



## Mr. Orthodoxy, Madame Fashion and Mrs. Grundy.—Continued.

**I**N the first portion of this article, published in the December number of this magazine, the writer, as introductory to what is to follow, sought to direct attention to the fact that in dealing with new and complex problems the human mind is forced to project itself into regions which can, at first, only be covered with vague conjecture or loose generalization, and further suggested that our personification of the Public Mind and Public Will, under the figures of Mr. Orthodoxy, Madame Fashion, and Mrs. Grundy, is not an idle extravagance but rather the perception of a momentous truth.

To prepare the way for the resumption of his argument he invites his readers to consider carefully the ideas suggested in the following little story :—

Once upon a time there was a lad who lived with his parents upon a tropical island, far removed from any neighbors or from aught that could disturb the primitive solitude of the place. All day long he was free to wander unrestrained enjoying the beauties which Nature so lavishly bestowed upon him. So he wiled away his days quietly content, until, at length, a shipwrecked sailor was cast upon his island home. This brought a new interest into his life. He was never wearied listening to tales of the far off countries from which this man had come. Soon he began to long that he too might enjoy such varied experiences. Full of this idea he went to his father and asked him: "Father, is what the sailor tells me of other lands true?" "Yes, my boy," replied the father, "life there is indeed very much more complex than you can at present conceive of. Instead of having only a few things to engage your attention, you would have many. You would no longer live alone, but your life would be joined to and become dependent upon that of others. United men can do many things and can rise to heights that man alone can never attain to. But, while you would gain much, you would lose something. You would no longer be free to order your actions as you do now, for in all communities Mr. Orthodoxy directs what you may believe and say, Madame Fashion how you shall appear, while Mrs. Grundy makes your conduct a matter of her own proper concern."

"But, father! who are Mr. Orthodoxy, Madame Fashion and Mrs. Grundy? You never told me of them before."

"Ah! my boy, your question is not so easily answered. They are not creatures of flesh and blood such as we are, but, at present, you can best conceive of them as unseen persons who will order and affect your life in the manner I suggest."

Far removed as we may be from the primitive condition of our remote ancestors, dim as may be the recollections of our childhood,

may we not still find it useful to clothe mental abstractions with the garments of personality in order to express our ideas concretely? Such figures appealing, as they do, to the imagination are not to be treated as silly extravagances for they serve a useful purpose. The poet legitimately uses them to entice his readers to grapple in thought with the Unseen, and in cases such as the present they enable us to form a perception of general relationship where accurate knowledge is as yet unobtainable. Mr. Orthodoxy, Madame Fashion and Mrs. Grundy are no more actual personages than is Feng Shui an actual god, yet these mental images may embody a perception of reality which a detailed presentation of the facts involved cannot at present adequately express.

We may speak of the impelling force of Public Opinion in matters of correct thought, correct appearance and correct behaviour, but if we conceive of these as merely the ideas of a number of individuals we fail to realize a most important feature of the reality, for unless we discern in the expression of such public opinion somewhat of the cohering force and formative principle discernable in personality we will fail to realize its most salient characteristic. For it is not merely a collection of opinions but rather a Public Mind and a Public Will, appertaining to the community, growing with its growth—something greater and longer lived than the opinions and wills of the individuals composing such community, which indeed it practically moulds and controls.

We study the lives of men as individuals: has this vastly greater life no special significance? Surely it must, and if we, as children in knowledge and capacity, peering into this wondrous scheme of human development, venture to form vivid, though crude conceptions of its salient characteristics may not these, in so far as they render intelligible our existing perceptions, stimulate enquiry and pave the way to a better understanding?

Accepting then our personifications of Mr. Orthodoxy, Madame Fashion and Mrs. Grundy as rude generalizations, let us utilize them by ascertaining to what extent they are explanatory of existing conditions.

It is now generally accepted that there are no unrelated facts in the Universe. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body Nature is and God the soul." Therefore a careful examination of the manner in which communities have been developed lower down in the scale of being, where the process has been carried much further towards completion, should afford us some light to guide us upon our present quest.

Life in its simplest form is revealed to us as a single cell of protoplasmic matter. This, if it finds suitable nourishment, divides into two portions, each of which constitutes a complete being. These gather together, or rather grow together in masses. Such is the crudest form of the association of living beings known to us. There may not seem to be any possible connection between such a lump of limpid jelly and human communities: but we have been taught of late to realize that great endings often have very humble beginnings, therefore we will continue our research. Each cell is seen to be independent of the other—that is, can maintain its own existence unaided—for any such collections of cells can be divided and sub-

divided without inflicting any injury, or even inconvenience, upon its constituent members. But, when we ascend to the next order of beings, we find a new condition of things. These also consist of aggregations of single cells, yet with a notable difference, for all of them have taken up special duties, having reference not to their individual welfare alone, but also, and in a still greater degree, to that of the community to which they belong. In virtue of this association the whole enjoys special advantages, its life becomes more complex and of a higher order.

Upon such gathering together of cells, under more and more specialized conditions, all the wonderful series of the vegetable and animal kingdoms is founded, and it is carried forward until it finds its highest visible expression in man. Treating him as an aggregation of protoplasmic cells, similar to those observed in all other forms of life, but in him undergoing a degree of specialization elsewhere unequalled, let us endeavor to discern somewhat of the character of such an organic association.

Examining his composition we find that millions of cells, having encrusted themselves with a coating of lime, unite to form the bones which give rigidity to his frame and enable his muscles to act. These muscles also consist of millions of cells which have developed elastic envelopes capable of contraction and expansion, and therefore by their concerted action of imparting motion to the several portions of the body. With these are associated other millions of cells that, radiating from the brain stretch in long lines throughout the body, forming an intelligence corps which receives and transmits impulses. Other millions of various kinds, each fitted and trained to perform a special duty, are entrusted with the task of providing nourishment for the whole body; others transport such food throughout the entire system so that the needs of each individual shall be supplied; others play the part of soldiers and sentinels holding themselves ever ready to pounce upon and devour any intruding micro-organism. The number of such cells defies computation, yet each may be fairly conceived of as a distinct individual and each subordinate group as possessing a measure of independence. Thus the hair has been known to grow for months, if not years, after the individual had been dead and buried, and there is reason to believe that if the requisite nourishment could be supplied them, the cells in the various organs could be induced to continue their action, even if disconnected from the rest of the body. But the most wonderful fact remains still to be told. This extraordinary common-wealth, embracing as it does such an enormous number of constituent lives is revealed to us as a self conscious person. What the nature of the power or principle is that so dominates and controls the forces of the body as to produce the existing harmony, we cannot discern any more than we can comprehend the nature of the power or principle which dominates and controls the Universe, but this at least is clear *that the existence of the man as an organic unit depends upon the fact that, of the cells which form his body, no one any longer lives for himself alone—can indeed have no separate existence—but is subject to a control which unhesitatingly disposes of his life and energies as it sees fit.* How promptly a finger or even a limb is cut off and cast aside if occasion demands the sacrifice. Upon this gathering together and subordination of simple

cells to produce higher orders of being, all observed development is founded. Bearing this in mind we will pass from the gathering together of cells to form living organisms to the gathering together of human beings into communities.

It seems certain that there was a time when human association rose no higher than mere collections of individuals of practically identical type. We know that hordes, of this kind, did exist, and that they could be broken into sections, or the individuals wholly dispersed without inflicting upon them any very sensible injury, for each unit, consisting of male and female, was independent of the other. But as the process of social organization proceeded, as the horde gave place to the clan, as the clan developed into the tribe, as tribes were merged into petty kingdoms, as petty kingdoms became nations, the individual units are observed being brought under a control that assigns to each special duties which have reference not merely to their individual needs but more particularly to those of the community as a whole—their lives and liberties being brought more and more under such subjection—for in so far as they are trained to perform only one special function and become dependent upon others for the supply of all other needs, they cease to be capable of maintaining a separate existence.

If, from tomorrow, each of us was forced to depend solely upon what he could himself produce and do unaided, how many would perish before they could adapt themselves to such primitive conditions, and of those who succeeded how different would be their state from that of the present. The preservation of the lives of individual men and women in all their richness and fulness is manifestly dependent upon the preservation of the social organism. Few realize the extent to which this welding process has already been carried onward, nor how its scope is each year becoming enlarged. A century ago each little community lived comparatively to itself. Fifty years ago the continent of either Europe or America might have been submerged and the other remain for weeks unconscious of the facts. Today let a financial panic disturb the currents of trade in Wall Street and London, Berlin and Paris are in the space of a few minutes quivering with excitement. Telegraph wires, like nerves, are being stretched as a net-work over the globe, while in special portions of it where activity centers the interlacing is so minute that the individuals within a radius of a hundred miles or more are brought almost into instantaneous communication. Railways and steam-boats, like veins in the human body carry the products needful for the development of the several members throughout the entire system. Ere long other barriers to more intimate association will be swept away.

Without unwarrantably pressing the analogy between the gathering together of cells to form living beings and this gathering together of men to form a commune, should we not ask ourselves, does this stupendous movement possess no special significance? Our systems of theology, our ideas of the Divine purpose for man have, up to this, treated it as a mere mundane affair—a passing phase of expression in a world destined to be soon cast aside, the problem of salvation being conceived of as having for its sole object the plucking of repentant individuals from this world of sin, and the procuring of their admission to the abodes of bliss. Such ideas may, and probably do embody

an element of truth, but dare we accept them as adequate to our present needs?

Are all the marvellous transformations which, commencing when the earth was without form and void, have been carried unceasingly forward during thousands of centuries while the wonderful series of associations visible in the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms were called into being: and is this analogous process, which, with increasing power and rapidity is drawing the individual units of humanity into organic connection, to be passed unnoticed. Rather must we not realize that it possesses fundamental importance? Life everywhere, all having the same apparent origin, all obeying the same laws, all moving under the same direction to "some far off divine event:" how incongruous seems the idea of snatching some few individuals as brands from the burning, with the view of transporting them to a wholly distinct sphere, as a final solution of all this stupendous effort.

Think you such was the idea that possessed the mind of St. Paul, when stating that the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God, he continues, "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now waiting for the adoption to wit the redemption of our body."

Did he not rather herein look forward in prophetic vision to a grand consummation to which all, the inorganic as well as the organic kingdoms are tending by a resistless onward movement, when all energy, which now is too often improperly expended, shall find harmonious expression through a body made up of individual units under recognized control "held together by joints and bands having nourishment ministered and increasing with the increase of God?"

By dividing the universe into Heaven above and earth below—Hell and Paradise—and conceiving of these as antagonistic economies of Sin and Bliss, we have decomposed the eternal unity and paved the way to countless misconceptions. It behooves us now to reconstruct it, and with this in view to no longer concentrate our thoughts wholly upon the imperfections incidental to development, but rather to direct them to the marvellous continuity of thought and action, which makes of this universe a mighty whole.

Ignoring the fact that the universe is an harmonic unity of which no part or powers can with safety be assumed to be unmeaning or unnecessary, they have contented themselves with considering a limited number of facts which they have isolated, arbitrarily grouped, and hence cut off from their larger connections. Their efforts have consequently been more often directed towards fighting out the battle of opinions within their narrow limits rather than towards enlarging their vision of the Truth.

In Science a practical consensus of opinion has been reached and Mr. Scientific Orthodoxy is able to enforce an undivided authority, but his ideas, as applied to the Universe as a whole, are confined to facts in their physical relationships, and he can offer no explanation of those subtle experiences which we term spiritual experiences, that compose the most important group of phenomena connected with human life. Hence his authority does not extend beyond the physical plane, a fact that he is prepared to admit, though he is prone to nullify the value of such admission by claiming that all ideas other than those

he can subject to his method of comparison and analysis are practically useless, if not hurtful.

The Messrs. Orthodoxy who seek to establish their authority over the realms of mental and moral philosophy are in still worse plight. Accepting without reserve the truths of Science and in a measure recognizing the claims of Theology, they have as yet failed to reconcile the two or ascertain the nature of the relationship which must exist between them. Thus they are condemned to carry on their struggles, suspended midway between Heaven and Earth, without being able to establish direct contact with either.

Under conditions such as these, harmonious direction of human action through the medium of a collective mind and will cannot be said to exist save in a rudimentary condition.

Are we therefore to infer that its development is a matter of minor importance, and not an essential feature of the eternal plan? Before venturing to adopt any such conclusion should we not first ascertain whether a more reasonable explanation is forthcoming. Is not the imperfection we note a necessary consequence of the fact that the community is as yet only in its initial stage of development and only partially functioned? Before human beings in association can possibly express themselves in harmonious action the units must have been brought to a recognition of mutual dependence and under subjection to an intelligent control much greater than any as yet manifested. Yet, far removed as human society is from satisfying such ideal, few realize the power that the community as a whole exercises over the individuals who compose it, or how far the movement towards organic unity has already progressed. Let us consider a concrete instance. A babe is born into the world. What will he be when he reaches maturity? There is a wide range between the highest and lowest specimens of humanity: between types such as a Digger Indian and a Gladstone. To which cause is this difference most due, to distinctive character inherited at birth, or to the moulding influence exerted upon the individual by the community in which he is brought up. Let us suppose that a Digger Indian baby is brought to England and placed under the most favourable conditions, while a Gladstone, at the same age, is given in charge of the Digger Indian mother. Probably the savage traits of the former would assert themselves, but when both had attained to maturity, would he not in knowledge and culture be immeasurably above the latter, though we might confidently expect a Gladstone to be a remarkable Digger Indian, just as he was a most notable Englishman.

Few realize within what narrow limits the individual determines the character of his development. From the time he begins to think he finds an established order into which he grows, following in the main the line of its direction as certainly as a staked tree submits to the guidance which forces it to expend its energies in the way marked out for it. The particular order and condition of things which so moulds our lives to-day as to practically make us what we are, did not exist when man was in his primitive state. It has been developed in connection with men living in Communities, growing with the growth of the latter and moulding each successive generation of men in conformity with its ideals. Can we then overestimate the importance of this public mind and public conscience as a factor in human

development? Does it not behove us to make it the object of our special study to ascertain how its efficiency can be maintained. The complexity of the problem may dismay us, but a measure of understanding is certainly obtainable.

It being always easier to obtain knowledge of the nature of a growth or process by studying it in its simplest form of expression, to learn of the microcosm by studying the microcosm, let us seek a single concrete example of how the social organism has been and is being developed.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)

## The Virtue of Mirth and Value of Laughter. —Concluded.

BY J. H. FLETCHER.

**B**UT how are we to secure the secret of a happy disposition? I answer by cultivating a spirit of kindness—by obeying the great law of love. A man once told me that the one act of his life which gave him the most happiness he ever enjoyed was on redeeming a piece of property that was being sold by the sheriff to liquidate the debt of a poor, hard-working widow. He said he felt so good over it that he felt like laughing at everthing he saw and heard for a month afterward. That's the idea. There is nothing that produces so much joy and happiness as in giving. It keeps the disposition sunny, the heart full of thankfulness. Doing good to others—having compassion for the poor, loving, the undeserving, —“scattering seeds of kindness” all around, makes one's heart so full that he is always ready to laugh and say things that will make others laugh. This is the only way to have a merry world and in having a merry world we will have a healthy world.

Moses left ten commandments, but Christ left only one, viz: that “ye love one another as I have loved you.” On this hang all the law and the prophets. The golden rule is

the rule of justice. Christ's law is the "law of love." This law means service and sacrifice. We must not only do justly but we must love mercy. The cross and not the balance sheet is the symbol of Christianity. I prefer the gospel of the carpenter to the gospel of the banker. I prefer the epistles of the tent-maker to the epistles of the millionaire. Every church should be an organized aid-society—every vestry a meeting place from which expeditions of mercy should start to the nearest souls in need. When we have men and women devoting their time to drying up the rivers of tears flowing from the sunken sockets of half-starved eyes, then, O then, shall we have a cheerful happy, laughing world.

It is surprising how a stroke of wit or flash of humor will quell a mob or set a whole audience laughing. "That motion is out of order," shouted the chairman of a political meeting as he saw a rowdy raising his arm to throw an egg and the whole crowd shouted and won the chairman friends for ever after. Lord North once calmed his noisy enemies while trying to speak in Parliament. To add to the confusion prevailing, a dog began to howl in the body of the house. North surveyed the scene and then calmly remarked: "I have been interrupted by a new member, but as he has concluded his argument I will now resume mine." On another occasion, a dog got into the House of Commons while the same gentleman was opening one of his budget speeches: "By what oppositionist am I now attacked?" he enquired when a wag shouted out—"The member from Barkshire," and the effect was overpowering. "When you have finished your 'lecture,' said the professor to a very self-conceited young man, 'bow gracefully and leave the platform on tip-toe.'" "Why on tip-toe?" enquired the would-be orator. "So as not to wake the audience," responded the professor. And the few that were awake and heard the conversation set up a roar that ever after-

wards kept that young man from making a fool of himself.

The wit of Spurgeon and South, the humor of Beecher and the sarcasm and drollery of Talmage and Small have had much to do with their ministerial success. Few great preachers ever lived who did not make use of their powers of wit and ridicule. If you cannot shame men from wrong doing, it may be possible to make them afraid of being ridiculous. There is an old couplet which reads :

“Laugh and the world laughs with you;  
Weep and the world laughs at you.”

There are people who turn away from humorous writings. They say that fun is dangerous, wit a waste of time, humor frivolous. They are wrong. Porson said: “Wit is the best sense of the world.” A conceited poet once asked him what he thought of his last production. “Your verse,” replied Porson, “will be read when Virgil is forgotten, not till then.” Here was wit and the best kind of sense all in one. And here is another of the same character. “Doctor, may I ask how you live to be so old and so rich?” “By writing prescriptions, but never taking them,” was the sensible and witty reply.

And yet there are people who entertain a sovereign contempt for the man who amuses. To be successful, they imagine a man should be as solemn as a mule. To be profound he should be as dry a limeburner's shoe. In the days when men were burned for their opinions and beheaded for their principles, this idea was far more prevalent than it is to-day. Sin is sure to burrow in the gloomy soul. This life would not be worth living if not enlivened by allies of wit and flashes of humor. I love to meet a man with a smile on his countenance. I hate to meet a fellow in whose cast-iron visage I can read of wars, cloudbursts, earthquakes, plagues, shipwrecks, cyclones, hailstorms and railroad disasters. A cheerful woman with sunshine in her

face and gladness in her speech, is a daughter of the skies and closely related to the angels. But a sour, sore-headed vixen, with a "reign of terror" on her brow—with the claws of a cat and the eye of a tiger—is second cousin to the "old boy." And probably that old gentleman would disown the relationship. There is no merit in melancholy. There is no glory in a sullen disposition.

Solemnity constituted a large part of the religion of the last century. The people of that time acted as if they thought the Almighty was on the watch for a smile on a saint's face. To me, a grumbling, growling Christian—if such an animal exists at all—is an anomaly. God is glorified by our thanksgivings and not by our groans. A witty something, even in the pulpit, is not so sinful as a witless nothing, however solemn it may sound. Dr. Talmage said he knew a boy who struck a ball until it soared out of sight just fifteen minutes before he went to heaven. If a man is travelling on the right road, with the golden beams of the heavenly light shining on his pathway, his face should beam with an ecstatic smile. But if he be on the broad road to eternal ruin, with the demon of doubt and darkness of ignorance and the devil of dogmatism clouding his pilgrimage, a hearty laugh would be impossible. I often wish I were a doctor of medicine instead of a doctor of divinity, for I know several persons for whom I should like to prescribe.

The true humorist, therefore, is a man of light who, in opposition to the philosophers of gloom does not think that the supreme duty of the human race is to mope round as though the last man on earth had died, and that he himself was drifting with the dead

"To shores where all is dumb."

He believes in the philosophy of light instead of darkness, and his smiles are for better than the remorse of the

man who believes in the divine sanctity of suicide.

Humor is universal. It is not confined to the halls of Congress nor the arena of the saw-dust. Even the lower orders of animals seem to possess it. We hear the people say, "he is as full of life as a kitten." Dogs play with one another. Lambs frisk about the field. Horses kick up their heels and run around the pasture when they feel well. But when they are sick and tired they hang their heads, looking between their fore-legs to see if their tails are fastened on behind. Even the weather "cuts up shines" and I have heard the "tempest roar."

Instead of being satiated with fun the public actually clamors for more. The circus is as popular as it has ever been. Instead of having one ring and one clown, they now have two or three rings and a dozen clowns. Indeed, they are sometimes all clowns, from the ring-master down to the monkey showman. And people go by the thousand, and the small boy crawls under the canvass at the risk of his life, and the audience claps its hands and laughs at those hoary jokes that so amused our grandsires—jokes that have grown gray, toothless, stiff at the knees, hobbling on crutches, and bent in the back. Gladness and joy, therefore, exist in every atom; live in every flower; and flame in every star. And when the heavens and earth shall pass this great truth will stand unscathed amid the crash of matter and the wreck of worlds.

Wit and humor are great elements of power. But are they one and the same thing? Not exactly. But who can tell the difference? I have lain awake at night trying to arrive at the true solution, but without avail. Pope thought he defined wit when he said :

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed

What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed."

but he was mistaken, great man that he was. According

to his definition, if a fool chanced to express an idea better than it was ever expressed before, although often thought by others, it would pass for wit, even if it brought tears to the eyes, instead of laughter to the lips. I have listened to many attempts at defining the difference between wit and humor, but they were always distinctions without a difference, and so much alike that it was impossible to tell 't'other from which." The best definition I know of is that given by Melville D. Landon, better known as Eli Perkins. His theory is that humor is always the absolute truth, while wit is always an exaggeration. Humor is real; wit is the fancy of the writer. Humorous writings are correct descriptions of scenes and incidents that have occurred, but witty writings are purely fanciful descriptions of scenes and incidents which occur only to the mind of the writer. He illustrates his meaning in this way: A humorous artist can paint a picture of a mule true to life, and you will see little to laugh at. You will say, "that's a splendid picture of a mule." Schryer once painted the picture of a mule which sold for \$1500, because it was so life-like, but the mule from which he painted could be bought for \$200. People did not laugh at that mule but they stood in front of it and said, "what a great master Schryer is." But another artist—a witty fellow—painted that same mule as truthfully as Schryer did, and people saw nothing to laugh at more than they would at any other mule. Then he began to exaggerate it. He ran one of its ears up through the trees and made chickens roost on it. He spread the other on the ground and had boys skating on it. Then he set the mule to kicking—making him kick a thousand times a minute. And so irony, ridicule and satire are each a species of wit, because they are more or less untrue—exaggerations, and sometimes lying. Many of you have seen a very small man and saw nothing to laugh at but his insignificance. Suddenly he turned round and you noticed

that he had an enormous nose, almost as large as the rest of his body, and you laughed aloud. His exaggerated proboscis did it.

Wit and humor, invective and satire are all members of the same family. Wit when she "lets loose her dogs of war"—ridicule and satire—on the sins of society, has wrought wonders for the world. And there are always legitimate objects for those terrible weapons. Ridicule will reach the dull conscience where nothing else will. Nothing but her sharp blade will compel some people to be decent. Wit is the Ithurian spear that forces pretension and arrogance to uncover themselves. Horace Greeley died from the effects of Nast's cartoons. He could respond in powerful editorials, but he was unable to answer the silent force of the laughable cartoon, and the dreadful caricature. A poet has said:

"There is no man who can live down  
The inextinguishable laughter of mankind."

Wit has also achieved splendid victories for the cause of humanity. Brazen impudence and glaring guilt have been blasted by its thunderbolts. The haunts where pollution and profligacy hived for ages have been dethroned by its assaults. Every nerve and artery of the oppressor, whose tough heart has been invulnerable to reason and appeal has felt its withering touch. Every persecutor calling himself priest and every robber calling himself king has had his mask torn away by its powerful onslaughts. It has made the bad to tremble and the foolish to wince. It has held up to public infamy the knaveries of corrupt governments. It has scourged the bigot and the brute. It has made fogyism a hissing and a by-word over all the earth. It has taken despotic oligarchies by the throat—oligarchies whose iron pressure was crushing out all personal liberty—oligarchies which feared neither God nor man—and withstood curses and prayers alike—and held

them up as targets to be hissed by the people of every age. Their armies were powerless to protect them, and the walls which were impenetrable to shot and shell have fallen before the roar of laughter, for no government can exist after it has ceased to win respect and began to excite hilarity.

Away back in the dim and distant ages when the rays from the sun of science had not pierced the gloom of darkness and dogma down to the day when "knowledge with her ample page, rich with the spoils of time" placed the human intellect on the dais throne of the immortals, where its prowess is well nigh irresistible and the sweep of its vision almost infinite, wit has cut a wide swath in the affairs of mankind. There is not a sin however black, a vice however contaminating, a practice however pernicious, a despotism however devilish, which has not trembled when its lash was raised against them. It has turned the flashlight of truth on the fallacies of tradition. It has torn the painted mask from the face of hypocrisy and relegated to the rear the believers in daggers and dungeons. It has brushed away the mold of prejudice from the brain and the cobwebs of fanaticism from those who stoned the prophets of progress.

Let us, therefore, be thankful for the omnipotent gift of wit and the humanizing influences of mirth. Let us court the society of the gay and happy so that the humanities can be scattered in the marts of business, in the heart and at the fireside.

"So that the night may be filled with music  
And the cares that infest the day  
May fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away."

