

The Dominion Review.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1897.

NO. 4.

THE MIRACULOUS ELEMENT IN CHRISTIANITY.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

It is surely incredible that divine Providence, intending to consign facts on the knowledge of which the salvation of man depended to particular writings, should not have placed the authorship and date of those writings beyond a doubt.

Not one of the four Evangelists claims inspiration. The author of the third Gospel seems distinctly to renounce it, putting his narrative on a level with a number of others, over which he asserts his superiority, if at all, only in carefulness of investigation. The Church, however, has treated all four Gospels as equally inspired. Papias, on the other hand, in the middle of the second century, seems to recognize no Gospel as inspired, holding that nothing derived from books was so profitable as the living voice of tradition.

There would be a natural and almost overwhelming temptation to scribe an anonymous and popular history of Christ to one of the apostles: and this would be done in an uncritical age without any thought of fraud. It is true that we accept without question the works of Tacitus and other ancient historians, though anonymous, as those of their reputed authors. But in these cases there was no temptation to false ascription, nor does it greatly signify who wrote the history, the facts neither requiring an extraordinary amount of evidence, nor being vital to the salvation of mankind.

Of some of the miraculous parts of the Gospel, such, for instance, as the Temptation in the Wilderness, and the Agony in the Garden, with the descent of the angel, there could be no eye-witnesses. Of the Annunciation and the Immaculate Conception the only possible witness tells us nothing. It is hard indeed to see how we could have eye-witnesses to anything which happened before the calling of the apostles. Who can have reported to the Evangelist the canticles of Mary, Zacharias, and Simeon? Here surely we are dealing with legend and poetry, not with historic fact.

Between the narratives of the different Gospels there are discrepancies which baffle the harmonists. Between the narratives of the Resurrection and the events which follow there are discrepancies which drive the harmonists to despair. There are contradictions as to the names of the apostles, the behaviour of the two thieves at the Crucifixion, the attend-

ance at the cross. There is a contradiction with regard to the miracle at Gadara, one Gospel giving a single demoniac, the other a pair. Three Gospels treat Galilee, the fourth Judea, as the chief centre of the ministry. One Gospel gives, another omits, such incidents as the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Magi, the Temptation, the Transfiguration, the raising of Lazarus, and the conversation with the woman of Samaria; while the suggestion that the narratives were intended to supplement each other is gratuitous in itself, and is repelled by the existence of a large common element in the first three. But the most notable discrepancy of all perhaps is that respecting the day of the Crucifixion, and the character of the Last Supper. The first three Gospels make Christ eat the Passover with his disciples and suffer on the day following; the fourth puts the Crucifixion on the day of the Preparation for the Passover, suggesting that Christ was the Paschal Lamb sacrificed for the sins of the world. In the first three Gospels the Last Supper plainly is the Passover; in the fourth it as plainly is not. To force the two accounts into agreement desperate expedients, such as the supposition of a religious meal, not identical with the Passover but identical with the Last Supper, have been tried. But God would scarcely have left inspired narratives of an event on which human salvation was to depend to be reconciled by extreme expedients invented eighteen centuries afterwards by learned and ingenious minds. Unless the two accounts can be reconciled, it is obvious that the author of one of them can have been no eye-witness nor even well-informed.

It is idle to contend that such discrepancies are of a minor kind and the ordinary variations of human testimony, even on the strange supposition that the Holy Spirit would either lapse into the infirmities of human testimony or simulate them in dictating the Gospel narrative. They are such as would certainly invalidate human testimony to any extraordinary event.

Between the general representation of Christ's character and teaching in the first three Gospels and that in the fourth, there is a marked divergence. The teaching in the first three is generally ethical, in the fourth it is theological. The character of Christ in the first is that of a divine teacher; in the fourth it is that of the second Person in the Trinity and the Logos. The fourth Gospel has, indeed, in modern times been preferred to the other three on account of its specially theological character and its spiritual elevation. When we find a similar divergence between the Xenophontic and the Platonic Socrates, we conclude that the Platonic Socrates is largely the creation of Plato. Testimony is plainly invalidated by the ascendancy of imagination.

Sufficient attention seems hardly to have been paid to the adverse weight of negative evidence. A teacher, who has been drawing all eyes upon him by his words and by a course of stupendous miracles culminating in the raising from the dead of a man who had been four days in the grave, enters Jerusalem amidst the acclamations of a vast concourse of

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people. He is brought before the Sanhedrim and afterwards tried in the most public manner before the Roman governor. The governor's wife is warned about him in a dream. He is crucified, and when he expires miraculous darkness covers the earth for three hours, the earth quakes, the veil of the temple is rent in twain from the top to the bottom, the tombs are opened, and the bodies of the saints that slept come forth out of the grave, enter into the holy city, and appear to many. The Roman centurion and the watch are impressed, and say that this truly was the Son of God. But otherwise no impression is made, no notice of these tremendous events seems to be taken, no trace of them is left in general history,* no one apparently is converted, not even Saul. The Jews, of whose acts this was an overwhelming condemnation, are so little impressed that they think only of bribing the watch to confess that the body of Jesus had been stolen from the tomb.

We cannot pick and choose. The evidence upon which the miraculous darkness and the apparitions of the dead rest is the same as that upon which all the other miracles rest, and must be accepted or rejected in all the cases alike.

The Acts, like the Gospels, is anonymous, and if its author is identical with the author of the third Gospel, this shows that he was not an eye-witness of the Resurrection. An examination of its internal difficulties would be beside our present purpose, which is to ascertain the amount and the value of the ocular testimony to the miracles. It seems to be admitted that there is no positive and unequivocal evidence of the existence of this book till towards the end of the second century.

Is it conceivable that Providence would allow vital truth, or anything essential to our belief in vital truth, to be stamped with the mark of falsehood? The demoniac miracles are clearly stamped with the mark of Jewish superstition. To the imagination of the Jews at this period, spirits good and evil were everywhere present. They were with you in the lecture-room; they were with you in every function of life. From the fourth Gospel demoniac miracles are absent, not because that Gospel is supplementary, a supposition for which, as was before said, there is no sort of colour, but because the first three Gospels were written for Jewish readers to whom demoniac miracles were congenial, while the fourth Gospel was written for an intellectual circle to which they were not congenial, and perhaps at a later day. According to Mark, Jesus casts a legion of devils out of a man into a herd of two thousand swine, which forthwith rush down into the sea and are drowned. The comment of an orthodox writer of great eminence upon this astounding and repellent miracle is this: "That the demoniac was healed—that in the terrible

* Gibbon, who has not failed to make the point, though he has hardly pushed the argument home, observes that the preternatural darkness happened in the time of Pliny, the naturalist, and of Seneca, who wrote a collection of natural facts in seven books, and is not mentioned by either of them. Pliny, however, would be a boy at that date.

final paroxysm which usually accompanied the deliverance from this strange and awful malady, a herd of swine was in some way affected with such wild terror as to rush headlong in large numbers over a steep hillside into the waters of the lake—and that, in the minds of all who were present, including that of the sufferer himself, this precipitate rushing of the swine was connected with the man's release from his demoniac thralldom—thus much is clear.* Such attempts to minimize the miracles or reduce them within the compass of possible belief are common in writings of liberal theologians, especially of Germans. In the miracle of the conversion of water into wine at Cana, Olshausen would have us suppose that we have only an accelerated operation of nature; Neander, that the water was magnetized; Lange, that the guests were in a state of supernatural exaltation. With regard to the acceleration hypothesis, a critical physicist has remarked that nature alone, whatever time you give her, will never make thirty imperial gallons of wine without at least ten pounds of carbon.

What is hard to believe in the miracle of Bethesda, the liberal theologian escapes by remarking that there is no indication in the narrative that any one who used the water was at once or miraculously healed: that the repeated use of an intermittent or gaseous spring, a character which more than one of the springs about Jerusalem continue to bear to the present day, was, doubtless, likely to produce most beneficial results. He further suggests that it was as much the man's will that was paralyzed as his limbs. Of the troubling of the water by the angel, apologists are glad to be rid by dismissing it as a popular legend, interpolated into the text of St. John. But so long as anything miraculous is left the difficulty of proof remains; while if nothing miraculous is left there is an end of this discussion. Nor, it must be repeated, can we pick and choose among the miracles, as some are evidently inclined to do. The evidence for the miracle of the demoniac and the swine is just the same as that for any other miracle. All rest upon the same testimony and must stand or fall together.

Jewish belief both in angels and devils is entwined with the history of the first three Gospels; the archangel Gabriel, with a Hebrew name, announces the birth of Christ; angels proclaim it to the shepherds; angels appear again at the tomb of Christ; Satan comes in person to tempt Christ in the wilderness. There are angels in the fourth Gospel, but there is no personal Satan.

From the preface to the third Gospel it appears that many had drawn up narratives concerning the life of Christ. Upon what principle the four were selected by the Church as inspired and authoritative we cannot tell. Irenæus said that as there were four quarters of the world and four chief winds, the Gospels, which were to be coextensive with the world and to be the breath of life to its inhabitants, must be four. Besides, the Gospel was given by him who sits above the fourfold cherubim

* "The Life of Christ," by Frederic W. Farrar, I., p. 337.

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four was the number of the Beasts, and four were God's covenants through Adam, Noah, Moses, and Christ. It is probable that these four narratives survived by their intrinsic merits. But for their authenticity little security can be found in the critical faculty or discernment of the patristic age.

Miraculous Christianity involves anti-scientific ideas of the world. It assumes that the earth is the centre of the universe with the heaven, which is the abode of the Deity, stretched above it, and Hades sunk beneath it. The angels and the mystic dove descend from the skies, and the risen Christ ascends to them. When Satan shows Christ all the kingdoms of the earth from a high mountain, the writer seems to take the globe for a plane. The theological geocentricism, which makes our planet the centre of all interest, the especial care of the Divinity, and the sole field of divine action, appears in the Johannine doctrine of the Trinity. It might be possible to imagine Deity stooping from a limited heaven to redeem the inhabitants of earth. It would have been hardly possible to imagine a Being who fills eternity and infinity becoming, for the redemption of one speck in the universe, an embryo in the womb of a Jewish maiden. For this stupendous doctrine our principal evidence is the anonymous work of a mystic writer.

The Incarnation, it will be observed, is the centre of this whole circle of miracles. Without it they can be hardly said to have a purpose or a meaning. But since our rejection of the authenticity and authority of the book of Genesis, the purpose and meaning of the Incarnation itself have been withdrawn. If there was no Fall of Man, there can be no need of the Redemption. If there was no need of the Redemption, there can have been no motive for the Incarnation. The whole ecclesiastical scheme of salvation with all its miraculous appurtenances apparently falls to the ground. This is a vital point.

In the story of the Star of the Nativity primitive astronomy and astrology are involved. It is useless to attempt scientific explanations, such as a remarkable conjunction of the planets, or the temporary appearance and sudden extinction of a star. The Magi, as astrologers, recognize the star of Christ; it moves before them as a guide, regardless of the general march of planets or the sidereal system, and stops over the cradle in which the child of destiny lies.

There is one class of the miraculous evidences respecting which we have undoubtedly the means of forming our own judgment. We can tell whether there was really a miraculous fulfilment of Hebrew prophecies in the history of Jesus. To the alleged prophecy that Christ should be called a Nazarene, there is nothing whatsoever corresponding in the Old Testament. Apologists, after trying such expedients as the identification of Nazarene with Nazarite, which even if it were feasible would help them but little, Christ having fulfilled none of the conditions of a Nazarene, are fain to give up the problem in despair. But once more it must be said that we cannot pick and choose. Our assurance of the miraculous

fulfilment of an Old Testament prophecy in this and the other cases is the same, while it is impossible to think that the Holy Spirit would either purposely misquote or lapse into involuntary misquotation. In Matt. 21 : 5-7, the supposed fulfilment of the prophecy is founded upon a literary error into which a writer acquainted with Hebrew literature could hardly have fallen. The "ass," and the "colt, the foal of an ass," are in the Hebrew not two things, but two expressions for the same thing, and we have before us not only a misconstruction, but, as it is hardly possible that Jesus could have ridden at once upon the ass and upon the foal, a probable adaptation of the history to the fulfilment of the supposed prophecy. The same may be said with regard to the alleged fulfilment of the Scripture in John 19 : 24, where the words of the Psalm, "They parted my garment among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots," are taken as denoting two actions, when they are a double expression, after the manner of Hebrew poetry, for one. "I called my son out of Egypt," as it stands in Hosea 11 : 1, can by no ingenuity be referred to anything but the Exodus, not to mention the strong suspicion which here again is raised of a story framed to correspond with the supposed prophecy. "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son," in Isaiah 7 : 14, is evidently a sign given by the prophet in relation to a crisis of contemporary history, and has plainly not the remotest connection with the immaculate conception of Jesus. Messianic predictions, such as "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah nor the ruler's staff from between his feet until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the obedience of the peoples be," not only were not fulfilled but were contradicted by the history of Jesus, who was not a temporal ruler or deliverer, and was therefore not recognized as the Messiah by the Jews. None, in short, of the so-called prophecies will be found to be more than applications, and many of them as applications are far-fetched. This is true even of the most remarkable of the number, the description of the oppressed and sorrowing servant of Jehovah in Isaiah 53 : 3, the author of which cannot be said to have distinctly foretold anything in the history of Jesus, even if we take Jesus to have been so pre-eminently a man of sorrows, a point on which a word will be presently said. In no single case can Jesus, or any event of his life, be said to have been present to the mental eye of the prophet. In fact, divines of the more rationalistic school are retiring from the ground of miraculous prophecy to that of ethical application, a movement parallel to that which they are performing in the case of the miracles by substituting natural causes, as far as they can, for divine interruption of the course of nature. But applications, even if they are apposite, are not prophecies. A similar set might probably be framed for almost any marked character of history in a nation possessed of an ancient literature. On this question, as on that of miracles, orthodoxy retreats, covering its movement with language which, while it renounces inspiration, clings without any definite reason to the belief in something which is not human but divin.

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MATTER, SPIRIT, AND "LUNAR POLITICS."

BY THE LATE T. H. HUXLEY.

LET us suppose that knowledge is absolute, and not relative, and therefore, that our conception of matter represents that which it really is. Let us suppose, further, that we do know more of cause and effect than a certain definite order of succession among facts, and that we have a knowledge of the necessity of that succession—and hence, of necessary laws—and I, for my part, do not see what escape there is from utter materialism and necessitarianism. For it is obvious that our knowledge of what we call the material world is, to begin with, at least as certain and definite as that of the spiritual world, and that our acquaintance with law is of as old a date as our knowledge of spontaneity. Further, I take it to be demonstrable that it is utterly impossible to prove that any act is really spontaneous. A really spontaneous act is one which, by the assumption, has no cause; and the attempt to prove such a negative as this is, on the face of the matter, absurd. And while it is thus a philosophical impossibility to demonstrate that any given phenomenon is not the effect of a material cause, any one who is acquainted with the history of science will admit, that its progress has, in all ages, meant, and now more than ever means, the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation, and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity.

I have endeavored, in the first part of this discourse, to give you a conception of the direction towards which modern physiology is tending; and I ask you, what is the difference between the conception of life as the product of a certain disposition of material molecules, and the old notion of an Archæus governing and directing blind matter within each living body, except this—that here, as elsewhere, matter and law have devoured spirit and spontaneity? And, as surely as every future grows out of past and present, so will the physiology of the future gradually extend the realm of matter and law until it is co-extensive with knowledge, with feeling and with action.

The consciousness of this great truth weighs like a nightmare, I believe, upon many of the best minds of these days. They watch what they conceive to be the progress of materialism, in such fear and powerless anger as a savage feels, when, during an eclipse, the great shadow creeps over the face of the sun. The advancing tide of matter threatens to drown their souls; the tightening grasp of law impedes their freedom; they are alarmed lest man's moral nature be debased by the increase of his wisdom.

If the "New Philosophy" be worthy of the reprobation with which it is visited, I confess their fears seem to me to be well founded. While, on the contrary, could David Hume be consulted, I think he would smile at their perplexities, and chide them for doing even as the heathen, and falling down in terror before the hideous idols their own hands have raised.

For, after all, what do we know of the terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of

states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.

And what is the dire necessity and "iron" law under which men groan? Truly, most gratuitously invented bugbears. I suppose if there be an "iron" law, it is that of gravitation; and if there be a physical necessity, it is that a stone, unsupported, must fall to the ground. But what is all we really know, and can know, about the latter phenomenon? Simply, that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that it will, so fall. It is very convenient to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled in this case, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground "a law of nature." But when, as commonly happens, we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which most assuredly does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know, and Law I know; but what is this Necessity, save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?

But, if it is certain that we can have no knowledge of the nature of either matter or spirit, and that the notion of necessity is something illegitimately thrust into the perfectly legitimate conception of law, the materialistic position that there is nothing in the world but matter, force, and necessity, is as utterly devoid of justification as the most baseless of theological dogmas. The fundamental doctrines of materialism, like those of spiritualism and most other "isms," lie outside "the limits of philosophical inquiry;" and David Hume's great service to humanity is his irrefragable demonstration of what these limits are. Hume called himself a sceptic, and therefore others cannot be blamed if they apply the same title to him; but that does not alter the fact that the name, with its existing implications, does him gross injustice.

If a man asks me what the politics of the inhabitants of the moon are, and I reply that I do not know; that neither I, nor any one else, have any means of knowing; and that, under these circumstances, I decline to trouble myself about the subject at all, I do not think he has any right to call me a sceptic. On the contrary, in replying thus, I conceive that I am simply honest and truthful, and show a proper regard for the economy of time. So Hume's strong and subtle intellect takes up a great many problems about which we are naturally curious, and shows us that they are essentially questions of lunar politics, in their essence incapable of being answered, and therefore not worth the attention of men who have work to do in the world. And he thus ends one of his essays:—

"If we take in hand any volume of Divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance, let us ask, *Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or matter?* No. *Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact or existence?* No. Commit it then to the flames; for it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion." (1)

Permit me to enforce this most wise advice. Why trouble ourselves about matters of which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and

(1) Hume's Essay "Of the Academical or Sceptical Philosophy," in the "Inquiry concerning Human Understanding."

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the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events.

Each of these beliefs can be verified experimentally, as often as we like to try. Each, therefore, stands upon the strongest foundation upon which any belief can rest, and forms one of our highest truths. If we find that the ascertainment of the order of nature is facilitated by using one terminology or one set of symbols, rather than another, it is our clear duty to use the former; and no harm can accrue, so long as we bear in mind that we are dealing merely with terms and symbols.

In itself it is of little moment whether we express the phenomena of matter in terms of spirit; or the phenomena of spirit in terms of matter; matter may be regarded as a form of thought, thought may be regarded as a property of matter,—each statement has a certain relative truth. But, with a view to the progress of science, the materialistic terminology is in every way to be preferred. For it connects thought with the other phenomena of the universe, and suggests inquiry into the nature of those physical conditions, or concomitants of thought, which are more or less accessible to us, and a knowledge of which may, in future, help us to exercise the same kind of control over the world of thought, as we already possess in respect of the material world; whereas, the alternative, or spiritualistic, terminology is utterly barren, and leads to nothing but obscurity and confusion of ideas. Thus there can be little doubt, that the further science advances, the more extensively and consistently will all the phenomena of nature be represented by materialistic formula and symbols.

But the man of science who, forgetting the limits of philosophical inquiry, slides from these formula and symbols into what is commonly understood by materialism, seems to me to place himself on a level with the mathematician, who should mistake the x's and y's with which he works his problems, for real entities—and with this further disadvantage, as compared with the mathematician, that the blunders of the latter are of no practical consequence, while the errors of systematic materialism may paralyze the energies and destroy the beauty of a life.

—“*Physical Basis of Life*,” in “*Lay Sermons, Addresses and Reviews*.”



CHEAP ADVICE.

BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE, LISTOWEL, ONT.

HE sat upon a mossy log,
 A sober, unassuming Frog ;
 The blue-eyed Lad upon the shore
 Pelted the Frog till he was sore.

With shattered limb and aching head,
 With many a wish that he were dead,
 He crawled away, a bleeding mass,
 And hid himself among the grass.

A Butterfly, ethereal thing,
 With downy garb and gaudy wing,
 Upon a sunbeam riding came,
 And viewed that Frog so sick and lame.

Alighting on a thistle's crest
 His wings he folded for a rest,
 And steadfast gazing on the sky
 At that devoted Frog let fly.

" O Frog ! why these impatient moans ?
 Why groan such wild, discordant groans ?
 Be meek and kiss the chast'ning rod,
 Thy mild affliction comes from God."

The tortured Frog made no reply
 To that fair painted Butterfly,
 But refuge in the pond he sought,
 And this is just the thing he thought :

" If barefoot Urchin armed with stones
 To pelt at Frogs and break their bones
 Is God, and all his works are right,
 The Devil must himself affright !"

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PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC IDOLATRY.

BY CHARLES ETLER.

II.

ANTHROPOMORPHISM has three planes, of which I can now show but two. In the lowermost plane, the man-god must have, not infinite, but super-human strength of muscle. To be worth his salt, he must be able to "tackle" more bags of flour than the whole crowd. His rank in heaven depended entirely on the reach and force of his fist. The hardest hitter ascended the throne; all the others took back seats. Moreover, the god was not only a man, but a native. Zeus was a typical Greek, very handsome, but very unscrupulous; Jahveh was strongly of the Jewish persuasion; Assar was a princely Mesopotamian; Allah answers prayer in Arabic; Odin and his gang swore and blustered in prehistoric Dutch; Buddha is a contemplative Hindoo; Joss, the Chinaman, has the decency to stay at home instead of going abroad to fire off his crackers; in North America Deus was a sort of forest-ranger and general game-keeper; while on the head of our humble acquaintance, Mumbo Jumbo, there is wool where the hair ought to grow. It might also be mentioned that, under this *regime*, the grand principle of *fair play* was very conspicuous by its total absence, and that, as a rule, divine favors were auctioned off to the highest bidders. As we have been carefully instructed, the physical man was the exact image and counterpart of his god, and as long as the latter discharged the main function assigned him, and was ever "a ready help in time of (military) trouble," he filled the bill.

The later Hebrew prophets worried themselves a good deal over the moral shortcomings associated with this phase of anthropomorphism; while still later, and on very different intellectual soil, philosophy plunged its sword into the very heart of the national mythology; but like the weapons employed in *Paradise Lost*, and on the stage, it didn't seem to hurt very much. The insurgent and aggressive Hellenic intellect was dissatisfied with divinities which were all brawn and no brain; and Plato, the self-luminous, looked high over the crown of high Olympus in search, not of a mere military bully, but of a veritable cosmos-maker, a trade in which hard thinking counts for as much as hard hitting. Jove might thunder and lighten till all was blue; but he did not appear to know, or even to care, about geometry, politics, or ethics, dialectics, and such like, all of which, Plato thought, should find a place in the world-making business. So thinking, he was led to raise the old anthropomorphism to a higher level, by substituting the spiritual for the physical man, and by making inward and invisible thought our highest religious ideal, instead of outward and visible action. In his religio-philosophy, humanity culminated in its mysterious creative principle, the intelligence; and as human intelligence is to human handiwork, so the

immeasurably greater divine intelligence is to its handiwork, the cosmos or universe; and on the third term of this beautiful proportion he inscribed the word *Logos*; and this *Logos*, in its individualized form of ideas, he held to be the antecedent and counterpart of the cosmos in which the ideas were severally reproduced and materialized.

I am incompetent to deal with such a refined speculation; but lest it be thought that the *Logos* theory is altogether too light and airy for our grosser materialistic tastes, it is as well to bear in mind that one of the keenest philosophers of our day, one whose over-fastidiousness in the matter of evidences and demonstrations led him to initiate the Agnostic fad, tells us that we are sure of the existence of one thing only,—our own consciousness.

The philosophy of the *Logos* was transplanted from Athens to the semi-Jewish city of Alexandria, where it took deep root, and presently bifurcated into the "wisdom" so highly extolled by the apocryphal writer, and the rather more concrete and operative "word" expounded by Philo the Jew, the contemporary of Jesus of Nazareth; but by neither of these was the Platonic *Logos* brought down, by incarnation or otherwise, to the older anthropomorphic level; and on the whole, unless indeed the wisdom is our own, and the "word" comes from our own mouth, we are rather economical in the bestowal of our religious worship on either. There was, therefore, a demand in the lower class of the Alexandrian school of thought for something which would bring humanity into a more direct and apprehensible contact with divinity, by the interposition of some element, some visible image, common to both.

This demand was supplied by the writer of the fourth gospel, who took Philo's "Word," made it flesh, identified it with Plato's world-maker; and as Moses lifted up a brazen image for the cure of snake-bitten Israel, so John lifted up the incarnated *Logos*, the divine Christ-image, for the healing of a sin-bitten world. *Ex necessitate*, this "express image" of the incomprehensible and otherwise inaccessible Father, is set up for worship, not only in every church in Christendom, but in every truly Christian heart in the world, and there it is worshipped without the least reservation as to what constitutes "relative and absolute" worship. I am not condemning it as a sin; what I say is, that if it be not idolatry, in the simple, unsophisticated sense of the term, there is something terribly wrong with the English parts of speech. Moreover, religion, like history, repeats itself; for as the old Israel did not much care to go far in advance of his invisible captain when about to meet the foe in battle, so the new Israel, when marching out to meet the devil and his army, exclaims, "Lord, I will not go up, except thou be with me."

Religion is nothing if not conservative; and it is the truest Christian conservatism to remove, as circumspectly as may be, every artificial obstruction which prevents us from beholding and worshipping in the great Christ image our very highest ideals of what constitutes moral excellence and divine truth. Succeeding in this, the church will succeed

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in leading and guiding the world onward, upward, and heavenward. But, unhappily, here comes in a great trouble. Theoretically, we place ourselves under the protection of our Deity; practically, we invert this natural and logical order of things, and taking our Lord into our very especial custody, we hedge him about with a multiplicity of orthodox safeguards. For instance, we have done much,—many think a great deal too much,—in bandaging his “two natures” nicely together. This strange anxiety on our part puts a bad taint on our faith, and a grave suspicion on its object; for it betrays a fear that if we unroll nineteen centuries of church-woven mummy cloth, we shall behold, not a Living God, but a very dead corpse. Remove this taint, and our Christianity will be again robust enough to go forth and conquer the world.

And now to get home: Says the Protestant, wearying with this long preamble, “Not only are your concluding sentences entirely irrelevant, but, granting that what you say about idolatry is partly true, your bolt nevertheless flies very wide of our mark, inasmuch as Protestantism directs its attack, not on your theory of idolatry, but on its flagrant abuses as practised in the Romish church.” Let us see. Below the lowest type of anthropomorphism comes fetichism, or object worship. If to collect from the wrecks of antiquity a handful of manuscripts, written, nobody knows by whom; when, and where, none can tell; and the genuineness of many, if not all, of which is a question in fierce dispute; if, binding this collection of extinct or obsolescent phases of human thought into handsome book shape, and to practise therewith the heathenish art of divination, sometimes turning its pages, incessantly twisting its passages; if to invest this object with the attribute of infallibility, to recognize the aroma of divine inspiration in every sentence, and to devote to perdition those who will not see the one, and cannot smell the other; if to utterly prostrate all that is highest and best in us—our all-conquering intelligence and our unsoiled moral instincts—before its flagrant self-contradictions, inaccuracies, and admitted textual corruptions, its bad history and worse science, its glaring immoralities and obscenities, its impossible rules of life, and its still more absurd theories of existence; if, I say, to do all this is not fetichism, and of a very debased variety, how shall we characterize it? Nor is that all. Although Drs. Langtry and Tracey concur that “latria” is the highest style of worship, I do not, for I give the place of honor to self-immolation, such, for instance, as the poor Protestant devotee practises when he dashes his own brains against this antique item of his temple furniture. Yet his consistency is such that he turns up his Protestant nose at a saint’s leg bone, an old coat disgusts him, the sight of the cross offends him, and he is profoundly disregarding of an apostolic toe-nail.

But even this is not quite all, for it has been reserved for Protestantism to develop a still lower type of idolatry. With certain reservations, the Catholic Church concedes the principle of infallibility to its visible head; and, with, of course, certain reservations, this conception is both logical

and necessary. But the thorough-going Protestant, Bible in hand, invests *himself* with a much larger measure of this principle; and the wonder of it is, this measure is in direct proportion to his ignorance, and in inverse proportion to his knowledge; while the pity of it all is, this species of self-idolatry develops an infinite amount of acrimonious Protestant talk, and an infinitesimal accompaniment of Christian charity.

Thus, taking this complication of forgeries and idolatries into view, I think Protestantism would do well to stay in doors and wash its own hands.

LIFE.

THE following are the authorities given by Prof. Dolbear to corroborate the statement made in his paper under the above title—that “vital force as an entity has no defenders in the present generation of biologists.” The quotations, as the opinions of the most competent men, are well worthy of careful note :

JOHN FISKE : “The hypothesis of a ‘vital principle’ is now as completely discarded as the hypothesis of phlogiston in chemistry. No biologist with a reputation to lose would for a moment think of defending it.”—“Cosmic Philosophy,” i. 422.

HAECKEL : “We can demonstrate the infinitely manifold and complicated physical and chemical properties of the albuminous bodies to be the real cause of organic or vital phenomena.”—“History of Creation,” i. 330.

HOFFDING : “The aim of modern physiology is to conceive all organic processes as physical or chemical.”—“Outlines of Psychology,” p. 57.

HELMHOLTZ : “Physiologists must expect to meet with an unconditional conformity to law of the forces of nature in their inquiries respecting the vital processes. They will have to apply themselves to the investigation of the physical and chemical processes going on within the organism.”—“Scientific Lectures,” p. 384.

CLAUS AND SEDGWICK : “A vital element—i.e., an element peculiar to organisms—no more exists than does a vital force working independently of material and material processes.”—“Zoology,” i. 10.

B. SANDERSON : “In physiology, the word ‘life’ is understood to mean the chemical and physical activities of the parts of which the organism consists.”—“Nature,” xlvi., 613.

G. STANLEY HALL : “If corporal functions are mediated by immaterial agencies, physiological science is impossible.”—“Amer. Journal Psychology,” iii. 74

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WUNDT : " Physiology thus appears as a branch of applied physics, its problems being a reduction of vital phenomena to general physical laws, and thus ultimately to the fundamental laws of mechanics."—"Lehrbuch der Physiologie," p. 2.

HUXLEY : " It must not be supposed that the differences between living and not-living matter are such as to justify the assumption that the forces at work in the one are different from those to be met with in the other."—Ency. Brit., art. "Biology."

LANKESTER : " Zoology, the science which seeks to arrange and discuss the phenomena of animal life and form as the outcome of the operations of the laws of physics and chemistry."—Ency. Brit., art. "Zoology."

PROF. E. L. MARK, Harvard University : " It has not occurred to me that any one now uses the term 'vital force' in any other way than as a convenient method of expressing the sum total of the physical and chemical activities of organisms."

LANG : " These phenomena of life, though they may not as yet be physically and chemically explained, are certainly not to be referred to the working of any special *vital force* peculiar to organisms. We have to do here with the same forces and the same substances that we meet with elsewhere in nature."—"Textbook of Comp. Anatomy," p. 2.

O. HERTWIG : " Modern science has allowed the vitalistic theory (*vitalismus*) to drop. Instead of by means of a special vital force, it explains irritability as a very complex chemico-physical phenomenon. It is only distinguished from other chemico-physical phenomena of inorganic nature by degree—namely, that the external stimuli come in contact with a substance of complicated structure, an organism, and correspondingly produce in it also a series of complicated processes."—"Die Zelle und die Gewebe," p. 75.

PROF. J. S. KINGSLEY, Tufts College : " I know of no authority in recent years which recognizes a distinct vital force. All students of nature, so far as I am aware, explain all the phenomena of life by means of physical and chemical forces."

HOFFDING : " Modern physiology interprets the phenomena of organic life by means of chemical laws. An appeal to 'vital force' or to the intervention of mind, it does not recognize as an explanation of an organic phenomenon."—"Outlines of Psychology," p. 10.



A PLEA FOR ANIMALS.

BY R. F. UNDERWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.

MANY people speak of animals and treat them as though they had no rights. They are mere brutes to be used for man's convenience or pleasure; to be kicked, beaten, tortured, whenever anger or ill-nature wants some object on which to gratify itself by the infliction of pain. They are irrational creatures without souls, without sensibility, without any sense of right or wrong, and why treat them with any consideration? Were they not made for man? Was he not given dominion over them? Is not death the end of them?

Jerome K. Jerome thus expresses a common attitude of man in relation to the dog who will stick to his master whatever misfortune overtakes him, and defend him even with its life if that is required:

"Ah! old staunch friend, with your deep, clear eyes and bright, quick glances that take in all one has to say before one has time to speak it, do you know you are only an animal and have no mind? Do you know that dull-eyed, gin-sodden lout leaning against the post out there is immeasurably your intellectual superior? Do you know that every little-minded, selfish scoundrel, who never did a gentle deed or said a kind word, who never had a thought that was not mean and low or a desire that was not mean and base, whose every action is a fraud and whose every utterance is a lie; do you know that these crawling skulks are as much superior to you as the sun is superior to rush-light, you honorable, brave-hearted, unselfish brute? They are men, you know, and men are the greatest, noblest and wisest and best beings in the whole vast, eternal universe. Any man will tell you that."

Yet many of the wisest of mankind in all ages have believed that the lower animals as well as man exist after death, that all living creatures have minds, in however small a degree, and that mind is as indestructible as matter.

Pierre Loti says, "I have seen with an infinitely sad disquietude the souls of animals appear in the depths of their eyes suddenly, as sad as a human soul, and search for my soul with tenderness, supplication and terror; and I have felt a deeper pity for the souls of animals than I have for those of my brothers, because they were without speech, and incapable of coming forth from their semi-night." Ruskin observes that "there is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to the great mystery of our command over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul."

If animals had the power of logical thought and of speech they might argue very ingeniously, if not conclusively, in favor of their own immortality. Addressing man through one of their representatives, the dog or the horse we will suppose, they might say:

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We have, fundamentally, the same natures that you have. We feel pleasure and pain, and are subject to moods; we have affection, jealousy, vanity, and pride; we enjoy the smile of approval from our superiors, and dread their displeasure; we are not devoid of imitation and curiosity. We have some sense of beauty, some imagination, and some power of reasoning. We are not entirely destitute of reverence. We are capable of improvement by education and inheritance.

Your philosophers teach that mind is imperishable. Certainly, we have minds, distinct individual minds. Mental as well as bodily characteristics are subject to the law of heredity with us, precisely as they are among human beings. If your minds are immortal, why are not our minds also immortal? Your philosophers refer, in proof of man's immortality, to the fact that his consciousness persists, while the atoms of his brain and body are constantly changing, that memory and identity extend through years, although the body has changed many times, showing that the impressions must be made on something that is not, like the brain, subject to change. This is just as true of us. The atoms come and go; but our identity as shown in memory reaching back a dozen years and more, persists amid all material fluctuations.

Your Darwins and Haeckels and Wallaces have shown what your own observation should have taught you, that you are derived from the lower animals—the lower animals, we say, because you yourselves are animals. Go far enough back, and your ancestors and ours were the same creatures. Since our origin is the same, must not our nature and destiny be the same? Your bodies have been developed from animal bodies, your minds from animal minds. If then, your minds are immortal, ours must be; for how could a being who is indestructible and immortal have been evolved from a perishable being? To say that the capacity for immortality was somehow acquired during the process of evolution from apehood to manhood is to make use of an unsupported assumption, opposed to continuity, the primary fact of evolution, in order to enable you to deny our immortality and assert your own.

There is another consideration we may mention in our behalf. Your theologians say that a future life is necessary to prevent the ultimate defeat of justice, since it often fails here. Think of the millions of animals that have been hunted for sport, beaten, tortured, and wantonly killed—often, too, by men they are serving with all their strength and the best they know. Where is the justice of a God who would confer immortality upon all who have found their chief sport in tormenting and destroying animals, and give the animals no recompense for their sufferings, extending through long dreary centuries, in the aggregate beyond the power of computation, and in horribleness beyond the power of Hogarth's pencil to describe?

Justice requires that we have a future life. Moreover, from the first, man has been surrounded by animals; they have been his companions, and they are indispensable to his happiness. He keeps them now, even

when they are of no utility to him ; and in the city parks are kept deer, swan and birds of song for the pleasure of the people. In the past men were generous enough to believe that we would share with them the future, and, even now, the Indian of the plains

. . . . " thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

One of your own poets, while speaking our praises, bears testimony to the indispensableness of our presence and our companionship to man's happiness—an indication that, if man is immortal, we, too, are immortal:

" I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained :
I stand and look at them sometimes for an hour at a stretch ;
They do not sweat and whine about their condition ;
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins ;
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God ;
Not one is dissatisfied—not one is demented with the mania of owning things ;
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago."

We are not degraded by vices. We have never been guilty of drunkenness, gambling, swindling or lying ; most of us are not open to the charge of holding slaves or of beating our wives and children.

Thus might the animals make a plea to the rational world, not simply for their own immortality, but for better treatment than they now receive. Abstract morality would treat with justice all beings, without any inquiry as to their origin or destiny ; but the highest ground on which Christendom has theoretically recognized the rights of all races of men is that they have a common origin and destiny, and constitute a universal brotherhood. This implies a great advance beyond the condition of the little tribe or community which recognizes no rights to be respected beyond its own jurisdiction and the relations of its own members. The progress is due to a multitude of causes ; and the belief that all men have a common origin and a common destiny has probably had but little to do with it, as it certainly affords no ultimate reason for the practice of justice to all men, which we believe has its true reason and basis in the interest and well-being of mankind.

If the great majority of mankind who believe in a future state for themselves could see that the claim of the animal to a future life is nearly, if not, indeed, quite, as well founded as their own, the result might be a treatment of the poor brutes somewhat better than they now receive. Perhaps the fashionable ladies and gentlemen who join in fox hunts, and the brutal drivers who club their horses until they fall from the weight of the load and the force of the blows, might be restrained, if they could realize that the wronged brutes would appear in ghostly form to reproach them after death.

Our knowledge of the hardships and barbarities to which slaves have

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been subjected, when there has been no question among their masters as to their immortality, of the treatment which the inferior races have received from the powerful nations of Christendom, and of the persecutions that have destroyed millions of lives where the brotherhood of man and the immortality of the soul have been accepted by all, and of the wars which every now and then drench with blood the fairest spots in Christian lands, make one doubt whether the acceptance of the theory that animals are immortal would greatly modify the common treatment of them.

The belief among the mild and contemplative Egyptians that the souls of men after death appear again in animals, and the same doctrine again in India, where metempsychosis was most extensively and ingeniously developed, undoubtedly contributed to respect for the rights of animals. Unfortunately, justice to animals had no place in the ethics of the Christian church, which has shown less regard for the brutes than was shown by the pagan teachers of Greece and Rome, whose writings abound in passages inculcating kindness to animals as do the writings of the Old Testament, which commands: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn;" "Thou shalt not see the kid in his mother's milk,"—passages which, among others, show a tenderness toward the brutes we do not find in the early teachings of the Christian church. The Jews are entitled to credit for their humane method of slaughtering animals for food, for it is an established fact that severing the main arteries and allowing the animal to bleed to death is far less painful than the Persian and Babylonian method of crushing the head with a sledgehammer, not to speak of the superior dietary effect of the Jewish procedure.

"The fatal vice of theologians," says Mr. Lecky, in his "History of European Morals," "who have always looked upon others solely through the medium of their own special dogmatic views, has been an obstacle to all advance in this direction. The animal world, being altogether external to the scheme of redemption, was regarded as beyond the range of duty; and the notion of our having any kind of obligation to them has never been inculcated, has never, I believe, been admitted by Catholic theologians. In the popular legends and in the recorded traits of individual amiability, it is curious to observe how constantly those who have sought to inculcate kindness to animals have done so by endeavoring to associate them with something distinctively Christian. That class of amusements, of which the ancient combats of wild beasts form the type, have, no doubt, nearly disappeared from Christendom; and it is possible that the softening power of Christian teaching may have had some indirect influence in abolishing them, but a candid judgment will confess that it has been very little. During the periods and in the countries in which theological influence was supreme, they were unchallenged. They disappeared at last, because a luxurious and industrious civilization involved a refinement of manners; because a fastidious taste

recoiled with a sensation of disgust from pleasures that an uncultivated taste would keenly relish; because the drama, at once reflecting and accelerating the change, gave a new form of popular amusement; and because, in consequence of this revolution, the old practices being left to the dregs of society, they became the occasion of scandalous disorders."

Mr. Lecky states with truth that the inculcation of kindness to animals on a wide scale is "mainly the work of a recent and secular age." Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals are supported in the Protestant and free-thinking portions of Christendom. But in every community there need to be cultivated sensitiveness to the sufferings of animals, and a public sentiment that will not permit them to be abused.

Cruelty to dumb sentient creatures by man who has them in his power should be deemed criminal.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO INGERSOLL.

The Truth as it is in Reason.

PRIMEVAL man changed two of his feet into hands, and in the darkness of his brain there came a few glimmerings of reason. He was injured by ignorance, by fear, by mistakes, and he advanced only as he found the truth, only as he got into harmony with facts. Through countless years he has groped, and crawled, and struggled towards the whole truth. He has been deceived by altars and prophets, by popes and priests. He has been haunted by saints, and deluded by apostles. He has been frightened by devils and by gods. He has been robbed by chiefs and plundered by kings, and in the name of adoration his mind has been filled with mistakes, with the impossible, with the absurd, and the infamous, and in the name of religion he has been taught humility and arrogance, love and hatred, forgiveness and revenge.

But at last the world has changed. We are tired of the bibles of barbarians and the creeds of savagery. We want knowledge, and when I say that, I mean sane and sensible people of this planet. (Applause).

Nothing is greater—nothing is of more importance than to find, amid the errors and darkness of this life, a shining truth.

Truth is the intellectual wealth of the world.

The noblest of occupations is to search for truth

Truth is the foundation, the superstructure, and the glittering dome of progress.

Truth is the mother of joy. Truth civilizes, ennobles, and purifies. The grandest ambition that can enter the soul is to know the truth.

Truth gives man the greatest power for good. Truth is sword and shield. It is the sacred light of the soul.

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The man who finds a truth lights a torch.

How is truth to be found? By investigation, experiment, and reason.

Every human being should be allowed to investigate to the extent of his desire—his ability. The literature of the world should be open to him—nothing prohibited, sealed, or hidden. No subject can be too sacred to be understood. Each person should be allowed to reach his own conclusions and to speak his honest thought.

He who threatens the investigator with punishment here, or hereafter, is an enemy of the human race. And he who tries to bribe the investigator with the promise of eternal joy is a traitor to his fellow men.

There is no real investigation without freedom—freedom from the fear of gods and men. So, all investigation—all experiment—should be pursued in the light of reason.

If it be good for man to find the truth—good for him to be intellectually honest and hospitable, then it is good for others to know the truths thus found.

Every man should have the courage to give his honest thought. This makes the finder and publisher of truth a public benefactor.

Those who prevent, or try to prevent, the expression of honest thought, are the foes of civilization—the enemies of truth. Nothing can exceed the egotism and impudence of the man who claims the right to express his thought and denies the same right to others.

It will not do to say that certain ideas are sacred, and that man has not the right to investigate and test these ideas for himself. Who knows that they are sacred? Can anything be sacred to us that we do not know to be true?

For many centuries free speech has been an insult to God. Nothing has been more blasphemous than the expression of honest thought. For many ages the lips of the wise were sealed. The torches that truth had lighted, that courage had held aloft, were extinguished with blood.

Why should we pursue the truth? and why should we investigate and reason? and why should we be mentally honest and hospitable? and why should we express our honest thoughts? To this there is but one answer: For the benefit of mankind.

The brain must be developed. The world must think. Speech must be free. The world must learn that credulity is not a virtue and that no question is settled until reason is fully satisfied. By these means man will overcome many of the obstructions of nature. He will cure or avoid many diseases. He will lessen pain. He will lengthen, ennoble and enrich life. In every direction he will increase his power. He will satisfy his wants, gratify his tastes. He will put roof and raiment, food and fuel, home and happiness, within the reach of all. He will drive want and crime from the world. He will destroy the serpents

of fear, the monsters of superstition. He will become intelligent and free, honest and serene.

The monarch of the skies will be dethroned—the flames of hell will be extinguished. Pious beggars will become honest and useful men. Hypocrisy will collect no tolls from fear, lies will not be regarded as sacred, this life will not be sacrificed for another, human beings will love each other instead of gods, men will do right, not for the sake of reward in some other world, but for the sake of happiness here. Man will find that nature is the only revelation, and that he, by his own efforts, must learn to read the stories told by star and cloud, by rock and soil, by sea and stream, by rain and fire, by plant and flower, by life in all its curious forms, and all the things and forces of the world.

When he reads these stories, these records, he will know that man must rely on himself—that the supernatural does not exist, and that man must be the providence of man.

Suppose I should say that at the centre of the earth there is a diamond one hundred miles in diameter, and that I would give ten thousand dollars to any man who would believe my statement. Could such a promise be regarded as evidence?

Intelligent people would ask not for rewards, but reasons. Only hypocrites would ask for the money. Yet, according to the New Testament, Christ offers a reward to those who would believe, and this promised reward was to take the place of evidence. When Christ made this promise he forgot, ignored, or held in contempt the rectitude of a brave, free, and natural soul.

The declaration that salvation is the reward for belief is inconsistent with mental freedom, and could have been made by no man who thought that evidence sustained the slightest relation to belief. Every sermon in which men have been told that they could save their souls by believing has been an injury. Such sermons dull the moral sense and subvert the true conception of virtue and duty. The true man, when asked to believe, asks for evidence. The true man who asks another to believe, offers evidence.

But this is not all. In spite of the threat of eternal pain—of the promise of everlasting joy, unbelievers increased, and the churches took another step. The churches said to the unbelievers, the heretics: "Although our God will punish you forever in another world—in his prison—the doors of which open only to receive, we, unless you believe, will torment you now." And then the members of these churches, led by priests, popes and clergymen, sought out their unbelieving neighbors—chained them in dungeons, stretched them on racks, crushed their bones, cut out their tongues, extinguished their eyes, flayed them alive, and consumed their poor bodies in flames.

All this was done because these Christian savages believed in the dogma of

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eternal pain. Because they believed that heaven was the reward for belief. So believing, they were the enemies of free thought and speech—they cared nothing for conscience—nothing for the veracity of a soul—nothing for the manhood of a man.

But the church cries: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Without this belief there is no salvation. Salvation is the reward for belief. Belief is, and forever must be, the result of evidence. A promised reward is not evidence. It sheds no intellectual light. It establishes no fact, answers no objection, and dissipates no doubt.

Is it honest to offer a reward for belief? The man who gives money to a judge or juror for a decision or verdict is guilty of a crime. Why? Because he induces the judge, the juror, to decide, not according to the law, to the facts, the right, but according to the bribe. The bribe is not evidence.

So the promise of Christ to reward those who will believe is a bribe. How do they prove that Christ rose from the dead? They find the account in a book. Who wrote the book? They do not know. What evidence is this? None, unless all things found in books are true.

It is impossible to establish one miracle except by another—and that would have to be established by another still, and so on without end. Human testimony is not sufficient to establish a miracle. Each human being, to be really convinced, must witness the miracle for himself.

THE MONK, THE MAIDEN, AND THE MONKEY.

BY LUCIANUS.

PRIESTS have ever kept all learning as far as possible in their own hands. When at length a literary class has grown up outside priestly ranks, there has usually been little love between the men of God and the men of letters. The latter has been able to see how far the former have derived their power and authority from the ignorance of the people. Erasmus, in his *Praise of Folly*, displayed the dislike of the man of learning for the mendicant monk and man of mystery. The novels of Boccaccio and other story-tellers of the Renaissance are largely concerned with the misdoings of priests and monks. I have just come across an instance from India, where the Brahmins so long held complete sway over the people. As an illustration of ancient Hindu life it may be worth repeating. The story occurs in the *Kathasaritsagara*, or ocean of narra-

tives, which was written in verse in the eleventh century, and is in substance as follows :

In a temple on the banks of the Ganges there lived a religious mendicant with many disciples. He was a great rogue, but, to impress the minds of the credulous, affected to be indifferent to all worldly affairs, to have his mind fixed on heaven, and to have vowed never to say anything but his prayers. Near by lived a wealthy merchant, who was one of his devoted believers. This merchant had a beautiful daughter, with whom a prince in the neighborhood was enamored, and who communicated to her by means of a confidential servant. One day the holy monk came to the merchant's house to beg for the support of his religious establishment, and the daughter came out with a silver cup in her hands and gave him alms. No sooner did the holy man behold her beauty than he forgot his vow of silence, and exclaimed, "Oh ! what a sight !" The merchant having overheard him, when the daughter passed on, asked the meaning of his exclamation. "My dear friend," said he, "the marks on your beautiful daughter reveal to me that her marriage will bring loss and ruin upon you whenever she is married." These words so frightened the foolish merchant that he implored the holy man to tell him if there was any way to avert the catastrophe. "There is one way," said the monk, "but it is a hard one. You must make a box with holes in the form of a boat, and, having given a narcotic to your daughter, you must place her in it, and, closing the box, put it into the Ganges with a lamp burning on it. The waters will carry her beyond the influence of the bad spell, she will be married in a distant land, and her marriage there will not affect you here." Pleased with this disinterested advice, the foolish merchant did as he was told, trusting to heaven and the holy man.

Fortunately, the confidential servant overheard the scheme, and immediately informed the young prince, who, with his friends, watched by the river side, and when the box was put in, at once secured the sleeping beauty who formed its contents, and put in her place a large and ferocious monkey. Closing the lid the barque was again placed on the stream, with its lighted lamp. Further down the monk watched for the floating light with eager eyes. He enjoined his disciples to secure the box, to pay no heed to any sounds they might hear, but to bring it to his cell, where he told his disciples they must not disturb him, as he had various religious ceremonies to perform in order to exorcise the demon within. When they had retired, he locked himself in, and began to open the box. He was soon engaged in a furious conflict with the ferocious monkey, who was exasperated by his confinement. The holy man shouted with all his might, but his disciples thought he was thus exorcising the devil with whom he was engaged, and he began to think it was a demon himself. At last he got his door open, and escaped, all scratched and torn, with the loss of his nose and an ear. The monkey also escaped, and got to the jungle. The maiden was delighted to have got into the hands of her true lover, and they lived happily ever after.

—London *Freethinker*.

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THE STORY OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

BY E. W. L.

III.

THE startling intelligence from Lucknow gradually worked its effect upon the Government at Calcutta. Lord Canning determined to act; he ordered the 34th B.N.I. to be disbanded. Under the rifles of a strong European force, this order was carried out. The mutinous Sepoys were paid up in full and dismissed. The punishment was too slight; and again the natives imagined that fear dictated clemency. It is difficult, in dealing with the Governors-General of India (Lord Canning, in this instance) to award either praise or blame. The man in supreme authority has to depend almost entirely upon the information supplied him by his subordinates. In the beginning of 1857 nearly all the military believed in the trustworthiness of the Sepoys; how could Lord Canning, a comparative stranger to Indian affairs, act contrary to the advice tendered him by men who had passed the greater part of their existence in the country? Be that as it may, the tender-heartedness of the Executive added fuel to the fire that was already bursting into flames. The disbandment took place on May 6th; and the government fondly imagined the rebellious spirit of the army was exorcised. Placidly the Calcutta officials resumed their usual duties; calmly the Commander-in-Chief shuffled the cards and played whist. A rude awakening was in store for them; in less than a week Meerut and Delhi witnessed the butchery of nearly all their white population.

Here I make a digression, and in doing so I fear I shall tread upon some petted corns. It is the fashion with some writers to decry the army and navy, and to style those who are in those services assassins, with a license to kill granted them by the Government. I cannot agree with these writers. If all men were gentle, honest and true, we should require neither soldiers nor policemen. Unfortunately the world is not built that way; in cities and towns policemen are necessary to defend the gentle, honest and true from those who would prey upon them. For the same reason nations must maintain armies to protect them from being exploited by the unscrupulous. I know little of foreign armies; I have met hundreds of British soldiers and scores of British officers, and lived among them for years. As a body of men, they have been the only class among whom I have not detected that mean, despicable, damning lust of gold which has disgraced this generation beyond all that have preceded it. Officers and soldiers have many black sins to account for, but not that meanest and most despicable one. In the story of the Mutiny, British courage and British devotion to duty stand out in dazzling lustre.

May 11th seems to have been the day fixed upon by the Sepoys for a general

massacre of the Europeans. The impatience (or a misunderstanding) of those at Meerut caused the butchery to begin one day earlier. Meerut is situated nearly 50 miles north of Delhi. At Meerut were stationed the 6th Dragoon Guards, a battalion of the 60th Rifles, and two troops of Horse Artillery. The native regiments were the 11th and 26th B. N. I. and the 3rd Cavalry. General Hewitt, an officer far too old for service, commanded. The unexpected happens. No one imagined that with such a large European force in the place the Sepoys would dare revolt. But it was at Meerut that the conflagration really began. The Europeans at Meerut could expect no aid from Delhi. When the Great Mogul was shorn of his power, it was agreed that only native forces should ever be stationed in his capital. It was this clause in the treaty that caused Meerut to become so important. The incapacity of the general commanding was well known to the native forces, and on it they relied. The bold insolence of the Sepoys was apparent to all. The officer commanding the 3rd Cavalry determined to bring matters to a crisis. He paraded 90 of his men and ordered them to load with cartridges; 85 refused. By command of the brigadier (Wilson) the 85 men were arrested. On the 9th of May General Hewitt ordered out the whole force. The Europeans loaded with ball cartridge; the mutineers were marched into the square formed by the whole brigade, they were stripped of their uniform and then placed in irons. The mutineers begged the other native regiments to make a fight for liberty. The opposing element was too strong.

The 10th of May fell on a Sunday. Those who "were religiously and devoutly disposed" were getting ready for the evening service. The day had passed quietly; outwardly it was a Sabbath of rest. Rev. Rolton was the chaplain. Mrs. Rolton's *ayah* (native female servant), with tears in her eyes, besought her mistress not to go to church. The *ayah's* prayer was unheeded; Mr. Bolton laughed at her story of threatened bloodshed. The carriage took the couple towards the church. The massacre was to have taken place after the method inaugurated by Jehu; but Sepoy impatience marred the plot. The ringing of the church bell was mistaken for a signal; a rocket was fired and immediately the butchery began. The Rev. Mr. Rolston no longer laughed at the *ayah's* story.

The 3rd Cavalry are the first men to stir; their officers' appeals are unheeded. A section of them gallop off to the gaol to release their eighty-five comrades. An officer begs the eighty-five not to accept liberty in such a way. Tears fall from the eyes of the eighty-five; the officer is greatly esteemed and loved. But the men refused to listen to him. Several hundred convicts are released at the same time. The 11th B.N.I. still waver; the 20th B.N.I. and a party of Sowars (mounted soldiers) go to plead with them. Colonel Finnis, commanding, begs his men to remain true to their salt.* Colonel Finnis is shot down by the

* The Sepoys, when sworn in, make a "covenant of salt." See Numbers 18 : 19.

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* Infidel

men of the 20th. The 11th B.N.I. no longer waver; they join their comrades. Then the butchery begins; every white man, woman and child that the Sepoy came across dies the death at their hands. The 11th B.N.I., however, protect the officers and ladies of their regiment. Beautiful bungalows, pretty cottages, their inmates and their furniture are given over to the murderous pillaging crowd. "*Deen! Deen!* Death to the *Feringhee Suars!*" A few escape to the English barracks; the rest are murdered; some are tortured to death. Many of the women are first dishonored and then killed. General Hewitt will not listen to the entreaties of the officers and men under his command. They want to "rescue the perishing" and wreak vengeance on the murderers of those who have been slain. The general's order is, "Defend your lines!" The men sullenly submit to the dastardly command; but only for a time. The officers remonstrate strongly, and all too late the men are ordered out. In tropical countries there is little or no twilight; when the tardy order is given it is too dark to see distinctly. A shower of grape scatters what Sepoys Hewitt's men come across, but pursuit is forbidden. Sullen and grim the force returns to its lines.

The 11th B.N.I. took no part in the massacre; the men even went so far as to protect women and children, and conduct them within sight of the European barracks. When, in the full light of the next day, the European force under Hewitt realized fully the devilish nature of the work of the previous night, their anger knew no bounds. There lay, mutilated and dishonored, the bodies of white men, women and children. Around was to be seen the still smoking ruins of what but a few hours before had been elegant and comfortable homes. The Sepoys made for Delhi; to them 50 miles was little more than a pleasant walk. Like the noble savage of Canada's boundless prairie, the natives of India can traverse long distances in a very short time.

In vain did the officers intreat General Hewitt that the European force should march to Delhi and protect the white population of that place; the general was infirmly firm! The *sahib log* of Delhi suspected no mischief; not a rumor reached their ears. Delhi is a beautiful and strongly fortified city. A wall, 12ft. thick and seven miles long, with a ditch 24ft. deep in front, protects that part of the city which the river Jumna does not border. A bridge of boats (the only one at Delhi) crosses this stream. The sepoy knew what they were about. The 3rd Cavalry hastened to secure the bridge. The King of Delhi and his family occupied the palace. The king was old, but, like Solomon and other Asiatic monarchs, he indulged in expensive sensuality. His subjects were ground down by taxes, which were levied upon no fixed plan: the squeezing method alone was in vogue. The British acted the part of Rehoboam, barring the introduction of a new religion.

* Infidel swine.

The Sepoys did not loiter. About 9 o'clock on Monday morning a European noticed a body of horsemen making for Delhi, and reported the circumstance. The Government officials and the merchants were peacefully carrying on their usual avocations when the intelligence reached them. At once every one realized that an awful danger was impending. Three native regiments were stationed in the city, the 38th, the 54th, and the 74th, and also a native battery. The 54th and two guns were ordered to the front, Col. Ripley commanding. Lieut. Wilmoughby had charge of the powder-magazine. He was warned and requested to place two guns in a position commanding the bridge of boats. The Commissioner, Fraser, and Capt. Douglas interviewed the King and prayed him to exert his authority. But the mutinous troopers had crossed the bridge, killing the European sergeant in charge. Expostulations were all in vain; Fraser made a fight for his life and shot a Sepoy. The Europeans then tried what they could do with the Sepoys; Fraser and most of the Europeans were killed. Among these were the father and sister of a fellow-student of mine, the Rev. — Jennings and his daughter. With them was butchered a Miss Clifford. Shrewd in their devilish work, the Sepoys did not overlook the telegraph office. While the streets of Delhi resounded to the hideous shriek *Deen! Deen!* and were red with the blood of white men, women and their little ones, some of the mutineers rushed to the telegraph office. The chief clerk was cut down, but his assistant, before he suffered the same fate and the wires were severed, telegraphed to Lahore: "The Sepoys from Meerut are massacring all the Europeans; my chief has just been murdered; we must shut up!" He was killed. Reader, try to realize how these brave telegraph men, in the midst of a sudden and awful danger, with death staring them in the face, quietly, resolutely did their duty, and fell like heroes! The message, red with the blood of the murdered, saved the Punjab!

Brigadier Graves ordered all the Europeans to muster at the Flagstaff Tower, a strong, stone building. The 54th murdered Colonel Ripley and most of his officers, and joined the mutineers. The 74th, being sent out, also joined the mutineers. Some officers and some ladies made their way to the Cashmere Gate; the Sepoys fired upon them. A young officer thought he might escape by jumping into the deep ditch and making his way to the glacis on the opposite side. As he was about to make the hazardous leap he heard the cry of women in distress. He and some other officers joined the women, some of whom had been cruelly wounded. A rope of handkerchiefs was made; some of the officers jumped into the ditch, and caught the ladies, who were lowered down by their comrades. Strangely enough, no Sepoys followed this little party, and most of them made good their escape.

(To be continued.)

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WHY AM I A JEW?

BY RABBI B. A. ELZAS.

For every Jew that asks himself this question there are a hundred who do not, and of those who do, many are content to dismiss it unanswered. And yet everyone who shrinks from degrading religion to the level of mere superstition, must see that he asks this question and that he is answered. It is for us to seek a defensive answer, not a defiant one. We do not, at present, seek to convince those who are not of our faith; mere argument cannot convince such. It was the recognition of this fact (a fact not yet learned by Christianity) that kept Judaism from being a proselytising religion in the past. Is it not a notorious fact that converts, in spite of their profession, are almost invariably insincere? How wonderfully effective in emphasizing that truth, too, was the adage that all sincere believers, no matter what their creed, would be equal participators in future bliss. Why, then, give an incentive to the convert to perjure himself, if only mentally, seeing that religious conviction cannot, from its very nature, be the outcome of cold reasoning?

We seek for reasons, then, to satisfy ourselves. We recognize the good in all religions; these are but so many roads leading to our Father in Heaven.

What reasons, therefore, can we give for the faith that is in us? Why am I a Jew?

The first reason is what may be termed "the accident of the cradle." I was born of Jewish parents, and brought up in a Jewish household. I was taught the principles of my faith, so that they became imbedded in my mind, and mastered my life. I was brought up on a Jewish diet, both physical and mental, and so I became a Jew—primarily, if not entirely, by the accident of birth, and not by conviction. As Dr. Gottheil once humorously remarked: "Had my parents been Christians, I might have despised the Jews, while now I gladly own myself one of them. I might, as a Catholic priest, have called them 'perfidious' in the Easter Mass, or as a Protestant dominie have prayed for the softening of their flinty hearts, which I now know to be neither harder nor softer than other people's." I keep the way of my parents. But there is, in my case, something more than this. I am attached to my people by the bond of race as well as by the bond of religion. Our enemies can forgive us for everything but for this feeling. The sense of all we inherit from the past is calculated to strengthen it still more. Fellow-feeling, and especially community of suffering, has made us "wondrous kind," and what a thousand years of a history such as we have had has brought into existence a few decades of scepticism cannot neutralize. But this is mere sentiment; we must have something more than this if we are to remain living and active Jews. What more can be said?

I find that Judaism stands for one of the grandest principles of which we have knowledge—the supremacy of Reason. There is nothing in it that is not absolutely simple, that claims credulity. In this it differs from Orthodox Christianity, Protestant and Catholic. We have no authoritative creed in Judaism. Our teachers have recognized the fact, that all attempts to formulate such an authoritative creed must end unsuccessfully. Maimonides, it is true, formulated his "Thirteen Principles," but in so doing he merely gave expression to his personal opinion, and he was dreadfully abused for arrogating to himself the right of limiting Judaism. Also reduced the "Essentials of Judaism" to three. Judaism accords us the same right to *our* opinion on the matter. Judaism is a *growing* and therefore a *living* religion; it frankly acknowledges that the truth of to-day may be the error of to-morrow, and declares that it must ever adapt itself to the newer light. Can any religion be more reasonable than this?

But I hear someone object: "Judaism has its externals as well as its essentials, and many identify the former with the latter." Judaism is not responsible for this abuse—the result of over-zeal—and which feature it has in common with other religions. Ceremonies, though not essential, are, if properly used, powerful aids to the religious life. I plead for them, for the sake of those weaker souls who are not strong enough to dispense with external helps.

Relying on Reason as its supreme arbiter, it has come to a number of definite and clear-cut conceptions as to those things necessary to my everlasting welfare, which conceptions, as a body, commend themselves to me. What are these?

1. *Its Conception of God.* It teaches me that there is a Deity pervading all space and upholding all worlds. Viewed morally, the Jewish conception of God consists in the belief in His Eternal Goodness, in his Fatherhood over all mankind.

2. *Its Conception of Duty.* Holiness is the keynote of its philosophy of life, the golden thread running through all its teachings. Can there be any noble ideal than this?

3. *Its Conception of Personal Responsibility.* Man is accountable directly for his deeds—"the soul that sinneth it shall die." There is no escape through the merit of any "Savior" save that of good deeds and character.

4. *Its Estimate of Humanity.* Judaism has always stood for human dignity. The Bible proclaims the truth in its very opening pages, when it declares that all men are descended from one pair of ancestors, and thus teaches that all men alike have an equal claim upon our sympathy and love. Judaism proclaims the *rise*, and not the *fall*, of man.

5. Its view of other religions we have already seen. For its very toleration and naturalness it is an exalted faith.

6. *Its View of the Bible.* It does not claim inspiration for everything that

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is in it. Its various parts are recognized as being of unequal value. We hear much said nowadays about Biblical criticism, and of how this science has led to a greater appreciation of the sacred writings of other peoples. Let us be ever mindful of the fact that the Jewish Rabbins were the fathers of that science. And lastly--

7. *Its Conception of Salvation.* Judaism has no sympathy with the idea of a Mediator between the Father and his human children. It knows but one salvation of the soul, and that the salvation of character.

How simple our Judaism is! How noble its conceptions! Yes; and the world is slowly but surely assimilating and appreciating its teachings.

We believe that we have a mission; we are witnessing that mission being fulfilled before our very eyes. The time is, indeed, coming when all religionists will stand upon the same religious platform. Then will our mission be entirely completed, and we may retire. But, till then, we must continue in our God-given work. Being one of a race divinely "called" to bring about this glorious consummation, I find in that very mission a powerful link, connecting together a great chain of reasons for declaring: "I am a Jew—a Jew I must remain."

WAR WHOOP CITY'S NEW PARSON.

"Fellers," said Three-Fingered Steve, as he entered Bowie Knife Jack's saloon and joined the red-shirted crowd around the bar, "there's a gospel sharp from the States outside wot says he has come ter War Whoop City ter regenerate things. He remarks, furdernore, that this is Sunday, an' thet he's going ter hold meetin' in Slippery Sam's old dance hall across the way. All you coyotes has a pressin' invitation to be present."

"Don't believe this is Sunday," declared Dead-Shot Davis, reflectively. "Howsumever, we can take his word for it. What does this hyer sermon slinger look like, Steve?"

"Waal," replied Steve, a trifle doubtfully, "he seems a purty hefty kind of a cuss; ain't no slouch. Wears store clothes, but seems ter kinder know his business."

"Aw, git out!" exclaimed War Whoop William, contemptuously. "What's got ther matter with yer, Steve? All these hyer glorification galoots is jest alike—long-faced, mealy-mouthed, white-livered cusses, ever' one. Don't we know 'em? Aint they been hyer afore, an' didn't we run 'em out double quick? I'll tell yer what we'll do, fellers—we'll jest go over ter Slippery Sam's in a body and listen ter his soft, baby pratle fer ten minutes, and then we'll chase 'im outer ther camp."

"He'll be plumb skeered ter death when he sees us," observed Dead-Shot Davis. "He won't be able ter speak above a whisper."

"We'll hev some fun with 'im," said Plute Pete. "I'll bet he'll say we're the best-lookin' set o' gents he ever clapped his peepers on, an' as fer morals--

waal, it'll take 'im about two minutes ter make up 'is mind that we cain't be improved on none whatever. He'll see ter once that we're already too good, an' he'll sling us a tribute o' praise thet'd bring tears ter the eyes on a bull purp."

Three-Fingered Steve had nothing more to say, and seemed inclined to hang back as the crowd marched with heavy tread across the street and surged into the dance hall, with their eyes twinkling in anticipation of the sport ahead.

They took their seats with mock solemnity and waited patiently for their victim to appear.

Presently he came in and took his stand behind a dry goods box that did duty as a pulpit, and the bad men of War Whoop noted with some surprise that he did not tremble and turn pale when he looked them over. He was tall and muscular, and as Three-Fingered Steve had said, "he seemed ter kinder know 'is business."

"I've come to this suburb of Hades," the preacher began in a loud voice, "to save the souls of the human wrecks that I see about me. I don't suppose there is a man here who has drawn a sober, honest breath in ten years. You are a lot of miserable gophers, and rum-soaked renegades from decent society, and as I look you over now I can say with truth that I never saw such a pusillanimous looking lot of jack rabbits in my life."

The crowd gasped and seemed to grow limp with amazement. All the "gospel sharps" they had ever seen had been meek and lowly of spirit, and this one—well, he fairly "knocked 'em silly," as War Whoop William afterwards expressed it. The preacher talked about in the same strain for ten minutes, and concluded by commanding all those who were going to try to be a little more decent to stand up. "The duffer that doesn't stand up," he added, "will have to account to me personally, and his funeral will be preached in this place immediately following the services."

Every man present stood up.

"Good enough!" said the preacher, with satisfaction. "You're not quite so hopelessly lost to all sense of shame as I thought you were. Now, I'll take up the collection, and don't forget, a preacher's got to live as well as you lopsided loafers. Nothing less than a dollar goes, and I'll shoot a hole through the man that doesn't chip in."

He passed the hat with one hand and held a large six-shooter in the other. The audience contributed liberally to a man.

"There'll be a meeting here every Sunday for the next month," the preacher said in conclusion, and if any of you tin-horn toughs backslide you'll have to settle with me. Don't do any shooting till you get outside the church."—*N. Y. Journal.*

Mamma—Why, of course, Tommy, you can't take your body to heaven.
Tommy—But—but, mamma, how shall I be able to keep up my pants?

Bobby—Is oxygen what the oxen breathe all day?

Daddy—Of course, and what everything else breathes.

Bobby—And is nitrogen what everyone breathes at night?

Daddy gives it up.

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THE STAGE AND ORCHESTRA.

THE STAGE IN TORONTO.

At the commencement of the present theatrical season I stated in the DOMINION REVIEW that the outlook for business was not at all encouraging, and that the season promised to be a very poor one. In a prophetic sense, to quote a well-worn phrase of Emerson's, "I builded better than I knew," and I am sincerely sorry for it, but the hard cold facts remain. All over this continent the season, which is now practically closed, has been the most financially disastrous experienced in the last quarter of a century. We have been no worse off comparatively in Toronto than was New York, Chicago, or Philadelphia. Boston, I understand, has felt the pressure least. The season closes two months earlier than usual, as one well-known New York agent pathetically puts it, "On account of the bike." Last month our principal theatre was closed for three consecutive weeks out of the four, and having nothing to say, I did not think it advisable to waste valuable space in attempting to say it, hence the absence last month of my usual theatrical *causerie* from these pages. Then we were unfortunate in the sickness of Mr. Seabrooke. The company came here from the South, and coming at the most inclement season of the year, the contrast laid,—not only the star but some of the leading "support"—by the heels with grip, and they did not play in this city at all. The engagement of Mr. Sothern was a phenomenal success, and his appearance here in "An Enemy to the King," will long be remembered by those who saw it, on account of the magnificent manner in which it was placed on the stage; Mr. Sothern has never done such business in this city before, as on the occasion referred to. A melodrama called "Humanity," by Sutton Vane, played for a week at the Grand Opera House to small audiences; this was curious, because the play had much in it that was commendable and was well played and well appointed in every respect. The "Rob Roy" production at the Princess Theatre calls for little comment; it came here to obtain some "press notices" for use during a Canadian tour; the cast was inferior, but I suppose "good enough for the dog." A great success was "The Lady Slavey" at the Grand. From a literary point of view there is nothing in this "musical comedy," but the scenery was good, the girls pretty, their limbs shapely, and the laundry display profuse; consequently the piece took. Here is a specimen of one of the principal songs:

"I'm the big boss dude from O-hi-o,
A swell you all should know-i-o,
The girls all blush and go "Heigho!"
When I o-pear on view.

"I'm the big boss dude, that's so-i-o,
My togs are built for show-i-o;
To every snip in O-hi-o
I owe an I O U."

The month of March closed at the Grand Opera House with the appearance of "The Geisha," and this much-talked-of musical play produced in the six days it was in Toronto seven thousand dollars for the treasury till, a pretty good result considering the passing fine weather and permanent bad times. "The Geisha" is a light and airy nothing, but then it was magnificently staged; there

is not much comedy in it, but the songs and dances are plentiful, and above all it is "soubrette." So signal was the success here of "The Geisha" that it has been secured for a return trip of six days to Toronto during the race week here, vice Miss Margaret Mather dispensed with. Margaret's loss will ultimately be Toronto's gain. I fear the people will much prefer the "Chon-Kina" song and dance, "A Geisha's Life," "Jack's the Boy," and "The Interfering Parrot,"—even might "The Amorous Goldfish" also be more sought after than the coldly mechanical Juliet of Miss Margaret Mather.

The firm of well-known theatrical managers in New York—Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau—have practically failed, and retire from business at the end of the season. The firm has found that Grand Opera spells bankruptcy, and no wonder, as, put on in the manner this firm has been doing things, it required average takings of fifty thousand dollars a week, not, mind you, to make money, but just comfortably to make "both ends meet," in a financial sense.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

The Toronto Opera House has kept up, all things considered, very well; it has only been closed one week, a circumstance due largely to the energy of Manager Small, who on several occasions when companies contracted with "failed to connect," has managed to secure a passable attraction to fill the bill. The engagement of the Black Patti Troubadours at the Toronto was one of the most successful of the season. The house was crowded at every performance, and an extra matinee was given in response to the popular demand for tickets. Mr. Rankin's reappearance at this house in "True to Life," and Ward and Vokes' "Run on the Bank," were popular performances. The Toronto Opera House has to contend with low prices and to cater to the class that cheap prices make its patrons; it is really the home of vaudeville in this city, and the majority of the people who regularly attend like plenty for their money and like it strong. In the circumstances, it is exceedingly creditable to the management, that while fulfilling extremely well these exacting conditions, nothing is ever seen or heard at this essentially popular theatre at which the most fastidious person can reasonably take exception. The Toronto has a reputation for good management and cleanliness, which character is being well maintained.

PROFESSIONAL NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Odell Williams will produce his new play, "The Alderman," at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, during the latter part of May. It is Mr. Williams' intention next season to star in the piece, which is a clever satire on New York politics.

The report that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Taber (Julia Marlowe) will star separately next season does not precisely state the facts. Miss Marlowe will star, and her husband will play the leading parts in her support, without being featured as at present.

Emily Bancker came out as a star last week at the Murray Hill Theatre, New York, in a new version of Sardou's "Divorcons."

It is possible that Virginia Harned may star next season in "The Dancing Girl," in which she made her first great success as Drusilla Ives.

Following the announcement of other starring tours by prominent members of French theatres, it is now stated that Mlle. Rejane, with a selected *ensemble* from the Paris Vaudeville Theatre, will play a long engagement in Berlin next fall.

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The next publication to be issued by the Dunlap Society will be an autobiography of Clara Fisher Maeder, the oldest living actress. It is edited by Douglas Taylor, President of the society. Mrs. Maeder made her first appearance in 1817, at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, eighty years ago, and came to America ten years later. She has been in this country since, though she has not appeared for seven years. She is now eighty-six years old.

Willard next season will produce new plays by Henry Arthur Jones and J. M. Barrie.

George Alexander has produced at the St. James Theatre, London, A. W. Pinero's new play, "The Princess and the Butterfly." The production was a great success. In the acting George Alexander and Julia Neilson were praised, but the grand success of the evening was Miss Fay Davis.

A recent addition to spectacular effects is a perfect stage rainbow. The apparatus consists of a box with a semicircular opening, behind which are two revolving candelabra prisms. These are worked by a handle, and the light from the prisms is still further directed by wires. The London theatres are now revelling in rainbows of the most vivid and beautiful description.

There should be no regular Sunday performance in a theatre, says the *Dramatic Mirror*. This statement is not made with special reference to any religious idea, but on the belief that actors, in common with other persons whose duties are exacting and arduous, should have at least one day in the week for absolute rest or recreation, at their will. From a commercial viewpoint it is believed, too, that the Sunday performance is an error, for it militates against the volume of business throughout the week.

Fifteen Paris theatres took in over \$100,000 each last year. The Grand Opera leads with 3,198,408 francs; then comes the Comedie Française, 2,100,190 francs; the Opera Comique, 1,515,595 francs; the Porte St. Martin, 1,194,200 francs; the Chatelet, 1,169,426 francs, and the Vaudeville, Varieties, and Renaissance with something over 1,000,000 francs each. The Odeon's receipts were only 536,774. Of the café-chantants and variety shows the Folies Bergere comes first with 1,281,241 francs, then the Scala, 927,311, and the Olympia. Casino de Paris, and Moulin Rouge with from 500,000 to 600,000 francs. The best business done among the Champs Elysees cafés was by the Ambassadeurs, 350,028 francs.

A coming attraction to the New York Lyceum is Frohman's company, presenting "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Mr. Francis Wilson's enjoyable performance of "Half a King" has much in it that is admirable in the way of stage pictures, but the one particular scene that must appeal to the artistic eye is in the second act, when the whole stage is filled with a body of ladies and gentlemen in court costumes of the eighteenth century. The harmony of color seems perfect, and the delicate tints of the changeable silks and satins, the quaint high white wigs and the soft lights thrown upon them create a scene rarely seen on the stage or off. It was Mr. Percy Anderson, the portrait painter of London, who designed these effects especially for Mr. Wilson, and it was Mr. Anderson's skill and artistic taste that gave us that beautiful court tableau in the performance of Gilbert's "His Excellency."

"Our Flat" was played 100 nights at Daniel Frohman's fashionable Lyceum theatre, New York.

FROM OUR OWN OBSERVATORY.

The European War Cloud.

"THE War in the East" has once more assumed a realistic shape, and, unless the rulers of the Great Powers are a great deal more far-sighted than we give them credit for being, the long-expected great war is close at hand. What its actual conditions may be no one can predict just now, for the complications are so intricate that the Powers may not be able to choose their partners, and most of the forecasts of recent years are likely to be falsified. The position of England is a grave one. The Soudan campaign is in progress, the Transvaal trouble is assuming an acute stage, and the collapse of the "European concert" seems likely to leave her with only such allies as may be compelled by circumstances to side with her. "Natural allies" will find themselves, like many brothers in a civil war, ranged on opposite sides in a fight which can only bring disaster upon them both. It may, perhaps, be that Britain is better prepared for emergencies than at any previous crisis. Her army, we believe, is far from being in the sanitary condition it should maintain; and it is not unlikely that forty or fifty regiments may be needed for the Cape. But her navy is acknowledged to be vastly superior to that of any other power; and if President Kruger depends upon receiving active support from the German Emperor, it is likely he will be deceived. With a partly disaffected Ireland and a famishing India, Britain's position seems eminently one which calls for the adoption of the prudent motto, "Defence, Not Defiance." After witnessing the Armenian massacres without stirring, she can afford to stand idly by and see Cretans and Greeks struggling against an overwhelming horde of Turks, especially as her own Tommy Atkins will be busily engaged in blowing Soudanese and Boers to kingdom come. This is evidently the beginning of the millennium.

Easter.

The great spring festival has just been celebrated in all the Christian lands, most people naturally fully believing that they were keeping a purely Christian festival. We were glad to see the *Toronto Globe* setting people straight in this matter, in its Good Friday editorial column. Its remarks concluded in this startling fashion: "The Cross is probably the result of an attempt to graft a Christian idea on an old heathen custom, the result being that the feast recalls neither heathen nor Christian ideas to the mind, in spite of the portentous tragedy commemorated by the day." Now, we do not at all understand why an event which is supposed to have brought salvation to the world should be described as a "portentous tragedy." It should be the most joyful festival of the opening year, as it is, and should have not the slightest relation to any tragedy. As the *Globe* says, Easter is simply the survival of an old pagan custom, and "Fifteen hundred years before the Christian era Cecrops colonized Attica and made his bun of honey and flour."

Dr. Rylance on Newspaperdom.

The preachers occasionally indulge in criticisms of the newspaper. It is a very legitimate subject for rational treatment; and when a prominent man like Dr. Rylance undertakes the task, we naturally look for some interesting points. He took for his text this passage from Acts 17: "For all the Athenians and

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strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Dr. Rylance bears testimony to the value of the newspaper as a teacher; to its general accuracy and fidelity to truth; and to its usefulness as an entertainer. "Alone in our study we can look out through the daily newspaper upon the vast and ever-varying spectacle of the populous earth, and hold communion with men of other tongues and other creeds, getting larger views." The press has fought the battle of the people; it has made popular government possible; it has given us immense masses of good literature; it has exposed corruptions and abuses; it is the best auxiliary to our law courts and the police, and so on. And then Dr. Rylance points out that the crusade against the Sunday newspaper is a foolish and illogical one. If Sunday work be the objectionable thing, it is the Monday morning newspaper that should be suppressed; but he is clear that the Sunday paper cannot be put down, "for there is no predominant sentiment calling for its suppression." In this Dr. Rylance is evidently right; and though he thinks the Sunday newspaper needs improvement, still he would no doubt own that that is largely a matter of opinion. It is quite clear that, if it were confined to "religious" matters, it would soon cease to exist. Sunday or week day people never seem to tire of stocks and sports, races and prize-fights, crimes and accidents,—and a Sunday paper without such things would be as "flat as ditch-water." The parsons had better be satisfied with getting a sop in the shape of a column or two of "religious" news. Dr. Rylance finds fault with the press for its bad English, its slang, and its reports of all "the foul things done under the sun;" but we take it that a remedy for these things can alone be supplied by an improved public taste, which can only come through greater culture among the people themselves; and the doctor should also remember that the great excuse made for the preservation of the many foul things recorded in Holy Writ is, that accounts of such things are necessary for our instruction and warning. What is good and useful in the Bible should not be bad in the newspaper, even if the former be regarded as "divine" literature.

A Municipal Kitchen.

This, according to the *Altruist*, is "the way they do these things in France": "The city of Grenoble, in France, has been running a kitchen for fifty years. The city owns it and supplies meals at cost in its own restaurant or delivers them at private homes. Everything is as good as money can buy. The cooks are as clever as any in France. The provisions are bought in the best market, and are carefully selected. The service is excellent. The dining rooms are of several grades, according to the furnishings and the attendance, so that all tastes may be accommodated. One may dine there for three cents on bread and soup, and be satisfied, or one may pay twelve cents and have a full course dinner. The best rooms are marble-floored and decorated with much excellence. There is no financial profit to the city in running this huge restaurant, which serves 15,000 meals a day. The charges are based on the cost of the materials used, the employment of help and the amount spent in keeping the utensils, machinery and buildings in repair.

What is a Fair Profit on Capital?

"All you can get, so you keep out of jail," is the usual and to some extent the justifiable answer. While the mass of people leave the saving and investing in speculative enterprises to the few, the latter are certainly entitled to use their

advantages as best they may. But it is none the less interesting to note the ideas of some prominent men on the subject, and some of the actual facts. We have all to live and learn. At the Lexow Committee's examination into the affairs of the American Sugar Trust, President Havemayer said he had no use for a business investment that did not pay at least 20 per cent. From this it will be seen how very moderate were the views of our Toronto Gas Company when they agreed to be satisfied with 10 per cent. All these people, however, seem to think it perfectly fair to squeeze the public by means of monopolies legally obtained from the people themselves,—and so it is, if the latter consent.

What are the Actual Profits Realized by the Trusts ?

It is worth while to note the financial results of the working of the system of public monopolies of such things as gas and electric lighting. Labor Commissioner McDonough, of New York State, gives the following figures compiled from confidential reports made to him for the five years ending June, 1896 :

Wages paid annually.....	\$2,396,667
Cost of production exclusive of wages	6,733,636
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Total annual cost of production.....	\$9,130,303
Total receipts from consumers.....	16,045,241
Annual profits of gas companies.....	108.59 per cent.
Annual profits of gas and electric lighting companies.....	182.88 per cent.

Now, considering that the cost of working cannot be very different and that the prices charged for gas are about the same, in Toronto and in New York State, and as the Gas Company's dividend in Toronto is only 10 per cent., one would look upon it as a sort of puzzle that needs solution to find out where the difference in dividends is dissipated.

Two Cent Postage Rate, and Newspaper Postage.

We are glad to see that at the Business Men's Convention at Winnipeg, it was decided to petition the Postmaster-General to reduce the postage rate to two cents on letters for delivery in Canada, Newfoundland and the United States. It is also to be hoped that the postal arrangements in regard to the free delivery of newspapers, which have led to many abuses, will be modified, so that a minimum charge, sufficient to cover the cost of carriage, may be levied upon newspapers. There seems to be no reason why the country should be called upon to pay a part of the cost of publication, especially when, as happens in many cases, the papers favored by free delivery are nothing but advertising sheets, totally useless as educators. The *Globe* makes the claim in favor of continued free delivery, that the duties on paper already handicap the newspaper; but we do not see where the argument comes in. The newspapers are on a par with all other users of paper; if they use more than most other people, so much the better for them; but why that should justify them in asking on such a ground for free postal facilities we cannot see. A proposition that newspapers should pay a tax in proportion to the amount of advertising matter seems absurd and unworkable. In discussing the matter the newspaper men seem as little open to rational argument as the most interested monopolists. A half-cent city delivery rate would, we think, return a handsome profit, and be acceptable to the newspapers.

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The *Crescent*, the English Mahomedan journal, makes the following comments on a recent case :

"The movement in favour of the abolition of the disagreeable and insanitary custom of taking the oath in a Court of Justice by kissing a copy of the Christian Bible has been greatly strengthened by the results of an investigation which has been carried out at the instance of the Corporation of Bradford. An examination which their chemist was instructed to make into the deposits upon the cover of a volume upon which witnesses have imprinted dutiful salutes since her gracious Majesty ascended the throne has led to the discovery of the presence of half a dozen species of micro-organisms of an unpleasant kind, and among other germs were those which indicated that the Book had been kissed or handled by persons afflicted with sores. Altogether, it is evident that anyone who applied his lips to the cases of this venerable volume did so at considerable peril to his health. The revelations of this report ought to impress upon magistrates the importance of making it known to witnesses that in England and Wales they are at liberty to use another form of oath which is not open to insanitary dangers, and it may be questioned whether a short Act of Parliament making the Scotch method of swearing compulsory would not be a useful reform."

A Christian Theatre in Paris.

A new theatre, to be called the Theatre Corneille, is to be opened in Paris. Madame Nancy-Vernet is to be Directress, and no play is to be produced which will offend the sensibilities of religious people, who have been obliged up to this time to listen to jokes at the expense of their religion or their priests, and which have been common at all Parisian theatres. Most of the papers are doubtful of the success of the new venture, and we imagine justly so. As *Le Galois* says, the Christians have a theatre of their own now. "This theatre is the Church. There the people can see the King of Kings and the Court of Heaven, with all its pomps and all its ceremony. Golden copes, silken garments, flowers, marbles and lights are there to gladden the eyes and soothe the heart, and while the incense floats toward the many colored windows, on which are pictured images of the Holy Family and of the saints, the ears are charmed by sounds of music, whose sole aim is to fill the soul with the highest conception of love and duty."

Greater New York.

The *New York World* of April 5 has a large cartoon, "Naming the Baby." The nurse who is rocking the cradle in which snugly lies the baby, "Greater New York," is holding an open Bible ; pater at his desk is making out a list of names, and the floor is littered with other names. Strange, though, no Biblical name appears. If the New Yorkers want to change the name of their city, why not adopt one of the Biblical names that have been suggested before now. "Sodom" has often been applied to it, though not more appropriate to it than to many other places. "Heaven" might be acceptable to some, though to most others it would suggest a perhaps more appropriate name.

It was at Inverness, we are told, that a genial Saxon, meeting a native in the High-street one Sabbath and observing, "It is a fine day, my friend," was met with the chilly rejoinder, "Is this a day to be talkin' aboot days?"



GRAVE AND GAY.

THE DEVIL FISHING.

THE devil sat by the river's side—
The stream of Time, where you'll always find him—
Casting his line in the rushing tide,
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in a easy nook,
And was filling his basket very fast ;
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as a man could count ;
Little or big, it was all the same.
One bait was a cheque for a round amount,
An Assemblyman nabbed it and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone ;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he would laugh, and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one could wish ;
And he seemed to know, to a dead sure thing,
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan : " The fishing is rare and fine ! "
And he took a drink, somewhat enthused ;
And yet a parson swam round the line
That e'en the most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and his flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune upon the line,
Dressing gowns with embroidered hems,
But still the Dominie made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook ;
" I have him at last," quoth the devil, brightening ;
Then Satan's sides with laughter shook,
And he landed the preacher as quick as lightning.

—SAM DAVIS.

A CHINESE VIEW.

The police of San Francisco have recently been enforcing the law prohibiting work on Sunday, especially against Chinese laundry-men. Last Sunday, as a large load of these offenders was being carted to jail in the police-ambulance, a resident of the Western Addition asked the reason, and was informed by a police man. "Yep," grunted a disgusted Chinese, who stood near, "man workee Sunday, he go jail—'gainst law workee Sunday. Man no workee, he go jail—vag. Amelica heap hell of countly."—*Argonaut*.