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PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

A STUDY IN MORALS.

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I.

MANY valuable suggestions have of late been made with regard to secular education in the schools, but very few examples have been given to show that ethical training may be successfully carried out without religious instruction. For the average Christian, a theory is not sufficient to induce him to forsake his orthodoxy for the scientific course adopted by the Rationalist. He requires no proof for the divine origin of his own religion, but he is very exacting when the Agnostic seeks a hearing. But more curious is the fact, that several prominent sceptics have not only expressed their desire to keep religious education in the public schools, but have foretold that to deprive the child of Biblical instruction would subject it to a great moral loss.

Proof, however, is not wanting to justify the remark, that a high condition of morality is attainable without the assistance of any form of superstition, and that the introduction of Christianity into a heathen country has not only at times failed to improve the moral life of the people, but has been the means of lowering it. Japan is of all highly-civilized nations the most irreligious, but, at the same time, the Japanese are a moral people. Among them, Christianity makes very little headway indeed, and the few who have been converted are chiefly drawn from the lowest classes. For the past two centuries the followers of Buddha have been steadily decreasing, and the educated classes are now quite indifferent to religion. Confucianism has been the means of shaping the Japanese character from the commencement of the seventeenth century, and, whatever defects they may have, a missionary has not hesitated to speak of the Japanese as being frank, honest, faithful, kind, courteous, confident, affectionate, and loyal.

Leaving Japan, let us devote our attention to the inhabitants of Greenland. Dr. Nansen, the explorer, has written a very interesting work ("Eskimo Life"), in which he speaks of the social evolution of the Eskimo. They appear to have migrated from the shores of the Behring Sea and founded a settlement in Greenland about the fourteenth century. In a work by E. Astrup, a comrade of Lieutenant Peary ("Towards the

Pole With Peary"), is to be found confirmation of much that Nansen has written about these interesting people. History does not show any trace of their having held much intercourse with the civilized world until a very late date; and it is certain that no religion other than that of humanity had made any impression upon their character. In that weird country existed a people surrounded with all the hardships of an Arctic life, practising every virtue that Christians claim to have invented.

The Eskimo sought his fortune on the sea, his skill was displayed in the management of the kaiak, the huge prey that swarms in the Polar seas taxed his courage, and his genius is shown in the weapons he has fashioned from the bones of his prey. Activity was not only pleasurable, but it was imperative; for his skill upon the sea brought him in return food, light, heat, and clothing. But misfortune was not unknown to the Eskimo, and his position was oftentimes serious and difficult. However, there always remained one consolation to cheer and encourage him: so long as food remained in the tribe, no person would be allowed to die of hunger; and should starvation be inevitable, then all would be partakers of the same grim fate. Starvation co-existing with luxury was unknown to the Eskimo until the missionary found his way into the settlements.

Nansen makes no mention of cannibalism, and I therefore conclude that it did not exist in Greenland. Many accounts of the Eskimo depict him as a coward; but this is not correct, and is probably due to the fact that he sees neither use nor reason for an indulgence in war. England would be a far more praiseworthy nation if only one-half of the compliments Nansen pays to the Eskimo were deserved by Englishmen.

Almost daily our newspapers are sullied with uncharitable remarks or semi-refined forms of abuse, while ordinary conversation is rarely conducted without some tinge of calumny.

From "Greenland's icy mountains," however, we get a more exalted state of affairs. Nansen says: "They never utter a syllable of abuse, their language being unprovided with words of that class in which ours is so rich." Trustworthiness is one of their most striking characteristics, and when we have formed an idea of the hardships they frequently experience, we cannot but admire their keen regard for honesty. When offering any article for sale, they are extremely anxious to acquaint the purchaser with all its defects, and they go so far as to exchange it, even after a considerable time, should the bargain not have proved a good one for the buyer.

The rights of property are very carefully observed. Dr. Nansen says: "As a proof of the Eskimo's scrupulous regard for the moral law which he recognizes, I may remind the reader that he never touches driftwood which another has placed above high-water mark."

Further, before the introduction of Christianity, the Eskimos neither believed in a god nor prayed to an unseen being. Dr. Rink, in "Tales and Traditions of the Eskimos," has given a detailed account of their superstitions, which are mostly of a simple character, and much resemble

a collection of fairy tales. Thus: "After death human souls go either to the upper or the nether world. Those who go to the upper world will suffer from cold and famine, and these are called 'Arssarut,' or ball-players, on account of their playing at ball with a walrus-head, which gives rise to Aurora Borealis." Their view of life and the cosmos is simple and rational. Dr. Rink says: "Existence in general is accepted as a fact, without any speculation as to its primitive origin. Only the still acting powers concealed in Nature, and to which human life is subordinate, are taken into consideration."

Hans Egede, one of the earliest missionaries to Greenland, deplored the absence of any religion among the Eskimos, but he was compelled to admit that they had reached a good social order. It may, therefore, be assumed that, although the Eskimo was highly superstitious, yet his moral character was not dependent upon the fear with which he was apt to regard the influence of evil spirits.

The status of the women among the Eskimo is not an ideal one, but it is considerably superior to that prevailing in many Eastern countries. Morality is always relative in idea, and while the Eskimo is likely to be accused of gross conduct, it should be remembered that he alone was the author of his moral code, and his virtue lay in adhering to its mandates. A good estimate of his character may be gathered from this passage from Dr. Nansen: "In several respects, the morality of the heathen Eskimo stands considerably higher than that which one generally finds in Christian communities. As I have already pointed this out, I will here only remind the reader of their self-sacrificing love of their neighbors and their mutual happiness, to which, indeed, we find no parallel in European society. These virtues, however, are not unfrequently to be found among primitive peoples, and are probably in the main due to the simple structure of society."

It is not alone among the adults that such a good social order exists, for the children at an early age manifest the traits of their parents' characters. Nansen says he has joined them in their games, and he never heard any disagreement or saw an unkind action during the whole time he was among them, with one exception, and in that case the culprit was a cross between a native and a European.

Greenland, I regret to learn, is fast losing its reputation. All those good qualities which so appealed to the heart of the intrepid explorer are slowly, and it is to be feared surely, vanishing before the pernicious invasion of Christianity and its grim band of attendants.

The Christian's idea of chastity does not always strike the heathen or the savage as being a very excellent one; and however disappointed the prude may be in his attempts to convert the heathen to monogamy, he is rarely treated with the cold, simple-minded rebuff that the Eskimo gave the early civilizer. The Eskimo failed to see anything immoral in the mutual exchange of wives, nor did he perceive any brutality in the abrupt severance of marital relationship. If he became tired of his

wife, he displayed his wishes by mutely retiring on a bench apart from her, and she would accept this as an intimation to depart early the following morning. The seventh commandment is more often broken by the Greenlander than any of the others, but, let it be noted, Christianity has not effected a purification of the "converted" Eskimo's morals. When the missionary speaks of the moral value of the Christian creed, it would be well for the Rationalist to quote the following sentences by Nansen: "Of our commandments, the seventh is that which the Greenlanders are most apt to break. . . . This is especially the case among the Christian Eskimos of the West Coast, who have come much in contact with us Europeans. By many of them it is not regarded as any particular disgrace for an unmarried girl to have children."

But this is not all. Hans Egede also says that a better state of sexual morality existed before the European came to this country. One closes Nansen's work with a similar feeling to that of the author, who draws a picture of a simple people, living an industrious and virtuous life, fighting vigorously against the bitter assaults of Nature, and free from all the vice and sin which go to form the blackest portion of our civilization. Page after page is passed, and our admiration for the Eskimo grows into a warm affection. We follow him in his little kaiak far out to sea, watch him slowly getting the mastery over some huge monster, and cheer him as he hauls the prey upon the beach before a crowd of excited onlookers. We follow the same unpretentious man to his hut, share his hospitality, laugh at his stories, love his good humor, and praise the simple life he leads amid the miles and miles of snow, ice, and sea. Presently a gentle tapping at the door excites our curiosity, and a stranger enters. Soon another enters—they are Christians; they tell the Eskimo of the Garden of Eden, the Fall of man, the wars of the Jews, the love and wrath of God, the life of Christ, the doctrine of Heaven and Hell, but the native at first hears the travellers with disgust and contempt; he asks some sensible questions, and receives some foolish answers; he is told of the great white people over the seas, who fear God and enjoy his benefits.

Soon the civilizers begin to insult him, to whip him, for not at once embracing Christianity; he is cheated, and his good nature is imposed upon. Finally, we see the Eskimo forsaking a healthy life, and departing from his old customs, emulating the Christians; he leaves—or more correctly speaking is driven from—his home, he is robbed of his belongings, and at length he becomes a slave of the white men, homeless, dishonored, and debauched with the vices of civilization, while the Cross stands high in his old colony.

The following extract is from a letter written by a converted Eskimo, addressed to Paul Egede, the son of Hans Egede, the missionary:

"Your people know there is a god, the creator and upholder of all things, that they will be either happy or miserable according as they shall have conducted themselves here, and yet they live as if they were under orders to be wicked, and it was to their honor and advantage to

ain. My countrymen, on the other hand, know nothing of either a god or a devil, believe in neither punishment nor reward after this life, and yet they live decently, treat each other kindly, and share with each other peaceably when they have food to share."

II.

Miss Kingsley, in her "Travels in West Africa," has given a very interesting account of the people with whom she associated during her several expeditions. She appears to have given an unbiassed opinion of the West Africans' commercial, social, and religious life, and in so doing has not hesitated to praise and reprimand according to her sense of justice. She tells us of the influence that Christianity has produced upon the moral life of the converted heathen, and her opinion of the missionary. She says: "I have no hesitation in saying, that in the whole of West Africa in one week, there is not a quarter of the amount of drunkenness you can see any Saturday night you choose in a couple of hours in the Vauxhall Road, and you will not find in a whole year's investigation on the Coast, 1-17th part of the evil, degradation, and premature decay you can see any afternoon you choose to take a walk in the more densely-populated parts of any of our own towns. I grieve to see thousands [of pounds] wasted that are bitterly needed by our own starving poor. I do not regard the money as wasted because it goes to the African, but because such an immense percentage of it does no good, but much harm to him." Miss Kingsley is here referring to the money spent by the missionary.

Again, speaking of converts, she says: "Those converts, which are the mainstay of missionary reports, and which afford such material for the scoffer thereat, have merely had the restraint of fear removed from their minds in the mission school without the greater restraint of love being put in its place. The mission-made man is the curse of the Coast, and you find him, in European clothes and without, all the way from Sierra Leone to Loanda."

In the face of Miss Kingsley's statement, I should regard money spent in West Africa by missionaries as being obtained under false pretences, and it is time the Government warned the public of the manner in which thousands of pounds are annually wasted, and not there alone, but also in other countries, China in particular. Miss Kingsley is to be congratulated for the fearless manner in which she has told the truth, and Rationalists will do well to keep her remarks before them.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1898, speaks of the Veddahs of Ceylon as being a people showing love for their children, and the men treating their wives with consideration; yet they are regarded by some anthropologists as being the lowest types of humanity. And, while the savage gets very little credit for his humane principles, the Pagans are almost as little known for their praiseworthy actions. Indeed, I cannot recall one instance when a priest has referred to the morals of

the ancient Greeks and Romans in an eulogistic manner. On the contrary, he is careful to impose upon his listeners all the atrocities and gross conduct which have been studiously written of the Pagan civilization. It is, therefore, no small wonder that so many people were unable to appreciate the unconscious humor of Mr. Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross."

In a pleasantly-written little work by J. A. Farrer one may gather in a very short time some valuable information of the Pagan philosophy and the effect it had upon the Greek and Roman character. For instance, Mr. Farrer says: "So effectually, indeed, had Philosophy advocated the claims of the great principles of humanity, that in Paganism, before there was any church at all, there was a party audible in its outspoken opposition to slavery, to cruelty to criminals and to animals, to the gladiatorial games, and to war."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to recall the fact that the Greeks carefully abstained from joining in any of the scenes like those witnessed in the Coliseum at Rome, which is more than can be said of the Primitive Christians who aroused the indignation of Salvian, a Presbyter of Marseilles in the fifth century. According to him, thousands were daily to be seen witnessing the brutalities of the circus.

Mr. Farrer has not hesitated to deplore the brutalities of the Romans, nor has he omitted to notice their better qualities, conspicuously charity. "The objections that economists might urge against the Socialistic tendency or nature of these measures would apply with ten-fold more force to the monthly distributions of corn to the people that became customary in Rome, and, after a time, not merely of corn, but of cheese, bacon, oil, and even clothes. But, whether these distributions prevented or promoted pauperism, there is no question of the intention. Under Nerva and Trajan, the monthly distributions of food became extended to the children of poor families all over Italy; a portion of the interest of the money lent by the State to landlords on mortgage serving to defray the expense. Alexander Severus founded free schools for indigent children. Nerva and Trajan made laws in favor of orphans. Every quarter of Rome had its 'archiater,' or paid medical officer, whose function it was to attend on the sick; and a law compelled everyone who gave a feast to make some provision first for the poor of his district." ("Paganism and Christianity," p. 184.)

Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," gives a stirring picture of the primitive church at Rome, and enables us to form a fair idea of the men who were the means of bringing Paganism into such terrible conflict with Christianity. The reward offered to those who would forsake the old superstition for the new was quite sufficient to draw hundreds of the worst class of Romans into the church.

But, while the Christian ranks were being daily augmented, the educated Pagans stood afar off, treating the invading faith either with contempt or indifference; and it is at this point that the inquirer begins to

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respect in the convert the forger and the fanatic. It was not an easy task to convince the more enlightened Romans and the philosophical school of the superiority that the Christians claimed for the new religion, and even as late as the reign of Theodosius the Pagans were still formidable in their denunciation of the rival faith. There is, therefore, much ground for suspecting that honesty was not the prime characteristic of the early Christians.

Notwithstanding Nero's tyranny, he had some good points, and also excuses for his bloodthirsty executions. If Gibbon's sense of justice roused him to speak so vehemently of the early Christians, one can hardly be surprised at the conduct of Nero, who not only must have seen some of their behavior, but heard more than has ever been put into print of the worthless characters who swarmed under the shadow of the Cross.

This is Gibbon's description: "The scanty and suspicious materials of ecclesiastical history seldom enable us to dispel the dark cloud that hangs over the first age of the church. The great law of impartiality too often obliges us to reveal the imperfections of the uninspired teachers and believers of the Gospel, and to a careless observer *their* faults may seem to cast a shade on the faith which they professed. . . The historian must discover the inevitable mixture which she (the Church) contracted in a long residence upon earth, among a weak and degenerate race of beings."

It is, therefore, no wonder that the educated Pagans failed to see any advantage in embracing the new religion, notwithstanding the promise of a second life. As Gibbon says:

"We are sufficiently acquainted with the eminent persons who flourished in the age of Cicero and of the first Cæsars, with their actions, their characters, and their motives, to be assured that their conduct in this life was never regulated by any serious conviction of the rewards or punishments of a future life. At the bar and in the Senate of Rome the ablest orators were not apprehensive of giving offence to their hearers, by exposing that doctrine as an idle and extravagant opinion which was rejected with contempt by every man of a liberal education and understanding." Christianity does not seem to have improved by keeping.

III.

Proof, then, is not wanting to show that morality and Christianity are not inseparable, and that, as in the case of the Eskimo, the Christian behavior when imitated by the native may bring him to degradation. Mr. Brough-Smyth, in his work "Aborigines of Victoria," has severely commented on the manner in which the early settlers treated the natives in that country, and likens their conduct to that shown by the white invaders elsewhere. Mr. Herbert Spencer has also called attention to the pillaging of the civilized trader and traveller in West Africa. In plain words, the Englishman insults and robs the savage, and when the injured man attempts to retaliate, the Government sends a punitive ex-

pedition, and the public delight in reading the wholesale massacre that usually follows; after this we send out the missionary.

The British public dislikes nothing so much as truth, and the ordinary man, who will bitterly resent the theory of the descent of man, will, in the same breath, degrade all mankind to the level of a performing animal, by maintaining that children can only be taught morality through Christianity, or, in other words, FEAR.

The Master of the Royal Buckhounds, a pugilist, a bookmaker, or an ignorant millionaire, are far better, in the estimation of the public, than Paine, Bradlaugh, or any advocate of liberty and truth.

The forgiveness of sins is supposed to occupy a prominent place in the Christian religion, but how far does the average man carry his religious precepts into his every-day life? To learn the failure of Christianity, one has only to study our prison system, talk to the prisoners, and listen to public opinion on the manner in which criminals should be treated. If you ask a gardener, or, for that matter, anyone, why a fruit tree fails to produce good fruit, there will not be wanting a correct reply; but if you ask the same person why a burglar finds his way into the police-court, the answer will be an unreasonable one. He, in all probability, will say that the burglar is a scoundrel and deserves to be severely punished. The great majority of offenders against the law are people of little or no education; born in an atmosphere of poverty, disease, and vice, at an early age they begin to practise the habits of their parents, and despite the preachings of priests and district visitors, grow up indifferent to all moral precepts. Who shall be blamed, then, when a youthful offender makes his appearance before the magistrate—child, parent, church, or government? I think the last is chiefly responsible, for with the State lies the power of enforcing the remedy. It is nonsense to say that these abject people are to be left to themselves, or for reformers to say that it is impossible to improve their condition. Why should they be regarded as hopeless, any more than a man with a diseased lung?

I maintain that children living in districts such as the worst parts of East London should be taken from their parents at an early age and carefully brought up by the State. They should be taken to some healthy place in the country, and properly educated on rational lines, such as Mr. F. J. Gould has formulated. Whatever the anti-educationist may say, it is to education chiefly that we must trust for a radical improvement in our social state. Teaching a child the height of Snowdon, or how many wives Henry VIII. married, is next door to useless: that is not what is meant by education at all. The scholar must be taught that he is a responsible being, and that it is to his own interest as well as to that of his fellow men that he should live an honorable life. Money should be no obstacle in effecting this reform among the lowest classes.

London to-day shelters between 80,000 and 90,000 prostitutes, and the number is probably increasing. The people who piously hold up their hands in horror of these degraded women are generally responsible

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for bringing them to their present position, chiefly because they will have nothing to do with a woman who has been unfortunate enough to break away from Christian conventionalities. Yet Christianity is supposed to teach the child to be charitable. With many people, it is easier to be charitable with the tongue than with the purse. They might bear in mind the following precepts of pagan philosophers:

Cicero said: "Nature ordains that a man should wish the good of every man, whoever he may be, and for this very reason, that he is a man."

Seneca said: "We ought to devote our soul to no particular place..... I was not born for one corner; my country is this whole world." And again: "Virtue consists in conferring benefits, not as destined to return, but benefits the fruit of which the good man reaps at the very moment of conferring them."

When Cæsar made an edict to build and restore the statue of his enemy Pompey, Cicero told him that he had erected an everlasting monument in his own honor.

No one should be allowed to starve in this country, or anywhere in the British Empire; and yet we read, in one part of the newspaper, of Irishmen pleading for assistance on behalf of their starving brethren, while in another part the eye is disgusted by a sketch of the Duke of Devonshire entertaining in all imaginable luxury the Prince of Wales and the leaders of society. We have seen what the Roman nobles did when they gave a feast, but what did the Christian Minister do before he said grace over his banquet? Athens and London, what a contrast!

"In the best days of Athens, none of her citizens were in want for the necessaries of life; for the rich, according to Isocrates, regarding the poverty of their fellow-citizens as a disgrace to themselves and the city, helped all who were in need, sending some abroad as traders, letting lands to others to cultivate at fair rents, and enabling others to engage in different occupations." ("Paganism and Christianity," p. 183.)

We can hardly estimate the loss that England has sustained in the domain of science due to the tragic persecutions by religious bigots; for probably many men allowed valuable thoughts and discoveries to die with them rather than risk the fate of Bruno. When we consider the depravity of to-day, it is impossible to overlook the source from which it originated—the dregs of a priest-ridden country.

Instead of our civilization being so many centuries ahead of that of the Romans, it seems that we are merely picking up the thread where they dropped it. The emancipation of women is but a thing of yesterday, and those reformers who are chiefly instrumental in the revolution against Christian convention are mainly outside the pale of the Church.

The priest professes to teach his people the principles of love—viz., to be tolerant, forgiving, self-sacrificing, just, and virtuous. Unless the individual observes all these virtues, it cannot be said that he loves his fellow-creatures. The majority of Christians are undoubtedly egoistic.

Queen Victoria is called the "Queen Mother," and is credited with being charitable; but what proportion of her wealth does she spend upon the poor in comparison with the thousands of pounds spent in entertaining the aristocracy? Have we all forgotten the self-denial of the Emperor Julian?

And how many true Altruists can Christianity claim to have produced? 'Tis true that we have societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, and also for the protection of animals; laws for the prevention of adulteration, and a Humanitarian League. The more disgrace to England, with her Established Church and "Nonconformist Conscience," that such landmarks should be required! At every street corner we are warned of the thief, the forger, and the liar, while distrust is predominant in nearly every business transaction.

To improve the present lamentable condition of society, men must be taught more of altruistic principles; and to make a drastic reformation the greatest obstacle—the priest—must be deposed. He has had more than a fair trial, and his departure is already much overdue. Ethical training without religion has proved to be successful, and there is no reason to anticipate that, without Christianity, we shall fall from our present level. If we *do* love one another, then what mean such works as "White Slaves of England," "Progress and Poverty," "Jude the Obscure," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Scarlet and Steel," and *Reynolds' Newspaper*?



LEANERS AND LIFTERS.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE are two kinds of people on earth to day;
Some people work and some only play;
But the two kinds that I most especially mean
Are those who will lift and those who but lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes;
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

Of which kind are you? Are you easing the load
Of over-taxed lifters who toil by the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor, and worry, and care?

A LOOK BACKWARD AND A PROPHECY.

BY COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

CONGRATULATE the *Truth Seeker* on its twenty-fifth birthday. It has fought a good fight. It has always been at the front. It has carried the flag, and its flag is a torch that sheds light.

Twenty-five years ago the people of this country for the most part were quite orthodox. The great "fundamental" falsehoods of Christianity were generally accepted. Those who were not Christians, as a rule, admitted that they ought to be; that they ought to repent and join the church, and this they generally intended to do.

The ministers had few doubts. The most of them had been educated not to think, but to believe. Thought was regarded as dangerous, and the clergy, as a rule, kept on the safe side. Investigation was discouraged. It was declared that faith was the only road that led to eternal joy. Most of the schools and colleges were under sectarian control, and the presidents and professors were defenders of their creeds. The people were crammed with miracles and stuffed with absurdities. They were taught that the Bible was the "inspired" word of God, that it was absolutely perfect, that the contradictions were only apparent, and that it contained no real mistakes in either philosophy or science. The great theme of Salvation was declared to be the result of infinite wisdom and mercy. Heaven and hell were waiting for the human race. Only those could be saved who had faith and who had been born twice.

Most of the ministers taught the geology of Moses, the astronomy of Joshua, and the philosophy of Christ. They regarded scientists as enemies, and their principal business was to defend miracles and deny facts. They knew, however, that men were thinking, and investigating in every direction, and they feared the result. They became a little malicious—somewhat hateful. With their congregations they relied on sophistry, and they answered their enemies with epithets, with misrepresentations and slanders; and yet their minds were filled with a vague fear, with a weakening dread. Some of the people were reading and some were thinking. Lyell had told them something about geology, and in the light of facts they were reading Genesis again. The clergy called Lyell an infidel, a blasphemer, but the facts seemed to care nothing for such opprobrious names. Then the "called," the "set apart," the "Lord's anointed" began changing the "inspired" word. They erased the word "day" and inserted "period," and then triumphantly exclaimed: "The world was created in six periods." This answer satisfied bigotry, hypocrisy, and honest ignorance; but honest intelligence was not satisfied.

More and more was being discovered about the history of life, of living beings, the order in which the various forms had appeared, and the relations they had sustained to each other. Beneath the gaze of the biolo-

gist the fossils were again clothed with flesh, submerged continents and islands reappeared, the ancient forest grew once more, the air was filled with unknown birds, the seas with armored monsters, and the land with beasts of many forms that sought with tooth and claw each other's flesh.

Haeckel and Huxley followed life through all its changing forms from monad up to man. They found that men, women, and children had been on this poor world for hundreds of thousands of years.

The clergy could not dodge these facts or this conclusion by calling "days" periods, because the Bible gives the age of Adam when he died, the lives and ages of his descendants to the Flood, to Abraham, to David, and from David to Christ; so that, according to the Bible, man at the birth of Christ had been on this earth four thousand and four years and no more.

There was no way in which the sacred record could be changed, but of course the dear ministers could not admit the conclusion arrived at by Haeckel and Huxley. If they did, they would have to give up Original Sin, the scheme of the Atonement, and the consolation of Eternal Fire.

They took the only course they could. They promptly and solemnly, with upraised hands, denied the facts, denounced the biologists as irreverent wretches, and defended the Book. With tears in their eyes and with trembling voices they talked about "Mother's Bible," about the "faith of their fathers," about the prayers that the children had said; and they also talked about the wickedness of doubt. This satisfied bigotry, hypocrisy, and honest ignorance; but honest intelligence was not satisfied.

The works of Humboldt had been translated and were being read; the intellectual horizon was enlarged; and the fact that the endless chain of cause and effect had never been broken, that Nature had never been interfered with, forced its way into many minds. This conception of Nature was beyond the clergy. They did not believe it; they could not comprehend it. They could not answer Humboldt, but they attacked him with great virulence. They measured his works by the Bible, because the Bible was then the standard.

In examining a philosophy, a system, the ministers asked: "Does it agree with the sacred book?" With the Bible they separated the gold from the dross. Every science had to be tested by the Scriptures. Humboldt did not agree with Moses; he differed from Joshua; he had his doubts about the Flood. That was enough.

Yet, after all, the ministers felt that they were standing on thin ice; that they were surrounded by masked batteries, and that something unfortunate was liable at any moment to happen. This increased their efforts to avoid, to escape. The truth was, they feared the truth; they were afraid of facts: They became exceedingly anxious for morality, for the young and for the inexperienced. They were afraid to trust human nature. They insisted that without the Bible the world would rush to crime. They warned the thoughtless of the danger of thinking. They

knew that it would be impossible for civilization to exist without the Bible. They knew this because their God had tried it. He gave no Bible to the antediluvians, and they became so bad that he had to destroy them. He gave the Jews only the Old Testament, and they were dispersed. Irreverent people might say that Jehovah should have known this without a trial; but, after all, what has such reasoning to do with theology?

Attention has been called to the fact that there are two accounts of creation in Genesis, and that they do not agree and cannot be harmonized; and, in addition, that the divine historian has made a mistake as to the order of creation: that, according to one account, Adam was made before the animals, and Eve last of all, from Adam's rib; and, according to the other account, that Adam and Eve were made after the animals, and both at the same time. A good many people were surprised to find that the Creator had written contradictory accounts of the creation, and had forgotten the order in which he created.

Then there was another difficulty: Jehovah had declared that on Tuesday—or during the second period—he had created the "firmament" to divide the waters which were below the firmament from the waters above the firmament. It was found that there is no firmament; that the moisture in the air is the result of evaporation, and that there is nothing to divide the waters above from the waters below. So that, according to the facts, Jehovah did nothing on the second day or period, for the moisture above the earth is not prevented from falling by the firmament, but because the mist is lighter than air.

The preachers, however, began to dodge, to evade, to talk about "oriental imagery." They declared that Genesis was a "sublime poem," a divine "panorama of creation," an "inspired vision;" that it was not intended to be exact in its details, but that it was true in a far higher sense, in a poetical sense, in a spiritual sense, conveying a truth much higher, and much grander than simple fact. The contradictions were covered with the mantle of oriental imagery. This satisfied bigotry, hypocrisy, and honest ignorance, but honest intelligence was unsatisfied.

People were reading Darwin. His works interested not only the scientific, but the intelligent in all the walks of life. Darwin was the keenest observer of all time, the greatest naturalist in all the world. He was patient, modest, logical, candid, courageous, and absolutely truthful. He told the actual facts. He colored nothing. He was anxious only to ascertain the truth. He had no prejudices, no theories, no creed. He was the Apostle of the Real.

The ministers greeted him with shouts of derision. From nearly all the pulpits came the sounds of ignorant laughter—one of the saddest of all sounds. The clergy in a vague kind of way believed the Bible account of creation; they accepted the Miltonic view; they believed that all animals, including man, had been made of clay, fashioned by Jehovah's hands, and that he had breathed into all forms, not only the breath of

life, but instinct and reason. They were not in the habit of descending to particulars; they did not describe Jehovah as kneading the clay or modelling his forms like a sculptor, but what they did say included these things.

The theory of Darwin contradicted all their ideas on the subject, vague as they were. He showed that man had not appeared at first as man; that he had not fallen from perfection, but had slowly risen through many ages from lower forms. He took food, climate, and all conditions into consideration, and accounted for difference of form, function, instinct and reason by natural causes. He dispensed with the supernatural. He did away with Jehovah the Potter.

Of course the theologians denounced him as a blasphemer, as a dethroner of God. They even went so far as to smile at his ignorance. They said: "If the theory of Darwin is true, the Bible is false, our God is a myth, and our religion a fable." In that they were right.

Against Darwin they rained texts of scripture like shot and shell. They believed that they were victorious, and their congregations were delighted. Poor little frightened professors in religious colleges sided with the clergy. Hundreds of backboneless "scientists" ranged themselves with the enemies of Darwin. It began to look as though the Church was victorious.

Slowly, steadily, the ideas of Darwin gained ground. He began to be understood. Men of sense were reading what he said. Men of genius were on his side. In a little while the really great in all departments of human thought declared in his favor. The tide began to turn. The smile on the face of the theologian became a frozen grin. The preachers began to hedge, to dodge. They admitted that the Bible was not inspired for the purpose of teaching science—only inspired about religion, about the spiritual, about the divine. The fortifications of faith were crumbling, the old guns had been spiked, and the armies of the "living God" were in retreat.

Great questions were being discussed, and freely discussed. People were not afraid to give their opinions, and they did give their honest thoughts. Draper had shown in his "Intellectual Development of Europe" that Catholicism had been the relentless enemy of progress, the bitter foe of all that is really useful. The Protestants were delighted with this book.

Buckle had shown in his "History of Civilization in England" that Protestantism had also enslaved the mind, had also persecuted to the extent of its power, and that Protestantism in its last analysis was substantially the same as the creed of Rome.

Hegel, in his first book, had done a great work, and it did great good, in spite of the fact that his second book was almost a surrender. Lecky, in his first volume of "The History of Rationalism," shed a flood of light on the meanness, the cruelty, and the malevolence of "revealed religion," and this did good, in spite of the fact that he almost apologises in the second volume for what he had said in the first.

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The Universalists had done good. They had civilized a good many Christians. They declared that eternal punishment was infinite revenge, and that the God of Hell was an infinite savage.

Some of the Unitarians, following the example of Theodore Parker, denounced Jehovah as a brutal, tribal God. All these forces worked together for the development of the orthodox brain.

Herbert Spencer was being read and understood. The theories of this great philosopher were being adopted. He overwhelmed the theologian with facts, and from a great height he surveyed the world. Of course he was attacked, but not answered.

Emerson had sowed the seeds of thought—of doubt—in many minds, and from many directions the world was being flooded with intellectual light. The clergy became apologetic; they spoke with less certainty, with less emphasis, and lost a little confidence in the power of assertion. They felt the necessity of doing something, and they began to harmonise as best they could the old lies and the new truths. They tried to get the wreck ashore, and many of them were willing to surrender if they could keep their side-arms—that is to say, their salaries.

Conditions had been reversed. The Bible had ceased to be the standard. Science was the supreme and final test.

There was no peace for the pulpit; no peace for the shepherds. Students of the Bible in England and Germany had been examining the inspired scriptures. They had been trying to find when and by whom the books of the Bible were written. They found that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses; that the authors of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Esther, and Job were not known; that the Psalms were not written by David; that Solomon had nothing to do with Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, or the Song; that Isaiah was the work of at least three authors; that the prophecies of Daniel were written after the happening of the events prophesied. They found many mistakes and contradictions, and some of them went so far as to assert that Hebrews had never been slaves in Egypt; that the story of the plagues, the Exodus, and the pursuit was only a myth.

The New Testament fared no better than the Old. These critics found that nearly all of the books of the New Testament had been written by unknown men, that it was impossible to fix the time when they were written; that many of the miracles were absurd and childish, and that in addition to all this, the Gospels were found filled with mistakes, with interpolations and contradictions; that the writers of Matthew, Mark, and Luke did not understand the Christian religion as it was understood by the author of the Gospel according to John.

Of course, the critics were denounced from most of the pulpits, and the religious papers, edited generally by men who had failed as preachers, were filled with bitter denials and vicious attacks. The religious editors refused to be enlightened. They fought under the old flag. When dogmas became too absurd to be preached, they were taught in the

Sunday-schools; when worn out there, they were given to the missionaries; but the dear old religious weeklies, the *Banners*, the *Covenants*, the *Evangelists*, continued to feed their provincial subscribers with known mistakes and refuted lies.

There is another fact that should be taken into consideration. All religions are provincial. Mingled with them all, and at the foundation of all, are the egotism of ignorance, of isolation, the pride of race, and what is called patriotism. Every religion is a natural product—the result of conditions. When one tribe became acquainted with another, the ideas of both were somewhat modified. So when nations and races come into contact, a change in thought, in opinion, is a necessary result.

A few years ago nations were strangers, and consequently hated each other's institutions and religions. Commerce has done a great work in destroying provincialism. To trade commodities is to exchange ideas. So the press, the steamships, the railways, cables, and telegraphs have brought the nations together and enabled them to compare their prejudices, their religious laws and customs.

Recently many scholars have been studying the religions of the world, and have found them much the same. They have also found that there is nothing original in Christianity; that the legends, miracles, Christ, and conditions of salvation, the heavens, hells, angels, devils, and gods were the common property of the ancient world. They found that Christ was a new name for an old biography; that he was not a life, but a legend; not a man, but a myth.

People began to suspect that our religion had not been supernaturally revealed, while others, far older and substantially the same, had been naturally produced. They found it difficult to account for the fact that poor, ignorant savages had, in the darkness of nature, written so well that Jehovah, thousands of years afterwards, copied it and adopted it as his own. They thought it curious that God should be a plagiarist.

These scholars found that all the old religions had recognized the existence of devils, of evil spirits, who sought in countless ways to injure the children of men. In this respect they found that the sacred books of other nations were just the same as our Bible, as our New Testament.

Take the devil from our religion and the entire fabric falls. No devil, no Fall of Man. No devil, no atonement. No devil, no hell.

The devil is the keystone of the arch.

And yet for many years the belief in the existence of the devil—of evil spirits—has been fading from the minds of intelligent people. This belief has now substantially vanished. The minister who now seriously talks about a personal devil is regarded with a kind of pitying contempt.

The devil has faded away from his throne and the evil spirits have vanished from the air.

The man who has really given up a belief in the existence of the devil cannot believe in the inspiration of the New Testament—in the divinity of Christ. If Christ taught anything, if he believed in anything, he

taught a belief in the existence of the devil. His principal business was casting out devils. He himself was taken possession of by the devil and carried to the top of the temple.

Thousands and thousands of people have ceased to believe the account in the New Testament regarding devils, and yet continue to believe in the dogma of "inspiration" and the divinity of Christ.

In the brain of the average Christian contradictions dwell in unity.

While a belief in the existence of the devil has almost faded away, the belief in the existence of a personal God has been somewhat weakened. The old belief that back of nature, back of all substance and force, was and is a personal God of infinite intelligence who created and governed a world, began to be questioned. The scriptures had shown the indestructibility of matter and force. Buchner's great work had convinced most readers that matter and force could not have been created. They also became satisfied that matter cannot exist apart from force and that force cannot exist apart from matter.

They found, too, that thought is a form of force, and that consequently intelligence could not have existed before matter, because without matter force in any form cannot and could not exist.

The creator of anything is utterly unthinkable.

A few years ago God was supposed to govern the world. He rewarded the people with sunshine, with prosperity and health, or he punished with drought and flood, with plague and storm. He not only attended to the affairs of nations, but he watched the actions of individuals. He sank ships, derailed trains, caused conflagrations, killed men and women with his lightnings, destroyed some with earthquakes, and tore the homes and bodies of thousands into fragments with his cyclones.

In spite of the church, in spite of the ministers, the people began to lose confidence in Providence. The right did not seem always to triumph. Virtue was not always rewarded, and vice was not always punished. The good failed; the vicious succeeded; the strong and cruel enslaved the weak; toil was paid with the lash; babes were sold from the breasts of mothers, and Providence seemed to be absolutely heartless.

In other words, people began to think that the God of the Christians and the God of nature were about the same, and that neither appeared to take any care of the human race.

The Deists of the last century scoffed at the Bible God. He was too cruel, too savage. At the same time they praised the God of nature. They laughed at the idea of inspiration and denied the supernatural origin of the scriptures.

Now, if the Bible is not inspired, then it is a natural production, and nature, not God, should be held responsible for the scriptures. Yet the Deists denied that God was the author and at the same time asserted the perfection of nature. This shows that even in the minds of Deists contradictions dwell in unity.

Against all the facts and forces, these theories and tendencies, the

clergy fought and prayed. It is not claimed that they were consciously dishonest, but it is claimed that they were prejudiced—that they were incapable of examining the other side—that they were utterly destitute of the philosophic spirit. They were not searchers for the facts, but defenders of the creeds, and undoubtedly they were the product of conditions and surroundings, and acted as they must.

In spite of everything a few rays of light penetrated the orthodox mind. Many ministers accepted some of the new facts and began to mingle with Christian mistakes a few scientific truths. In many instances they excited the indignation of their congregations. Some were tried for heresy and driven from their pulpits, and some organized new churches and gathered about them a few people willing to listen to the sincere thoughts of an honest man.

The great body of the Church, however, held to the creed—not quite believing it, but still insisting that it was true. In private conversation they would apologize and admit that the old ideas were outgrown, but in public they were as orthodox as ever.

To-day it may truthfully be said that the Bible in the old sense is no longer regarded as the inspired word of God. Jehovah is no longer accepted or believed in as the creator of the universe. His place has been taken by the Unknown, the Unseen, the Invisible, the Incomprehensible Something, the Cosmic Dust, the First Cause, the Inconceivable, the Original Force, the Mystery. The God of the Bible, the gentleman who walked in the cool of the evening, who walked face to face with Moses, who revenged himself on unbelievers, and who gave laws written with his finger on tables of stone, has abdicated.

This is where we are now. What is to be the result? Is progress to stop? Are we to retrace our steps? Are we going back to superstition? Are we going to take authority for truth? Let me prophesy.

In modern times we have slowly lost confidence in the supernatural and have slowly gained confidence in the natural. We have slowly lost confidence in gods and have slowly gained confidence in man. For the cure of disease, for the stopping of plague, we depend on the natural—on science. We have lost confidence in holy water and religious processions. We have found that prayers are never answered.

In my judgment all belief in the supernatural will be driven away from the human mind. All religions must pass away. The augurs, the soothsayers, the seers, the preachers, the astrologers and alchemists will all lie in the same cemetery and one epitaph will do for them all. In a little while all will have had their day. They were naturally produced and they will be naturally destroyed. Man at last will depend entirely upon himself—on the development of the brain—to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of nature—to the end that he may supply the wants of his body and feed the hunger of his mind.

In my judgment teachers will take the place of preachers, and the interpreters of nature will be the only priests.

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ETHICAL EVOLUTION.

BY J. SPENCER ELLIS.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is Within You!"

THE recent Prohibition campaign in Canada was marked, just as all similar attempts to restrict the citizen's legitimate liberty in the interests of a class posing as the aggressive champions of righteousness have been marked, by a leading assumption on the part of the Prohibitionists: that theirs is the side of morality and virtue, and that their opponents are advocates of and sympathizers with all kinds of vice and license. It is not enough that the lives of these latter persons are a practical refutation of such a foolish assumption. It is sufficient for the restrictionists that *they* themselves are advocates of good conduct; their opponents must of necessity be advocates of bad conduct. These good people, however, in their efforts to force their opinions upon society by aid of the policeman's club, lose sight of the leading lesson of Evolution, which is: that the forces of evolutionary work act almost entirely from *within*, and that outside influences have but little direct effect in producing permanently beneficial modifications. This lesson is nowhere more conspicuously apparent than in the domain of morals, in which we have seen the most powerful appeals put forth for many centuries without producing any appreciable effects whatever. The altruistic injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount and the juster conceptions of the Eleventh Commandment and the Golden Rule have been loudly proclaimed during the Christian centuries; and yet there seems little reason to believe that the moral standard of to-day is appreciably higher than that of the men who built the Pyramids, the Coliseum, the Palace of Khorsabad, the Temple of Elephanta, or the Chinese wall.

Physical Basis of Moral Progress.

No one, however, but a lunatic, could possibly imagine that the grand achievements of the present century in the way of scientific discoveries and mechanical inventions should be without effect upon the ethical development of man. The most distant parts of the world have been brought into instantaneous communication; the old-time journey of a year has been reduced to a pleasant excursion of a few days; the dark places of the world have been illuminated with electric search-lights; and we know more of the Universe, the Earth, and Man than could have been dreamt of by any of our forefathers. These things have opened the minds of men to a flood of new ideas. The printing-press has brought the lessons of History, Philosophy and Science to the home of the laborer and to the school of his children. The regions of superstition, of miracle, and of ignorance and prejudice have been visibly contracted; and those of rationalism, of

natural law, of knowledge and justice, as visibly expanded. But, on the whole, has Morality really advanced? Is life better worth living to-day, is a better life possible, than it was three hundred or three thousand years ago? The problem is a difficult one. Unquestionably, the developments of recent decades have enormously increased the means available for attaining a higher life; but have the people fairly availed themselves of these means? Here we are bound to say that the answer admits of no equivocation. The very same laws which, as Buckle shows, led to the enslavement and degradation of Eastern peoples have operated to practically enslave and debase the peoples of the Western world. The fecundity of the soil and the ignorance of the masses in the East, have had their counterparts in the vastly increased productiveness introduced by modern inventions and the ignorance of the laboring classes in the West. To a large extent the result has been the same.

"Watchman, What of the Night?"

We thus come back to our starting-point: Has there been any ethical advance, and if so, where and in what direction? And then, if our answer be in the affirmative, let us ask, what prospect is there of this advance becoming general throughout society, and what are the methods and channels by which this general expansion will become possible? Now, looking round the world in the great departments of politics, commerce, religion, social life, literature and art, we think any unprejudiced person will admit that, on the whole, the general advance of mankind has not kept pace with their opportunities. These opportunities, through the supineness and ignorance of the masses, have been mainly exploited by a few for their personal aggrandisement, and, as might have been expected, the concentration of power and wealth which has resulted has tended to the moral injury of both the upper and the lower strata of society. The days of Walpole are renewed in Canada and the United States with little variation, and the mass of workers are certainly not much happier than the serfs of feudal times. The outcome of the system of unrestricted competition has been to place almost all opportunities at the disposal of those who have once "got there," that is, who have entered the ranks of the capitalists and the monopolists. The Worship of Grab has led men to overlook to a large extent any consideration of the great problems of human society, which have in the main been relegated to the chamber of the philosopher. "They do not belong to practical life," has been the cry. "Of the making of books there has been no end;" but, when the wail of the socialist and the howl of the anarchist have competed for a hearing with the denunciation of the orthodox clergy and the apotheosization of heresy, scarcely a word has been written that throws one gleam of light upon a sign of a more general appreciation of the duty of beginning the ethical advance "at home." One and all appeal for some means of aiding the "down-trodden

and the "oppressed"—the "submerged classes." It is hardly surprising that in England, the organization of philanthropy has resulted in a system which seems to aim rather at kicking a man when he is down than at helping him to rise; and that, while private charitable societies spend the bulk of their funds in "making enquiries" and paying official salaries, the Poor Law Guardians are occupied mainly in making the pauper's life a burden too hard to be borne. Religion has become almost entirely a business venture, in which the most successful are those who convert the church into an attractive amusement club, chiefly for the benefit of the well-to-do classes. On all hands we hear the cry that this is an age of shams, of wooden nutmegs, of fraud and corruption.

The Age of Organization and Concentration.

No one will question that the distinguishing feature of this age is that of industrial as well as of political organization. In every department of life, indeed, the fact that combination for mutual advantage is the inevitable outcome of modern improvements is unmistakably recognized. That this principle should thus be acknowledged and acted upon without some evil results could not be anticipated by any intelligent man. Never, in the history of the world, has there been any institution, however promising, which has not been exploited by some world self-seekers; and it is no argument against improvements in the machinery and methods of work of recent days that they have often resulted in individual losses and suffering. The question is, are these losses and sufferings necessary or essential concomitants of the new developments, or are they but secondary results, arising from defects and weaknesses the outcome of preceding conditions? To our mind, this latter conclusion will be that of every dispassionate and unbiased thinker; and a glance at one or two cases may make our meaning plain.

Responsible Men Must be Sober.

Among the men interviewed by the reporters during the recent Prohibition campaign was Mr. William Mackenzie, the manager of the Toronto Street Railway Company, and some of his remarks point clearly to the way in which the organization and working of large companies tends to the improvement of the moral status of the employees engaged in them. He said:

"The force of circumstances is driving men to give up drinking. With all the men we employ in connection with our street railways, we make it a point to insist on sobriety; and any man who makes a lapse or is suspended has very little chance of ever being reinstated. This same influence is at work in every department of business; and the result is that men are becoming more and more temperate, if for no other reason than that they have to be. If one looks back to the evils of intemperance thirty years ago, and the progress that has been made since that time, it can almost be taken as a certainty that in a very few

years more intemperance will have ceased to be a public evil. Farmers have given up their drinking habits very largely, and as a consequence hotels are being driven out of business all over the country."

In other words, the responsibilities inseparable from a large business necessitate the employment of sober and intelligent men, and the drunken loafer must either reform or be wiped out. Though the Street Railway Company's men may not be without hardships and grievances, it is easily perceptible that their *morale* is sensibly superior to that of the average laboring man. Similar developments may be observed in all the large transportation and trading companies.

Effects of Improved Methods upon Employees.

No one, we think, who takes any interest in these matters and notes the results of the working of the large organizations which during late years have been taking the place of the old retail stores, can fail to perceive an improvement in the appearance of the workers engaged in them, and which is very largely due to the discipline necessarily enforced, the steadiness of employment, and the increased leisure which have been some of the chief effects upon the employees in these businesses. Although some of the credit for these improvements cannot be withheld from those who have inaugurated them, it is not too much to say that, in the long run, they were the inevitable concomitants of a system which finally resulted in placing increased responsibilities upon individuals both among the workers and among the managers. Acting in trust for others, the factor of personal responsibility has been measurably increased rather than diminished, and a higher standard both of individual ability and integrity has been the outcome.

Effects Upon the Public.

Upon the public generally, the effect of these large businesses cannot fail to be beneficial. One of the greatest drawbacks to the old plan was the system of credit, with its evil results of varying prices, trade losses, etc. It is hardly to be supposed that all the old evils can be eliminated at once, but it is plain that the new system, by reducing profits to something like a uniform and fair basis, doing away with losses through credit, affording greater facilities for choice and delivery of goods, and establishing a more reliable system, with less opening for fraud, must result in a far more equitable method of trade than obtained previously. There are, no doubt, many ways in which these businesses may be improved with great advantage to both public and employees; but, under present conditions, they seem to afford the basis for a standard of business morality that was unattainable under the old system.

The Great Co-operative Movement in Britain.

It is in the Mother Country, however, that we see the immense growth of a similar organization, though springing from a radically different source, but one

which seems to embody the promise and potency of a far more rapid development of a sound system of commercial and social ethics than has hitherto been possible. The poet has said that, if he be allowed to make the ballads of a nation, anybody else may make its laws, but will fail to govern it. In our view, the preacher and the moralist may give us homilies without end, but, in the main, honesty is not possible on an empty stomach or under the competitive system. The large stores, started by capitalists, are teaching an invaluable lesson to the people, but it is a lesson which will require something in the nature of a revolution or a gigantic contest before it can be applied. In Britain, the lesson is being learnt by the practical experience of the classes to be finally benefited. The Co-operative movement, beginning in a small community in a provincial town just about fifty years ago, to-day embraces one-seventh of the people of Britain in its ever-growing arms. It is a system which practically applies the great principles of self-help and of perfect honor and honesty in trade and social life. It need not be pretended that it will at once renovate society and bring about the millennium. The old leaven of corruption and ignorance and distrust is too deeply rooted to be overthrown very rapidly; but as far as any one system can bring about such a renovation, we believe the Co-operative movement is one that embodies the germs of all the reforms which are needed for it. Fairly developed, the Co-operative system is the very antithesis of the wooden-nutmeg-and-political-monopoly system of trade. Its success depends upon the self-help and self-education of those who join it and carry it on, and inevitably it must lead to a practical appreciation and application of two great principles: (1) that honesty is the only manly policy, and (2) that the best way to be prosperous and happy is to try and make others so. The old fallacies of throat-cutting competition must disappear as these principles are developed—as they undoubtedly are being developed by the British Co-operators; and the result must unquestionably be, not only the development of a far higher conception of commercial honesty and honor, but the establishment of a far nobler standard of human life and happiness.

The most striking and the most promising feature of the great Co-operative movement is the one which places it strictly in line with the universal process of Evolution. Instead of sending out colonies into the unbroken forest, to fight under new and untried laws against adverse natural conditions of all kinds, and almost foredoomed to failure, the British Co-operative movement is an evolution of the old material, on the old ground, and from within the old conditions. By the aid of its new organization, the best available material is being selected and transformed into a body with new aspirations, with nobler ideals of civilization and human brotherhood, which cannot fail at a not far distant day to leaven the whole lump of human society.

WHY SUPERSTITION INCREASES.

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

A WRITER in a recent number of the *Century* magazine concludes a paper on the popular superstitions of Europe with some timely remarks on the current superstitions of his own country, the United States. Two hundred years have elapsed since Spinoza expressed his hope and conviction that the time had at length arrived when superstition should be banished. During these two centuries, although philosophy (properly so called) has failed to throw much light on the great mystery of being, inductive science has so far opened the portals of nature as to enable man to look within at least far enough to realize the utter inadequacy of the old idols of his forum and temple to serve as creators and sustainers of the dual universe of the infinitely great and the infinitely little. Awe-stricken by the immensity thus partially unveiled, bewildered alike by puddle and star-gemmed firmament, he has—or ought to have—learned to take refuge in autocentric agnosticism; he has, at all events, learned more than enough to convince him that it is not pride, but blasphemous folly, for him to arrogate for himself so important a place in the endless chain of being as to render it necessary that Deity, clothed in his flesh, should come to earth and die for his redemption.

We are all familiar with the thousand-and-one applications and mis-applications of the poet's words, *mens agitat molem*—a mind moves, or informs, the man. It ought, however, to reconcile us to the millions of years demanded by the geologist for his "ages," to reflect upon the number of generations that intervene between the birth of a thought, its development into an obligatory conclusion, and its dissemination among and acceptance by the people—the masses whom the philosopher so happily termed the "masters of superstition." "Thought," said Hobbes, "is quick"—subjectively it can dismount Arcturus in the twinkling of an eye—but the reasoning that separates faith from philosophy is a leaven of slower growth. The increase of man's knowledge is a natural, not a supernatural process, and it is a far cry from "*Credo quia absurdum est*" to the inferences rendered obligatory by the data of modern science. Between these two stages lies the wide realm of mystery, where the unknown is taken for the preternatural, and where man's idolatries, which he calls his religions, have their origin; for "das Wunder ist des Glaubens liebstes Kind."

"From some strange reason," writes Dr. Brinton, in the *Century*, "there has been a wonderful revival within the last decade of nearly every mediæval superstition, under various guises, in the most enlightened centres of the world. The practitioners of this modern sorcery, instead of concealing, advertize their claims, and urge them on the community under pseudo-scientific names and jargons

Palmistry, astrology, sympathetic magic, the doctrine of signatures, hiero-therapeutics, and all the farrago of fifteenth-century thaumaturgy, flourish to-day in Boston and New York, in Paris and Chicago, to a degree surpassing anything known three centuries ago." If I may say so without provoking the American eagle to spread his talons and ruffle his plumes, I would urge that few or no American cities deserve to be classed among the most enlightened of the world, at least not when allusion is had to the major portion of their population.

One evening, in January, 1876, I was seated with Charles Bradlaugh in his home in Turner Street, London, when he read for my benefit his reply to a correspondent who had requested advice on the subject of emigration, and who imagined he would find a wider liberty of thought and speech in the United States than he found at home in Yorkshire. I distinctly remember that the reply of the great Secularist ran counter to all my notions, and, seeing this, Mr. Bradlaugh recounted his own experiences on this side of the ocean. Since then I have verified his conclusion—American enlightenment (of course, speaking generally) is not on the line of mental disenfranchisement. In its own small way, the latest sect, however extravagant and grotesque its doctrines, is Christian to the core; and the citizen who lives apart from the churches is, in small communities, a creature tabooed of all, unless his wealth is great enough to atone for his heterodoxy. The press—everywhere the vehicle of impure advertizing and flagrant charlatanry—fights editorially under the shield of the gospels, and plasters the land with mountebank Christian sermons,—the same press whose columns point the way to embryoctony and infanticide, and direct silly women to the dens of fortune-tellers.

If I understand Dr. Brinton aright, the recrudescence of superstition must be regarded in the light of a religious revival. If the masses *must* believe in heaven and hell, and if they *must* continue to be taught that this present life is merely preparatory to a post-resurrection existence, who can blame them for endeavoring to hold converse with their friends "across the river"? The hierophants and mystery-mongers who inculcate the main doctrine are powerless to demonstrate what recourse have the credulous other than to Cagliostro and the mediums? In the heteroclitic confluence of races known to-day as the American people the attrition of mutually repellant creeds produces the apparently anomalous result of intensifying the superstitions of each. Not so many weeks ago a Jewish lady was hastily summoned to counsel and assist an English Protestant neighbor whose husband (an Irish Catholic) had been taken suddenly ill. The advice of the Jewess was that a doctor should be summoned, and in due time the man of science came on the scene. Proceeding *secundum artem* the disciple of Hippocrates took the patient's temperature, shook his head with all a Teuton's gravity, and then—eagerly urged the weeping wife to send for a Catholic priest. Straightway a contention ensued between Galen and the Jewess, the latter (as she avers)

getting the better of the argument but the doctor succeeding in inducing the wife to follow his advice. Happily, where science (!) was impotent chrisism was effectual; the man recovered and the medico's faith was triumphantly vindicated. "Superstitions," writes Dr. Brinton, "are at core the same everywhere and at all times, because they are based on those desires and that ignorance which are and ever will be a part of man's nature." I hope it is not *lese majesty* to hint, just to hint, that there is much current ignorance that can be surely and swiftly dispelled if men will everywhere speak the thought that is in them. There is only one kind of agnosticism that is really perilous to humanity—namely, that of the pulpit, which recognizes nothing contrary to the Bible and the creeds, and which continues to inculcate and vouch for a basely defective and derogatory notion of that Power to whom, or to which, the adepts among the Theosophists wisely and reverently decline to give a name or in any way affix a label.

It is a sad and serious thought that so much of human energy should be wasted on a radically erroneous theory of human life. Let the reader believe me when I add that I am not writing in an antitheistic mood or sense. What the theologasters have so long stigmatized as atheism is often, in reality, theism of the loftiest character, the recognition of the universality of that Being a portion of whose infinite life-experience constitutes each individual life on earth. Call it God, Brahm, Zeus, what you will, but do not degrade it to the level of the absurdly incompetent idol who is fabled to have made man innocent and happy and failed to keep him so.

After all, who can wonder that the so-called Atheist leads a better, happier existence than does the man whose religion is merely a degrading idolatry?

ROMANTIC ROSEDALE.

BY ALBERT R. J. F. HASSARD, B.C.L., TORONTO.

THOSE who conceive that romance is an exile from the tumultuous thoroughfares and densely-populated avenues of Toronto require only to enter its beautiful suburb Rosedale in order to realize the error of their conception. In the heart of the city, municipal magistrates may divide with divinity the credit for the creation of those monuments of aldermanic genius, which awaken the deepest emotions in the souls of the citizens—the unfinished civic buildings, the uneven pavements, and the uncompleted bridges; but in beautiful Rosedale, Providence alone is accorded the honor for the wonders which fill the eye with pictures, the heart with longings, and the brain with a wealth of elemental thoughts. In the city, contractors fashion the works of art, while nature, when it is permitted, furnishes the background and the frame, but in Toronto's

lovely suburb, nature alone, from the abundance of her many resources, contrives both the pattern and the finish of the picture. And those pictures, formed and framed by nature's artistic master-touch, are over-hardened by a loveliness, and a sweetness, and a beauty too subtle and too delicate for description. There are colors and tints and shades and lines blended and mingled together in the landscapes of Rosedale with an artistic skill which excels the genius revealed in the highest works of human art. There are figures fashioned out of lights and shadows outlined by the sunlight on the grass beneath the trees that rival in their softness and their beauty the wonderful creations of the master-artists which adorn the walls of the greatest art galleries of the world. There are mornings which burst in light on Rosedale's hills that are worthy of the genius which has immortalized the day-dawns rising over the marvellous mountain summits, and descending into the history-haunted valleys of beautiful Switzerland. There are haunts as romantic and ideal as ever lured the loved away with lovers; and there are paths as perilous and steep as ever formed an avenue for an avalanche on the Alps. There are wonderful wastes that almost weep as they surrender their wealth of dewy diamonds to the dawn; and there are soft and luxuriant valleys, dark at dawn, dark at noon, and doubly dark at night—valleys which resent the intrusion of light, and welcome sweetest twilight and its sister the shade—valleys where the deepest darkness dwells forever and the shadows creep closely together at dusk and form the ghosts and phantoms which hover around the sepulchres at night. There are wild and labyrinthine ravines tortured with weird and strange sounds, and stranger shapes, and filled with gloom; and in the beautiful evenings, when the moon is still asleep, those shapes cluster softly together and fearfully wait till the moon-dawn for the death of the darkness and birth of the light. And down in the ravines—dreary, dark ravines—there are murmuring rivulets and singing streams, that creep past lonely places, and sing to beautiful flowers a song of sweetest love—streams that pause in the darkness to picture on their crystal surface the peaceful faces of white blossoms that bend above their brink and mirror for a moment the silent spheres that touch their ripples with a rare and delicate glory. And over the ravines there are bridges, lofty and magnificent, that would almost tempt an optimist to suicide. And on the hills and in the valleys, and on the dead and withered branches of mouldering trees, there are birds—vagrant birds with sombre plumage and tuneful voices, that fill the silence with bursts of sound—birds that carol and soar and echo choruses sweeter than ever were sung—songsters that rend the air asunder with snatches of sweet melodious praise,—wonderful birds for ever singing love-lorn melodies almost divine, and carols soft and sweet and subtle, that waken forbidden memories again,—birds that die when they warble their burden of song in the hearts and souls of men. And there are secluded streets and rural avenues aflame with the glory of fading leaves—avenues crowned with mansions magnificent, behind whose

casements and doors repose warm hearts, and brave spirits, and sweet faces that languish for love. And there are homes that cradled, loved, and buried, and curtained panes that conceal sweet joy, and hold in store a wealth of happiness which imagination cannot conceive; and there are dim lights which suggest in some strange fashion that the only doors worth entering are those we may not open and the only girls worth loving are those we cannot have. There are pictures that laugh at painters, and parts that are greater than wholes, and ruins that are lovelier than the heights from which they fell. And there is music that seems profaned by utterance, and songs which move hearts that are deaf to the dreamiest waltzes of Liszt and the sweetest sonnets of Leopardi. There are eyes that fill with tears of emotion—deep blue eyes, lovely eyes, mournful orbs—orbis overhung by beautiful lashes that gently fall on delicate cheeks—eyes that weep alone in darkness and plead for pity in sunlit day, and pierced with pathetic loveliness hearts that were cold and hard as stone. And in the forests there are bare and leafless trees, and beneath the trees there are auburn leaves fringed with gold, and there are fallen flowers withered and faded and dead, which seem to indicate that oftentimes death is far more beautiful than life. And sometimes, when the winds are sighing and the trees are moving in the solitude, it seems that the ghosts of the dead leaves and the wan and wasted flowers have gone back to haunt the living branches still. And in field and avenue and valley and hill and mansion and lawn there are mists of mortal memories and ghosts of vanished thoughts, and corpses of dead ideas and shrouded shadows of indistinct fancies, which meet and cower together and form a bewildering and fantastic background, vague and beautiful, to the landscape in Rosedale that seems to be so luxuriantly magnificent.

Such is the romantic picture presented by beautiful Rosedale, when it is viewed in the wild loveliness of its character as a landscape, and not critically surveyed as an unfortunate foundation into which priestly hands have fashioned it to support the uncertain structure of some decaying philosophy or creed.

Toronto, October, 1898.



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ANIMISM.

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

VII. (conclusion).

In Christian times, there manifests itself that interesting kind of survival which, keeping up all the old ceremony in form, has adopted its motive to new thoughts and feelings. The classic funeral oblations became Christian, the silicernium was succeeded by the feast held at the martyr's tomb. Faustus inveighs against the Christians for carrying on the ancient rites: "Their sacrifices indeed ye have turned into love-feasts, their idols into martyrs whom with like vows ye worship; ye appease the shades of the dead with wine and meals; ye celebrate the Gentiles' solemn days with them, such as calends and solstices: of their life certainly ye have changed nothing," and so forth. The story of Monica shows how the custom of laying food on the tomb for the manes passed into the ceremony, like to it in form, of setting food and drink to be sanctified by the sepulchre of a Christian saint.

Saint-Foix, who wrote in the time of Louis XIV., has left us an account of the ceremonial after the death of a king of France, during the forty days before the funeral when his wax effigy lay in state. They continued to serve him at meal-times as though still alive, the officers laid the table and brought the dishes, the *maitre d'hotel* handed a napkin to the highest lord present to be presented to the king, a prelate blessed the table, basins of water were handed to the royal arm-chair, the cup was served in its due course, and grace was said in the accustomed manner, save that there was added to it the *De Profundis*.

Spaniards still offer bread and wine on the tombs of those they loved on the anniversary of their decease. The conservative Eastern Church still holds to the ancient rite. The funeral feast is served in Russia, with its table for the beggars, laden with fish-pasties and bowls of shehi and kvas, its more delicate dinner for friends and priests, its incense and chants of "everlasting remembrance;" and even the repetition of the festival on the ninth, twentieth, and fortieth days are not forgotten. The offerings of saucers of *kutiva* or *kolyoo* are still made in the church. This used to be of parboiled wheat, and was deposited over the body; it is now made of boiled rice and raisins, sweetened with honey. In their usual mystic fashion, the Greek Christians now explain away into symbolism this remnant of the primitive offering to the dead: the honey is heavenly sweetness, the shrivelled raisins will be full beauteous grapes, the grain typifies the resurrection—"that which thou sowest is not thickened except it die."

In the calendar of many a people, differing widely as they may in race and civilization, there are to be found special yearly festivals of the dead.

Their rites are much the same as those performed on other days for individuals; their season differs in different districts, but seems to have particular associations with harvest-time and the fall of the year, and with the year's end as reckoned at midwinter or in early spring. The Karens make their annual offerings to the dead in the "month of shades," that is, December; the Kosch, of North Bengal, every year at harvest-home offer fruits and a fowl to deceased parents; the Barea, of Eastern Africa, celebrate in November the feast of Thiyot, at once a feast of general peace and merrymaking, of thanksgiving for the harvest and of memorial for the deceased, for each of whom a little pot-full of beer is set out two days, to be drunk at last by the survivors; in West Africa we hear of the feast of the dead at the time of yam-harvest; at the end of the year the Haytian negroes take food to the graves for the shades to eat—"manger zombi," as they say. The Roman Feralia and Lemuralia were held in February and May. In the last five or ten days of their year the Zoroastrians hold their feasts for departed relatives, when souls come back to the world to visit the living, and receive from them offerings of food and clothing. The custom of setting empty seats at the St. John's Eve feast for the souls of departed kinsfolk is said to have lasted on in Europe to the seventeenth century. Spring is the season of the time-honored Slavonic rite of laying food on the graves of the dead. The Bulgarians hold a feast in the cemetery on Palm Sunday, and, after much eating and drinking, leave the remains upon the graves of their friends, who, they are persuaded, will eat them during the night. In Russia such scenes may still be watched on the two appointed days called Parents' Days. The higher classes have let the rite sink to prayer at the graves of lost relatives, and giving alms to the beggars who flock to the cemeteries. But the people still "howl" for the dead, and set out on their graves a handkerchief for a table-cloth, with gingerbread, eggs, curd-tarts, and even vodka, upon it; when the weeping is over, they eat up the food, especially commemorating the dead in Russian manner by partaking of his favorite dainty; and if he were fond of a glass, the vodka is sipped with the ejaculation, "The Kingdom of Heaven be his! He loved a drink, the deceased!" When Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, at the end of the tenth century, instituted the celebration of All Souls, he set on foot one of those revivals which have so often given the past a new lease of life. The Western Church at large took up the practice, and around it, on the 2nd of November, there naturally gathered surviving remnants of the primitive rite of banquets to the dead. The accusation against the early Christians, that they appeased the shades of the dead with feasts like the gentiles, would not be beside the mark now, 1,500 years later. All Souls' Day keeps up, within the limits of Christendom, a commemoration of the dead which combines some touches of pathetic imagination with relics of savage animism scarcely to be surpassed in Africa or the South Sea Islands. In Italy the day is given to feasting and drinking in honor of the dead, while skulls and skeletons in sugar

and paste form appropriate children's toys. In Tyrol, the poor souls released from purgatory fire for the night may come and smear their burns with the melted fat of the "soul-light" on the hearth, or cakes are left for them on the table, and the room is kept warm for their comfort. Even in Paris the souls of the departed come to partake of the food of the living. In Brittany the crowd pours into the churchyard at evening to kneel bareheaded at the graves of kinsfolk, to fill the hollow of the tombstone with holy-water, or to pour libations of milk upon it. All night the church bells clang, and sometimes a solemn procession of the clergy goes round to bless the graves. In no household that night is the cloth removed, for the supper must be left for the souls to come and take their part, nor must the fire be put out, where they may come and warm themselves. And at last, as the inmates retire to rest, there is heard at the door a doleful chant: it is the souls who, borrowing the voices of the parish poor, have come to ask the prayers of the living.

If we ask how the spirits of the dead are in general supposed to feed on the viands set before them, we come upon difficult questions, which will be met with again in discussing the theory of sacrifice. Even when the thought is certainly that the departed soul eats, this thought may be very indefinite, with far less of practical intention in it than childish make-believe. Now and then, however, the sacrificers themselves offer closer definitions of their meaning. The idea of the ghost actually devouring the material food is not unexampled. Thus, in North America, Algonquin Indians considered that the shadow-like souls of the dead can still eat and drink, often even telling Father Le Jeune that they had found in the morning meat gnawed in the night by the souls. More recently we read that some Potawatomis will leave off providing the supply of food at the grave if it lies long untouched, it being concluded that the dead no longer wants it, but has found a rich hunting-ground in the other world. In Africa, again, Father Cavazzi records of the Congo people furnishing their dead with supplies of provisions, that they could not be persuaded that souls did not consume material food. In Europe the Esths, offering food for the dead on All Souls, are said to have rejoiced if they found in the morning that any of it was gone. A less gross conception is that the soul consumes the steam or savor of the food, or its essence or spirit. It is said to have been with such purpose that the Maoris placed food by the dead man's side, and some also with him in the grave. The idea is well displayed among the natives in Mexican districts, where the souls who come to the annual feast are described as hovering over and smelling the food set out for them, or sucking out its nutritive quality. The Hindu entreats the manes to quaff the sweet essence of the offered food; thinking on them he slowly sets the dish of rice before the Brahmans, and while they silently eat the hot food, the ancestral spirits take their part of the feast. At the old Slavonic meals for the dead, we read of the survivors sitting in silence and throwing morsels under the table, fancying that they could hear the

spirits rustle, and see them feed in the smell and steam of the viands. One account describes the mourners at the funeral banquet inviting in the departed soul, thought to be standing outside the door, and every guest throwing morsels and pouring drink under the table, for him to refresh himself. What lay on the ground was not picked up, but was left for friendless and kinless souls. When the meal was over, the priest rose from the table, swept out the house, and hunted out the souls of the dead "like fleas," with these words, "Ye have eaten and drunken, souls now go, now go!" Many travellers have described the imagination with which the Chinese make such offerings. It is that the spirits of the dead consume the impalpable essence of the food, leaving behind its coarse material substance, wherefore the dutiful sacrificers, having set out sumptuous feasts for ancestral souls, allow them a proper time to satisfy their appetite, and then fall too themselves. The Jesuit Father Christoforo Barri suggestively translates the native idea into his own scholastic phraseology. In Cochin China, according to him, people believed "that the souls of the dead have need of corporeal sustenance and maintenance, wherefore several times a year, according to their custom, they make splendid and sumptuous banquets, children to their deceased parents, husbands to their wives, friends to their friends, waiting a long while for the dead guest to come and sit down at table to eat." The missionaries argued against this proceeding, but were met by ridicule of their ignorance, and the reply "that there were two things in the food, one the substance, and the other the accidents of quantity, quality, smell, taste, and the like. The immaterial souls of the dead, taking for themselves the substance of the food, which being immaterial is food suited to the incorporeal soul, left only in the dishes the accidents which corporeal senses perceive; for this the dead had no need of corporeal instruments, as we have said." Thereupon the Jesuit proceeds to remark, as to the prospect of conversion of these people, "it may be judged from the distinction they make between the accidents and the substance of the food which they prepare for the dead," that it will not be very difficult to prove to them the mystery of the Eucharist. Now to peoples among whom prevails the rites of feasts of the dead, whether they offer the food in mere symbolic pretence, or whether they consider the souls really to feed on it in this spiritual way (as well as in the cases inextricably mixed up with these, where the offering is spiritually conveyed away to the world of spirits) it can be of little consequence what becomes of the gross material food. When the Kafir sorcerer, in cases of sickness, declares that the shades of ancestors demand a particular cow, the beast is slaughtered and left shut up for a time for the shades to eat, or for its spirit to go to the land of the shades, and then is taken out to be eaten by the sacrificers. So, in more civilized Japan, when the survivors have placed their offering of unboiled rice and water in a hollow made for the purpose in a stone of the tomb, it seems to them no matter that the poor or the birds really carry off the grain.

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Such rites as these are especially exposed to dwindle in survival. The offerings of meals and feasts to the dead may be traced at their last age into mere traditional ceremonies, at most tokens of affectionate remembrance of the dead, or works of charity to the living. The Roman *Feralia* in Ovid's time were a striking example of such transition, for while the idea was recognized that the ghosts fed upon the offerings, "nunc posito pascitur umbra cibo," yet there were but "parva munera," fruits and grains of salt, and corn soaked in wine, set out for their meal in the middle of the road. "Little the manes ask, the pious thought stands instead of the rich gift, for Styx holds no greedy gods":—

"Parva petunt manes. Pietas pro divite grata est
Munere. Non avidos Styx habet ima deos.
Tegula porrectis satis est velata coronis,
Et sparsae fruges, parcoque mica salis.
Inque mero mollita ceres, violaeque solutae :
Haec habeat media testa relicta via.
Nec mojora veto. Sed it his placabilis umbra est."

Still further back, in old Chinese history, Confucius had been called on to give an opinion as to the sacrifices to the dead. Maintainer of all ancient rites as he was, he stringently kept up this: "he sacrificed to the dead as if they were present;" but when he was asked if the dead had knowledge of what was done or no, he declined to answer the question; for if he replied yes, then dutiful descendants would injure their substance by sacrifices, and if no, then undutiful children would leave their parents unburied. The evasion was characteristic of the teacher who expressed his theory of worship in this maxim: "To give oneself earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them, may be called wisdom." It is said that in our own time the Taepings have made a step beyond Confucius; they have forbidden the sacrifices to the spirits of the dead, yet keep up the rite of visiting their tombs on the customary day, for prayer and the renewal of vows. How funeral offerings may pass into commemorative banquets and feasts to the poor, has been shown already. If we seek in England for vestiges of the old right of funeral sacrifice, we may find a lingering survival into modern centuries, doles of bread and drink given to the poor at funerals, and "soul-mass cakes," which peasant girls perhaps to this day beg for at farm houses with the traditional formula,

"Soul, soul, for a soul cake,
Pray you, mistress, a soul cake."

Were it not for our knowledge of the intermediate stages through which these fragments of old custom have come down, it would seem far-fetched indeed to trace their origin back to the savage and barbaric times of the institution of feasts of departed souls.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

BY E. W. L.

XVI.

STRANGE but not cheering is the retrospective *coup d'œil* cast upon those 1857 June days. The British besieging mutineers at Delhi, and can't get in; the mutineers besieging the British at Lucknow, and can't get in; and the Nana before Cawnpore, and he does get in! But by an act of treachery so vile, followed by massacres so fiendish, that it is doubtful (if the victims and their butchers did meet in heaven) whether the betrayed, their friends and the soldiers who witnessed the damning proofs of those massacres could ever forgive the Nana and his army of devils. Reading of these atrocities which occurred forty years ago makes the blood of every Briton boil with indignation and stirs up every drop of venom in his composition. But leaving in abeyance what the hereafter may bring forth, and stifling our own impotent wrath, let us turn to Havelock, for he now appears upon the scene.

On June 28th Havelock was at Benares; thence he marched to Allahabad, arriving there June 30th, just as Neill was about to start a detachment of troops for Cawnpore. This force was commanded by Major Renaud and consisted of 400 Europeans, about as many natives, and two guns. Havelock lost no time; he ordered 100 men to embark in a steamer and proceed up the Ganges to cover Renaud's right flank. On July 3 came the Cawnpore news. Havelock decided to retake Cawnpore and then push on to Lucknow. He had before him a gigantic undertaking; the means to succeed in it were altogether inadequate. His force was 1000 men taken from the 78th Highlanders, the 64th and 84th Foot, the Madras Fusiliers, and some of Braysher's Sikhs; supplemented by six guns and a body (a very infant of a body) of cavalry—EIGHTEEN.

"Money answereth all things." Sad it may be, but most true; by means of it Havelock learnt that the Nana was bent upon annihilating Renaud and his small force. According to instructions the Major was waiting for his general, the rendezvous being a place some seventy miles from Allahabad, and on the road to Cawnpore. Havelock came up July 11th. The combined forces pushed on to Belinda, near Futtehpore. Here Havelock ordered a halt. Colonel Tytler went forth to reconnoitre; the Sepoys, supposing the Colonel and his escort to be the advance guard of Renaud's small force, came gaily to the attack. Up jumped Havelock's men; the gallant Sepoys pulled up. Havelock's little army numbered 1800 men and 8 guns; the mutineers confronted them with 3,500 men and 12 guns. The Sepoys were in a strong position, but against them there was something they had never yet met with—the Enfield rifle. The old Brown

Bess was good at 100 yards, and scarcely middling from 150 yards upwards; the Enfield rifle balls jumped 1,000 yards. Leaps of that magnitude fairly astounded the Sepoys. Some of the British cavalry under Havelock were armed with Enfields; and their rifles and the deadly accuracy of the 8 cannon routed the Nana's army in less than a quarter of an hour. Eleven guns were captured. Havelock's men had been on their feet fourteen hours, and without eating, so pursuit was impossible. Monday, July 13th, was converted into a sabbath of rest, and nobly had the men earned repose. The next day the march was continued; the native Irregulars were disarmed and dismounted, and their steeds bestowed upon the volunteer cavalry. These Irregulars did not strike a blow in the recent fight; they showed, too, signs of disaffection. But, strange to say, when the European officer in command of them was surrounded by the enemy, one of their native officers dashed to his rescue. The European officer was saved; the native officer was killed.

July 15th.—The day had hardly dawned when Havelock came upon the mutineers. These were ready for a fight, and were strongly posted. The main road in front of the village of Aong was intrenched, and two guns protected it. The river Pandoo Nuddy flowed past six miles behind Aong, a stone bridge crossing the stream. Behind this bridge the main body of the Sepoy army was stationed, protected by the intrenched road and the swollen river. At all cost Aong had to be taken, and then the bridge. The British army was divided into two parties, the attacking party under Colonel Tytler, the defending party under Havelock. Colonel Tytler marched to the attack, the gallant little corps of volunteer cavalry in advance. The mutineers cannonaded the British force, and, while these were getting into position, the Sepoy infantry made a rush. Major Renaud and his Fusiliers swept down upon them like a flight of hawks, and they hastily retreated, but the brave major received his death-wound. Colonel Tytler soon finished the work Renaud had begun, and the Sepoys gave up the contest and joined their main body.

The British troops had not breakfasted, they had been marching and fighting ever since midnight, they needed food and rest, and a halt was ordered. But spies coming in informed Havelock that the mutineers were undermining the bridge, intending to blow it up. Here was a dilemma. The bridge destroyed, the advance to Cawnpore might be delayed for a week. Havelock explained the situation to the hungry, weary men, who responded with a cheer, and the advance was ordered. The European women and children (200 at least) were at Cawnpore, and to save them the men were willing to do anything and risk any danger. Six long miles they marched and then faced the enemy. Very strong was the position to be carried. Two 24-pounders raked the road leading to the bridge. Under one of its arches Sepoys were carrying on their mining operations. The mine was fired, but failed to explode; the Sepoys were nervous under the fire of

the British guns and rifles. Major Stephenson led the attack ; the bridge was taken, four guns captured, and the Sepoys put to flight.

The British troops dropped exhausted on the ground. For twelve hours had they been fighting and marching, and not a morsel of food had passed their lips. Much of the time a broiling sun had been scorching them. For a few hours they rested, while Havelock wrote his despatches. And now will offence be given to those well-meaning creatures who miscall themselves the Temperance party ? In the list of articles which Havelock wanted to be forwarded to him was RUM, and alluding to this he said : " Unless supplies arrive, I shall be obliged to put my men on half rations, and that would be a most trying deprivation to troops exposed to the fatigue and hardships that my men have endured." So wrote one of the most sincere, noble-minded Christians that ever lived. And yet this very man, on another occasion, bought with his own money all the intoxicating liquor in the place in order that his men should not be tempted to drunkenness. Use and abuse are two very different things. When will cranks learn the difference ?

Twenty-four miles off were upwards of 200 women and children shut up in Cawnpore. Nana was between those women and Havelock, and he determined to strike another blow at the men ere he turned to the women. Skilfully posted a few miles from Cawnpore with 5,000 men and eight guns, Nana awaited the approaching British force. Havelock's men had rested and dined. The cavalry were on the alert, having pushed on in advance ; and they were joined by two faithful Sepoys who had travelled from Delhi, and who had passed the night in Nana's camp. Acting on the intelligence they gave, Havelock formed his plans.

Nana's army crossed two roads ; one leading to Cawnpore, the other was the highway to Delhi. A village was on each flank, and one in the centre. Earth walls had been thrown up before these villages. The Ganges was about a mile from the village on the left ; and on the right flank was a railway embankment. Nana was prepared for a front attack. But Havelock had been in many battles. Calling to him his principal officers, he sketched in the dust on the road his plan of operations. He remembered Frederick the Great's manœuvre at Leuthen ; this battle was to be another edition of the one fought by the Prussians. Nana's left flank was the point of attack. The volunteer cavalry rode towards the central village, and the Nana congratulated himself on his astuteness. The real attacking force was concealed by trees, and very nearly succeeded in making itself a surprise party. But Nana Sahib, becoming aware of its proximity, opened fire. Unheeding the hail of deadly missiles, the British troops on gaining the required position, wheeled into line, confronting the mutineers. The Enfields made themselves felt. The 78th Highlanders, their bagpipes playing, charged the village, seized the guns and drove out the Sepoys. At the same time, on the left of the village, the 64th Foot put to rout the rebel cavalry. The enemy rallied ; Havelock, riding to the front of the Highlanders, dressed their ranks,

and then called out, as he pointed to the mutineers, "One more charge like that and the day is ours!" The Highlanders and the 94th charged, drove off the enemy and captured a howitzer.

And now, all the different parts of the British force reunited, Havelock spoke cheering words of commendation to his men. Then he ordered an advance. Another victorious charge was the result. The mutineers retreated; but Nana Sahib was there, upbraiding, threatening, promising. They made another stand; three canon supporting them. The horses and oxen dragging the British artillery were played out; they could scarcely move. Havelock's men were lying down; his horse had been killed under him. He was mounted on a creature of the Rosinante breed. He alone was in danger from the enemy's fire. The long Sepoy line looked ugly; the more his men contemplated that line the less inclined would they be to charge it. Nine hundred eager men were waiting for the order they loved to hear. It came: "The line will advance; forward!" Well was the command obeyed. Silently, bravely they marched, their track marked with the dead and the wounded who had dropped out of their ranks. When within a few yards of the Sepoys, there was a ringing cheer followed by a furious charge. The mutineers turned and fled. Four guns coming up threw their ranks into still greater disorder; the victory was complete. And the victors were in sight of Cawnpore. The night had set in, and the weary men needed repose. Moreover they had to wait for baggage and supplies. They slept, looking forward perchance in their dreams to the joy of releasing their countrywomen on the morrow. Sleep on, brave men; bitter is the disappointment in store for you!

A neat little anecdote is told of Havelock's bugler. In this battle, as soon as the mutineers fired their first gun, Havelock pulled out his watch, handed it to the bugler, and bade him mark the time. The bugler did so, and then placed the time-piece in his pocket. When the last British gun was fired, the bugler pulled out the watch, looked at it, and, touching his cap, reported, "Two hours and forty minutes, sir!" Side by side, on the bare ground, lay the general and his bugler. Havelock's right arm was passed through his horse's bridle, which stood ready caparisoned by his side. Like Hafed, Havelock slept "with head upon that sword his fevered hand must grasp in waking."



A WORD TO CRUSOE.

BY F. J. GOULD, LONDON, ENG.

My thoughts often go out to the men and women who live on islands. Yesterday I met a man who dwells hard by a cathedral city. The church bells ring incessantly, but they make no response in his heart. A while ago he bowed the knee to Christ. But now he has caught the music of a finer hymn than that which sings praise to the Son of Mary. He pledges himself to serve the new order of science and reason. All about him his Christian neighbors troop to the worship of the ancient Yahoo of the Jews. He stands alone; he lives on an island.

I can think, also, of a man who lives under my feet. Out in the far Antipodes he has his little cottage, which overlooks the vast Southern Sea. By day he diligently chops wood; by the evening lamp he cons books that breathe of the Coming Day and prophesy the fall of the Church that now is. His neighbors scout him as a heretic; they give him to understand that a special allotment of sulphur is reserved for him in the grim territory of hell. He smiles; he reads; he argues; he stands steadfast; he lives on an island.

I know a woman who has passed years in a tiny village, and, amid a hundred social pressures, has resisted the insolence of orthodoxy, refrained from church-going, and quietly and persistently propagated better views of life and history. Brave soul! she has lived on an island.

I know another woman, young, alert, quick of imagination and broad in sympathies, who is a prisoner in a Calvinistic home. Deacons flutter in and out like bats in the gloaming, and the psalms keep up their monotonous wail. And she longs to go out into the open world; she yearns for a more wholesome environment; she lives on an island.

These four men and women are but types of a great multitude. They are to-day our noblest nonconformists. There was an age when Christians themselves faced such difficulties, and bore them with manful loyalty to the Ideal. The times are changed. The Christians loll easily at the banquet of convention and nod their heads to the music of the mode. It is the turn of the Freethinker to play the part of the proscribed. These men and women can smirk over the prospect of no promised land. Angels minister not to them in their temptation. No re-assuring dove cleaves the sky, to bring celestial blessings upon their heads. In silence they persist. Faithfully they bear witness. They ask for no reward. Their fidelity is their glory. I think of them in their splendid exile, and I contrast them with the crowd. I do not despise the crowd; but I remember, with a feeling of triumph, that this crowd will sooner or later follow the Freethought nonconformists. To these Crusoes, these spiritually-isolated sisters and brothers

I give my greeting and my homage. For in all this universe of planets and stars and far-radiating infinite distances, nothing surpasses the grandeur of an honest man, an honest woman.—*Watts' Literary Guide.*

A NEW SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

BY FENNENNIS.

It seems to me, viewing the actual condition of things in the Christian world, that there should be a radical revision of the Beatitudes and various other maxims and precepts contained in the Sermon on the Mount. If I should venture to put in form a popular appreciation of what constitutes the highest duty of man as illustrated in the daily conduct of most Christian people, the text would run something as follows :

Blessed are the rich, for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed is the man who gets ahead of his neighbor, for he shall dwell in comfort,

Blessed are they who attend fashionable churches, for they shall have comfortable seats and short sermons.

Blessed is the preacher who is able to secure a rich congregation, for his salary shall be large and his family shall enjoy the luxuries of life.

Blessed is the woman who marries a rich husband, for she shall wear jewels and ornaments and shall be clad in fine raiment.

Blessed is the man of whom all men speak well and who is boomed in the public press, for verily he shall hold high office and enjoy the good things of the world.

Blessed is the man who agrees with every person, for he shall enjoy the favor of his fellow men and pass his time peaceably and happily.

Blessed is the man who never rebukes what is wrong or vexes his soul with reform, for he shall be highly esteemed and have no enemies.

Blessed is the man who can successfully impose on the credulity of his fellow men, because thereby he shall secure great rewards.

Blessed is the merchant who can out-wit his fellow trader, for he shall thereby heap up great riches.

Blessed is the man who can shut his eyes to the evils and wrongs which surround him, for he shall thereby secure his soul in peace and be saved from great vexation of spirit.

Blessed is the politician who can successfully befool the people, for verily he shall hold high office and have much applause of men.

Blessed is the lawyer who can befog the judge and hoodwink the jury, for he shall have great success in his profession and revel in the admiration of men.

Woe unto ye who speak the truth, for ye shall have many enemies and much abuse.

Woe unto ye preachers who denounce the daily sins of your congregations, for ye shall heap up great wrath and your place shall be taken by others.

Woe unto ye reformers who strive to make the world better, for ye shall have vexation of spirit and men will revile your motives.

Woe unto ye meek, for ye shall be trodden under feet of men.

Woe unto ye who toil for others, for ye shall remain in poverty and men shall call ye fools.

Woe unto ye merchants who represent goods as they are, for ye shall have few customers and your fellows will wax rich.

Woe unto ye politicians who seek to govern the country by honest means, for ye shall quickly lose office and your career shall be a failure.

In all your gettings, above all things get money, for thereby ye shall live in great houses, eat rich viands, and all men will call you great.

Teach thy sons and thy daughters to achieve wealth and fame, that their names may be glorified among men.

Crush your enemies, and demolish all that stand in thy way.

Possess thyself of enough religion to make thee respected among men, but avoid too much religion lest it make thee meek and unselfish.

Do thy charities in public, and see that thy benefactions are duly recorded in the public press.

When thou givest, give to those things which are popular and studiously withhold thine alms from those objects which are poor and despised.

When thou enterest a church or street car seize quickly the most comfortable seat, for thereby thou shalt ensure thine own comfort.

Treat the great with deference, and treat the poor and lowly with contempt.

Associate not thyself with any movement, whatever its aim, that is weak and despised, for thou wilt thereby expose thyself to the sneers of thy fellows.

Let all the ends thou aimest at be thine own and those of thy family, and thou shalt achieve great riches and possess great power.—*Halifax Herald*.