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IS THERE A FUTURE LIFE ?

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, TORONTO.

THE appearance of a portly and learned volume by the Rev. Dr. Salmond on "The Christian Doctrine of Immortality" shows the anxious interest which has been awakened in these questions. His treatment of the subject also recognizes the necessity which is felt of perfectly free though reverent inquiry, as our sole way of salvation amidst the perplexities— theological, social, and moral—in which we are involved. For himself, he unreservedly accepts the Christian revelation. Christianity, he is so happy as to believe, "has translated the hope of immortality from a guess, a dream, a longing, a probability, into a certainty; and has done this by interpreting us to ourselves and confirming the voice of prophecy within us." But he subjects the sacred records of Christianity to critical examination. He does not talk effete orthodoxy to an age of reason; nor does he rest upon the evidence of Revelation alone. He endeavors to combine with it that of Manifestation as presented by reason and history.

The change made by Darwin's great discovery—as, with all rights of modification reserved, it may surely be called—in our notions regarding the origin of our species, could not fail to stimulate curiosity as to its destiny. We held, it is true, before Darwin, that man had been formed out of the dust; in that respect our ideas have undergone no change. It is true, also, that whatever our origin may have been, and through whatever process we may have gone, we are what we are, none the less for Darwin's discovery; while the fact that we have risen from the dust or from the condition of the worm, instead of leading us to despair, ought rather to inspire us with hope. Still, before Darwin, we rested in the belief that man had been called into existence by a separate creation, in virtue of which he was a being apart from all other animals; and this belief has by Darwin been dispelled. A being apart from other animals man remains in virtue of his reason, of which other animals have, at most, only the rudiments; and yet more, perhaps, in virtue of his aspira-

tions and his capacity for improvement, of which even the most intelligent of the other animals, so far as we can see, have no share. He alone is consciously moral; he alone is religious; he alone is speculative, looking before and after; he alone feels the influence of beauty, and expresses his sense of it in poetry and art. What is lust in brutes, in him alone is love; he alone thinks or dreams that there is in him anything that ought not to die. Yet Darwin's discovery has effaced the impassable line which we took to have been drawn by a separate creation between man and the beasts which perish.

Science, moreover, Darwinian and general, has put an end to the traditional belief in the soul as a being separate from the body, breathed into the body by a distinct act of the Creator, pent up in it as in a prison-house, beating spiritually against the bars of the flesh and looking to be set free by death. Soul and body, we now know, are indivisible from each other, man's nature being one, enfolded at first in the same embryo, advancing in all its parts and aspects through the same stages to maturity, and succumbing at last to the same decay. Not that this makes our nature more "material" in the gross sense of that term. Spirituality is an attribute of moral elevation and aspiration, not of the composition of the organism. Tyndall called himself a "Materialist," yet no man was ever less so in the gross sense. If we wish to see clearly in these matters, it might be almost better for a time to suspend our use of the word "soul," with its traditional connotation of antagonism to the body, and to speak only of the higher life or of spiritual aim and effort.

We have, moreover, in approaching these questions, to clear our minds entirely of geocentricism, theological and philosophical as well as physical,—of our notions of this earth as the centre of the universe and the grand scene of providential action, and at the same time of the ideas of our religious infancy about the Mosaic beginning and the Apocalyptic end of things. We have wholly to banish the creations of Milton's fancy, so strongly impressed upon our imaginations, as well as the Ptolemaic cosmography, and think no more of a heaven above and an earth below, with angels ascending and descending between them, or of a court of heaven looking down upon the earth. We must float out in thought into a universe without a centre, without limit, without beginning or end, of which all that we see on a starlight night is but a point, in which we ourselves are but living and conscious atoms. There has been much debate among religious thinkers about the origin of evil. But evil, it would seem, can have no origin, since the universe has none, and evil, or what

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to us seems evil, as well as good, is a part of the constitution of the universe. To fathom the mystery of the universe—that is, the mystery of existence—we cannot hope. Of eternity and infinity we can form no notion: we can think of them only as time and space extended without limit,—a conception which involves a metaphysical absurdity, since space and time we must always think of as divisible into parts, while of infinity or eternity there can be no division. The thought of eternal existence, even of a life of eternal happiness, if we dwell upon it, turns the brain giddy: it is a sort of mental torture to dwell upon the idea.

The doctrine of a future life, with rewards for the good and punishment for the wicked, as we all know, pervades the New Testament. That this world is evil, and Christians must look forward to a better world, is the teaching of the founder of Christianity and of all Christian Churches. It could not fail to be fostered by the state of the world, and especially of the subject provinces under the Roman Empire. The Christian martyrdoms are a signal testimony to the same belief. Yet the doctrine can hardly be said to be so distinctly stated in the New Testament as its overwhelming importance might have led us to expect. It is, in fact, rather assumed than stated. The passages concerning it are rather homiletic than dogmatic; they are enforcements of the infinite blessedness of piety and goodness, of the infinite curse attending wickedness, rather than enunciations of an article for a creed. Nor is anything explicitly said as to the manner in which the mortal is to put on immortality, or as to the state and occupations of the blessed in the next world. White robes, harps, palm branches, a city of gold and jewels, are not spiritual; they must be taken as material imagery; taken literally, they provoke the derision of the sceptic.

Difficulties crowd upon us and severely tax the exegetical resources of Dr. Salmond. A sudden and absolute change of nature is contrary to all our experience, which would lead us to believe that gradual progress is the law. The disproportion of eternal rewards and punishments to the merits or sins of man's short life is profoundly repugnant to our moral sense. When we take in the cases of children, of savages, and of the hapless offspring of the slums, of the heathen who have never heard the Word, the difficulty is immensely increased.

In all the churches there is now a revolt against the belief in eternal fire, which, nevertheless, if the Gospel is to be taken literally, it would seem impossible to avoid. Such a belief, in fact, can hardly be thought ever to have gained a practical hold on the mind; if it had, it would

almost have dissolved humanity with terror. Nor is there, in reality, any such line of demarcation between the good and the wicked as that drawn in the homiletic language of the Gospel between the wheat and the tares, between the sheep and the goats, between those who enter by the wide and by the narrow gate. Between the extreme points of goodness and wickedness there are gradations of character in number infinite and fluctuating from hour to hour. The Roman Catholic Church tries to meet this difficulty by the invention of Purgatory, which, it is needless to say, is a creation of her own. In this case also the difficulty is enhanced when we take in children and those on whom circumstances have borne so hardly as almost to preclude volition. Nor are the passages in the Gospel concerning the future state, if pressed literally, altogether consistent with each other, at least with regard to the mode of transition. The idea generally presented is that of a final judgment, in which the good are to be separated from the wicked, the good entering into eternal joy, the wicked into eternal fire, and of a period of sleep or unconsciousness which is to last till the Judgment Day. But this is not consistent with the parable of Dives and Lazarus, with the preaching of Christ to the souls in prison, or with the words of Christ on the cross to the penitent thief. These variations become more important when we consider the unspeakably vital character of the doctrine. Resurrection of the body is an article of the creed. It presents insuperable difficulties: not only are the particles of the body dispersed, but they must often be incorporated into other bodies. Besides, is a babe to rise again a babe, and is an old man to rise with the body of old age? Devices for meeting such difficulties may be found; but they are devices, and not solutions.

It is on the Christian revelation that our hope has hitherto rested. Butler, when he applies reason to the question of a future life, has revelation all the time in reserve. He professes not to offer independent proof of the doctrine, but merely to disarm Reason of the objection which she might urge against Revelation. Of independent proof, with deference be it said, he offers not so much as, with our present scientific lights at all events, will amount even to a serious presumption. Assuming, after the fashion of his day, that the soul is a being apart from the body, he suggests that it may be a simple monad, indecipherable and therefore indestructible, or at least not presumably liable to dissolution when the body is dissolved. But we know that his presumption is unfounded, and that what he calls the soul is but the higher and finer activity of our general frame. He says that the faculties and emotions sometimes

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remain unaffected by mortal disease even at the point of death. But they do not remain unaffected by a disease of the brain. His strongest point is perhaps the unbroken continuance of conscious identity notwithstanding the change of our bodily frame by the flux of its component particles, and in spite of sleep and fits of insensibility. But the flux of particles or the suspension of consciousness by sleep or a fainting fit is a different thing from total dissolution, such as takes place when the body lies mouldering in the grave. Besides, the phenomenon is common to us with brutes; and the objection that this or any other of Butler's arguments would apply as well to brutes as to man is not evaded by calling it invidious. The great thinker would perhaps have seen this more clearly had he lived in the Darwinian age and been disenchanted of his belief in the special breathing of a soul into man. He is so far from our present point of view as to think that dreams are products of the mind acting apart from the bodily sense.

Of the two great thinkers of antiquity, Plato believed intensely in a future life, for which this present life was but a training, and in a future state of rewards and punishments. His arguments, put into the mouth of Socrates, who is about to die, come to us in the most persuasive guise. But they are entangled with the fanciful tenets of pre-existence, of knowledge as reminiscences from a previous state, and of the real existence of abstract ideas. They are based on the erroneous conception of the soul as an entity distinct from the body and imprisoned in it, so that, at least in the case of one who has kept his soul pure and healthy by philosophy and asceticism, death would be emancipation. The soul, Plato thinks, cannot be affected by diseases of the body, but only by its own diseases, ignorance and vice. An evidence of more weight practically than any of the metaphysical arguments adduced by the disciple of Socrates, is the death of Socrates itself, which, like the Christian martyrdoms, implies a strong and rooted faith in the future reward of loyalty to truth and virtue. The same faith is expressed by Plato in the Republic. To him, amid the licence of Athenian democracy in its hour of decay, as to the Christian amid the demoralization of the Roman Empire, the world seemed evil; and he found support for righteousness in the conviction that, though the righteous man might suffer obloquy, persecution, and even a painful and shameful death in this life, it would be well for him in the sum of things. If there is a soul of the universe, and if it holds communion in any way with the soul of man, such a belief would seem likely to be at least no mere hallucination.

In Aristotle's Ethics, there is no trace of the doctrine, either in its specific form or in the form of faith in the ultimate triumph of virtue which it assumes in Plato. The fact is, that virtue, in one sense of the word and as denoting obedience to a moral law, is hardly a term of Aristotle's system. His virtue is not so much obedience to a moral law, as the functional activity of fully developed and perfectly balanced humanity, such as is presented with a rather statuesque dignity in his model character of a high-minded man (*megalopsychos*). All that he wants is a life sufficiently long for full development (*bios telcios*). Of compensation or retribution he seems to have no idea.

In the great Stoics, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, there is no expression of belief in a personal life beyond the present. What they seem to expect is absorption in the universe, which, if personality is merged, would be the extinction of our personal selves. On the other hand, they show the profoundest faith in the divinity of the moral law, in the nothingness of present pleasures or pains, and in the infinite reward of virtue. Their asceticism—that of Marcus Aurelius on a throne—was a practical demonstration of their faith. In Seneca may be found a vague intimation of belief that death is a transition to a higher life; but Seneca is a rhetorician, not a philosopher.

A belief in the immortality of the soul has been a part of most of the religions, yet not of all. It is absent from the sacred books of the Hebrews, desperate as have been the efforts to import it into them; and bold as is the statement of Anglican Articles that both in the Old and in the New Testament everlasting life is offered to mankind through Christ. An exception such as that of the Hebrews, an eminently religious nation, is enough to bar any argument from universal consent, even if universal consent, where it can be explained by natural desire, were sufficient to prove a belief innate. The other world has often formed the lucrative domain of priests, who have pretended by mystic rites to provide the dying with a passport to celestial bliss. Egypt seems to have been pre-eminent in the definiteness of her belief and the minuteness of her mortuary ritual, while she was also strangely pre-eminent in the effort to protract the existence of the bodily tenement, showing thereby apparently an absence of belief in the separate existence of the soul. The Persian faith in a future life appears also to have been strong, though mixed with degrading absurdities which make it philosophically worthless. Buddhism is a philosophy rather than a religion, while upon any hypothesis as to the meaning of Nirvana, the hope of the Buddhist is not

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personal immortality, but escape from personal existence. Be Nirvana what it may, it is a fancy, generated apparently by local causes, and offers nothing in the way of verification.

"The evidences of a future life, sir, are sufficient," was Boswell's remark to Johnson. "I could wish for more, sir," was Johnson's reply. It was no doubt his sense of the insufficiency of the evidences, considering the vital character of the doctrine, that disposed Johnson to a belief in ghosts, and made him anxious to investigate all stories of the kind, even when they were so absurd as that of the ghost of Cock Lane. It cannot be necessary to discuss such fictions. The only case, so far as we are aware, in which there is anything like first-hand evidence, is that of the warning apparition to Lord Lyttelton, which may be explained as the masked suicide of a voluptuary sated with life. Nor can spiritualistic apparitions call for notice. They have been often enough exposed. Nothing is proved by them but the fond credulity of bereavement pining for communion with the lost. Spiritualism, it should not be forgotten, had its farcical origin in table-turning. Apart from the miraculous resurrection of Christ, and Christ's miraculous raisings from the dead, no one has been seen or heard from after death. That evidence, which alone could be absolutely conclusive, has never been afforded. This is the stubborn fact with which Butler and those who adopt his line of argument have to contend.

Positivism hopes that it has indemnified, or more than indemnified, us for the loss of personal immortality by tendering an impersonal immortality in the consequences of our lives and actions prolonged through the generations which come after us to the end of time. But this immortality is not only impersonal, it is unconscious, and, therefore, so far as our sensations are concerned, not distinguishable from annihilation. It is not even specially human: we share it with every motor, animate or inanimate,—with the horse that draws a waggon, with the water that turns a mill, with the food which passes into the muscles of the consumer, with the falling stone.

Besides, all theories which pretend to console man for his mortality by making him a partaker in the immortality of his race, seem to encounter the objection that the race itself is not immortal. How long the planet which is the abode of man will last or remain fit for man's habitation, the oracles of science may not be agreed, but they appear to be agreed in holding that the end must come. If they are right, philosophy does but mock us when she bids us find our real spiritual

life in efforts to perfect humanity, and our paradise in anticipation of the state of bliss into which humanity, when perfected, will be brought. At a certain, however remote, date, universal wreck will be the end. Nor has the promise of perfection by evolution, such as another school of thinkers holds out, any advantage in this respect over the promise of perfection by effort. Evolution, like effort, comes at last to naught. That death is the renewing of the species, and apparently indispensable to progress, might be a satisfactory reflection if the species were everything and the individual were nothing. But the individual is something in his own eyes. Against any scientific theory that human organisms are simply vehicles for the transmission of life, the consciousness of each organism protests and rebels. Still less can any substitute for our hope of a personal immortality be found in demonstrations of the indefeasible vitality of protoplasm. The hope which we resign is personal. Protoplasmic vitality is not. Life more or less active may, as these comforters tell us, pervade all things; and in that sense we may continue to live after our dissolution and absorption into the general frame of nature. But what is the value of a life of which we shall not be individually conscious? There may be life in the fermentation of a dunghill. But who can imagine himself blessed in the prospect of sharing it?

Of death and of the perpetual renewal of the race the necessity is obvious so far as the present estate of man is concerned. Upon the succession of generations man's conjugal and parental character, among other things, depends. The existence of an undying man would be that of one of Swif's *Struldbrugs* infinitely prolonged.

John Stuart Mill, in a passage of his essay on "Immortality," highly lauded by Fitzjames Stephen, admits the possibility of conceiving that thought may continue to exist without a material brain, the relation of the two being no metaphysical necessity, but simply a constant co-existence within the limits of observation. Even if we suppose thought to embrace life, feeling, and affection, the mere admission that its disembodied existence is conceivable would be but cold comfort. Mill himself seems to fall back on the enjoyment of the present life, exalted by the religion of humanity and ending in what he calls "eternal rest." "It," he says in his essay on "The Utility of Religion," "the Religion of Humanity were as sedulously cultivated as the supernatural religions are, . . . all who had received the customary amount of moral cultivation would up to the hour of death live ideally in the life of those who are to follow them." What is the Religion of Humanity? How can there be

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a religion without a God? How can we worship a generalization which cannot hear prayer or hymn, which is not even complete, since the history of man is unfinished, and of which, to enhance the anomaly, the worshipper is himself a part? Is the Religion of Humanity anything more than a fervid philanthropy which must probably be confined to a few choice natures, and, so far as it involves self-sacrifice, is not likely to be increased by the conviction that the philanthropist, in giving up the present good, gives up all? What, again, is ideal life but unreal life? What is unreal life but death? To Mill it appears probable that after a length of time different in different persons, they would have had enough of existence, and would gladly lie down to take eternal rest. Death is not rest; it is destruction. When we lay ourselves down to rest, it is with the prospect of waking again refreshed and invigorated to new life. A Greek poet spoke to the heart when he tearfully contrasted the lot of man with that of the flowers of the field, which renew their growth at the return of spring, while man, with all his bravery and wisdom, once laid in his dark and narrow bed, sleeps a sleep which knows no waking. Yet it is not the extinction of bravery and wisdom that most moves our pity for ourselves. This the next generation may repair. The torch of science is handed on, and the discovery half made by one man of science is completed, when he is gone, by a successor. It is the perpetual slaughter of affection that touches us most, and that, we should think, would most touch the Power in whose hands we are, if in its nature there is any affinity to mortal love. Affection, at all events, without the survival of the personalities, must die for ever.

The mere existence of a desire in man to prolong his being, even if it were universal, can afford little assurance that the desire will be fulfilled. If desires that will never be fulfilled man's whole estate is lamentably small. If to each of us his own little being is inexpressibly dear, so is its own little being to the insect, which nevertheless is crushed without remorse and without hope of a future existence. It is sad that man should perish, and perish just when he has reached his prime. This seems like cruel wastefulness in nature. But is not the waste of souls in the waste of seeds. He might have found one in the destruction of geological races, in the redundancy of animal life, which involves elimination by wholesale slaughter, in the multitude of children brought into the world only to die. The deaths of children, of which a large number appear inevitable, seem to present an insurmount-

able stumbling-block to any optimism which holds that nature can never be guilty of waste even in regard to the highest of her works. Waste there evidently is in nature, both animate and inanimate, and to an enormous extent if our intelligence tells us true. The earth is full of waste places, as well as of blind agencies of destruction, such as earthquakes and floods, while her satellite appears to be nothing but waste.

Can we rest on the presumption that for all suffering—at least for all unmerited suffering—here, supreme justice must have provided compensation hereafter? Is there not an infinity of suffering among animals? Are not many of them by the very constitution of nature doomed as the prey of animals to suffer agonies of fear, and at last a painful death? Are not others fated to be tortured by parasites? Yet where will be their compensation? Where will be the compensation of the hapless dog which writhes beneath the knife of the vivisector, and which not only is innocent, but is an involuntary benefactor of humanity?

That a survey of nature drives us to one of two conclusions, either to the conclusion that Benevolence is not omnipotent, or to the conclusion that Omnipotence is not, in our acceptance of the term, purely benevolent, has been proved with a superfluity of logic. What may be behind the veil we cannot tell. But in that which is manifested to us there seems to be nothing that can warrant us in looking for immortality as the certain gift of unlimited benevolence invested with unlimited power.

Yet man shrinks from annihilation. If he were certified of it, in spite of all that science or criticism has done to prepare him for disenchantment, and notwithstanding the complacent talk of philosophers about "eternal rest," his whole being would receive a shock. A fearful light would be thrown on the misery and degradation of which the world is full, has always been full, and is likely long to remain full. A fearful light would be thrown on all the horrors of history. The sufferers of the past, at all events, derived no comfort amidst famine, plague, massacre, and torture, from those theories of an "ideal life," of a "Religion of Humanity," and of a "posthumous and subjective existence in the progress of the species." A selfish tyrant like Louis XIV. or Napoleon would on this supposition—at least while his fortune lasted—have been of all men the happiest, while the victims of his selfish ambition and rapine, slaughtered in his profligate wars, perishing of hunger through his extravagance, or worked to death as slaves in his galleys, would have been of all men the most unhappy.

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not the end? If there is, there seems to be no reason why we should not listen to it, even though its message may be incapable of verification such as, in regard to a material hypothesis, is required by physical science. That the intelligence of our five senses, of which science is the systematized record, is exhaustive, we have, it must once more be said, no apparent ground for assuming; the probability seems to be the other way: it seems likely that our senses, mere nerves even if completely evolved, are imperfect monitors, and that we may be living in a universe of which we really know as little as the mole—which no doubt seems to itself to perceive everything that is perceptible—knows of the world of sight. Now, there does seem to be a voice in every man which, if he will listen to it, tells him that his account is not closed at death. The good man, however unfortunate he may have been, and even though he may not have found integrity profitable, feels at the end of life a satisfaction in his past and an assurance that in the sum of things he will find that he has chosen aright. The most obdurately wicked man, however his wickedness may have prospered, will probably wish, when he comes to die, that he had lived the life of the righteous. It may be possible to explain the sanctions or warnings of the conscience generally as the influence of human opinion reflected in the individual mind, transmitted perhaps by inheritance and accumulated in transmission. But such an explanation will hardly cover the case of death-bed self-approbation or remorse. There seems to be no reason why we should not trust the normal indications of our moral nature as well as the normal indications of our bodily sense; and against the belief that the greatest benefactors and the greatest enemies of mankind rot at last in the same grave our moral nature vehemently rebels.

Not much, it is to be feared, is to be gained in regard to this or to any other question respecting man's estate by taking mystical or transcendental views of the moral law. Kant said that the two things which most impressed him with awe were the starry heavens and the moral law. He assumed, as systems of moral philosophy in general assume, that the moral law is one, the fiat of a single authority, or the embodiment of a single principle. There are rules which we must observe to enable us individually to preserve our bodily health and strength, to enable us to earn our bread, and to keep our affections warm and pure for the enjoyment of social and domestic happiness. There are rules which we must observe as domestic beings for the regulation of our families. There are general rules of mutual help and forbearance which we must observe toward our fellow passengers through this life, and the better to secure

the observance of which states and communities of various kinds are formed. But these rules seem to be no more identical with each other than is the care for our own comfort in travelling with due respect for the convenience of our fellow-travellers. There is a close connection, no doubt, domesticity and sociability being attributes of our individual selves; but not an identity such as would warrant us in speaking of these rules together as "the moral law," and referring them all to a single principle, natural or above nature. Nor is there anything which transcends our being in this world, which is not bounded by and capable of resolution into the needs of our present state, or necessarily points to an existence beyond.

It may conceivably be otherwise with Character, which, formed and manifested by acting in conformity with the rules of our present estate, yet has value and beauty of its own, so that we can contemplate it, mark its improvement or deterioration in ourselves, and make its improvement the object of conscious or distinct effort. In fact, what we call "spiritual life" seems to be the cultivation of character carried on by a sort of inner self. The value and beauty of character, if anything in us, may be thought to transcend the necessities of our present state, and to be transferable, so to speak, to a wider sphere. It is conceivable that they may be prized by the soul of the universe, if the universe has a soul, as kindred and capable of being united to itself. That a power of good akin to human goodness is manifested in the universe and predominates over evil, none but extreme pessimists have yet denied. In affection, beauty, melody, and everything that appeals to sentiment, there are intimations of tenderness as well as goodness. It seems at least possible that the destiny of character may not be confined to earth. At the same time, so far as we can discern, character can be formed only by effort, which implies something against which to strive; so that without evil, or what appears to us evil, character could not be formed. For aught we know, effort, or something which we can only describe as effort, not fiat or mere evolution, may be the law of the universe. It is true that the immortality to which any suggestion of this kind points would be of the conditional kind, since good character only could have a life-giving affinity to the power of good.

All arguments of this kind, of course, have relation to the natural aspect of things apart from revelation. He who, with Dr. Salmond, believes that he has a divine revelation in the Gospel, and a pledge of immortality in union with Christ, can stand in no need of further assurance otherwise than in the way of corroboration. He discusses the natural evidences, like Butler, with revelation in reserve.

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There are those who think they display their good sense in bidding us give up these speculations,—which, they say, are beyond the range of our understandings,—and cultivate our pleasure and happiness in the present world. One element of our pleasure and happiness is the gratification of curiosity on the highest subjects. Our curiosity has been or is being gratified as to the origin of our species, and surely the destiny of our species is a question which is not less interesting, while it is inevitably set on foot by the other. However, pleasure and happiness are different things. Pleasure may be felt by the condemned criminal in eating his last meal. But happiness seems to imply the sense of security and permanence. Grant that the estate of man upon this earth may in course of time be vastly improved. So much seems to be promised by the recent achievements of science, the advance of which is in geometrical progression, each discovery giving birth to several more. Increase of health and extension of life by sanitary, dietetic, and gymnastic improvement; increase of wealth by invention, and of leisure by the substitution of machinery for labor; more equal distribution of wealth, with its comforts and refinements; diffusion of knowledge; political improvement; elevation of the domestic affections and social sentiments; unification of mankind, and elimination of war through ascendancy of reason over passion,—all these things may be carried to an indefinite extent, and may produce what in comparison with the present estate of man may be called a terrestrial paradise.

True, all progress is not improvement, nor is the horizon clear of cloud. Overgrowth of population is a danger which the anti-Malthusian can no longer set at naught, and to check which it is certain that Providence will not interpose. Art and poetry do not seem likely to advance with the ascendancy of severe science. There is some truth in the saying of the poet that a glory has passed away from the earth. A glory has certainly passed away from the Moon—once Diana's bow, the Queen of heaven, the cynosure of love,—now a volcanic refuse-heap. However, let us suppose the most chimerical of Utopias realized in a commonwealth of man. Mortal life prolonged to any conceivable extent is but a span. Still over every festal board in the community of terrestrial bliss will be cast the shadow of approaching death; and the sweeter life becomes, the more bitter death will be. The more bitter it will be, at least, to the ordinary man, and the number of philosophers like John Stuart Mill is small.

REPLY TO GOLDWIN SMITH.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "MAIL AND EMPIRE."

It would have been strange, indeed, had there been no trace of the doctrine of a future life, or no recognition of it, in the sacred books of the Hebrews; and it is to be feared that some of the readers of Dr. Goldwin Smith's article in the *Forum* will think that he affirms this. What he affirms is that this doctrine is absent from those books. By this, it may be assumed, he means that it is nowhere in these writings defined, or formally stated. This is a more moderate position; but that there is no trace of it, no recognition of it, cannot be declared. That doctrine which is fundamental to all religion, the being of God, is taken for granted in the Bible, and is never dealt with as if necessary to be proven. It is true, indeed, that the recognition of the being of God is far more frequent and more direct than that of the future life; but perhaps it is not too much to say that the latter is no less certainly there than the former.

It ought not, however, to be overlooked that the Bible is an organism, including both the Old and the New Testaments; and that in order to understand it fully it is not only requisite to study it in its individual parts, but in the relation which these parts sustain to one another and to the whole. Besides, like all other organisms, it was not made, but grew; and it would be scarcely fair to judge it at any particular stage of its development, without any reference to what it is, now that the final stage has been reached. The founder of Christianity, in illustration of the law of progressive development, speaks of, first the blade, then the ear, and afterward the ripe corn in the ear; and no thoughtful person needs to be told that it is only in the light of the last of these that the two that precede it can be fully understood. If the figure may be allowed, it is in the New Testament that we have the ripe corn of revelation. And this is true especially of what the Bible teaches us respecting the immortality of man, and the life that is to come. In what light did our Lord and His apostles understand the sacred books of the Hebrews? Did they find this doctrine in them? We know they did; and to those who recognize in the Christ the incarnation of a Divine person, and who believe in the inspiration of the apostles, this question is settled forever. But let it be assumed, for the moment, that the Master was only a man and that his original disciples had no light to guide them beyond that which is possessed by all good men of superior intelligence and profoundly spiritual natures. Even in that case their testimony, as merely human testimony, must be regarded as of the highest possible value as to what was or was not taught in their sacred books. But this is not all; as religious teachers they—especially the Master himself—constantly appealed to the Scriptures—the sacred books

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of the Hebrews, the only Scriptures then in existence—and to what the people believed to be their teaching. That our Lord himself, that His apostles, that the whole Jewish people in their day believed that this doctrine of a future life was contained in the Scriptures no one can reasonably doubt with the New Testament in his hand. Was the Christ deceived? Were the apostles deceived? Were the Hebrew people deceived in respect to this matter? And if they were deceived as to their sacred books, how did they come by their strong faith in the doctrine of immortality, which the orthodox Jews held then, have held ever since, and hold to-day? Whatever view may be taken of these books there can be no doubt that they not only contain a record of the religious development of the Hebrew people, but that they have been a most potent factor in that development. During the four hundred years immediately preceding the Christian era the scribe had taken the place of the prophet, and the people were dependent entirely upon the sacred books which were in all the synagogues, and which were read and expounded to the people every Sabbath day. It was from this source that the prevailing opinions among the Jews at the commencement of the Christian era—including the doctrine of a future life—had been, if not derived, at least nurtured and kept alive. Dr. Goldwin Smith points out a significant fact touching the teaching of the New Testament on the subject under discussion. While admitting that the doctrine of a future life pervades the Christian Scriptures, he says:—

“ Yet the doctrine can hardly be said to be so distinctly stated in the New Testament as its overwhelming importance might have led us to expect. It is, in fact, rather assumed than stated. The passages concerning it are rather homiletic than dogmatic; they are enforcements of the infinite blessedness of piety and goodness, and of the infinite curse attending wickedness, rather than the enunciation of an article for a creed.”

This is as true as it is accurately and beautifully expressed. But is there not a cause? Is it conceivable that our Lord and His apostles would have dealt with this doctrine as they did, if it had not been matter of common belief with the people among whom they exercised their ministry?

It was the fact that the Great Teacher could appeal with absolute confidence to the Scriptures, and to what they believed to be their teaching, and His own consciousness of the infallible truth of what He was uttering, that enabled Him to speak as one having authority, and not as the scribes. In this consisted the guilt of those who rejected Him and His doctrine: they were acting inconsistently with the teaching of their own sacred writings, on which they based their hope of salvation. “ Ye search the Scriptures ” (indicative, not imperative), “ for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me.” And to the scepticism of the Sadducees touching the resurrection of the dead, His answer was: “ Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God.” Having made this general reply, He proceeded to refute them by an argument drawn from their sacred books.

EVERLASTING LIFE.

BY WALT. A. RATCLIFFE, LISTOWEL, ONT.

LIKE glow-worms that, in perfume-laden June,
 A moment gleam where vines have hid the moon ;
 Or like the prismic hues on bubbles fair,—
 A moment bright, a touch, a breath, then where ?
 Or like the wand'ring stars, o'er heaven's face,
 That flit, as flits a smile, then melt in space :
 We come and go, we know not whence or why,
 And call it Life, this moment's laugh and sigh.

The oriole is trilling in the poplar shade,
 The pearly dew-drop on the thirsting blade,
 Yon fairy form, sun-kist at eve and free,
 A snow-drift sailing in an azure sea,—
 If these be vain, if these be worthless quite,
 Then, only then, meseems, thou said'st aright.

Far 'neath the restless wave an insect train,
 Unseen, unheard, doth toil, yet not in vain :
 Each walls his little cell, and roofs it o'er,
 Then others come and find foundation sure
 Whereon to build, and thus tier over tier
 Is rear'd as Time doth add year unto year ;
 But who first wrought his labor hath not done,
 Till that fair Reef looks forth upon the sun.
 So we, my friend, do build, or great or small,
 Till Error dies and Truth is all in all.

Dost think yon great eternal Orb of Fire
 Wheels o'er his golden way for daily hire ?
 Dost think the far-off radiant cluster'd spheres
 For wages ring the changes of the years ?
 Dost think fair Summer's flowers, her feast of song,
 Would cease to be, or deem they suffered wrong,
 Not having place beyond November's breath,
 Not knowing what, if aught, doth follow death ?

Of all that be, of all that love the sight,
 Man must be recompensed to do the right !
 So with the golden thread of fond desire,
 And that of hope, refined in sorrow's fire,
 He weaves a curtain for the Gate of Gloom,
 And names it Life of Rest beyond the tomb.

We know not what shall be, but this is fair,
 If we shall live, then we have lived—but where ?
 Why ask ? The weak, the strong, the bond be free,
 Who breathe to-day, are in eternity.
 The hoarded strength of ages passed away
 Was in the day that died to bear to-day.
 Then learn and know, this fleeting day and we
 Are each a part of all that is to be.

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"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE;" ITS LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY,
AND THERAPEUTICS.

BY W. F. MUNRO, TORONTO.

II.

Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, the "discoverer and founder" of "Christian Science," is the author of numerous tracts, pamphlets, and sermons bearing on the subject of her "discovery," but the most important of her literary productions are "Science and Health; with Key to the Scriptures"—the recognized text-book of the "science"—and "Retrospection and Introspection," a species of autobiography. All her works, from the least to the greatest, are copyrighted and held for sale by the "Christian Science Publishing Society, of Boston," for the benefit of whom it may concern. The 75th edition of "Science and Health" was issued in 1893 and the 100th in 1895, so we gather from the title-pages, and we are thereby led to infer that the book is in extraordinary demand. The venerable author was reared in the lap of the transcendental movement in New England. Judging from her studies, which, we are told, embraced Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and from an incidental reference to the time she studied with a brother in one of the old-fashioned Puritan homesteads on the Merrimac, near Concord, N.H., she must have been an intelligent young woman when Ralph Waldo Emerson was a very young man; and she cannot but remember that famous meeting in September, 1836, held by invitation of Emerson at his house in Concord, Mass., where the young dreamers Alcott, Dwight, Hedge, Sarah Ripley, Margaret Fuller, James Freeman Clarke, and others, discussed the "First Philosophy," as it was then called, which Emerson had been precociously incubating for some years, and which about this time was first given to the world of Boston in *Nature*, "the first clear manifesto of Emerson's genius," says Norton, and "the first document," says his biographer Cabot, "of that remarkable outburst of Romanticism on Puritan ground—the Transcendental movement." The author of "Science and Health" was a married woman when Alcott's "Orphic Sayings" were being published in the *Dial* and ridiculed in the *Boston Post*. Mrs. Eddy never alludes to the "Orphic Sayings" of Alcott, nor to the Orphism of Emerson's green youth, but who can read the *Dial* without recognizing the source of the Orphic jargon of Christian Science?

Quoting, or, we should rather say, abstracting his own impressions of Alcott's Orphism, Emerson says in *Nature*:

"The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit Man is the dwarf of himself. Once he was permeated and dissolved by spirit, he filled nature with his overflowing currents. Out of him sprang the sun; from man the sun, from woman the moon. The laws of his mind, the periods of his actions, externalized themselves into day and night, into the year and seasons. But, having made for himself this huge shell, his waters retired, he no longer fills the veins and veinlets, he is shrunk to

a drop. . . . Nature is not fixed but fluid, spirit alters, moulds, makes it. The immobility or bruteness of nature is the absence of Spirit; to pure spirit it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of spirit; so fast will disagreeable appearances—swine, spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies,—vanish; they are temporary, and shall be no more seen."

In "Retrospection and Introspection," Mrs. Eddy matches the foregoing thus:

"All consciousness is mind, and mind is God; hence, there is but one mind, and that one is the infinite *Good*. Man shines by borrowed light, he reflects God as his mind, and this reflection is substance, the substance of *Good*. Matter is substance in error, spirit is substance in truth."

In "Science and Health," page 149, we have the following soliloquy on the part of Spirit:

"I am Spirit. Man, whose senses are spiritual, is my likeness. He reflects the infinite understanding, for I am infinite. The beauty of holiness, the perfection of being, imperishable glory, all are mine, for I am God. I give immortality to man, for I am Truth. I include and impart all bliss, for I am Love. I give life without beginning and without end, for I am life. I am supreme, and give all, for I am Mind. I am the substance of all, because I am that I am."

No wonder the author pauses in the midst of some of her rhapsodies to warn the reader that her "science" "demands mighty wrestlings with mortal beliefs as we sail into the eternal haven over the unfathomable sea of possibilities!"

In Boston, sixty years ago, transcendentalism was a somewhat noble enthusiasm; with Emerson, who was its central luminary, it remained a controlling element of his graceful life, gradually taking on the sweet reasonableness of his later years, but with others it was carried beyond the borderland of nonsense. This aftermath of it we are now considering Emerson lived to see, and it must have clouded the evening of his days to think of the ignoble devolution his own pure and lofty ideal had undergone. New England transcendentalism is as dead to-day as the belief in witches. How does it come that this resurrection of it, or rather this parody of it called Christian Science, lives and seems to flourish? But this is anticipating.

In the book "Retrospection and Introspection," on page 32, we are told how the "Great Discovery" of Christian Science was made:

"It was in Massachusetts, in the year 1866, that I discovered the science of divine metaphysical healing, which I afterwards named Christian Science. The discovery came to pass in this way. During twenty years prior to my discovery, I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause, and in the latter part of 1866 I gained the *scientific certainty* that all causation was mind and every effect a mental phenomenon."

We are not told how this scientific certainty was gained, whether by inspiration or by a course of Berkeley. Elsewhere, inspiration is confi-

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How inter

dently claimed as the source of her illumination, but twenty years is a long while to wait to be inspired with scientific certainty as to the nature of cause and effect. Much time would have been saved by a study of the "Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge," a work which affords all the certainty attainable on the subject, the argument being without flaw so far as logic is concerned. What could be more explicit than the statement that "the only substance, i.e., independent and permanent existence, in the universe, is percipient mind, and the only cause or origin of changes in the universe is mind or spirit." Berkeley does not merely state this as a certainty he had gained for himself, but he makes it a certainty for all who can accept his reasoning. It was, perhaps, the wiser course for Mrs. Eddy to simply jump Berkeley's claim, leaving out all the arguments by which it is supported, for, while these arguments are admitted by David Hume himself to be unanswerable, the same critic contends that they produce no conviction, "their only effect being momentary amazement, irresolution, and confusion."

Mrs. Eddy cannot be allowed a monopoly of her scientific certainty that all causation is mind and every effect a mental phenomenon, but we readily yield her a monopoly of the ability to conceive and establish a sequence between her vague conceptions and her discovery of divine metaphysical healing. If it is only because "all is mind" that divine metaphysical healing is possible; if one is a necessary corollary of the other, the medical profession may still be regarded as an open career. Berkeley's belief that "all is mind" had no effect upon his belief in *materia medica*, as witness his famous work, "Siris," published in 1744 under the quaint title of "Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the Virtue of Tar Water, and divers other subjects connected with and arising one from the other." Whatever evidences of the power of mind over mortal conditions of pain and sickness may have come under Berkeley's observation, we may safely assume that he gave them all the weight they deserved, as every reasonable being is disposed to do, but at the same time Berkeley had a genuine belief in the virtues of tar-water. He adduces a mass of evidence, founded upon his own experience and that of others, to prove that tar-water was an effectual remedy for many diseases; he even hints at the probability of its being a universal specific for all sickness and disease. It was in his old age, too, that Berkeley thus became a therapist, but it was not for gain,—he did not keep his tar-water on tap.

It would seem that Mrs. Eddy's acquisition of scientific certainty about the nature of things was, after all, but a preliminary step in her great achievement of knowing how to be well, and to make others so; for she proceeds to say:

"My immediate recovery from the effects of an injury caused by an accident—an injury that neither medicine nor surgery could heal—was the *falling apple* that led me to the discovery how to be well myself and to make others so."

How interesting all this would be on the supposition that we are about

to hear *what* the discovery is; but no, we are as far from it as ever, and the next sentence seems to put an end to all hope of ever knowing what it is:

"I then withdrew from society about three years, to ponder my mission, to search the scriptures, to find the science of mind, that should take of the things of God and show them to the creature, and reveal the great creative principle, Deity!"

During this three years' retreat, it is presumed she was occupied in writing the book which, she informs us, was copyrighted in 1870 under the title of "The Science of Man." This book, or the greater part of it, now forms the chapter called "Recapitulation in Science and Health." Although professing to teach the science of man, it has as much to do with Anthropology as it has to do with Boston beans; nevertheless, the book sold, for we are informed that "When the demand for the Science of Man increased, and people were healed by simply reading it, the copyright was infringed." And the author innocently remarks, "I entered a suit at law, and the copyright was protected." This must be the first instance on record of the law being invoked to uphold an individual monopoly in what is claimed to be "a divine message to man."

A chapter of the Autobiography is headed "The Precious Volume," and is devoted to the glorification of that work, of which, when its *one hundredth* edition was issued, the author might well have said, "Precious treasure thou art mine." One hundred editions of a three dollar book, might almost seem to justify the extravagant praise the author herself bestows upon it. The space at our disposal will permit of only one or two examples. "Even the Scripture gave no direct interpretation of the scientific principle of healing until *our Heavenly Father* saw fit, through the Key to the Scriptures, in Science and Health, to unlock this mystery of godliness!" It may be as well to note here, that the terms, Divine Science, Spiritual Science, Science of Being, Science of Mental Healing, Christian Science, or, Science pure and simple, are all synonymous expressions for the thing, whatever it is, of which our author claims to be the discoverer and founder. The synonyms, she tells us, "are employed interchangeably according to the requirements of the context." It seems it would never do to have but one name for a science which has to bear such an overwhelming weight of testimony in its own behalf as this has. Either modesty or euphony suggested a variation in the following testimonial which occurs in one of Mrs. Eddy's pamphlets, being No. 5 of the "Christian Science Series:" "Above Arcturus and his sons, broader than the universe, and higher than the heavens of astronomy, is the Science of Mental Healing!" For a *high* testimonial this is without precedent. There are extensions of space, doubtless, beyond Arcturus, but Arcturus is surely far enough off to serve for any ordinary illustration of height.

The Precious Volume is an artful production; its very title, "Science and Health, with a Key to the Scriptures," is a decoy. It has one almost

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redeeming feature, however, and that is its bewildering absurdity. This has rendered it impregnable to criticism, but has made it sometimes amusing. Let us take the conception it has about matter; no poet in his wildest imagination, no philosopher or scientist in his most extravagant hypothesis, has anything to compare with it.

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?"

is the conception of the Higher Pantheism, and like it is that of Goethe's—"Matter is the living garment of God." The modern scientist conceives matter to be that which contains "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life," and this conception is all but universally entertained, even by those who subscribe to the "vortex ring theory." In Christian Science matter is a kind of *bete noire*, if that which is said to have no existence at all can be anything. "Science and Health" assures us that "matter is unknown in the universe of mind," that "the first idolatry was faith in matter," that "belief in it is a moral contagion," that "it cannot ache, swell, or be inflamed, cannot believe, cannot be weary, cannot change the eternal facts of being," etc., etc.

For purposes best known to its discoverer and founder, Christian Science has not only jumped the claim of Idealism, but with still greater effrontery has attempted to jump the claim of Christianity, to elevate itself into a religion, to have a "service," forsooth, and even a liturgy. The liturgy consists mainly of what is called "The Scientific Statement of Being," which is repeated audibly, standing, like the creed in other churches. In the 75th and perhaps later editions of "Science and Health," this "Scientific Statement of Being" reads as follows:

"There is no life-substance or intelligence in matter. All is mind; there is no matter. Spirit is immortal truth; matter is mortal error. Spirit is the real and eternal; matter is the unreal and temporal. Spirit is God, and man is his image and likeness; hence, man is spiritual and not material."

Of a thing which is said to have no existence, it seems redundant to speak of it as being destitute of certain specified attributes, for it must obviously be destitute of all conceivable attributes, and this the author of the "Statement" appears to have realized, for in the 91st edition of "Science and Health," published in 1894, the "Scientific Statement of Being" is amended thus: "There is no life, *truth*, substance, or intelligence in matter; all is infinite mind and its manifestations," etc. Why the constitution of matter should thus be arbitrarily bereft of only one of the cardinal virtues is left wholly to conjecture.

In the esoteric nomenclature of Christian Science there is a something called "Mortal Mind," which has no place in any recognized system of philosophy, and must be an altogether original conception. I am not sure that I know what it is; for, although "Science and Health" gives a *scientific* definition of it, that only makes it more obscure. Whatever it is, it does not appear to be held in any greater repute than matter.

Mortal mind, we are told, "is a lazar-house—a dismal cell and slaughter-house of infamy;" it is "the worst foe of the body," "it is the cause of organic disease," and so on, in quite superfluous iteration; for, after all, as in the case of matter, it has really no existence. Mortal mind, we are assured, "is a solecism in language, and involves an improper use of the word mind." "As the phrase is used in Christian Science, it is meant to designate something which has no real existence."

The triad, "sin, sickness and death," in Christian Science, go hand in hand, like the Erinyes in Greek and the Parcae in Roman mythology. The Greeks gave their three Furies a good name to propitiate them, but with more unique optimism Christian Science converts her triad into mere illusions of the fancy, "due to a belief in matter." We are told that "if sin, sickness and death were understood as nothingness, they would disappear;" that "the belief in sin is an unconscious error in the beginning." The conception of sin as a *belief* is of undoubted originality.

In one of her pamphlets, entitled "Unity of Good and Unreality of Evil," Mrs. Eddy informs us, in her usual oracular style, that God himself (the god of Christian Science, of course) knows nothing whatever of sin, or "has no knowledge of its existence," as she elsewhere puts it. "No doctrine of Christian Science rouses so much natural doubt and questioning as this, that God knows no such thing as sin." Of course, if sin has no existence, ignorance of its existence on the part of omniscience is quite excusable; but Mrs. Eddy ought to be far more candid here, for a doctrine like this is not to be trifled with.

Some of the doctrines and oracular statements of Christian Science, if they were only true, would be rather startling; as it is, they excite no little surprise, to say the least of it, none more so than the doctrine that God knows nothing about sin. But even more surprising than the doctrine are the alleged extraordinary results that sometimes attend the holding of it, and it would appear that the magnitude of the results is directly proportional to the strength of the belief in the doctrine. It is not the mere truth of a doctrine that counts for much in Christian Science, but one's belief in it; that is the principal factor. In her pamphlet, "Unity of Good," page 8, Mrs. Eddy says:

"When I have most clearly seen and most sensibly felt that the Infinite recognizes no sin, this has not separated me from God, but has so bound me to him as to enable me instantaneously to heal a cancer which had eaten its way to the jugular vein. In the same spiritual condition I have been able to replace dislocated joints and raise the dying to speedy health."

The inference is that to be a successful practitioner in "divine metaphysical healing"—or "spiritual scientific mind-healing," one is all the better of being able to clearly see and sensibly feel that the "Infinite" is wholly ignorant of the existence of sin.

(To be continued.)

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PATRIOTISM AN ANACHRONISM.

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOI.

WHEREVER the authorities succeed, by a series of simultaneous and concerted measures, which are always at their command, in bringing the vulgar masses into an abnormally excited state, they say to us: Behold, this is a spontaneous manifestation of the popular will. Such manifestations as recently took place in Toulon and in Paris, or in Germany during the reception of the Emperor and Bismarck, or such as take place in Russia during all solemnities, only prove that the means of exciting the masses which are lodged in the hands of the authorities and the ruling classes, are so powerful that those possessing them can call forth at any time any kind of manifestation they wish, by simply appealing to the people's patriotic sentiments. But, on the other hand, nothing proves so effectively the absence of patriotism in the people as just these tremendous efforts, which are periodically made by the authorities and ruling classes for artificially exciting the patriotism of the people.

If the patriotic spirit is so innate in the people, why not let it show itself freely and of its own accord, instead of exciting it continually by all sorts of artifices? Let them stop in Russia, for a while at least, the practice of compelling the people to swear allegiance to every new Tzar, let them cease saying solemn prayers for the Tzar during every mass, let them cease celebrating his birthdays with the tolling of bells, with illuminations and the compulsory stoppage of work; let them cease placing his image in every public place, let them cease printing his name in large letters in all the prayer-books, calendars, and text-books; let them cease extolling him in all the books and papers which are printed for that purpose; let them cease throwing people into prison for the least disrespectful word said of him,—let them cease doing all such things, and then we shall see how much inclination there is inborn in the Russian people, in the genuine working classes, in Procophy, in Ivan, to adore his Tzar, who for his pains delivers him into the hands of the landed proprietor and the rich capitalist.

Thus it is in Russia. And it is so elsewhere. Let the ruling classes of other countries, of Germany, of France, of Italy, and the rest, cease exciting the patriotism of their people, and we shall see how innate this imaginary spirit is in the populations of our time.

Their method, however, is to befog the minds of the people from infancy by every possible means—by the perversion of educational text-books, by the celebration of public masses, by sermons, speeches, books, papers, and monuments. They gather together a few thousand people by bribery or by force, further increasing their numbers by loafers, and when this mob, amid the booming of cannon and the strains of music, blinded by

all sorts of glitter, yells what has been suggested to it beforehand, they call it an expression of the popular will.

But, in the first place, it is only about one ten-thousandth part of the whole population who do the yelling during such festivities; in the second place, out of all this mass, about one-half is gathered by some strong attraction if not collected forcibly, as is done in Russia; in the third, out of all those thousands only a few score really know what is the matter, while the rest would yell and wave their caps just as frantically if something else and exactly the contrary took place in its stead; and lastly, the police are always present on such occasions ready to grab any one who has the hardihood or misfortune to yell something different from what has been prescribed by the authorities.

In France, under Napoleon I., they welcomed with the same enthusiasm the war against Russia, as they did later Alexander I. against whom the war had been waged; and then again they greeted with enthusiasm Napoleon, and later the allies, and then the Bourbons, the Orleans, the Republic, Napoleon III., and Boulanger. In Russia they receive equally well, to-day Peter, to-morrow Catherine, the day after Paul, Alexander, Constantine, Nicolas, Prince Lichtenberg, the Slavonian brethren, the Prussian king, and the French sailors, or in fact any one whom the authorities wish them to welcome. The same takes place in England, in America, in Germany, and in all other countries.

The so-called patriotism of our time is, on the one hand, a certain mood, or frame of mind, which is being constantly aroused in the people and maintained by school, religion and a venal press, to suit the wishes of the government; and on the other hand, it is a temporary excitement aroused in the lower classes—who are both morally and intellectually inferior—by the ruling classes, and then vaunted by them as the will of the whole people.

What now is that lofty sentiment which, in the opinion of the ruling classes, should be ingrafted in the minds of the people?

Strictly speaking, it is nothing more nor less than the preference of one's own government and people, a sentiment well expressed in the German patriotic song: "*Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles.*"

Replace Deutschland by Russland, Frankreich, Italien, or N. N., and you have an extremely lucid form of the lofty sentiment of patriotism. It may be that this sentiment is very desirable and very useful to the authorities and to the integrity of States, but one cannot help seeing that it is not in any respect lofty. On the contrary, it is very stupid and immoral. It is stupid because, if every State considers itself the superior of all others, then evidently all of them are wrong. It is immoral because it necessarily leads every man who possesses it to seek advantages for his own State at the expense of other States,—a desire absolutely antagonistic to the fundamental and generally accepted moral law, which is: Do not do unto others what you would not have them do unto you.

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of every man devotion to what was then the highest attainable ideal, that of the mother-country. But how can it be a virtue in our day when it demands what is contrary to the ideal both of our religion and morality,—the denial of the equality and the fraternity of man, and the acknowledgment of the supremacy of one State, of one people above all others? Furthermore, this sentiment not only is not a virtue now, but it is undeniably a vice. Patriotism in its true sense has neither material nor grounds for existence.

Patriotism could have meaning in the ancient world where every people, more or less homogeneous in its composition, and possessing the same state creed, formed, as it were, an island in the midst of a threatening sea of barbarians.

It is clear that, under such circumstances, patriotism, which was the impulse to repel invasions of barbarians who were ready to overthrow public institutions, to rob and to capture men and women, was then a very natural sentiment, and the man of that time, in order to save himself and his countrymen, was naturally justified in preferring his own people to others, and in cherishing animosity towards the surrounding barbarians, and even in killing them in defence of his people.

But what meaning can that sentiment have in our Christian era? What justifies a man now-a-days, a Russian, for instance, in killing the French, or the Germans; or what justifies the French in killing the Germans, when they know very well, however ignorant they may be, that the people of the fellow-nation, against whom their patriotic enmity is excited, are no barbarians, but men like themselves, Christians, often of the same creed and denomination as they, wishing nothing but peace and a peaceful exchange of the products of labor, and, furthermore, having the same common interests, industrial, or commercial, or intellectual, or all three together. It happens very frequently that a certain portion of people of one nation are more intimately connected with the people of another nation than with their own countrymen, as is the case with men in the employment of a foreigner, or with merchants generally, and particularly with men of science and artists.

Besides, the very conditions of life have changed in our times, where the so-called mother-country, as distinguished from everything around it, has ceased to be so well-defined as it was in the ancient world, where the individuals composing it belonged to the same race and the same creed. An Egyptian's, a Jew's, a Greek's patriotism is clear to us. In defending their country they defended their race, their creed, their institutions and their birthplace.

But in what does the patriotism of an Irishman in the United States consist, who by creed belongs to Rome, by race to Ireland, and by residence to the United States? In the same predicament are the Bohemian in Austria, the Pole in Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the Hindu in the British Empire, the Tartar and the Armenian in Russia and Turkey. And leaving aside individuals of subjugated races, the citizens even of

our most homogeneous states, such as Russia, France and Prussia, cannot have the same sentiment of patriotism as that which characterized the ancients, because their whole life's interests frequently lie outside their nation and in the very country against which their patriotic hatred is excited. A man's family interests may be there; his wife may be a foreigner; his economical interests, his capital may be there; his intellectual, his scientific and artistic interests,—they all may be abroad, in the very country he is expected to make war against.

Why patriotism is impossible in our time is mainly because, despite all our efforts to suppress the sense of Christianity in the course of 1800 years, it nevertheless crops out into our lives and has such a hold on it, that even men most coarse and stupid cannot help seeing the total incompatibility of patriotism with those moral precepts which guide their lives.*

I M M O R T A L I T Y .

Oh ! for the eye of bard or seer,
To pierce this dead Cimmerian gloom,
To penetrate beyond the tomb,
And make its hidden secrets clear.

Our lives are drear, our souls are dark,
But what is life ? and what is soul ?
Two titles for one simple whole,
Centred in one electric spark.

Our hopes are dim, our faith is cold,
The olden creeds no more suffice
For those who look with wakened eyes,
And see the mockeries they hold.

Science and wisdom, hand in hand,
Have shed such light on ancient tales,
That reason o'er blind faith prevails,
And priestcraft can no longer stand.

But still each soul its hope will keep,
To flicker round the shattered faith,
To consecrate the calm of Death,
And bring us gently to our sleep.

The Agnostic and Other Poems.

GEORGE ANDERSON.

* Reprinted from THE OPEN COURT, Chicago.

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IS SPACE FINITE OR INFINITE ?

BY J. SPENCER ELLIS, TORONTO.

PERHAPS the most remarkable feature of the intellectual activity of the present day is the avidity with which some of the cultured—and many of the uncultured—classes attack those problems of existence which have baffled the keenest minds of all the ages. The immense number of new cults—from Buddhistic transformations in Japan and creedless Christian churches in the States to Devil Worshippers in Paris (and in the light of the words of Dr. Carus in our last issue this last may possibly be one of the least foolish and objectionable),—bespeaks not only mental activity, but originality and courage. We cannot but look upon this activity as the natural outcome of the scientific progress of the past century, aided by the active and fearless advocacy of Freethought and materialistic philosophy, which has aroused the mentality of the masses. It marks the advent of the new era of secular thought, following the era of religious thought inaugurated by the Reformation. For, though a few master-minds, such as Galileo, Kepler, Bacon, Newton, Hume and Kant, had cultivated, as it were, a few choice garden plots, the seed which could take root in the broad fields of humanity at large had been wanting, until scientific and philosophical investigations were reduced to understandable theories by such men as Humboldt and Lyell, Darwin and Spencer. Then were the minds of the masses touched, and a new period of thought and radical discussion inaugurated. And, naturally, while the keenest minds have seen the impossibility of successfully attacking the problems of final causes, many minds of less acuteness, though trained in all the outward forms of logic, have imagined that no problem was too great for solution by their intellects. It is a phase of the development of man's mentality that cannot be avoided. For it was not to be expected that the theologian and the metaphysician would vacate without a struggle the harvest-field they had cultivated for so many ages ; or, indeed, that their victims would be able immediately to grasp and act upon the new ideas. The virus of the old dualistic notions had become too deeply infused into their very tissues, their language, their thoughts ; and if, at first, it seemed that the Age of Reality and Truth had arrived, we have only to glance around us to see that what we thought was the glare of the full sunrise is only the first gray streak of dawn breaking through the heavy clouds of a night of Superstition and Myth. And thus it is that we find scientists of undoubted ability still boggling themselves in their efforts to correlate the truths they can understand and prove with indefinite or infinite speculations that admit of neither comprehension nor proof.

This is nowhere seen more conspicuously than in those discussions that have taken place of recent years under the title of the New Geometry. Geometry has been called an exact science, because its propositions are proved conclusively and demonstrably ; yet it is contended that the very fundamentals still lack clear scientific proof, and advantage is taken of this contention to rehabilitate the old exploded notion that the human mind can solve the ultimate problems of the universe.

We are told that the New Geometers can conceive of space of four dimensions ; that parallel lines may enclose a space ; that it is impossible to prove that the three angles of a triangle are exactly equal to two right angles ; that a straight

line may possibly not exactly coincide with a plane in all its parts; and that a straight line may conceivably be a little curved. And in answer to the objection that a straight line may be *seen* to be straight, it is suggested that the lines of light may possibly also not be true straight lines. This last question of a straight line was referred to in an article in our last issue; and, as it is really the fundamental point of the controversy, we may confine ourselves to it on this occasion. If, indeed, we cannot be certain that a straight line is really straight, then we can be certain of nothing at all in geometry.

Confronted by the obvious fact that it is utterly impossible for the human mind to conceive either a boundary to space or its infinitude, not content with the modesty of an agnostic position, and animated by a desire to in some way solve this part of the problem of existence, the New Geometer imagines that it will help the matter by supposing that straight lines may possibly be a little curved, and that thus, when looking out on a starlight night, we may be looking along a line which, were our sight keen enough, would actually enable us to see the back of our own head, after our line of sight had passed by Sirius, the Southern Cross, and the Pole Star *en route*. Sir Robert Stawell Ball, in an article on this question of the possible crookedness of a straight line, in the *Fortnightly Review*, (quoted in Dr. Paul Carus's "Primer of Philosophy," p. 95) and referred to in an article by Mr. Underwood in our last issue, says:

"If any one should think this a difficulty, I would recommend him to try to affix a legitimate definition to the word 'straight.' He will find that the strictly definable attributes of straightness are quite compatible with the fact that a particle moving along a straight line will ultimately be restored to the point from which it departed."

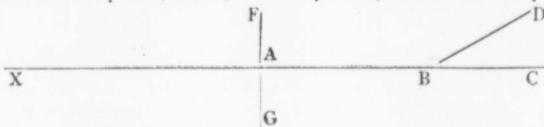
The absurdity of such a conception seems to need no exposition; and yet the notion is gravely put forward by one of the greatest mathematicians of our time.

Equally amusing, too, is the assumption that such propositions offer no difficulty to the experienced geometer; that, without special training, an ordinary man cannot comprehend what a straight line really is; and that a true conception of it can only be obtained by a man who has become so imbued with geometrical knowledge, that he can conceive of a straight line which is just a trifle different from a straight line as imagined by a common man.

And this may be true. But it only proves that, in these abstract speculations, the geometer has entered the same field as the metaphysician. He has endowed a formula of words with a meaning which has no relation to actual facts, and which can only be comprehended after a course of training that gives the inquirer a new key certainly, but one utterly useless to unlock the problems of reality.

The worst condemnation of such solutions is to be found in the fact that they in no way remove the difficulties of the original problem. Indeed, as in the case of the assumption of a superior and spiritual power controlling our material universe, or of a first cause, the proposition only calls for fresh explanations.

To illustrate the point: Let X A C be a portion of the postulated circular-straight line. It is evident that what is true of any one point in this line must be true of all other points; and as, from the point A, we can look into space in



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all directions (towards X, F, C, G, etc.), so we may from any other point (as E) look in all directions (as D), and so on *ad infinitum*. We do not in the least avoid the Finite *vs.* Infinite *crux* by this proposition, as our "geometrically" crooked-straight line may commence at any and all points of our "not quite" infinity.

Again, if the geometrician's straight line can vary from a true straight line in one direction, why not in all directions? To get back to its starting-point, it must keep in the same true plane; but if it be not true that a plane coincides with a straight line, it is clear that the straight line will not return to its starting-point, but, missing it, will continue in an endless spiral. In this view, we shall have space defined as an infinitely extended cylinder—a veritable bottomless pit.

But perhaps the most ridiculous height of stultification is manifest, when we consider that this attempt only endeavors to eliminate the difficulty of bounded space or infinity by postulating what, from the very nature of the case, means in reality only a *boundary* capable of *unlimited extension*! We can hardly avoid asking, What is beyond infinity?

In the whole discussion, the fact seems to be frequently lost sight of that the problem to be solved is not one of practical mechanics—the accuracy, say, of a machinist's surface-plate,—but is simply one of the clear and accurate definition of a mental concept. Putting on one side the ridiculous assumption that the trained mathematician can form a truer conception of a straight line than a boot maker who works by the rule of thumb; that his greater knowledge gives him a power of conceiving the existence of space of four or more dimensions; it is evident that, if a straight line be so defined that it cannot be conceived to be in any way curved without violating the definition, the definition will be axiomatic, and Sir Robert Ball's assumption will fall to the ground.

Taking Euclid's definition, we may say: "A straight line is one which lies evenly between its extremes, and which, viewed from any point in itself or in a production of it, will appear as a point." It may be said that this still leaves open the question of lines of light being themselves really straight; but it may be contended that the experience of astronomers is sufficient evidence of this being a natural fact. But Sir Robert Ball will say that an infinitesimal variation such as he contemplates might exist without vitiating the astronomer's conclusions; but we may equally validly retort, that if so, it must remain without any means of proof. And again we may say, the whole matter is entirely beside any such practical consideration; it is based on a mental conception. If indeed, the lines of light are curved, it must be supposed that they are curved in some uniform manner, or they may possibly assume the shape of a trumpet or of a ram's horn, which to the astronomer of the future may furnish an interesting study.

Dr. Carus makes another addition to the definition: that if the line be turned round itself upon any two points in its length, if straight, it will not change its place. And with this, I conclude that straight lines and planes may be defined so that they can no longer lend themselves to Sir Robert Ball's fantastic effort to circumvent the infinite by means of a very imperfect and finite instrument.

A Straight Line is one which lies evenly between its two extreme points; or which, if turned round itself upon any two points in its length, will not change its place; or which, if viewed from any point in itself, or in a production of it, will appear as a *point*.

A Plane is a surface such that, if viewed from any point in itself or in a production of it, it will appear as a *straight line*.

THE STAGE AND ORCHESTRA.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

WHEN the clever little lady known to the world as Rosina Vokes, in the prime of life and power, passed so suddenly away, it was said that the gaiety of two continents had been for the time eclipsed. To the public her death appeared to come with terrible abruptness; but to those who knew, it was not so. Mrs. Price had long suffered from pronounced weakness of the heart, which the hard work of the stage, constant travelling, continued worry, and her restless energy, tended much to aggravate. The death, at the early age of 44, of Sir Augustus Harry Glossop Harris, the most successful theatrical manager of the century, is in some respects not dissimilar to that of Rosina Vokes. Augustus Harris—or 'Gus Harris, as his friends invariably called him—had been a sick man for many years, suffering from an internal complaint, which, ceasing apparently now and again in the actual suffering produced, would lull the victim into a false security of hope, only to renew its attacks with increased virulence. It has been said that he died of overwork; but this was only partially true. Whenever a busy man dies in harness, this remark is sure to be made. In the case of Mr. Harris—while it might possibly be true that he could have lived a little longer had he gone to some quiet seaside resort and rested—the objection was, that the man was so built that he could not rest. In a railway train, he was usually seen with notebook in hand, jotting down memoranda for future reference; on a steamer, while other people slept, he would walk the deck all night and think out a plot for a new play, or some detail of Drury Lane or Covent Garden management. Mr. Harris knew that his life would probably be a short one, and he doubtless sought relief from both mental and bodily anguish in the exciting activity of a theatrical manager's life,—a life trying enough in any circumstances, but intensely more so when we consider the large and numerous ventures of which Sir Augustus Harris was the moving spirit. In such circumstances, is it a matter for wonder that 'Gus sought still further relief, during the later years, in a constant and increasing use of stimulants? And be it remembered, in doing this he was only doing what hundreds of thousands of busy men with brains and energy are doing all over the world to-day, let those with neither brains to use nor work to do prate never so wisely.

The last coherent words that Sir Augustus uttered were: "I want a good long sleep; don't let me be disturbed;" and the poor fellow has it now, in Brompton Cemetery, where lie also his intimate co-workers, Paul Merritt and Henry Pettitt, and so many more whose loved names were familiar to that merry world both before and behind the footlights. It is no part of my province here to attempt any critical analysis of the work that Harris did. Suffice it that the dramas he produced—usually in conjunction with Pettitt or Merritt—were successful, and paid. To some people, this may not seem, I know, a high test of excellence; but remember it is the one and only test from a manager's point of view. The plays these gentlemen produced were as a rule melodramas in which sensationalism and "stage effect" counted for much, but pieces like "The World," "Youth," "A Life of Pleasure," "Human Nature," "A Million of Money," etc., which fixed the attention of countless thousands of playgoers alike in England, Canada and the United States, could not have been without considerable merit, whatever some carping critics may say. Playwrights, as a rule to-day, do not trouble to write for professional critics or a few *soi-disant* "superior people."

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The most successful plays now-a-days are those which appeal to the common sense of humor and the common sentiments of the masses of the people. The failure of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebb-smith" is evidence of this. The first production would have been hissed off any stage if attempted by less respected artists than the Kendals; while the latter received a short shrift from a public which, having paid its money, was independent enough to take its choice, uninfluenced by flowery "advanced notices" or "inspired" newspaper paragraphing. If, then, popular appreciation and an overflowing treasury be the criteria of success for play-wrights and managers to-day, certainly the late Sir Augustus Harry Glossop Harris was the premier of them all. Twenty years ago he was playing subordinate parts in a London theatre at a salary of five pounds a week, and died in only his forty-fourth year, the central figure of theatrical managers throughout the world, and was honored in his life and in his death as no man similarly placed has ever been before.

In the theatrical profession, the artist who has not arrived at the dignity of a "nickname" after a short stage experience may be counted as a "back number;" he may be used to fill gaps, but no one really wants him. Sir Augustus Harris was to the last simply "Gus" to his intimates and friends, but he had for many years been "Druriolanus" to the profession. He was a member of the St. Martin's-le-Grand Lodge (No. 1536) of Freemasons, a member of the Loriners Company of London, etc.; and the way in which "Druriolanus" was honored in his death, not alone by the profession, but by all classes of the people, was something unparalleled in the annals of the stage. The fact that Queen Victoria has knighted Sir Henry Irving and Sir Augustus Harris shows the appreciation that august lady has for the profession which not long since was legally stigmatized as a band of "rogues and vagabonds," for the regulation of which special legislation was needed and special penalties were prescribed. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that the English royal family was well represented at the grave of Sir Augustus Harris; but I think it is surprising to find the occasion taken by the public for an overwhelming popular demonstration of respect. Twenty years ago, if a dozen of the leading actors and actresses in the world's metropolis had been buried in one day, I do not believe that it would have made any particular commotion. But the story of the funeral of "Druriolanus" sounds like that of an important State function on the death of a popular member of the royal house. A friend of mine who was present writes to me a full account of the sad ceremony, thus enabling me to give more ample details than have been yet published in America. A special detachment of 250 police was told off to keep an open space around the grave for the mourners and immediate followers of the *cortege*. To suit the convenience of artists with *matinee* engagements, the procession left the house of the deceased as early as 10 o'clock in the morning. Not many minutes after the cemetery gates were opened, fully ten thousand people had collected in the grounds, which number was augmented by a continual stream of humanity until long after 11 o'clock, at which time the melancholy procession entered the gates. From the Elms, Avenue-road, Regent's Park (where the deceased died), to Brompton Cemetery is over two miles, and the streets along the route were lined with many thousands of sympathetic onlookers. The procession included four hearses, the first bearing the coffin, and all heavily-laden with floral tributes, the list of those contributing being headed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

The companies of Covent Garden and Drury Lane sent an exquisite broken column beautifully built up of flowers, with a lyre with broken strings at its base. The Covent Garden chorus sent a large wreath of white flowers, and the *employes* of the Royal Italian Opera a wreath of flowers in white wax. "The Telephone Girl" company sent a tribute in the form of an anchor made up of lilies, with a cable of bluebells. The offering of the artists and staff of Olympia was a magnificent floral lyre, six feet high and five wide, composed of the choicest orchids and other flowers, set with maidenhair fern. In all, some hundreds of wreaths were presented, making altogether such a floral display as it is safe to say has never before been seen at any funeral.

The coaches immediately following were occupied by Mr. Charles Harris, brother, Mr. F. B. Rendle, brother-in-law, and Mr. W. Rendle, nephew of the deceased; Mr. Neil Forsythe, Lord Londesborough, Lord de Grey, Messrs A. Collins, F. C. Burnand, Arthur à Becket, H. V. Higgins, Dr. Gilbert Smith, Dr. Distin Maddick, Sir W. Broadbent, Dr. Ford Anderson, Messrs. Herbert Campbell, Dan Leno, Cecil Raleigh, Arthur Sturgess, Hy. Hamilton, Ed. Hall, Signor Bevignani, and Rev. F. K. Povah.

Then followed a long line of private carriages, bringing Mr. G. Durlacher, Mr. Clement Scott, Mr. Henry Neville, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, Mr. Charles Warner, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. S. Bancroft, Mr. J. Billington, Mr. Walter Weblyn, Mr. T. H. Bolton, Mr. James Fernandez, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Michael Levenston, Mr. Edward Lee, C. C., Mr. W. H. Denny, Mr. G. Adney Payne, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. C. R. Brighten, Mr. J. M. Glover, Mr. Charles Wyndham, M. F. W. Wyndham, Mr. R. Newman, Mr. Lionel Monckton, Mr. H. J. Hitchens, Mr. Henri Cros, Mr. H. Coote, Mr. M. Gluckstein, M. J. Lyons, Mr. Edward Swanborough, Mr. Vernon Dowsett, Mr. H. Lundy, Mr. Herbert Newson-Smith, Mr. G. S. Edwards, and Mr. W. Clarkon. Among those assembled at the graveside were Mr. Justice Hawkins, Sir Edward Lawson, Mr. Harry Lawson, Mr. John S. Clarke, Mr. Jean de Reszke, Mr. John Crook, Mr. Hermann Klein, Mr. H. Morell, M. Alias, Mr. C. P. Little, Mr. Julius Price, Mr. D. Bispham, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Alfred Smythson, Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Spiers, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Sydney Brough, Mr. C. St. John Denton, Mr. L. Lablache, Mr. C. J. Davis, Lord Francis Hope, Mr. Sydney Smith, Mr. C. H. Hawtrej, Mr. Arthur Chudleigh, Mr. Walter Goodman, Mr. Ellison, Mr. Matthew Brodie, Mr. William Terriss, Mr. Weldon Watts, Mr. T. Foster, Mr. J. C. Parkinson, Mr. Fred. Horner, Mr. J. Le Sage, Mr. Tom Lovell, Whimsical Walker, Mr. J. A. Cave, Mr. J. Bookbinder, Mr. Charles Morton, Mr. W. Morton, Sir Henry de Bathe, Mr. W. Kuhe, Mr. Lionel Rignold, Mr. A. Caldicott, Mr. Matt Robson, Mr. H. De Free (Liverpool), Mr. E. C. Silverthorne, Mr. M. Angel, Mr. E. Robey, Mr. Napier Barry, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. W. H. Combes, Mr. Baybliss, Miss Alma Stanley, Mr. S. H. S. Austin and Mr. George Edwardes, of the London Gaiety.

The large majority of the names here mentioned are those of people having world-wide reputations in literature, art, and society; all of them are celebrities in London. Certainly, such a representative gathering of the intellect of a great nation never before assembled round an actor's grave.

Sir Augustus Harris was born March 18, 1852, and died June 22, 1896.

As far as Toronto is concerned, this is the dull season, and there are no entertainments of a theatrical or musical nature going on, unless we consider the very

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light vaudeville shows being given at the Roof Garden on the Island as coming within the category of legitimate shows. Our principal local managers, Messrs. Sheppard and Small, have both been to New York arranging "bookings" for next season; and I understand that many good attractions will appear at all three houses, though the official lists are not yet issued.

The Princess's Theatre and the Grand Opera House will both open in due course, though whether both will continue open is another matter. There may be nothing in the persistent rumor that the Princess's is to be pushed for all it is worth, at the expense of the Grand (for financial reasons which need not be entered into here); I hope the story is not correct. But if such a thing be attempted, I take the liberty to predict failure. The past associations of the Grand Opera House will count for something, and locality will count for much more. The Princess's is comparatively out of the way; this may appear a small matter, but it is only those in the business who have the slightest idea what a mere trifle will do to stem or stimulate popular appreciation of a place of amusement. One thing is to be desired by the theatre-going public—that the management of the Grand Opera House may see the absolute necessity of doing a little painting and papering during the next few weeks. For a first-class theatre in a city of the size and pretensions of Toronto, the Grand Opera House could easily take first prize for being in a more advanced stage of dilapidation than any other theatre with which it could be fairly compared.

There is some ground, I believe, this time for the report that a new theatre is to be built here. The proprietor of the Toronto Opera House is in treaty for the site of the old Musee on Yonge Street, and should the deal go through, a handsome theatre on the most approved modern plan will be placed there. The intention is to make it a high-priced house. The situation is, of course, a splendid one, but whether Toronto is just now in a position to support still another theatre is a matter on which—were I asked—I should express a very decided opinion.

The Toronto Opera House will open for the season on Monday, August 10, an unprecedentedly early date.

PROFESSIONAL NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Owing to the length of my remarks on the late Sir Augustus Harris, this department of "Stage and Orchestra" is necessarily brief this month.

Mr. Edmund Tearle is studying Lord Byron's play of "Sardanapalus," with intent to produce the piece early next year on a scale of great magnificence in London. The scenery, designed from the illustrations to Layard's "Ancient Nineveh," will include the Palace of Sardanapalus, the Burning Palace, the Hall of Nimrod, the Funeral Pyre, Nineveh by Moonlight, etc. Tearle & Co. will also carry a Battle Tableau, a Great Sensation Scene, and a Thunderbolt.

Another Ellen Terry, daughter of Edward Terry, is to make her first appearance in Juliet before long.

The principal English star actors who are to visit America next season are E. S. Willard, John Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier, Albert Chevalier, and Olga Nethersole, and possibly Charles Wyndham.

The company which Mr. Bouchier will bring with him in November will include the actor-manager's wife, Violet Van Brugh, and Messrs. Blakely, Elliott, Hendrie, King, Horne, Troole, and Irene Van Brugh.

WILFRID WISGAST.

CURRENT OPINIONS.

GOLD, SILVER, OR PAPER?

"WHEN doctors disagree," the patient stands a poor show; but in the contest now waxing hot in the States, patients and physicians alike seem inextricably confused. The Presidential election, whichever party wins, for both are silverites, will undoubtedly have momentous effects, for there can be no doubt that, while the moneyed classes will make strenuous efforts to prevent either party putting their ideas into effect, the state of the public mind is such that some attempt in that direction is certain to be made. The important question is, how will the attempt be made? We cannot imagine that the wild language used by either side at all fairly describes the intentions or policy of its opponents. We cannot credit the whole people with being intentionally fraudulent. If the Democratic ticket be carried, is it possible to conceive that the U.S. Mint will be ordered to receive silver bullion and hand back an equal weight of coined dollars worth just twice as much? A writer points out that the silver dollar at present in circulation is equal in value to the gold or paper dollar because it is limited in supply and can be accepted by the Government in payment of taxes. This, so far as the Government (that is, the people) is concerned, is a test of its utility and the parity of its amount to requirements; and the same test would apply to paper money. And finally the whole question depends upon the financial stability of the people and their ability to pay in goods of their own production for whatever they may need. To manipulate the currency in favor of individuals or classes, hitherto the rule, is sure to lead to disaster; and the only remedy is for the Government to control the whole issue of currency, and to make whatever profit there may be in it. The wild talk about repudiation is beside the mark. Repudiation would soon bring its own nemesis. The following extracts are culled from a very large number selected from all parts of the Union by our valued contemporary, *Public Opinion*, of New York:

The essence of the free-silver Populistic platform adopted by the Chicago convention is anarchy. No wild-eyed and rattle-brained horde of the red flag ever proclaimed a fiercer defiance of law, precedent, order and government. It is the hysterical declaration of a reckless and lawless crusade of sectional animosity and class antagonism.—*New York Mail and Express*.

The free-silver panacea may be as vicious as McKinleyism, but it is not so patent a fraud.—Vicksburg (Miss.) *Commercial Herald*.

The silver craze as manifested at Chicago is a crusade born of despair, the last, abortive struggle of a dying party.—New Haven (Conn.) *Palladium*.

The platform is the best and strongest that has been adopted for years. It should command the support of every free silverite and advocate of democratic government.—Opelika (Ala.) *News*.

The Chicago platform cannot be accepted. The United States was made democratic, and it must remain so. Free-silver coinage would be national dishonor and a monumental anachronism.—*New York Sun*.

The Democracy is fighting for the people. It repudiates protection for the trusts, and demands protection for the poor man, and a chance for him to enjoy the fruits of his labors.—Kansas City (Mo.) *Times*.

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A political organization can survive being made odious, but there is peril in making it ridiculous. The nomination of a "boy orator" for the White House, at this juncture of the nation's affairs, domestic and foreign, when the ripest experience, the best-tested wisdom, the broadest patriotism, and the greatest executive ability are required, comes perilously near taking this one fatal step from the sublime. There is no doubt as to the result of the election except as to the size of McKinley's popular and electoral majorities.—*New York World*.

We feel assured that all true Democrats will justify us in deciding that we cannot give the support of the *Times* to the leprosy of the Chicago platform and its politically diseased candidates. We cannot, consistently, ask honest men to vote for them.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times*.

The platform agreed upon is such a mass of falsehood, clumsy subterfuge, and deceit that no self-respecting Democrat can support it. It is characteristic of the mob that framed and accepted it.—*New Haven (Conn.) Register*.

It is a good ticket a ticket that represents honest industry, a Democratic ticket in every sense of the word. It is a ticket that ought to win, and which we have faith will win.—*Cleveland (O.) Plaindealer*

The "50-cent dollar" talk of the gold bugs is the veriest rot. The United States is the greatest nation in the commercial world to-day, and her money will not be measured by any other standard than her own.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) Register*.

This model platform is a document that will become historic. On the principles therein set forth, the great Democratic party will be led to the most overwhelming victory that a political organization has ever won in this country.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution*.

A platform that breathes sincerity, independence, and patriotism in every plank, which is so simple and straightforward that any citizen of ordinary intelligence can understand its meaning; and one that is absolutely free from straddling and dodging.—*Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle*.

It is a superb selection of a Democratic candidate that the convention made. Among the subjects of his study the money question fascinated him, and with the ceaseless reading and thought which he has devoted to it for years, it is hardly astonishing, when his bright intelligence is taken into account, that he is one of the few Americans who understand it in all its intricacies from alpha to omega. The Democracy has thrown itself into his arms. That Mr. Bryan will be a winner is a foregone conclusion.—*New Orleans (La.) Times-Democrat*.

The situation is grave in the extreme, if not as critical as it was in 1860, and we counsel patience and wisdom on the part of thinking men in this emergency.—*Milwaukee (Wis.) Journal*.

Another such platform as this of Chicago has not been seen for many years. There is reason to pray that such another may never be seen. Not because of its frankness, for that is its only merit. Other platforms have meant about as much and said next to nothing. But this one, crude, graceless, and blunt, is plainly the work of men who mean to do all that they say, and whose fierce passions will rush them into doing even more if they ever can.—*New York Tribune*.

It would be well for the eastern press to take note of the fact that the Chicago convention is an assemblage of exceptionally able men.—*Denver Republican*.

FROM OUR OWN OBSERVATORY.

Death of Mr. Allen Pringle, of Selby, Ont.

The death of Allen Pringle is one that will be felt as a personal loss by every Liberal in Canada. For the last quarter of a century his name has been constantly before the country, as that of a broad-minded and clear-headed man, whose contributions to the public discussions of current questions have always been marked, not only by clear and forcible statements of his own opinions, but by fair and tolerant treatment of those of his opponents, and by an entire absence of the personalities which so often mar the writings of many clever men. To say that he was an enthusiast on the unpopular side of many debatable subjects is only to say that he was an ardent worshipper of truth—a man who would have thought himself degraded had he been without an opinion on most of the important questions of his time, and who yet would have scorned to express an opinion unless he could back it up with some valid "reasons for the faith that was in him." Every Liberal could feel certain, whenever a leading question was being discussed, that Allen Pringle would not fail to be to the front with a lucid and powerful and good-humored statement of the Liberal position; and his contributions were readily inserted by friends and foes alike. Just as he was removed from among us by the icy hand of death, he had undertaken to contribute three separate series of articles on public topics; and to show his indomitable spirit, we may mention that on the very morning preceding the day of his death, he left his bed at 5 o'clock, in order to complete an article he had promised to one of the daily papers. It is highly probable, we think, that his vitality had been somewhat impaired by his exertions in the late political campaign, for he thought the questions involved were of supreme importance to Canada, and he spared himself neither night nor day to further the Liberal cause.

No one who knew Mr. Pringle could fail to be impressed with his personality. Though not a voluble speaker, his utterances were always in good taste, and we have heard him make a few very neat speeches. But he knew his own powers best, and restricted himself almost entirely to his pen. That he was so apt with that was due to one marked feature of his character—method; for, when it is remembered that his life-occupation was that of a farmer, in which capacity he cultivated a fifty-acre farm, to-day a model of neatness and prosperity, besides successfully attending to a large bee farm, it will be understood that without a careful attention to method he could not have succeeded. But, whether in bee-culture or farming or literature, all that he undertook was carried out with unswerving honesty and thoroughness, and with but one single thought—that of doing the best he could for his country and for his neighbors as well as for those who were near and dear to him, and of doing injustice to no man.

As a Freethinker, Mr. Pringle had often been told that his principles would be put to a severe test on his death-bed, but certain it is that they successfully bore the test. It would be impossible for any man to face death with greater calmness than did Allen Pringle. Although aware of his critical condition, and fully conscious up to within ten minutes of his final breath, no word approaching an expression of fear passed his lips. The evening before his death he gave his last words of counsel and consolation to the dear wife and daughter he was so soon to be separated from, the only expression approaching regret being a word of sorrow that he was leaving behind so much unfinished work.

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Most of the leading newspapers had laudatory notices of Mr. Pringle. The *Toronto Mail* said: "The news of his sudden demise was a shock to his many friends in the district, where he was universally esteemed. Mr. Pringle was born in the township of Richmond on April 1st, 1841. He studied medicine for a time, but abandoned it to become an agriculturist and apiarist. He was recognized as one of the leading beekeepers of Ontario, and superintended the honey exhibit at the World's Fair for the Ontario Government. He was a successful and successful farmer also, and his farm, in the township of Richmond, is in all respects a model one. Deceased was a deep thinker and a logical reasoner, and as a writer of clear, forcible English will take high rank. He was a contributor to many magazines and newspapers both in the United States and Canada, and was in close touch with some of the ablest thinkers on this continent. Deceased was a man of sterling honesty and integrity. He was a very abstemious man and a vegetarian."

The *Toronto Globe* said: "We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Allen Pringle, which took place after an illness of a few weeks. Mr. Pringle was a farmer who understood his business thoroughly, and was chosen to represent the important department of beekeeping at the World's Fair. He was a close student of economic questions, especially as they related to the condition of the farmer, and he expressed his views on these questions with much force and clearness. He was engaged in some keen controversies, and he won a reputation as a model fighter, fearless, candid and fair, stating his own opinions clearly and defending them with vigor, and never seeking to misrepresent those of an opponent. In a letter written to the *Globe* a few days ago, Mr. Pringle promised us a series of letters combating our views on the money question. The last few sentences of his letter—his last words to the public, as it turns out—are so characteristic of the man in their courage and good humor, that we repeat them here: "I shall hold myself in readiness when the time comes to answer fairly and squarely any argument in fact, figures, history or science which the *Globe* or any other paper or person can present decently in favor of the gold standard and against bimetalism. This is neither egotism nor fanaticism. It is the confidence that comes from the consciousness that one is right in a great cause. But I write in bed, with much difficulty, and must desist for the present."

The *Montreal Witness* said: "Two weeks ago Mr. Allen Pringle, Selby, was attacked with stomach trouble, and was compelled to desist from food. A week ago he was confined to bed, and died yesterday [July 22]. Born in 1841, in Lennoxville county, he began life as a school teacher, and then became an apiarist, his knowledge of bee-culture making him an authority. He was Ontario's bee commissioner at the World's Fair. He was an able writer on political, religious, and secular matters. His education was all self-taught. A widow and one daughter survive. His father was a local preacher, but the son was an agnostic. He was not a believer in doctors or drugs. Mr. Ellis, Toronto, will deliver an address at his burial to-morrow."

Mr. Pringle was the President of the Canadian Secular Union, and it was at his special request, made to Mrs. Pringle only a few hours before his death, that Mr. Ellis, the secretary of the Union, of Toronto, attended the funeral. It may be mentioned, too, that the address delivered on the occasion consisted mainly of portions of a funeral service which had been prepared by Mr. Ellis and revised by the deceased but a few months ago.

Principal Grant's Proposed Crusade Against the Turks.

Principal Grant has just issued a call to a new Crusade against the Turks. He thinks the United States people are morally bound to do their utmost to make amends for having revived the "ancient faith" of the Armenians, which has been the means of bringing down upon them the condign vengeance of the "unspeakable Turk." In this he is undoubtedly justified; for it is unquestionably a mean thing for the emissaries of a rich nation to entrap the people of a weaker one into a position where thousands of them would be tortured and slaughtered by their enemies, and then to desert them. Mr. Grant thinks England also morally bound to interfere, but asserts that she, like the United States, could do nothing single-handed. And so he calls upon the two nations to make an offensive and defensive alliance and go in and punish the Turks, and settle the Eastern Question. "They have at their command numbers and science, discipline, intelligence and untold wealth. Their navies could strike the Turkish Empire at a dozen points, arouse Arabia to separate, take possession of seaports, levy customs, and maintain order by their marines or an armed police, till abundant security was given for the protection of Christians in Armenia and everywhere else for all time to come. No other power would venture to check them, for no sinister motive could be imputed." Having thus dismembered Turkey and secured peace for the Armenians, by following the [slightly altered] maxim, "The best way to secure peace is to go to war," Mr. Grant thinks "a new hope would dawn on the world, that henceforth the inalienable rights of man would be sacred!" We suppose there has seldom been an occasion of peace-making, even after the bloodiest war, when such dreams have not been indulged in, though how the "inalienable rights of man" are likely to be secured by such a coolly concocted war we are utterly unable to conceive. Mr. Grant recognizes that there would be some danger in the experiment: "It has been said that the first gun fired would be the signal for the massacre of all by the enraged Mohammedans." Mr. Grant, however, thinks the co-operation of England and America would be so overwhelming that it might not be necessary to strike a blow; and thus the two nations would cheaply put an end to a state of things which, as he says, makes "our professions of Christianity the occasion of jeers and scoffs on the part of unbelievers!"

How to Establish the "Kingdom of God on Earth."

Some passages of Principal Grant's letter serve to show how little hope there is of any early advent of the millennium while such counsels are given by our most trusted Christian leaders. The idea that races can be made to coalesce and form permanent peaceful unions through the medium of a bloodthirsty compact to destroy other nations, is one worthy of a King of Dahomey. "What results might be looked for from united action on behalf of Armenia? We have not to do with results." Did ever a reckless fanatic condemn himself so completely? Dr. Grant's policy seems to be to do what we think is "right," which generally amounts to what we wish to do to serve our own ends, and let God attend to the result. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he should praise Peter the Hermit and wish us to imitate his murderous Crusade. Principal Grant tells us that the Crusaders "by their union (!) and valor saved Europe from the dreadful fate of subjection to the Crescent." In this sentence, Mr. Grant, assuming the whole question of the relative effect of religious and material influences on mankind, sets history at defiance, and assumes that the triumph of the Crescent

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would have been worse than the triumph of the Cross actually was. The Crusades themselves, St. Bartholomew, the Inquisition, prosecutions for heresy and witchcraft, are only some of the horrors that have marked the dreadful fate of the western world under Christianity. There is nothing to show that, had the Crescent triumphed, these horrors would have been exceeded or even equalled. But certainly the west would have been saved from three of the most horrible vices that have ever defaced humanity—drunkenness, prostitution and gambling. These vices have probably produced more misery and distress in the world than the more active and prominent efforts of the cut-throats whom Principal Grant would have us emulate. And yet Christianity has failed to eradicate them, and it has been left for modern science and modern thought to take the first steps to this end. "It is our duty to hasten the coming of the kingdom of God," says our modern Crusader; and to this end he would rush into a fanatical war, the horror and extent of which can be but dimly estimated, and—leave the result to God. Truly, grand advice from a prominent Christian divine.

Mahayana Buddhism in Japan.

This is the title of a most interesting paper in the August *Arena*, by Mrs. Annie Elizabeth Cheney, who has for years been a close student of the Flowery Land and the customs, manners and religions of her people. The impetus given to the study of Oriental religions by the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair has led to much serious investigation along these lines and has dispelled many of the absurd ideas in regard to Eastern religions which have so long gained currency amongst all Western peoples. Mrs. Cheney gives a definition of Nirvana which will be new to many readers, and her thoughtful and sympathetic analysis of Mahayana Buddhism will form a valuable contribution to the literature dealing with Oriental religions.

"A Study of the Pentateuch."

We have received from the press of H. L. Hastings, Boston, a copy of Dr. Rufus P. Stebbins' work under the above title. Dr. Stebbins is President and Lecturer on Hebrew Literature and the above title. Dr. Stebbins is President and Lecturer on Hebrew Literature and Professor of Theology at Meadville Theological School (Unitarian). The present issue does credit to the judgment of the publisher. Some few years ago Dr. Stebbins delivered a course of lectures on Biblical criticism, which were shortly afterwards published in one volume by the Christian Register Association of Boston, under the title, "A Study of the Pentateuch." The book, however, was soon regarded as giving too conservative a treatment to the subject, and its publication was discontinued. Mr. Hastings, the Christian publisher, of Boston, however, had read the work, and considered it too valuable to be permitted to drop out of print; he accordingly bought the plates and prepared a large edition, issuing it in connection with his "Anti-Infernal Library," price 40 cents. Such a volume by a learned Unitarian scholar is well worth careful perusal, if for no other reason than to learn why the contentions of some of the destructive critics were rejected by one whose denominational affiliations would naturally lead him to accept them. Not the least valuable part of the volume is the publisher's preface, containing as it does the criticism by Prof. C. H. Toy and some notes by Dr. Stebbins. The author shows many good reasons for concluding that "the Law," the bulk of the Pentateuch, had been in existence long before the rest of the Bible was written, though he specially and wisely disclaims any intention to fix dates for Moses or other writers.

GRAVE AND GAY.

PARSON AND PARROT.

Parrot stories are always good so long as they are true. And, of course, none but true parrot stories ever find their way into print. Here is one for poker players only.

This particular parrot is the property of a Hamilton household, the head of which is inordinately fond of a quiet game of poker. For years it has been his custom to get three or four of his friends together at least twice a week in the snug library of his house, and while away four or five hours of an evening by means of five-cent ante with a quarter limit. The parrot's cage hangs in the same library, except on state occasions, when it is taken into the dining-room.

The man's wife is as devoted to her church as he is to his favorite game. She never misses a meeting, and as often as the good man will come has her pastor to her home for Sunday dinner.

He was there two or three weeks ago. So were a number of other friends of the family. The master of the household presided over the dinner and the conversation was as lively and vivacious as the sanctity of the day would admit.

The clergyman was, and is, one of the liberal-minded up-to-date class of men who are bringing religion in closer touch with the masses, and the masses in closer touch with religion than it has, perhaps, ever been before. His utterances when out of the pulpit are frequently punctuated with every-day expressions, the use of which by a preacher would have been thought strange a decade ago. He also goes so far as to attend the theatre occasionally.

It was he who was talking at the table, and all the others were interested listeners. The subject was the morning service at his church, the attendance upon which had been very large.

"Yes," he said, "I couldn't help remarking to myself as I entered the pulpit, 'well, this is one time I've got a full house.'"

"That's pretty d— good," quickly came in all-too-distinct tones from the parrot's cage. "Take the money, Dick!"

The presence of the preacher, the par-

rot's profanity, and the fact that "Dick" is her husband's name, sent the mistress of the house into a fit of hysterics which nearly broke up the dinner.

As it was, only the particular aptness of the bird's sally saved the day.

PARLEZ VOUS.

"Oh dear! mamma," cried the maiden fair, "Oh dear, what shall I do?"

I want to go to Ottawa, but I can't parlez vous!

And what will become of poor old dad?

Pray tell us that, mamma, He'll never get a Government 'sit,' for he can't parlez pas.

I cannot flirt at a government ball, nor enjoy a moonlight walk

With a government clerk or a new M.P. parceque je can't pas talk.

The young men shrug their shoulders when I speak and say 'Ma foi,

Veel you varee kindly parlez, miss, in de lower Canuck patois?'

So I'll go back to school, mamma, for 'parlez vous,' they say,

Can only be learned en Canada bas, dans l'ecole Laurier.

—*Montreal Star.*

SIGMA.

Johnnie—Paw, the Chinese invented gunpowder, didn't they?

Paw—Yes, Johnnie; but it never really amounted to much for killing purposes until Christians took hold of it.

It is said that during one of Mr. Moody's meetings a worker approached a young man with the question: "Are you a Christian?" The young man looked up, smiling good-naturedly as he replied, "Oh, no, sir; I'm in the business; I am one of the Choir."

A little Brooklyn girl returned from Sunday School in a much agitated state of mind because she had heard that Jesus was a Jew, and straightway appealed to her mother. "Yes, my dear, Jesus was a Jew," said her mother. "Well, mamma, he was the son of God, wasn't he?" "Yes, my dear." "Well," said the little one, "I don't see how Jesus came to be a Jew when God himself is a Presbyterian."