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THE ILLUSION OF PROGRESS.

BY HUGH MORTIMER CECIL.

To come into a reforming party like that of the Rationalists, and pen an article that may, in one way, be looked upon as a suggestion that reform is really unattainable, that the desire to reform is an inveterate illusion, and that in working for reform we are merely obeying an organic impulse which cannot be justified by cold reason, is perhaps a proceeding for which some apology may be required. We so instinctively work for what we consider will be the happiness of others that any suggestion that in so doing we are the victims of the irony of life will be regarded by earnest-minded men as a reprehensible incitement to apathy, as a counsel of indolence in face of the great and grievous suffering under which men groan. When talking this matter over among my own friends, arguing that the desire for reform is only an organic impulse, that it is a part of the irony of things, and that no adequate proof can be given that any given generation is happier than another (owing to the impossibility of finding an immutable standard of happiness), I have always been met with the rejoinder: "But, supposing your arguments to be unanswerable, is it not better to strive after reform, although we do not know whether the future world will be any happier for it, than not to strive at all? Are you not putting a weapon into the hands of the idle, the callous, the indifferent, the reactionary, by suggesting that reason can afford no justification for our attempts at reform?" If that be the criticism passed upon the present article by readers of it, I can only reply, as I have replied to my friends, that the truth is worth investigating for its own sake; that if one of the most important of the springs of our daily conduct is really an ironic delusion, it can do us no harm to know it, and to know our own selves better; and, finally, that, whatever verdict cold reason may pass upon warm impulse, in the present case, at any rate, impulse is the source of action; and that in spite of reflections such as those of the present paper, we are compelled, by the constitution of our nature, by

social pressure, and by hereditary tendency, to act impulsively in the direction of what we conceive to be reform : this overruling of complete reason by semi-reasoned impulse constituting the irony of life, and leading to what I call the illusion of progress.

Let us, to begin with, look at the case in this way. Every one will admit that early training and surroundings count for much in the after-life of the individual, and that, given two children of exactly equal mental powers and precisely similar physique and temperament, it would be possible, by adopting opposite methods of training, by placing them in wholly different intellectual environments, to produce two men whose intellectual habits, social tastes, and religious and political likes and dislikes should be diametrically opposed. Let us assume that each child has an ardent, impulsive temperament, considerable logical power, and a sympathetic bent towards creating happiness for others. Let us further assume that A is brought up under thoroughly religious, and B under thoroughly rationalistic influences ; that A's emotions are from the earliest age trained to grow round Christianity as their centre, while B's emotions are trained to spread themselves over life and humanity, instead of over the dogmas of one particular religion. We can imagine that these two children, when they become men, would exhibit certain resemblances along with certain marked differences. Each would be revolted at the evil and strife and suffering of the world, and spend his life in efforts at reformation ; but while B, with wider vision, would work more on the lines of pure reason, and would regard Christianity as an obstacle to human happiness, A would look upon his religion as the sole regenerator of man, the sole fountain of social well-being, and would employ his logical gifts and training in ingenious efforts to repel the rationalistic attack of his brother. A, in short, would become a Roman Catholic dignitary, fruitful in good works and of flawless moral character, and B a militant Atheist, constantly at war with society ; while A would look upon B's philosophy as cold and unemotional, and B would say of his brother that his one great fault was the sophistry by which he tried to uphold, by means of reason, a religion which he really held to on emotional grounds only, and which his reason must have secretly told him to be indefensible.

Here, then, is a case in which it would be clearly seen how the whole efforts of the lives of two similar men may be made to run in opposite directions by their early growth in different environments. Nor is it difficult to realize the thousand cases in which the antithesis is not quite

so clearly marked as here, the cases in which some influence, unnoticed at the time of its impact, is sufficient to alter the whole course of a man's intellectual life. The chance hearing of a lecture or reading of a book, a chance conversation with a chance acquaintance, may be the means of setting a man upon a totally new line of moral and intellectual and political belief. Clearly we are creatures of circumstance; and clearly also we do but react, to the stimulus of intellectual forces, in accordance with the primal basis of our temperament. Paul's beliefs may have suddenly changed at his "conversion;" but he simply carried over into Christianity the stress of zeal and enthusiasm which had formerly made him so prominent as a defender of Judaism. It was a mere accident that determined on which side that forceful and restless temperament should work. And this being so, it has sometimes occurred to me to ask whether we are not all singularly deluded in our attempts at reform—even in our *desire* for reform. Is it not all part of the fundamental illusion and mockery of existence? I am not preaching any doctrine of despair, or counselling any one to live his narrow life without regard to the sympathy that makes him run to the rescue of his fellow-men. But surely we may ask ourselves whether it is really worth the trouble, and whether, if all men were wise, they would not recognize that this eternal toiling up a hill, the top of which humanity can never reach, is not simply a bitter, ironic, inveterate delusion?

For an eternal toiling after the unattainable it certainly is. Whence comes the impulse to reform? Simply from the fact that men of wider life wish to raise their narrower brethren out of the pit of their restricted thoughts and emotions. Evil, as Mr. Spencer has rightly shown, is due to non-adaptation to environment. But, in the very terms of that definition, evil must continue to exist to the end of time; and along with it, of course, there will exist the impulse to reform. I do not think that in the whole of Mr. Spencer's work there is a greater blunder than his doctrine of the ultimate "social state" to which men will be fully adapted. As I have argued elsewhere, Mr. Spencer's formula is quite meaningless. A social state is not something external to men, to which they can become adapted, as water out of a square bottle can adapt itself to the shape of a round bottle, but a mere name for the condition of things as made by men themselves at any given moment. There is, in fact, no such thing as "the social state." Now, any change in one part of a community must immediately set up a change in the other parts; and the result in social life, as in inanimate nature, is a fresh

maladaptation following upon every attempt at better adaptation. This, indeed, is inevitable from the very nature of things, for stability is as impossible in social life as in the solar system: everything is change, the effects of the slightest disturbance in one quarter being communicated to all the others. A condition of humanity, then, in which stability shall have been acquired, and non-adaptation be done away, is an utterly unphilosophical dream.

But, it may be replied, the non-adaptation may, by the efforts of disinterested men here and now, assume less dreadful forms than those of the present. Admitting that evil is due to the diverse desires of men all striving in opposite directions; admitting that, since organic nature is committed to endless variety of form, men will always vary as much from each other as they do now; admitting that on these terms there will still be conflict, owing to all parties being desirous of forcing their views of life upon others; admitting that these views of life are the product partly of temperament, partly of training and environment; still, the conditions of the contest may be less horrible than they are now. Humanity may be purged of its grosser animal qualities, and the strife—if strife there must be—will be carried on upon higher and nobler planes; while, at any rate, the spread of science will prevent much of the misery due to disease and ignorance, and humanity as a whole may be able to avoid many of the evils which at present can only be avoided by the sane, the educated, the healthy, the well-to-do. I am not for a moment disputing all this. I simply ask, Where is your proof that humanity will be any happier than it is now? What is your criterion of happiness? I repeat, that to look forward even to such a golden age as this is to become once more the victim of the old illusion. And that for two reasons. In the first place, we do wrong to suppose that any removal of evils that now exist will mean happiness for those who are born into a later environment, in which these evils are unknown. *We* can imagine happiness to ensue upon the cessation of economic strife, because we suffer from the strife; but the men of an age that knows it not will be quite incapable of deriving any happiness from the absence of it. It will be their normal condition, just as breathing air is our normal condition; and it will give them just as little happiness. All along the line we are trying to take the iron bands from our own limbs, in anticipation of the pleasure that will ensue to *us* upon their removal; forgetting that a generation that has never had its limbs fettered will be as unable to feel any delight in that fact as we are unable to look upon

it as a privilege that we are allowed to breathe the air. And, in the second place, remove our evils as we may, future generations will still have evils of their own. They may, as our optimists think, be less gross evils than ours, coming from less animal elements of the human soul; but they will be none the less real on that account to the men of that age, for they will constitute *their* non-adaptation. Thus evil and the attempt to reform must go on in perpetuity; and I am tempted to ask, in philosophical curiosity, if it is not all part of the irony, the mockery, the delusion of life. For the mockery consists in this—that we cannot obey the promptings of cool reason, and sit with folded hands, mere spectators of the painful drama of human suffering. We are compelled to work, compelled to let our sympathy have outlet, for the simple reason that the sense of sympathy frustrated is itself a pain, itself a non-adaptation. Thus the weary cycle goes on; and the philosophic student rises from the contemplation of the world with a new sense of the bitter stupidity of life, with a sense that it is indeed all—our best impulses and our worst, our heroisms not less than our meannesses—

“ A tale told by an idiot,
Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”

I shall be told that this is pessimism, but I am afraid it is philosophic truth. In any case, as I have said, the philosophic reformer need have no fear that reflections such as these, be they ever so logical, will have any effect upon the movement of reform; while, if they are not logical, the answer to them ought to be easy.

IS PROGRESS AN ILLUSION?

BY F. J. GOULD.

Of course, if Mr. Cecil could really convince the world of the fallacy of progress, the grass would soon grow in the streets, the bells hang rusty on the ropes, and the pitcher lie broken at the fountain. No longer would the orator's voice vibrate. The vision of a banner would no more flood the chambers of the heart with warm new blood. Poets would fling their lyres over the sullen cliffs. Martyrs would never disturb the world's conscience by their sufferings. Wisdom would not protest against folly, and pity's mild glance would never stay the hand

of cruelty. And old age, if it cared to exhort youth at all, would thus address the adolescent: "Aspiring soul! You see a mountain before you; climb it, but remember that its white summit only mocks you with a mirage. You see a world to conquer; conquer it in obedience to an organic impulse which, nevertheless, allures you with a deceptive marsh-fire. You see tyrannies to combat: fight them in the name of the Irony of Things, but bear in mind that the earth will enjoy no greater happiness when you ride in triumph. You see a woman to love: woo her, but do not stupidly imagine her affection will add to your health and delight; and beget children if you will, and then, misled by inveterate illusion, teach them to work for the removal of sin and error. Go forth with my blessing. But stay! Upon second thoughts I recall the benediction. It cannot make you any better, for no man ever improves."

Mr. Cecil has had the danger pictured to him by reproachful friends: "Are you not putting a weapon into the hands of the idle, the callous, the indifferent, the reactionary, by suggesting that reason can afford no justification for our attempts at reform?" The friends may spare themselves any apprehension. As a matter of fact, men do not sink into idleness through the study of a theory. What deadens men is seldom the sceptical word, but usually a lack of sympathy, a withdrawal of co-operation, a display of selfishness. Mr. Cecil infects me with no pessimism. He groans, and I groan not. He mourns unto us, and I do not weep. What puts me in good humor is the fact that he takes the trouble to write an article at all. In that effort I note the token of a desire to clear the philosophic air and instruct the unwise. This heartens me, and prompts me to waive back his apology with the politest expedition. Why need Mr. Cecil apologize to believers in reform when he himself says: "If one of the most important of the springs of our daily conduct is really an ironic delusion, it can do us no harm to know it, and to know ourselves better"? To know ourselves better? By all means; for that is one of the guarantees and harbingers of progress, individual and social.

Thus harmoniously disposed towards Mr. Cecil, let us consider his two typical children, equally blessed with wit and warmth, and diverging, through the influence of circumstances, the one into the activities of the Roman Church, and the other into the strenuous ranks of Free-thought. As children they played skittles together in peace and unity. As men they spend their time in trying to redeem the world and to

refute each other's arguments for and against theology. Each aims at reform. Each proceeds on opposite principles to the other. Each adopted his principles of reform through the agency of chance. If chance disposes of the globe and all that therein is, how can systematic human progress be secured or even conceived? We pursue the charming bubble of progress, and our hands are soiled with the soapy film of "bitter delusion." But not to me, as to Mr. Cecil, does the case appear hopeless. To begin with, both men possess essentially the same enthusiasm. They both divide moral good from moral evil. Frequently they differ more in appearance than in reality. One sees blasphemy in the denial of Christ's atonement; the other cheerfully confesses to scepticism. Yet both alike hold certain ideals as sacred and inviolable, and if one breathes the name of God and the other whispers truth, each speaks with reverence and warns off profane vulgarism. Both alike abhor gluttony, insincerity, barbarity, betrayal, misrule, and malice—that is to say, both are quickened by the same fundamental instincts of morality. In the second place, each develops, and, in developing, approaches the other's line of advance. I am no believer in the oft-prophesied final Harmagedon between Rationalism and Christian Rome. Never do I tremble at the shadowy conflict of Freethought with Priestcraft which some fancies paint on the screen of the future. I expect mutual concession, following upon like concessions in the past. I look for amalgamation. If the militant Atheist or Agnostic persuades the Christian Church into the abandonment of dogma, the Christian Church, in turn, will teach iconoclasm the secret of social organization. Do all the virtues sparkle in the crown of intellectualism? Do no gems glow on the brow of Faith? If Reason has its Descartes, has not Faith its Damien? Is not the Church learning toleration? Is not Scepticism evolving a more catholic temper? Do not both creep (in neither case dare one say run) towards the broader vision of life and duty?

"Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through the clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking, calm and clear."—*Whittier*.

I do not mean that Freethought and Christianity can yet cease warfare on the ground that they both embody beneficent tendencies. Far from it. The hand that writes this page pledges itself to resist theology so long as life thrills through its nerves. But my contention takes this form: that the separation of earnest natures along varying and apparently opposed social courses does not prove the futility of the progress idea;

that men ranged in hostile schools may be swayed by the same essential enthusiasm, may be alike refined by the growth of civilization, and may gather wisdom by mutual education; and hence the chance variations upon which Mr. Cecil lays so much stress do not fatally bar the achievement of reform.

"Whence comes the impulse to reform?" asks Mr. Cecil; and he answers: "Simply from the fact that men of wider life wish to raise their narrower brethren out of the pit of their restricted thoughts and emotions." Very well; but what signifies this phrase, "men of wider life?" Does it not signify that some process has already divided men into the species of the Narrow and the Wide? Width, or culture, then, is smitten with the hallucination that it has made progress, and this hallucination carries with it an impulse to impart culture to narrowness and ignorance, intellectual and moral. So it would seem to be a self-deceiving weakness of culture to desire human improvement. The tribe of the Narrow foster no such great expectations; for never, since the world began, have the uncultured banded themselves together for any purpose whatever—not even for the degradation of the cultured. At any rate, Mr. Cecil admits the existence of at least two human castes—the castes of Width and Narrowness. Is Width progress? If so, Mr. Cecil confesses that a mincristy of the race has made progress. If a minority can win the blessings of a larger life, why not a majority? If individual progress is possible, why not progress in the mass?

In the mass. This brings us to the question of progress in a social state. Mr. Cecil cynically tells reformers that they may as well save the breath of their eloquence and the blood of their martyrdoms, because "any change in one part of a community must immediately set up a change in the other parts; and the result in social life, as in inanimate nature, is a fresh maladaptation following upon every attempt at better adaptation." Put into paraphrase, the proposition amounts to this: that if you convert one soul to morality, you inevitably debauch another; if you remove a pain from one quarter, it is followed by a twinge elsewhere; if you improve an institution in the north, chaos will take its revenge in the south; if you educate the east in good manners, barbarism on a large scale will start up in the west. We pause bewildered. We search for the cause of the confusion. Does it lurk in the clause, *as in inanimate nature*? Mr. Cecil appears to figure social conditions as like unto the articles in a traveller's over-full portmanteau. The traveller adjusts the boots, and the brush falls out; he accommodates the brush, and the

sandwich-box starts into ugly prominence. Surely such an analogy does not fit. We need rather to view the community as a living organism, with living relations between the parts, living interdependencies, living influences streaming hither and thither. In such an organism, is progress possible ?

Again, let me inquire, is progress possible in the case of an individual man ? His parts are related : if the eye suffers, all the nerves agonize ; and if the foot inflames, it diffuses its distress over the wide area of the body. If the eye is healed, does maladaptation follow in the knee ? If the leg grows lissom, does paralysis numb the arm ? If the reason develops, does the stomach necessarily pay penalty ? Does not the man make progress by the increase of efficiency in all parts of his nature ? Does he wish to lose the fruits of progress ? Does the man long for infancy ? Does the philosopher lament that he cannot prattle ?

Let us pass to the social organism, the community. I ask again : If individual progress is possible, why not progress in the mass ? What political disease did Magna Charta produce ? Did the art of Michael Angelo injure the soul of Europe ? Who was slain by the wit of Voltaire ? Has Chadwick's Gospel of Sanitation disturbed our peace ? What wounds have Ruskin's prophesyings inflicted upon the precious body of the public ? What unhappy change does the commercial prosperity of Japan work upon any nation of the earth ? No doubt some measure of maladaptation has followed in these various instances. You cannot remove a slum without damaging the business of the tradesman who provided the den with its daily needs. But the total evil is lessened, and to lessen evil is progress. A fine poet sings, and lesser poets decline ; a new illuminant is invented, and the fainter lamps go out of fashion ; but the thought of the world gains in dignity, and the comfort of cities is enlarged ; and to widen dignity and comfort is progress.

Ah, yes, Mr. Cecil retorts, your adaptations may be accomplished with less friction, and the strife against evil may be softened. " But where is your proof that humanity will be any happier than it is now ? What is your criterion of happiness ? " And here the real point at issue emerges into the sunlight. If we plead very hard and look very forlorn Mr. Cecil will relent. He will allow that the action of social, moral, and intellectual change may be rendered, and is being rendered, more facile and more refined. But facility and refinement do not yield augmented supplies of happiness. Our progress is an illusion because it involves no enlargement of our happiness. The abolition of Monday's

woe will not expand the joy of Tuesday; and when the blood-stains of Wednesday are successfully wiped away, the dawn will open a new tragedy for Thursday. Miserable men that we are! who shall deliver us from this body of death?

If the progress of happiness is an illusion, is happiness itself an illusion? Either yes or no. If no, then we find ourselves ludicrously puzzled by the proposition: Happiness is a real experience, but it can never be added to. Now, Mr. Cecil would probably agree that happiness can be lessened, as, for instance, when Dives dropped from the banquetting-hall into Hades. Hence: Happiness is a real experience, and can be subtracted from, but never added to. I confront the statement, half-aghast, half-laughing; and I conclude that Mr. Cecil classes happiness among illusions. Happiness is an illusion; progress is an illusion; and these two conceptions, so Mr. Cecil's language suggests, have an immovable hold on the human soul. To the "warm organic impulse" he opposes "cold reason." But if the warm impulse is illusion, why not also the condemnation which cold reason passes upon the dreams of altruism? Why not that better knowledge of ourselves which Mr. Cecil commends for our pursuit? Why not the conception of a "wider life"? Why not the "higher and nobler planes"? Why not the "evil" against the iron walls of which Reform is to beat its wings hopelessly "in perpetuity"? Happiness is an illusion, but the "painful drama" is not! Our heroisms are an illusion; our "bitter stupidity" is not! Where is the proof? Does it lie in the strength of conviction? Ask the mother if her joy in her child equals not the pangs of its birth. Ask the reformer if his profound satisfaction in the overturning of an abuse does not outweigh the oppression of his spirit while the abuse held sway. Ask the martyr (for he knows both at first hand) which is greater, his faith in righteousness or the sore travail of his soul. Or, does the proof consist in the mutability of the standard of happiness? Does not the standard of misery vary in like proportion? How can I change my estimate of pleasure without also changing my estimate of pain? If yesterday I loved the life of swine, and to-day I worship the Muses, I have altered my criterion of happiness, for now poetry and melody charm my being; and I have altered also my criterion of pain, for now the filth of the sty suggests unspeakable horror. Is the charm an illusion and not the horror? Is the positive an illusion, and not the negative? Is light an illusion, and not darkness? Is hope an illusion, and not despair? Is love an illusion, and not hate? And if all human

thoughts and emotions are pronounced illusions, we may breathe again in ease and tranquillity, for the illusion, being a common factor in all items of experience, has no mathematical or moral value, and may be ignominiously struck out.

“Where is your proof that humanity will be any happier then than it is now?” We judge To-morrow by To-day. If To-day feels itself happier than Yesterday, it may fairly assume that, by pursuing the road now traced by reforming zeal, To-morrow will be happier than To-day. But how prove that To-day is happier than Yesterday? We cannot summon Yesterday from its tomb; but we can call up the testimony of history, and then place the choice before reflective minds and say: “Which do you prefer? Would you rather live in the past than in the present?” I venture to say that the ordinary well-read man, disengaged from any controversy such as Mr. Cecil and I are waging, and resolving the question in a moment of judicial leisure, would decide in favor of the present. And this unwillingness to return to the past affords the practical criterion of happiness upon which reformers work. We may revive certain elements of the past, as when we copy the grace of antique sculpture; but we do not desire the resurrection of the past as a whole. And, by way of conclusion, I may enumerate a few salient features of latter-day life which enable us to contrast past and present, and justify us in preferring that which now is. These are: Advance in the science of hygiene, growth of personal liberty, the development of woman, the broader scope of toleration, and the enrichment of knowledge. With respect to hygiene, the mere introduction of anæsthetics suffices to raise a hymn of gratitude to the genius of medical progress. Personal liberty looks with proud serenity at the ivied ruins of feudalism, and gaily places the fetters of the slave in its museum of antiquities. Woman, in spite of all her outcries against this or that disability, will turn with disgust from the annals of the ancient world, and give her cheerful suffrage in favor of the nineteenth century. Toleration rejoices in a double achievement; on the one hand, religious passion has slackened its enmity to the methods of science; and, on the other, moral opinion has created a deeper tenderness towards the criminal, the ignorant, and the animal world. Knowledge has amassed treasures a millionfold; and when the contemplative man sits to-day in the studious nook, there pass before his vision such a procession of historical scenes, such a noble train of philosophic dreams and poetic imaginings, such memories of carved work and

eloquent paintings and sublime temples, such marvels of unveiled stars, and such illumined secrets of the earth and ocean as Plato would have given his life for a glimpse of, and make the wisdom of Aristotle appear as the dust of the balance. We reverence the labors of the past, and admire its victories. Receiving the traditions of our fathers, we carry on the holy war, gladly recognizing that the progress of the present has been made possible by the loyalties of the past, and that the increased happiness which makes us prefer the present to the past strengthens us to do our duty towards the future.—*Agnostic Annual*.

THE "AGNOSTIC ANNUAL" FOR 1898.

AN advance copy of this annual has reached us, and we are glad to see that it comes fully up to the high standard its editor originally set for it. The papers are all by writers of the front rank in their respective departments, and together form a most valuable survey of the present phases of Agnostic thought. Miss Constance Plumptre's paper on "The Progress of Liberty of Thought" opens the number, and gives us a review of Freethought progress during the last sixty years. We agree with her that the Tractarian movement of 1833 was a not unimportant factor in preparing the ground for the subsequent growth; just as Archbishop Cleary may be vigorously helping reform by his brutal tyranny over his own flock and his foul abuse of non-Catholics. Anything, let us have, but dull, leaden, stolid obedience to custom or authority, either in religion or in politics. But it is, we think, not at all reasonable to admit that "the lives of some of the French Deists of the last century" warrant any "dread that decay in religious belief is almost irrevocably connected with decay in morality of life." If our reading of history be anywhere near the mark, the "ages of faith" were those in which, from the highest to the lowest in the land, morality was at its lowest ebb. To imagine that a few of the French Deists would have been any more "moral" had they believed in God *plus* Papal indulgence rather than simply in what a toper might term "Deity straight" requires a greater stretch of the imagination than we can make. Besides, how can we describe as "decaying" the belief of a man who only ceases to believe in such rotten dogmas as those of the old church? We agree with Miss Plumptre that there is danger of the doctrines of great masters of science and philosophy growing into a superstition, because unintelligently

accepted. And that is why we do *not* agree with her that "the ignorant cannot venture to criticize the discoveries of those great masters who have devoted a lifetime to their investigations." By all means, let everyone, ignorant or cultured, criticize as much as he desires. How else can the ignorant become learned? Such talk is evidence of the very failing in reference.

Goldwin Smith's paper on "Liberal Orthodoxy" is perhaps not in his happiest vein, though the writer says some clever things. "Nothing, it seems to me," he says, "can be any longer of any real use to us, even for the miserable purposes of social police, but plain, unqualified, and unsophisticated truth." Good. But what is "unsophisticated truth?" "We have it," says the old-style Presbyterian, "in the Westminster Confession." And Dr. Smith, though in his last paragraph he talks about "a great advance on all sides in genuine liberality," is obliged to admit that both Dr. Workman and Lyman Abbott, as well as Principal Burwash, who very guardedly prefaced Dr. Workman's reply to Dr. Smith, have found out to their cost that, in their churches at least, bigoted orthodoxy is as rampant and aggressive as ever. David Hume's advice and opinions on ecclesiastical honesty may be "crude and of the eighteenth century," as the Professor says, but we believe they are the basis of the real work-a-day ethics and religion of the cultured classes to-day, and most probably will remain so while there are any state funds to sustain the church as an adjunct to the aristocracy. It is news to us that "rampant and aggressive atheism has gone entirely out of fashion in England." If there is any change to be noted, it is that, while the followers of Mr. Bradlaugh are far more numerous and active than ever before, their method of warfare is somewhat modified. Formerly there was some sort of show for a serious fight. To-day, the efforts of the Atheists are mainly confined to ridiculing and lampooning the ecclesiastical bugaboos and scarecrows, whose cowardly defenders are afraid to come out into the open. In large sections of the old country the battle for freedom of speech has yet to be begun, as some of the Freethought advocates find out when they invade new ground. Even in a place like Chatham, the general in command only a few weeks ago ordered off a Freethought speaker from the lines, though Salvationists and other Christians are allowed to preach *ad lib.* The optimist can always see "signs of progress," and perhaps his view is the more comforting; but with our land overrun by Salvationists and revivalists, Protestant and Catholic bishops and priests in ever-increasing numbers,

and an army of amateur Christs like Sam Blake, Kennedy, Howland, O'Brien, Caldecott, and others, all doing their utmost to restrict our already limited freedom, it seems rather premature to cry out about "progress." Goldwin Smith thinks that "the artizans can hardly have good reason for believing that the Christian Church as a whole is hostile, or has been otherwise than beneficent to them." Well, this story is too long for our space, but we should prefer to trust the artizan's belief to that of Dr. Smith. We do not see, either, how to reconcile the statement that "a more upright man than Benjamin Jowett never lived," with the subsequent admission that "no conceivable elasticity [in creeds] will make room for such a divergence as that which is revealed by the posthumous confessions of Benjamin Jowett." We see no need for any mincing in such a matter—Jowett was a Freethinker who took money for a church appointment. He was a nineteenth century follower of Hume's advice. And the utmost we can say in his favor is this, that when a man has been through an ecclesiastical training school, it is possibly not quite just to test him by strict ethical rules. But can we fairly call him one of the most upright of men? We can only excuse his heart at the expense of his brain.

Leslie Stephen has a lengthy reply to Professor James on "The Will to Believe," which we can only mention here, but which should be read. The subject is one in which definitions of words are largely involved. This is clearly shown in the last paragraph, where Mr. Stephen is pointing out how some superstitions survive in us though our reason has demonstrated their folly; in other words, that belief does not always follow knowledge. He illustrates the point thus: "A writer tells us that he knew perfectly well that the dome of St. Paul's was perfectly stable, but that he could never go under it without expecting it to fall and crush him." The deceptive point here is the use of the phrase "knew perfectly well." We venture to say the writer referred to was *not* Sir Christopher Wren. *His* knowledge of the facts may reasonably be said to have been perfect; but the chances are, that the writer quoted only had a general idea, but no actual knowledge. Mr. Stephen practically affirms this further on, when he says: "The imagination of man is an invaluable servant, but a very bad master; and it should try to follow, not to direct, the purely intellectual conclusions. *When it is once brought up to that point the superstitions will fall away of themselves.*" Just so. When knowledge is thorough, superstition has no room, and must necessarily go. The writer felt fear of the dome because his *know-*

ledge of its stability was only very imperfect,—not knowledge at all in a true sense; and Mr. Stephen mis-stated the facts in using the phrase as he has done.

In "The Sources of Modern Doubt," Mr. Joseph McCabe points out the folly of those who imagine that scepticism in regard to ancient theology can really undermine the basis of ethical conduct, or do anything but place it upon a more rational and permanent basis.

Mr. Hugh Mortimer Cecil's "Illusion of Progress" is a very brief presentation of a theme that is often suggested by the familiar perorations of some of our modern lecturers, whose Golden Ages are not a whit less Utopian than many more ancient ones. Mr. Cecil's thesis is one which a few years ago we used in an address designed to point out to Free-thinkers that, while they should in no way be disheartened, or deterred, for their own sakes, from the most strenuous efforts to improve present conditions, the fact that human happiness or misery is an outcome of man's necessarily imperfect adaptation to his changing environment clearly points to the futility of all ideas of ultimate perfection. And if not ultimate perfection, then what can "progress" do but change the standard of happiness, leaving each age to settle its own difficulties in its own fashion?

Mr. F. J. Gould's reply to Mr. Cecil's article is a sledge-hammer effort in the writer's best style. It will do every one good to read it; though it leaves the philosophic question where it was, and brings to our mind Huxley's words,—that having travelled over the world, and seen civilized life in city slums and savage life in various phases, had he to make the choice he would distinctly prefer the latter to the former. We might ask, were the men who "struck" against the unfair treatment of the overseers when building the pyramids any less happy than those engineers whose great strike to-day is one of our concomitants of "progress?" Were the men who fought and died at Salamis and Thermopylæ any better or worse—any happier or more miserable—than the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo?

Edward Clodd makes a trenchant attack on Dean Farrar's book on the Bible; but we are afraid the Dean has too good a salary to appreciate—and apply—his critic's logic.

Charles Watts writes on "Immortality in the Light of Evolution," attacking Dr. Lyman Abbott's articles upon "The Theology of an Evolutionist" in *The Outlook*. Mr. Watts' task is an easy one, but he makes many good points.

Saladin, in "In a Strait Betwixt Two," makes an apology for parsons who, helpless by their training for the battle of life, find themselves compelled to preach doctrines in which they have ceased to believe. Saladin justly says the Church has been kept alive by the endowments it has secured. "For taking a shilling for telling the fortune of an individual, by examining the lines of his hand, you can be fined and imprisoned; for taking \$75,000 per annum for praying for rain, you have a seat among the Peers of the Realm and an honored position among the great ones of the earth. The Golden Calf and the Wooden Calf are alike stupid; but the former has innumerable worshippers, the latter none." And when we contemplate the degradation of those who in their ignorance supply, by aid of blood and sweat, the holders of the "livings" with the salaries that enable them in turn to maintain the stupid and degrading mummery which keeps the masses in their ignorance, one cannot help admitting a weary feeling of the "bitter stupidity of life," as Mr. Cecil terms it.

A very clever and suggestive paper is that by Charles E. Hooper on "The Gods." Mr. Hooper's gods are Types of Perfection; we can here only spare room to suggest a more elaborate treatment of the subject; that a different classification—say, Gods of Practical Life and Gods of Ideal Life—might be adopted; and that the Bad Gods also should be put in the pantheon. We may not worship them, but we must not forget them. Like the others they are real Gods, and our chief difficulty is how to exterminate them.

Furneaux Jordan answers the question, "Is a Moral Interregnum Possible?" from a materialist's standpoint. On a subject where so much rubbish is put out by both metaphysical hair-splitters and theological dogmatists, Mr. Jordan's sketch, though very short and crude, will be acceptable to many, who have no use for any sort of "spook."

Amos Waters' interview with an English Broad Churchman fittingly concludes the Annual. A dialogue it is in which both Mr. Cecil and Mr. Gould may find support for their respective views, but which closes with a passage of noble inspiration, which Mr. Amos tells us was recited with "strange fervor and ardent sincerity:"

"And what is your message of counsel to those 'not blind who seek for light, and may not find it within your walls?'"

"Ah!" said the Rector, as he rose to conclude the interview, "I will give it in the grand words of Robertson, of Brighton. It is—'to hold fast to those things which are certain still—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful,

this at least is certain : If there be no God and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed, beyond all earthly blessedness, is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without—when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him—has obstinately clung to moral good."

Mr. Amos conceives—and we agree with him—that "ideals may arise from the ashes of orthodoxy—helpful spirits from deserted shrines—to recruit the forces of Rationalism which work for righteousness." It is our business to aid their development, and the present "Annual" is a worthy aid to the work.

HALL CAINE'S "THE CHRISTIAN."

MR. STORM, whose name was John,
Was "The Christian,"—rather "gone."
And Miss Quale, whose name was Glory,
Was the lady of the story.

John, the passionate but pure,
Was a curate—and a cure.
Glory, fresh as garden pinks,
She was Manx—and also minx.

Glory, being fair and tall,
Warbled at a music hall.
John evangelized Soho,
But the people there were slow :

And, with oaths upon their lips,
Knocked the Christian into chips.
John was very nearly dead,
Glory sat beside his bed.

And he murmured through the gloom :
"Glory with your hair of gold !
Glory with your hair of gold,
Fifty thousand copies sold."

So he died—and she did not
Wed the barber on the spot.
But resolved forthwith to go
And evangelize Soho.

There you'll meet her, dressed in black—
Golden hair hangs down her back.
But Soho, as we're advised,
Is not yet evangelized.

—Pick-me-up.

GEORGIANA.

A Light of the World.

THERE was much discourse of reason at George's death. There was also much fulsome applause from very distinguished eulogists who previously had offered him no crown. He was monotonously obituaried, and even his enemies now discovered that they loved him. What did the curious unanimity of good feeling indicate? Had there been wholesale conversions of professors and scribblers? Was there deathbed conversion—not of the dead, but of the living?

It is the opinion of some people that the only thing which gave Henry George's doctrine any momentum was his own strenuous character. Now that he has gone, his doctrines have disappeared with him. Therefore he has ceased to be a social menace. Therefore he may be flattered rather than martyred in his death. But they who have sought to entomb his ideas may learn that they are not handlers of magic. One editorial student informs us that "George established no school," and therefore "was not of the immortal few." When as facts go it is a fact that the immortal few are the very men who, coming to destroy a school, begged always that no substituted school should ever be founded in their name. "Leave all free as I have left all free," says Whitman. Jesus is remade every decade into the fashion of the school that it is the talismanic emblem of his name to destroy.

I do not know who George is greater or less than, or how his books will be rated by the future. I am not a registrar whose business it is to fix the places of men in history. Suffice it that George was a light, and that I read by the light he contributed things to that time obscured. I have no doubt he did many things in ways I should not have chosen. But I knew the man and I loved him. He had a great dream, which burned like an uneclipsable sun. He built his life in the benignancy of its rays. I believe with Edward McGlynn that "there was a man sent of God and his name was Henry George." But I see that we are all sent of God, and that we share a common destiny, and that it is no honor to a man to separate him from his fellows.

George believed in things powerfully, and so he affected others with belief. He fuelled his fires with his life, and others witnessing him were willing martyrs. He was "self-balanced for contingencies." He had the weakness as well as the strength of power. There was no mistaking his

mistakes. He rebuked Huxley because Huxley in economics was a Hun. But when George spoke of Evolution, the Hun in him was out. And though he believed in the brotherhood of man, he also believed in the restriction of immigration. And though he believed in free trade, he could not altogether give the earth to the free toiler. And though he believed in liberty and hated the subserviency of courts, he could not see the transgression which in Chicago mistook innocence for guilt and turned scaffold into cross again and violated the bond of the republic.

Nevertheless George was a mighty man, a Thor, whose hammer was potent in the remaking of the state. He moved men because he believed in himself. He who believes in himself believes in others. His printed word went forth not slow of foot but on strong wing. And on all sides of all seas it was scanned by men who were led by its lucid recitals out of all knotted and weary despairs.

The Conservator.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

The Tale of Captain Kidd's Great-Great-Grandson.

CAPTAIN KIDD was a pirate. He made a business of sailing the seas, capturing merchantmen, making their crews walk the plank, and appropriating their cargoes. In this way he accumulated much wealth, which he is supposed to have buried. But let us suppose, for the sake of the illustration, that he did not bury his wealth, but left it to his legal heirs, and they to their heirs, and so on, until at the present day this wealth, or a part of it, has come to a great-great-grandson of Captain Kidd. Now, let us suppose that some one—say a great-great-grandson of one of the ship-masters whom Captain Kidd plundered, makes complaint, and says: "This man's great-great-grandfather plundered my great-great-grandfather of certain things or certain sums, which have been transmitted to him, whereas but for this wrongful act they would have been transmitted to me; therefore I demand that he be made to restore them." What would society answer?

Society, speaking by its proper tribunals, and in accordance with principles recognized among all civilized nations, would say: "We cannot entertain such a demand. It may be true that Mr. Kidd's great-great-grandfather robbed your great-great-grandfather, and that as a result of this wrong he has got things that otherwise might have come to you. But we cannot inquire into occurrences that happened so long ago. Each generation has enough to do to attend to its own affairs. If we go to righting the wrongs and reopening the controversies of our great-great-grandfathers, there will be endless disputes and pretexts for dispute. What you say may be true, but somewhere we must draw the line, and have an end to strife. Though this man's great-great-grandfather may have robbed your great-great-grandfather, *he* has not robbed *you*. He

came into possession of these things peacefully, and has held them peacefully, and we must take this peaceful possession, when it has continued for a certain time, as absolute evidence of just title; for, were we not to do that, there would be no end to dispute and no secure possession of anything."

Now, it is this common-sense principle that is expressed in the statute of limitations—in the doctrine of vested rights. This is the reason why it is held—and as to most things held justly—that peaceable possession for a certain time cures all defects of title.

But let us pursue the illustration a little further :

Let us suppose that Captain Kidd, having established a large and profitable piratical business, left it to his son, and he to his son, and so on, until the great-great-grandson, who now pursues it, has come to consider it the most natural thing in the world that his ships should roam the sea, capturing peaceful merchant men, making their crews walk the plank, and bring home to him much plunder, whereby he is enabled, though he does not work at all, to live in very great luxury, and look down with contempt upon people who have to work. But at last, let us suppose, the merchants get tired of having their ships sunk and their goods taken, and sailors get tired of trembling for their lives every time a sail lifts above the horizon, and they demand of society that piracy be stopped.

Now, what should society say if Mr. Kidd got indignant, appealed to the doctrine of vested rights, and asserted that society was bound to prevent any interference with the business that he had inherited, and that if it wanted him to stop, it must buy him out, paying him all that his business was worth—that is to say, at least as much as he could make in twenty years' successful pirating, so that if he stopped pirating he could still continue to live in luxury out of the profits of the merchants and the earnings of the sailors?

What ought society to say to such a claim as this? There will be but one answer. We will all say that society should tell Mr. Kidd that his was a business to which the statute of limitations and the doctrine of vested rights did not apply; that because his father, and grandfather, and his great-great-grandfather pursued the business of capturing ships and making their crews walk the plank, was no reason why he should be permitted to pursue it. Society, we will all agree, ought to say he would have to stop piracy and stop it at once, and that without getting a cent for stopping.

Or supposing it had happened that Mr. Kidd had sold out his piratical business to Smith, Jones, or Robinson, we will all agree that society ought to say that their purchase of the business gave them no greater right than Mr. Kidd had.

We will all agree that that is what society *ought* to say. Observe, I do not ask what society *would* say.

For, ridiculous and preposterous as it may appear, I am satisfied that,

under the circumstances I have supposed, society would not for a long time say what we have agreed it *ought* to say. Not only would all the Kidds loudly claim that to make them give up their business without full recompense would be a wicked interference with vested rights, but the justice of this claim would at first be assumed as a matter of course by all or nearly all the influential classes—the great lawyers, the able journalists, the writers for the magazines, the eloquent clergymen, and the principal professors in the principal universities. Nay, even the merchants and sailors, when they first began to complain, would be so tyrannized and browbeaten by this public opinion that they would hardly think of more than of buying out the Kidds, and, wherever here and there any one dared to raise his voice in favor of stopping piracy at once and without compensation, he would only do so under penalty of being stigmatized as a reckless disturber and wicked foe of social order.

If any one denies this, if any one says mankind are not such fools, then I appeal to universal history to bear me witness. I appeal to the facts of to-day.

Show me a wrong, no matter how monstrous, that even yet, among any people, became ingrafted in the social system, and I will prove to you the truth of what I say.

The majority of men do not think; the majority of men have to expend so much energy in the struggle to make a living that they do not have time to think. The majority of men accept, as a matter of course, whatever is. This is what makes the task of the social reformer so difficult, his path so hard. This is what brings upon those who first raise their voices in behalf of a great truth the sneers of the powerful and the curses of the rabble, ostracism and martyrdom, the robe of derision and the crown of thorns.

HENRY GEORGE.

Henry George's Political Economy.

Henry George's political economy will never find favor in any of the colleges endowed or assisted by Mr. Rockefeller, Leland Stanford or other philanthropic millionaires of the same type, nor in any college ruled by conventionality in thought. But the champions of the system, or no-system, riddled by Henry George, will have to come out into the open and come fighting, or tell the reason why. For Henry George is no longer to be ignored even by the most highly respectable of college economists. Neither is he to be disposed of in a few superior words in passing. The depth of the impression he has made on the world's thought was revealed by the world's outburst of esteem when he died. There is no student of political economy, however it may be with teachers, who does not read him—and in reading him find how greatly he has influenced the basic principles and spirit of the yet infant science. George has left behind him many disciples who are competent to cross swords with the ablest of the representatives of the teaching to which

the doctrines of "Progress and Poverty" have already been so destructive. There will be no lack of fighting men should the champions of the colleges appear—and if they do not appear it will be confession of surrender. For there is no man living in the United States to-day who can pretend that Henry George has not made good his standing in the court of reason and is not entitled to the best that any opponent may have to offer in dissent.—*Arthur McEwen, in New York Journal.*

Work for Every Thinker.

LET no man imagine that he has no influence. Whoever he may be, and wherever he may be placed, the man who thinks becomes a light and a power. Whoever becomes imbued with a noble idea kindles a flame from which other torches are lit. Social reform is not to be secured by noise and shouting; by complaints and denunciation; by the formation of parties or the making of revolutions; but by the awakening of thought and progress of ideas. Civilization, as it progresses, requires a higher conscience, a keener sense of justice, a warmer brotherhood, a wider, loftier, truer public spirit. Failing these, civilization must pass into destruction. It cannot be maintained on the ethics of savagery. To adjust our institutions to growing needs and changing conditions is the task which devolves upon us. Prudence, patriotism, human sympathy and religious sentiment alike call upon us to undertake it. There is danger in reckless change, but greater danger in blind conservatism. The intelligence required for the solving of social problems is not a mere thing of the intellect. It must be animated with the religious sentiment and warm with sympathy for human suffering. It must stretch out beyond self-interest, whether it be the self-interest of the few or the many. It must seek justice. For at the bottom of every social problem we will find a social wrong.

HENRY GEORGE.

Henry George was a brave, sincere man. He spoke his honest thought and belonged to himself. He did what he thought was for the good of mankind—lived to his ideal—and his motive was absolutely pure. I did not agree with many of his ideas or theories, but I always had respect for his character. He was as true a friend of the sons of toil as ever lived.—*Robert G. Ingersoll, in New York World.*

The Truth Will Prevail! But When?

THE truth that I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance. If that could be, it would have been accepted long ago. But it will make friends—those who will fight for it; suffer for it; if need be, die for it. This is the power of Truth. Will it at length prevail? Ultimately, yes. But in our own times, or in times in which any memory of us remains, who shall say? For the man who, seeing the want and misery, the ignorance and brutishness caused by unjust social institutions, sets himself, in so far as he has strength, to right them, there is disappointment

and bitterness. So it has been of old time. So it is even now. But the bitterest thought—and it sometimes comes to the best and bravest—is that of the hopelessness of the effort, the futility of the sacrifice. To how few of those who sow the seed is it given to see it grow, or even with certainty to know that it will grow!

Let us not disguise it. Over and over again has the standard of Truth and Justice been raised in this world. Over and over again has it been trampled down—oftentimes in blood. If they are weak forces that are opposed to Truth, how should error so long prevail? If Justice has but to raise her head to have Injustice flee before her, how should the wail of the oppressed so long go up? But for those who see Truth and would follow her, for those who recognize Justice and would stand for her, success is not the only thing.

In our time, as in times before, creep in the insidious forces that, producing inequality, destroy Liberty. On the horizon clouds begin to lower. Liberty calls to us again. We must follow her further; we must trust her fully. Either we must wholly accept her or she will not stay. If we turn to Justice and obey her, if we trust Liberty and follow her, the dangers that now threaten must disappear, the forces that now menace will turn to agencies of elevation.

Be no question, shrink from no conclusion, but follow Truth wherever it may lead. If the conclusions that we reach run counter to our prejudices, let us not flinch; if they challenge institutions that have long been deemed wise and natural, let us not turn back.

HENRY GEORGE.

The books of Henry George will be classics in the coming centuries. But he was more than his books. As a thinker, a philosopher, a writer, he was great, but he was greatest as an apostle of the truth as he saw it—an evangelist, carrying the doctrines of justice and brotherhood to the remotest corners of the earth.—*Journal, New York.*



OUR CENTURY.

THERE is a mighty dawning on the earth
Of human glory; dreams unknown before
Fill the mind's boundless world, and wondrous birth
Is given to great thought; the deep-drawn lore,
But late a hidden fount, at which a few
Quaffed and were glad, is now a flowing river,
Which the parched nations may approach and view,
Kneel down and drink, or float in it forever.

NEW ZEALAND LAWS.

BY T. J. MCBRIDE.

THE Governments of the Australian Colonies, and especially New Zealand, are gradually nationalizing, or if you please socializing, what in Canada or the United States would be considered Individual or Corporate business utilities. Legislative measures in Australia proper are not quite so far advanced as in New Zealand, but all the Australian Colonies will speedily follow the example of New Zealand. New South Wales has just closed its first (successful) financial year under a policy of free trade and a direct land tax on unimproved values.

Usually when Australian or New Zealand legislation is referred to in the Canadian or American press it is said to be socialistic, anarchistic, wild cat, experimental or trial legislation, and the people look in vain for explanations. A perusal of the following brief reference to some of the measures will assist the reader in coming to a correct conclusion as to whether the New Zealand laws are in the interests of the whole people or in the interests of a few privileged individuals.

1. The Land and Income Tax Assessment Act now in force in New Zealand imposes a tax upon incomes and an ordinary tax upon land and mortgages—the amount of which is fixed annually by a Rating Act. There is also an additional graduated tax upon the unimproved value of land held in large blocks of from 1.8 penny to two pence in the pound. Improvements pay no taxes. The Income Tax is payable upon incomes derived from employment and from business, including investments other than those in mortgages on land upon which the ordinary Land Tax is levied. An exemption of £300 is allowed to every person domiciled in New Zealand.

2. Advances are made by the Government to actual settlers, in fact any farmer may borrow on the security of his farm and improvements, an amount ranging from £25 to £3,000 at 5 per cent. interest per annum, and repay the principal on very easy terms. On this account existing mortgages in favor of private parties or corporate companies which are bearing high rates of interest are being paid off. It is believed that this system will soon be extended, so that the artisan class may take advantage of it.

3. The Schools are National and free.

4. Over £1,000,000 have already been expended by the Government of New Zealand in establishing Technical Schools.

5. The Government controls the Post Office and Post Office Savings Bank, and the postage between any two points in New Zealand is one penny, and the deposits in the Government Savings Banks are always available with interest when required.

6. The Government controls and operates the Telegraph system, in connection with the Postal service, and a ten-word message costs only sixpence.

7. The Government controls and operates the Telephone system, and the charges are about two-thirds the usual Canadian or American charges, and the profits go to Government and consequently to the whole people.

8. The Government gives State or National life insurances; the premium rates are lower than the average rates charged by private companies—every policyholder feels that he has the whole nation as a guarantee behind his risk.

9. The Government is now perfecting plans in regard to National fire insurance.

10. The Government has practically established a State or National Bank. South Australia was the first to move in the establishing of a National Government Bank which is managed in the interests of the people. There is no object in the Government forcing citizens into bankruptcy in time of depression.

11. The Government controls and is responsible for the administration of all estates, for which service a very nominal fee is charged and the widows and orphans are protected from legal troubles.

12. The Government charges a graduated Succession tax of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. according to the value of the estate.

13. The Government owns and operates all the railroads except one short line which will also soon be nationalized. The freight and passenger rates on the Government roads are such as give about $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest on the capital invested; the rates do not discriminate, neither are they differential or preferential, nor do the people pay freight and passenger rates, necessary to provide interest on watered stock.

14. Women vote at all elections in New Zealand and also in South Australia, which has undoubtedly had a very beneficial influence.

15. Eight hours constitute a legal day's work, for which fair living wages are paid; this gives the workers more time for mental improvement, recreation, health building, etc., life is considered worth living and shorter hours per day also compensate to some extent for the loss of labor caused by the general use of machinery.

16. The large estates, principally acquired by squatters who located their holdings early in the history of New Zealand, and for which little or nothing was paid, are being purchased by the Government for the benefit of actual settlers—that is, the estates are assessed for taxation purposes at the owner's valuation, the Government reserving the right to take over the land (excepting a homestead, if required) at the owner's valuation, plus 10 per cent., if the owner's valuation is considered too low.

17. A Conciliatory Board has been established in every town or city where any difficulty is likely to arise between capital and labor. These Boards are comprised of three representative business men, three representatives from the Trade Unions and a District Judge. A strike is impossible in New Zealand.

18. Public libraries, museums, parks and gardens have been established in every city and town; public baths are also found in many places.

19. Considerable of the land adjoining the cities and towns is held as public domain, and for small homesteads for the artisan class.

20. Wednesday afternoon is the usual half-holiday during each week.

I do not know of any country where there are so few very rich and so few very poor as in New Zealand. The laws tend towards providing an equal opportunity to all and to check the over-reaching of those possessed with wolfish propensities. It is true that party politics still prevail, and that the money-lending and monopolizing classes and their press supporters are dissatisfied.

The writer spent over eight months in the Australasian Colonies and never met a man who could give good or valid reasons why the so-called Radical laws should be repealed. On the contrary, the general opinion is that an honest administration of the laws will secure for the people of New Zealand unprecedented contentment and prosperity.—*Twentieth Century.*

CHRISTMAS TREES AND TREE WORSHIP.

BY J. M. WHEELER, LONDON, ENGLAND.

"Under every green tree and under every thick oak the place where they did offer sweet savor to all their idols."—*Ezekiel* 6 : 13.

ALTHOUGH the children's Christmas tree is an importation from Germany, it links itself with the fashion of house decorating with evergreens, which, since the times of the Druids, have been the symbol of life triumphant over winter and death. In my "Footsteps of the Past" I have sought to show how largely the conception of the renewed life of vegetation has influenced the beliefs of the past; and in evergreens we have, as it were, the sign of that life carried on from year to year.

The Druids worshipped the oak and the mistletoe, believing when the latter grew on the former it was sent from heaven as a sign that the tree was chosen by the powers above. They called the mistletoe "all-healing," and when it was found on an oak they sacrificed two white bulls, possibly of the breed still preserved at Chillingham. A priest clad in white climbed the tree, and cut the mistletoe with a golden sickle. They believed that fecundity was granted to every sterile animal that drank a decoction of the plant, and that it was an antidote for poison. The cutting of the mistletoe, and the diffusion of its virtues among the people, were important items of Druidical worship.

Early man, no doubt, was a tree-climber and a tree-dweller. This, probably lies at the root of tree-worship, the importance of which, in the early history of man, can hardly be estimated by those who regard trees as only material for the carpenter or for fire-wood.* From the fact of shrubs growing from the seeds placed in the graves of the dead, it would be thought that their spirits animated the plants, and a variety of customs show traces of such a belief. Those referred to by Mr. A. J. Evans in his account of "Christmas and Ancestor-Worship in the Black Mountains" are especially interesting.†

The ash *Yg Drazil*, the tree of life, or universe tree, whose branches reach to heaven, and whose roots spread to hell, is the type of the Teutonic Christmas tree, which has spread from the Fatherland over the civilized world. The idea, however, was not confined to Germany or Scandinavia. Lucian ("De Dea Syra," 49) tells us that trees loaded with all sorts of ornaments were brought as symbols of life to be burnt in the temple of Atergates at Hierapolis. Lord Leighton's beautiful picture of the *Daphnephoria*, reminds us that laurel-bearing processions were part of the festival of Grecian Thebes. Twelfth Night was formerly

* Gerald Massey holds that the tree became sacred because it produced food and was the support of life. He says: "It was the mother in the sense that the mother was the cow, or the earth was the mother, because it was the source of food and drink in the human infancy" ("Natural Genesis" i., 380).

† See, too, the article in the "Antiquary" of December, 1881.

celebrated at Brough, in Westmoreland, by carrying through the town in the evening a holly tree with torches attached to its branches. Another native instance was the Wassail-bob (or bunch) of holly, and other evergreens also corruptly called a wessel, or wesley-bob. It was put together "like a bower," hung with oranges, apples, and colored ribbons, and also sometimes enclosed a pair of dolls also decked with ribbons. It is still carried about in Yorkshire by the children.*

In most of the counties where apples formed an important crop, apple trees were blessed or wassailed with much ceremony and singing on old Christmas Day, with a view to securing a plentiful crop. At Tenby, and elsewhere in Wales, existed a custom of people whipping each other's legs with holly branches on December 26 till the blood ran. Here we have a survival of a mild substitute for human sacrifice; such is found everywhere as ritualistic bleeding—the patient used to grasp the pole, says Brand. In the Forest of Dean, at a mine-law court, held before the constable of St. Briands, the witnesses were sworn upon a Bible in which a piece of holly was stuck. Doubtless the wood was sacred far earlier than the leaves. The Bible must have been an addition.

In England the old custom of hauling home the Yule-log, and lighting it from the remnants of the last Christmas log, is, as Mr. Gomme points out, "the folk-lore representation of the ever-burning house-fire, which was kindled once a year from the ever-burning village-fire." This, and the prohibition against giving out fire from the house on Christmas Day, take us back to the time when, as Max Muller says, "the hearth was the first altar, the father the first elder, his wife and children and slaves the first congregation gathered round the sacred fire."

The sacred tree in Hebrew is ALAH, the very name of God, with the root idea of power. Abram pitched his tent under a sacred tree at Mamre, which tree, says Josephus ("Wars," iv., 97), was as old as creation. W. Robertson Smith, in his "Lectures on the Religion of the Semites" (pp. 187, 188; 1894), says:

"When, however, we find that no Canaanite high place was complete without its sacred tree standing beside the altar, and when we take, along with this, the undoubted fact that the direct cult of trees was familiar to all the Semites, it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that some elements of tree-worship entered into the ritual even of such deities as in their origin were not tree-gods. . . . The oldest altars, as we gather from the accounts of patriarchal sanctuaries, stood under actual trees; but this rule could not always be followed, and in the period of the kings it would seem that the place of the living tree was taken by a dead post or pole planted in the ground like an English maypole."

The *ashera*, Mr. Smith goes on to observe, "undoubtedly was an object of worship." This part of the subject I have treated in my "Bible Studies" on phallic worship.

When a tree was worshipped as the symbol of a man-like God, we often

* See "Footsteps of the Past," p. 188.

find a transformation legend. Virgil speaks of men issuing from the bursting trunks of oaks. In Saxony and Thuringia folk-lore still makes children "grow on the tree." I used to be told I was brought from a gooseberry bush. In Ireland there was an old superstition that the first man was created from the elder tree, with its white pith, and the first women from the mountain ash, with its red berries. In an Irish fairy tale a cow goes regularly and stands under an old hawthorn tree, out of the trunk of which a little wizened old woman comes and milks her, and goes back into the tree again. All know how Daphne turned into a laurel. The acacia was worshipped by Mohammed's tribe in Arabia, and is still regarded with veneration as a symbol by Masons. Mohammed ordered the sacred acacia to be cut down to the roots, and put the priestess to death. Two capitularies of Charlemagne forbade worship of stones, wells, and trees. The Church Councils of Agde, Auxerre, Nantes, and others, had to renew these prohibitions. As late as the thirteenth century Helmoldus said the Saxons still worshipped wells and trees. Sir John Lubbock ("Origin of Civilization, p. 292") says: "Even recently an oak copse at Loch Saint, in the Isle of Skye, was held so sacred that no person would venture to cut the smallest branch from it; and it is said that oak worship is still practised in Livonia."

In Siberia the Yakuts have sacred trees, on which they hang all manner of nick-nacks—as iron, brass, copper, etc. Franklin in his "Journeys to the Polar Sea," describes a sacred tree on which the North American Crees "had hung strips of buffalo flesh and pieces of cloth." They complained of some Stone Indian who had stripped their revered tree of many of its offerings. In Mexico, Dr. E. B. Tylor observed an ancient cypress; "all over its branches were fastened votive offerings of the Indians—hundreds of locks of coarse, black hair, teeth, bits of colored cloth, rags, and morsels of ribbon." In Waidah, Africa, Bosman says: "The trees, which are the gods of the second rank of this country, are only prayed to, and presented with offerings, in time of sickness." In Abyssinia the Gallas made pilgrimages from all quarters to their sacred tree, Wodanabe, on the banks of Hawash, worshipping it and praying to it for riches, health, life, and every blessing. Those who know how ancient customs become mere games, and items of religious faith food for mirth, will not wonder at a tracing of the Christmas tree to roots in tree-worship.

Dr. Tylor ("Primitive Culture," ii., 216) says: "A negro was once worshipping a tree with an offering of food, when some one pointed out to him that the tree did not eat. The negro answered: 'O, the tree is not fetish; the fetish is a spirit and invisible; but he has descended into this tree. Certainly he cannot devour our bodily food, but he enjoys its spiritual part, and leaves behind the bodily, which we see.'" The superstitionist resorts to similar quibbles in every age. The negro happily illustrated a prominent feature in all religions—the attempt to accommodate irrational customs to rational ideas.—*Freethinker*.

TENNYSON'S RELIGION.

BY J. S. ELLIS.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review* informs us that Tennyson assured him, in answer to his direct appeal, that "In Memoriam" might be taken as containing an exposition of his religious belief. When so many baseless statements are constantly put forward in order to support the current theological dogmatism, it may be as well to place on record some of the lines in "In Memoriam" in which Tennyson has more or less clearly indicated his religious and ethical views. It may be thought sufficient by many to stamp Tennyson as a believer in the Christian religion that he not infrequently uses the words "God," "Lord," and "Christ"—as in "the Christ that is to be;" but it can hardly be claimed that such vague and general acknowledgments have much weight when opposed to expressions and admissions only consistent with a rationalistic view of ethical religion. Such acknowledgments only serve to place Tennyson in line with Thomas Paine and other Deists of the last century; of whose faith in God or a Supreme Being it may be said, that it was only more pronounced than that of the Agnostics of the present day because the whole subject had not then been threshed out so thoroughly as it has been during the past generation, with the aid of such men as Mill and Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, and the other great men under whose guidance the revolt against crude and barbarous dogmas and ecclesiastical tyranny has assumed a more definite, if possibly a less aggressive shape. Scientific investigation had not then resulted, as it has to-day, in placing our conception of the universe upon a basis of immutable law, nor had it destroyed altogether the faith of intelligent men in the erratic or miraculous interference in mundane affairs by some outside intelligent and changeable being. The Christian theology must stand or fall with the acceptance or rejection of this faith in a *personal* creator and ruler of the universe; and when Tennyson writes "God," it is clear that he only means a Great Unknown—or a Great Unknowable—Power, which may be the same as the Agnostic's Noumenon, the Deist's God, or the Buddhist's Nirvana, but which is certainly not the Jew's Jehovah or the Christian's Jesus. Scepticism, indeed, shows itself in the opening lines of "In Memoriam":

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,

By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing *where we cannot prove* ;

"Thine are those orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo ! *Thy foot*
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

"We have but faith : *we cannot know,*
For knowledge is of things we see ;
And yet we trust it comes from that,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

"Forgive what seem'd my sin in me ;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not, O Lord, from man to thee."

This can in no way be made to fit the orthodox notion—that the one supreme duty of man is to believe in God, and to worship and obey him—or the priest,—no merit in any good deeds apart from this belief.

In telling the story of the raising of Lazarus, Tennyson adds some artistic coloring, but he does not fail to put the sceptic's question :

"When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded,—if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave ?

"*Where wert thou, brother, those four days ?*"
There lives no record of reply,
Which, telling what it is to die,
Had surely added praise to praise.

"From every house the neighbors met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound ;
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

"Behold a man raised up by Christ !
The rest remaineth unreveal'd ;
He told it not ; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist !"

The hankering after impossible evidential knowledge is a characteristic of the partially emancipated mind. Then see what a tender mingling of doubt, sorrow, and joy we have in the stanzas on Yuletide, which, beginning with an apparently orthodox acknowledgment :

"The time draws near the birth of Christ ;
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;

The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."

Tell us how the efforts at seasonable enjoyment are overborne by sorrow :

" At our old pastimes in the hall
We gamboll'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all."

And end by telling us that, if his God be Love, his new-born Christ is
Hope :

" Rise, happy morn ! rise, holy morn !
Draw forth the cheerful day from night ;
O father, touch the East and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

Did Tennyson feel confident of a future life when he spoke thus to his
dead friend ?

" Yet oft, when sundown skirts the moor,
An inner trouble I behold—
A spectral doubt, which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more."

Like the Preacher of old, he believes that " the dead know not anything,
neither have they any more a reward." He certainly gives us many
thoughts about a future life, but when he has told us how he has seen
the birth and development of the human Ego :

" The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is press'd
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that ' This is I ! '

" But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of ' I ' and ' me ; '
And finds ' I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.'

" So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As through the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined."

We are not surprised to reach the other end of the story :

" He seeks at least,

" Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
' Farewell ! We lose ourselves in light ! '"

No Happy Hunting Grounds or Valhalla here—simply an End. But

Tennyson was also clearly alive to the fact that he was, after all, only as a child playing on the shore of an Unbounded and Unfathomable Ocean. His task was not to solve the great mysteries of Existence, but to sing of love and sorrow, of grief and hope; to cover human life with a glamor of art and sentiment that would raise it from its commonplace surroundings:

“ If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then were they such as men might scorn.”

He simply intended them, as he says, to be

“ Short swallow-flights of song that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.”

And thus it is that, while his muse is filled with fancies that may give color to almost any conception of his orthodoxy or his heterodoxy, his intellectual position must necessarily be gauged by those passages in which he expresses doubts that no true Christian could entertain, and which unquestionably stamp him as an Agnostic :

“ Ah, yes, we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
Of pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

“ That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

“ That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire,
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

“ *Behold, we know not anything :*
I can but trust that good shall fall,
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

“ *So runs my dream :* but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night ;
An infant crying for the light ;
And with no language but a cry !”

Yet Tennyson himself does find that there is some language that can be read and interpreted, and that will give a clearer insight into nature

and a more decided note than any he so far has sounded. He reads the Book of Nature, and he finds that

"Of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear."

"The scarped cliff and quarried stone" tell him that "a thousand types are gone," and that, with all his grand works of genius,

"Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And Love Creation's final law,
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravin, shrieked against his creed ;"

Will finally follow the rest, and disappear in "desert dust" and "iron hills." What answer does Tennyson attempt? What consolation does he offer to those who despair because all is dark where less scrupulous and less truthful poets have sung of the certainty of brightness and of happiness? He may talk with Ruskin and Carlyle of the nobility and comfort of labor, he may see with Emerson "everything that is excellent in mankind," or may believe with Arnold in some supreme "power outside man that makes for righteousness;" but when he feels called upon to give the foundations of his belief, he has to rank himself with Huxley and Spencer:

"O life, as futile, then, as frail!
Oh, for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer or redress?
BEHIND THE VEIL! BEHIND THE VEIL!"

WHAT! I should call on that Infinite Love that has served us so well?
Infinite Wickedness, rather, that made everlasting Hell,—
Made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what he will with his own,
Better our dead brute mother, who never has heard us groan.

Hell! If the souls of men were immortal, as men have been told,
The lecher would cleave to his lusts, and the miser would yearn for his gold;
And so there were Hell for ever! *But were there a God, as you say,*
His Love would have power over Hell, till it utterly vanished away.

And yet I have had some glimmer, at times in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all—after all—the GREAT GOD *for aught that I know.*
But the God of Love and of Hell together—they cannot be thought.

*If there be such a God, may the Great God curse him and bring him to
naught!*
—Tennyson.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO INGERSOLL.

Col. Ingersoll's Tribute to his Brother Ebon C. Ingersoll.

The record of a generous life runs like a vine around the memory of our dead, and every sweet, unselfish act is now a perfumed flower.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling towards the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his barden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For, whether in mid-ocean or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour be rich with love and every moment jewelled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstition far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, and poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "*For Justice, all place a temple, and all season summer.*" He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep to-night beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud,

and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star, and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of Death for the return of Health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now, to you, who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad offices for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

Christian Toleration and the Jews.

WHEN I was a child I was taught that the Jews were an exceedingly hard-hearted and cruel people, and that they were so destitute of the finer feelings that they had a little while before that time crucified the only perfect man who had appeared upon the earth; that this man was also perfect God, and that the Jews had really stained their hands with the blood of the Infinite.

When I got somewhat older I found that nearly all of the people had been guilty of substantially the same crime—that is, that they had destroyed the progressive and the thoughtful; that the chief priests of all people had incited the mob, to the end that heretics—that is to say, philosophers; that is to say, men who knew that the chief priests were hypocrites—might be destroyed.

I also found that Christians had committed more of these crimes than all other religionists put together.

I also became acquainted with a large number of Jewish people; and I found them like other people, except that, as a rule, they were more industrious, more temperate, had fewer vagrants among them, no beggars, very few criminals; and, in addition to all this, I found that they were intelligent, kind to their wives and children, and that, as a rule, they kept their contracts and paid their debts.

The prejudice was created almost entirely by religious, or rather irreligious, instruction. All children in Christian countries are taught that all the Jews are to be eternally damned who die in the faith of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; that it is not enough to believe in the inspiration of the Old Testament, not enough to obey the Ten Commandments, not enough to believe the miracles performed in the days of the prophets, but that every Jew must accept the New Testament and must be a believer in Christianity—that is to say, he must be regenerated—or he will simply be eternal kindling wood.

The Church has taught, and still teaches, that every Jew is an outcast; that he is a wandering witness in favor of "the glad tidings of great joy"; that Jehovah is seeing to it that the Jews shall not exist as a

nation—that they shall have no abiding place, but that they shall remain scattered, to the end that the inspiration of the Bible may be substantiated.

Dr. John Hall, of New York, a few years ago, when the Jewish people were being persecuted in Russia, took the ground that it was all fulfilment of prophecy, and that whenever a Jewish maiden was stabbed to death God put a tongue in every wound for the purpose of declaring the truth of the Old Testament.

Just as long as Christians take these positions, of course they will do what they can to assist in the fulfilment of what they call prophecy; and they will do their utmost to keep the Jewish people in a state of exile, and then point to the fact as one of the corner-stones of Christianity.

My opinion is that in the early days of Christianity all sensible Jews were witnesses against the faith, and in this way excited the eternal hostility of the orthodox. Every sensible Jew knew that no miracles had been performed in Jerusalem. They all knew that the sun had not been darkened, that the graves had not given up their dead, that the veil of the temple had not been rent in twain—and they told what they knew. They were then denounced as the most infamous of human beings, and this hatred has pursued them from that day to this.

There is no chapter in history as infamous, as bloody, as cruel, as relentless, as the chapter in which is told the manner in which Christians—those who love their enemies—have treated the Jewish people. The story is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek, and words of indignation to the lips, of every honest man.

Nothing can be more unjust than to generalize about nationalities, and to speak of a race as worthless or vicious simply because you have met an individual who treated you unjustly. There are good people and bad people in all races, and the individual is not responsible for the crimes of the nation, nor the nation responsible for the actions of the few. Good and honest men are found in every faith, and they are not honest or dishonest because they are Jews. A man is far above these badges of faith and of race. Good Jews are precisely the same as good Christians, and bad Christians are wonderfully like bad Jews.

Personally, I have either no prejudices about religion, or I have equal prejudice against all religions. The consequence is that I judge of people, not by their creeds, not by their rites, not by their mummeries, but by their actions.

In the first place, at the bottom of this prejudice lies the coiled serpent of superstition. In other words, it is a religious question. It seems impossible for the people of one religion to like the people believing in another religion. They have different gods, different heavens, and a great variety of hells. For the follower of one god to treat the follower of another god decently is a kind of treason. In order to be really true to his god, each follower must not only hate all other gods, but the followers of all other gods.

R. G. INGERSOLL.

SCOTLAND AND THE DRAMA.

BY G. W. NIVEN.

He loves no plays : he hears no music ; seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort as if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit that could be moved to smile at anything. *Julius Cæsar*, Act 1, Scene 2.

THE consideration of the dramatic productions of Home, Mallet, Thomson, Galt and others, suggests the query, "Can a Scotsman write a Play?" That the French and Irish, who are both endowed with undoubted dramatic talent, can do so, there is undoubted evidence. The modern Englishman can also write a play with the greatest facility, when he adapts it from the French, as he usually does, but the Scotsman does not seem to possess the necessary amount of dramatic instinct to be able to accomplish even this.

Scotland has produced philosophers, poets, novelists, admirals and generals, who, by universal consent, are placed in the front rank of the famous men of the world ; and even freebooters and pirates of supreme notoriety, but dramatic authorship contains no representative of equal standard. The most famous of Scottish plays, "The Tragedy of Douglas," owes much of its fame to the fact that it was written by a minister whose heretical action in doing so attracted more attention to the play than it would otherwise have received. It was acted in Edinburgh, only after it had been rejected by David Garrick. The connection with the Church, or the manse, of possibly the best of the Scottish dramatists, namely, Home, Thomson, and Joanna Bailie, indicates at once the possibilities and limitations of the dramatic work likely to be produced in Scotland.

Æsthetically considered, there is a wide difference between a sermon and a play. The sermon probably occupies the lowest place in the art of literary composition. By the term sermon we do not mean the essay, lecture or other attempt to make a little learning go a long way, to which the modern minister usually devotes some twenty minutes, but the genuine sermon as represented, say by one of Blair's well-known examples, in which some elementary and old wifely proverbial philosophy is treated in a simple manner, and quite on the same mental level as that of the less cultured members of the average congregation. That those individuals, and not the better educated, should be caiered for by the occupants of the pulpit was the advice recently tendered to Divinity students by Professor Story. On the other hand, what may be called modern scientific prose may be said to be the highest and purest form of prose attainable. For a modern philosopher, or scientific writer, to explain ideas, thoughts, or theories that are possibly entirely novel to his readers, is a performance that may well tax the descriptive powers of the most able writer. If he be the

founder of a new system of philosophy he has the difficult task before him of propounding what is likely to provoke opposition, solely on account of its novelty, and unless he succeed in setting forth his thoughts with such lucidity that those who do not wish to believe cannot avoid understanding what is meant he will fail to succeed in the mission he has attempted. Herbert Spencer alludes to this difficulty, and to his name as representing an exponent of what we have taken the liberty of calling modern scientific prose we would add those of Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall; and others might be added.

Dramatic composition, to be of such a quality as to retain its position on the stage for any length of time, is undoubtedly the most difficult form of composition, and demands, for complete success, the possession by the author of a technical knowledge of the requirements of the stage, and the principles of dramatic effect, as perfect as that which we know was possessed by the writers we have named in their several departments. To put the matter briefly, a play, to be successful, must be written on the stage, and not in the study. That dramatic writing, or indeed, any kind of authorship, should make its appearance in the Scottish Church, or among those preparing for it, is what might be expected from the circumstance of the superior scholastic education of those who had gone to college. Some Stickit Ministers were as well educated, and were often more talented, than those who were allowed to don the gown and bands. We find the same phenomenon in England, where the leading astronomers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were clergymen who, although (or perhaps, rather because) they were excellent astronomers, were not usually very orthodox Divines.

Until quite recently Scotsmen had no opportunity of studying the Drama on the stage. In Glasgow, in 1752, a mob returning from a religious meeting held by Whitefield, charged the military guard and demolished the only theatre in the city, if not in Scotland. In Edinburgh, about the same period, the drama was struggling for bare existence, being mostly represented by travelling companies from England, the performances taking place in the Taylors' Hall, in the Cowgate, but always subjected to the interference of the clergy on the least pretext. Except in a few of the principal towns, the conditions are not much altered at the present. A few years ago, the Free Church clergy employed eighteenth century methods of opposition in their abortive attempts to prevent theatrical performances by Walter Bentley's company at Inverness.

We do not pretend to be able to compare the relative numbers of those who frequent the theatre, and those who do not. A number are uncompromisingly antagonistic to it, and usually the churches or religious associations with which such persons are connected provide them with sufficient mental excitement to render the patronage of other forms of amusement unnecessary. It may truly be said of the Scots that they like to take their amusements religiously. We may recall

the anecdote told by George Grossmith of the visit to him of a Scots nobleman's butler, who desired to know the terms for a private entertainment at Aberdeen. It was one of the conditions of a possible engagement that nothing would be said derogatory to the Presbyterian Church! "Assure your master," replied Gee Gee, "that all my jokes are Presbyterian jokes!" and with this reply, which was gravely written down in a note-book, the melancholy butler departed perfectly satisfied.

Presbyterianism, whatever may be said on its behalf as a method of Church government, cannot be said to have favored any form of culture such as music, art or the drama. Whatever culture we possess has flourished in obedience to the laws of nature and in despite of all the restraining influences which the Church has imposed.

A better state of things, compared with those existing even twenty years ago, is now apparent. On visiting the theatre now, we are surprised and gratified to see those present who were formerly the leading speakers at Young Men's Christian Association meetings, and who were then never weary of repeating the time-worn chestnut of the pious little boy observing the entrance to a theatre of his Sunday-school teacher. Of course, the youngster followed, and then we were told pathetically, "That was the first step in his downward career!" This nice little fiction is much better told by "Pansy," in one of her goody-goody novels. The little backslider in this case naively gives as a reason for his preference for the theatre that the plays are much better acted there by the professionals, and are altogether more enjoyable than are the weak and trashy dialogues of the Band of Hope, or other semi-dramatic entertainments provided by the Church, where sometimes the secular attractions of the world are imitated as closely as may be dared.

The Presbyterianism of the last century, for whose austerity we now suffer in many ways, is well exemplified in the typical elder of the Free Kirk of Scotland, who objects to organs and "human hymns" and such like frivolities. Certainly, such a man could not be expected to prefer the studied and graceful elocution of the actor to the hypocritical drone of the minister; the beautiful scenery exhibited on the stage and the picturesque costumes of the players, to the white-washed walls and sombre surroundings of his favorite kirk; nor the performance of a grand opera to the sing-song of a precentor, whose chief recommendation for the post he occupies is his ability to "start the tune." But *his* days are numbered. One Free Church in a town having introduced an organ (they have been already in use by most of the other denominations for many years) is the signal for all the other Free churches in the neighborhood to procure one likewise with amusing alacrity, fearful lest the popularity of the rival kirk take away its customers; or, in more orthodox phraseology, its "members and adherents." This is a phenomenon that is taking place at the present moment. Living under

these blighting circumstances, can it be expected that a Scotsman could write a play? It will take a long time for the nation generally to recover, if they were ever possessed of it, or to create anew that dramatic instinct which, as we have already stated, is so conspicuously characteristic of the French and Irish, but which is so lamentably absent in the Scots.

We do not stay to do more than simply refer to the possible revival, or perhaps we should call it birth, of a Scottish Drama. Stevenson has certainly failed with his "Deacon Brodie," the Marquis of Lorne's contribution to "Diarmid" is said not to be an unequivocal success; but of Barrie's work we have some more hopeful and flattering accounts from the critics. When "The Little Minister" first appeared in *Good Words*, notwithstanding the crudeness of some parts, it was evident to the literary critic that the dramatic element was present. Dramatized novels are usually inferior to what has been originally written in dramatic form, and one cannot but regret that "The Little Minister" had not been written in the first instance for the stage. It would only be in accordance with the traditions of such a theologically-minded people as the Scots that a beginning of a new era of dramatic activity should take place with a play the atmosphere of which was more or less in accord with that taste.

— *Agnostic Journal*.



AN ACROSTIC.

BY ZILLAH PANTON, LONDON, ONT.

CHRISTMAS, the time when Nature throws
Her shadows dark athwart the earth,
Returns, and with effulgence glows,
Increasing with the New Year's birth.
Solstitial beams grow long again,
To glad anew earth's conscious life:
Mysterious law, with power to reign
Among great forces, fraught with strife,
Sustained by worlds that worlds sustain.

Numerous the varied laws of force,
Unceasing their creative power,
Moved by some secret quickening source
Beyond the ever-coming hour,
Ere heathens pictured gods behind
Real forces, to create mankind.

ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

THE jolly, pot-bellied, red-faced, roystering old saint, who for so many ages has brought delight untold to the souls of children and of parents alike, is in danger of annihilation, we are told. The preacher—that is, he of the more ascetic character—and the parent—that is, he of an unusually prudential turn of mind—have combined to do away with all frauds, and thus, as a relic of a superstitious and barbarous age, our genial old annual visitor must “get.” No more must the bulging stocking be found on Christmas morning hanging at the foot of the bed. The simple sober fact must be told—papa and mamma purchased all the things at the stores. Well, if this were the worst superstition the poor children had to contend with, or the only one, we do not know that we would object to the sentence of capital punishment or, if other superstitions were to be treated in a similar fashion, we might be inclined to second the efforts of these pious and thrifty woodenheads. But, while they wish to abolish the myths they “have no mind to,” these people still stick fast to the superstitions they “are inclined to;” and so Santa Claus, whose genealogy is at least as ancient as that of any other of the inhabitants of heaven, is likely still to hold his own for many a long age yet. Santa Claus is the Dutch pet name for St. Nicholas; and his English name, Criss Cringle, is a corruption of Christ Kindlein, or the Christ-child. But the festivities that mark the turning of the winter solstice existed long before Christianity, and a jolly god of good cheer personified the joyous season from the earliest pagan times. His first appearance was made among pre-historic men; and his “farewell” appearance—like that of some theatrical stars—will be repeated for many years to come.

It can easily be understood how the newly-born Jesus failed to supersede the old gods who brought good cheer and happiness with the lengthening days. The Christians would have had to give up the distinctive character of the teachings of their Savior had they tried to put him in the place of Santa Claus. In the Dionysia of the Greeks, the central figure was not the young Dionysius or Bacchus, but the old, cheery, disreputable Silenus, the chief of the Satyrs and the God of the Drunkards. In the Saturnalia of the Romans, it was Saturn; and among the Norsemen and the Teutons it was Thor, both aged and white-haired and bearded gods. And though, when St. Nicholas was adopted as a successor to Saturn, because his day fell in December, he was accompanied on his travels by the Christ-child (as he is to this day in some out-of-the-way places in Europe), gradually the chief honors of the season were conferred upon St. Nicholas, who is the patron saint of children and schoolboys.

It is not always as a mere jolly visitor with pockets full of good things for the children that Santa Claus is known. In Lower Austria he is the frightful Kram-

pus, with clanking chains and horrible devil's mask, who is the terror of the nursery, though he does bring gilded nuts and apples and sweetmeats and toys. In Hanover, Holstein, and Mecklenburg, he is known as *Clas*: in Silesia, as *Joseph*.

Sometimes the bugbear was a female. In Lower Austria she was called the *Budelfrau*. In Suabia it was the *Berchtel* who chastised with rods children that did not spin diligently, but rewarded the industrious with dried pears, apples and nuts. The female bogie survives especially in Russia and in Italy. In the former place she is known as the *Baboushka*, in the latter as the *Befana*. *Befana* is a corruption of *Epiphania*, or *Epiphany*. For it is on *Epiphany*, January 6, that the Italians make presents to their children in commemoration of the gifts given by the three *Wise Men* to *Christ* on that date.

In Southern Germany and Austria a curious custom still survives, though in many places it has been abolished. A youth possessing the necessary religious knowledge is masked, dressed in white, and furnished with a mitre and crozier. He is accompanied by two angels and a whole troop of devils. The angels are dressed much like choir boys. Each carries a basket. The devils blacken their faces and add horns or such other fantastic devices as their ingenuity may suggest. Their number is only limited to the number of boys who can command the necessary regalia. In the twilight of the evening of December 5 the bishop and his suite begin their round of visits. It is the season for juvenile parties, and almost all the children of the village are collected in a few separate houses, each of which *St. Nicholas* visits in turn. He enters with the two angels, while his swarthy followers are left to play their pranks outside. A great silence falls upon the children, and one by one they are called up and examined by the saint. Simple religious questions are propounded, after which each child has to sing a hymn or recite a prayer. If the ordeal is successfully passed the angels present it with nuts and apples. If it fails it has to stand aside. When the examination is ended the devils are called in. They are not allowed to approach the good children, but may tease and frighten the naughty ones as much as they like. Afterwards they indulge in strange dances and antics, and pursuing the larger girls, attempt to blacken their faces. For the entire evening they are allowed full license in the villages. When *St. Nicholas* has left the children return to their homes, but they do not believe that the generosity of the saintly bishop has been exhausted. After saying their prayers and going to bed they place dishes or baskets upon the windowsill with their names written within them, and in these their parents deposit small presents.



THE ART OF MARRYING.

BY L. W.

CHARACTERS : Rev. Percy Woffington, M.A., Rector of Sandean ; Margaret, his Wife ; Daisy, their Daughter ; and Frank Panton, an "Eligible."

SCENE : The Rector's Study, morning.

I. THE CAUSE.

REV. WOFFINGTON (*writing out the housekeeping cheque*)—Margaret, our girls must get married.

Mrs. Woffington—My dear, I'm sure they do their best.

Rev. W.—Then they must surpass themselves. For the past five years we have been living beyond our income and spending our capital. That can't last.

Mrs. W.—Certainly not ; but you see, dear, we can't force things. Of course, it's very expensive, but they must dress.

Rev. W. (*humorously*)—Quite so ; but, you see, for five years I have been sinking my capital in what we may call the Woffington Marriage Association, and the undertaking has not hitherto paid a dividend. Now, I look upon you as the managing director, and I say it's time our enterprise met with some success. Don't misunderstand me. Our girls are nice, good girls, quite attractive enough, and sufficiently accomplished. I'm not anxious to get rid of them, but I hold that the natural sphere for a woman is matrimony, and for the last few years we have been entertaining in our modest little way, and the girls have been visiting all about the country, and we ought to take advantage of this and see them properly settled.

Mrs. W.—Young men are so tiresome now-a-days.

Rev. W.—And so poor.

Mrs. W.—And so wrapped up in cricket and football.

Rev. W.—Not to mention comic opera.

Mrs. W.—And the girls are so different. They don't seem to look upon marriage as they used to. When I was a girl we were taught to look upon it as the coping-stone of our education ; but now they wonder if a woman is justified in burying herself alive.

Rev. W.—Now, there is young Panton. For the last twelve months he has been running about after Daisy. He's not rich, to be sure ; but his prospects are not half bad, and he seems to be a capital sort of fellow. Now, can't you use a little tact and bring things to a head ? If we once made a start, no doubt the others would follow.

Mrs. W. (*thoughtfully*)—I'll see what I can do, Percy.

Rev. W.—I am going to make one or two calls in the parish. Speak to Daisy this morning. I'll send her to you as I go out. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. W.—Yes, I'll speak to her, but it won't do to set about it quite like that.

II. THE LITTLE SCHEME.

(Enter Daisy.)

Daisy—What's up, mater ?

Mrs. W.—Sit down, dear. I want to talk to you. Your father has been grumbling about Frank Panton paying you so much attention.

Daisy—Well, I'm sure, there's no harm in it.

Mrs. W.—He says that Frank is continually with you.

Daisy—Well, what of it. We do it openly. Everybody sees us.

Mrs. W.—My dear girl, I'm not blaming you. I stood up for you. I don't see any harm in young people indulging in a little harmless—well—flirtation, as long, of course, as it isn't carried too far. But, of course, your father has such peculiar views on these things, and I know you wouldn't like to offend him.

Daisy—Certainly not; but I don't see that he has anything to be offended at. Even if Frank proposed, I don't see that the pater could object. His position is about as good as that of most of the men we know.

Mrs. W.—Couldn't you manage to like Mr. Marlowe ?

Daisy—No, I'm sure I couldn't.

Mrs. W.—He will come into a lot of money some day, and he's a very steady young man.

Daisy—He's a fool.

Mrs. W. *(awfully shocked)*—Daisy !

Daisy—So he is, mater, and you know it. I don't know that I want to marry anybody, so there's no need for the pater to get into a panic; but, if I had to marry one of them, I'd rather marry Frank on twopence a week than that donkey.

Mrs. W.—Well, well, dear, we mustn't get angry about it.

Daisy *(steadily)*—And I don't see why the pater should object to Frank.

Mrs. W.—Your father has such very funny views, my dear. And Mr. Marlowe's prospects are very good, you know.

Daisy—It's absurd. I believe Frank is very fond of me, and if he says anything, I'm not at all sure but what I should accept him. I don't see that pater would have any ground to oppose us.

Mrs. W.—Of course, if it ever came to that, Daisy, I shouldn't oppose you, and I should help you as much as I could with your father, but I cannot answer for him; he is so peculiar, you know. Is Frank going to be at the dance to-night ?

Daisy—Yes.

Mrs. W.—Well, if I were you, I wouldn't let his attentions be too pronounced. Your father and I will both be there, and he is so fussy about you girls. Keep Frank at a little distance; don't be too much at his disposal.

Daisy *(thoughtfully)*—Perhaps you are right.

III. THE EFFECT.

(Time.—The following morning. Rev. Woffington seated at his desk.
Enter Frank Panton, nervously.

Frank—Good morning, sir.

Rev. Woffington—What, Frank, my boy! Anything the matter?
Sit down.

Frank (*speaking rapidly and without a pause*)—Yes, sir—that is, No—it's Daisy. I spoke to her last night, I want to marry her, I'm very fond of her, and I'll try to make her a good husband, and I want your permission.

Rev. W. (*looking very shocked and disappointed*)—You want to marry Daisy?

Frank—Yes, sir.

Rev. W.—She's very young, Frank, and so are you.

Frank—I am twenty-six. I love Daisy very much, and (*swallowing something*) I think she likes me,

Rev. W. (*shaking his head with a grave smile*)—Ah, young people only think of that, they don't look to the future. I don't want to part with my girls, Frank.

Frank (*argumentatively*)—You'll have three left, sir.

Rev. W.—Still, I should be losing one. Perhaps I had better ask my wife to come here. I never interfere in these matters. (*Rings a bell.*)

(*To servant*)—Ask your mistress to come here for a few minutes. (*To Frank*)—What about your father?

Frank—I have spoken to him, Mr. Woffington. He gives his very hearty approval.

(*Enter Mrs. Woffington.*)

Rev. W.—Margaret, this young man wishes to marry Daisy. How old is she?

Mrs. W.—Twenty-three in May.

Rev. W.—Isn't that too young?

Mrs. W.—I wasn't twenty-one when I married you. You didn't think me too young.

Rev. W. (*smiling kindly*)—No, dear, but things are so different now-a-days. Well, I shall leave it to you, Margaret.

Mrs. W.—I think you ought to decide, Percy.

Rev. W. (*firmly*)—No, dear! Mothers understand their daughters best. You must decide.

Mrs. W.—If I decide I shall say yes!

Mr. W. (*rising solemnly from his seat, and placing his left hand on his wife's shoulder, giving his right to Frank, with the air of a man who feels he is making a noble sacrifice*)—Then, Frank, you must take that as your answer.



GRAVE AND GAY.

IT'S A' RICHT.

A few weeks ago, a gentleman going up through a crowded part of the city of Glasgow, noticed a pale faced little bootblack waiting for hire. Touched by the delicate look of the child, he thought he would give him the blacking of his boots to do. Accordingly he gave the little fellow the signal. The boy at once crept lamely toward the gentleman, and as he pulled himself along was nimbly supplanted by another bootblack who was immediately at the gentleman's feet and ready to begin. "What's this for?" said the gentleman to the intruder, somewhat angrily. "It's a' richt," said the newcomer brightly. "Jamie's jist a wee while oot o' the hospital, and the rest o' us take turn about o' brushin' for him." Jamie smiled pleasantly, by way of assuring the gentleman that his comrade's story was true. The gentleman was so gratified by this act of brotherly kindness that he gave Jamie's friend a whole shilling for his work — telling him to give sixpence to Jamie and keep the other sixpence to himself. "Na, na, sir," quickly replied this little hero, giving the shilling to Jamie, and hurrying from the spot, "na, na, sir; nane o' us ever tak' ony o' Jamie's siller."

DISADVANTAGES OF CORPULENCY.

LEIGH Lynch tells a story which illustrates the hardship of corpulency. He says he was once riding on a circle railway in London. This line, as its name implies, travels round and round, describing pretty nearly a perfect circle, whose diameter is, say, ten miles. In the car in which Mr. Lynch sat was an old lady who expressed solicitude lest she be carried by the station at which she desired to stop. As she was indeed elderly, and was, furthermore, very obese, Mr. Lynch felt sorry for the old girl, and sought to soothe her by assuring her that her station, Hammer-smith, was half an hour away, and that he would tell her when it was reached. "Thank you very much," said the fat old lady, "but whenever I gets out, hein' as 'ow I'm so 'eavy, I backs out; an' I ain't more than 'arf way out afore along comes the guard, an' he says: "Look lively there, mum," says he, "look lively," an' he pushes me back in again, an' I've been 'round the circle three times this mornin, already, an' I wants to get off at 'Ammersmith!"

A little girl, four and a half years old, lately said: "Papa, who made Mary and Joseph?" "Why, God, of course." "Oh, no, papa, that could not be; for, if Jesus is God, and Mary is Jesus's mother, how could God make his own mother?"

Little Susie H. (poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings) suddenly remarked, with much vehemence — "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel when I die, and I needn't, need I?" "Why, Susie?" questioned mamma. "'Cos I don't want to leave off all my clothes, and wear feddars like a hen!"

A clergyman was questioning his Sunday-school about the story of Eutychus, the young man who, while listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" "Please, sir," replied a little girl promptly, "parsons should learn not to preach too long sermons."

LITERARY CONUNDRUMS,

FOR which the answer to each statement or query is the name of an author. We think these have never before been published with the author's names.

What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.—Chaucer.

A lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water.—Dryden.

Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.—Pope.

Makes and mends for first-class customers.—Taylor.

Represents the dwellings of civilized men.—Holmes.

A kind of linen.—Holland.

Worn on the head.—Hood.

A name that means such fiery things, we can't describe their pains and stings.—Burns.

Belongs to a monastery.—Abbott.

Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining toward one of them.—Southey.

Is what an oyster heap is likely to be.—Shelley.

A chain of hills containing a dark treasure.—Coleridge.

Always youthful, as you see, but between you and me he was never much of a chicken.—Young.

An American manufacturing town.—Lowell.

Humpbacked but not deformed.—Campbell.

An internal pain.—Akenside.

Value of a word.—Wordsworth.

A ten-footer whose name begins with fifty.—Longfellow.

A brighter and smarter than the other one.—Whittier.

A worker in precious metals.—Goldsmith.

A very vital part of the body.—Harte.

A lady's garment.—Spencer.

Small talk and heavy weight.—Chatterton.

A prefix and a disease.—Montague.

Comes from a pig.—Bacon.

A disagreeable fellow to be on your foot.—Bunyan.

A sick place of worship.—Churchill.

A mean dog, 'tis.—Curtis.

An official dreaded by the students of English Universities.—Dean.

His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or a Hottentot.—Walter Savage Landor.

A manufactured metal.—Steele.

Meat, what are you doing?—Browning.

Very fast indeed.—Swift.

A barrier built by an edible.—Cornwall.

To agitate a weapon.—Shakespeare.

A girl's name and a male relation.—Addison.

Red as an apple, dark as night, a heavenly sight or perfect fright.—Crabbe. (Refers to crab the shell-fish, also constellation cancer.)

A domestic worker.—Cook.

A slang exclamation.—Dickens.

Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her.—Stowe.

A young domestic animal.—Lamb.

One that is more than a sandy shore.—Beecher.

A fraction in currency and the prevalent fashion.—Milton,

"Mamma is in perfect health, my child," and thus he named a poet mild.—Motherwell.

A common domestic animal, and what it cannot do.—Cowper.

Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much loved poet you'll see.—Bryant.

Each living head, in time, 'tis said, will turn to him, tho' he be dead.—Gray.

Mother—Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school.

Johnny—Yes'm.

Mother—Then how is it your hands smell so fishy?

Johnny—I—I carried home the Sunday school paper, and the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale.

It is said that the Princess Louise when she is touring in the north has a fashion of talking the purest "Hielant Doric," and, as she is a capital mimic, the effect is sometimes rather comic. Her Royal Highness very much disconcerted a decent salmon-fisher the other day by approaching him with the query: "Iss yer net oot chust now, Sandy?" Sandy lost his head; he had never found royalty so confusingly affable before. "Yiss, yiss, my Grace, your Sovereign," he stammered out, "but she will no be oot if your gracious Sovereign wid like her to be in."

Bridget—Now yer back, tell me phat ye saw in Noo York.

Pat—The ferry boats, sure, they-ve got a bow at both inds av thim, so they kin go both ways at wanst.

PAT'S SCORE ON THE PARSON.

A good-natured Anglican parson was riding one day in a jaunting-car near the Lakes of Killarney, whose famous echoes sometimes repeat a sound as many as eight times. Wishing to "take a rise" out of the driver, the parson said:

"Do you know, Pat, there are none but Protestant echoes here?"

"No, sir, I niver heard it, and I don't believe it ayther," was the reply.

"Well, you shall hear it very soon," said the Anglican. Arriving at a favorable spot, he called out softly, raising his voice to a loud pitch on the last word: "Do you believe in Pio Nono?"

And the echo replied, "No, no! No, no! No, no!"

Pat was delighted at the joke, and, rubbing his hands gleefully, said:

"Bedad, whin Oi droive wan of the raal clargy here won't Oi have the sport out av him!"

And the Anglican rather doubted the success of his ruse.

A bachelor editor who had an unmarried sister wrote to one similarly circumstanced: "Please exchange." They did.

AFRICAN ELOQUENCE.

The Chap-Book tells of a darkey preacher who prayed for "publishers and sinners." This reminds a New York *Sun* reader of that other dusky brother who besought the Lord "to prepare us for that gaol to which we are all hastening." We can match these by the true account of an African clergyman who fervently ejaculated in the course of his supplications: "O Lord, make all dose what is intemperate temperate, and all dose what is industrious, dustrious."

THE BISHOP'S KNEE BREECHES.

It is told of a certain Bishop that, while dining at the house of one of his friends, he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the bishop approached the boy, and asked:

"Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, with a glance at the bishop's knee breeches, "You're all right; only" (hesitatingly) "won't your mamma let you wear trousers yet?"

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT

A certain rector in a Suffolk village who was disliked in his parish had a curate who was very popular and who, on his leaving, was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and, meeting with an old lady one day, he said, "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial." "Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd been a-going I'd 'ave subscribed double."

Saveloy Man—I don't b'lieve literatooor ever was any good to any bloke.

News Boy—Wot yer givin' us! Wot 'ud I do fer a livin'. an' wot 'ud you wrap yer all-'ots in if it wasn't fer littitooor?