

invented sound of the piano. This is not the way to make him the master. Let us bring him off, better, a half hour for music, and retire dignifiedly the victor of creation.

Then, too, as we desire to receive pleasure from the music, let us be informed what kind of music it is, who wrote it and when, and what is the spirit. For if it is made for display, let us not lose a stroke of the player's fingers; if it is a deep study of Beethoven's let us listen in retirement and silence.

Our mental cultivation will not begin to be worth a cent until we find out that the worst we can make of music is in the place of fine notes, for this amounts to a denial of all its poetry and sentiment, and its capacity to express the beautiful. And because music does express the beautiful it can be intelligently heard only in the most complete silence, and in the mental attitude of repose. In this way music opens for us the most exquisite kingdom of the beautiful that the art has yet explored. Every kind of good affection is within the province of music. It has graceful and symmetrical forms, coloring as evanescent and extraneous as that of the clouds themselves, a poetry and consistency of the highest order, so that for celestial gifts of imagination we need place Beethoven alone (Missaquenos or Dante); it is in this subtle art, the most divine creation of the human spirit, that society ignorantly abuses in the measure I have here pointed out.

TELL ME WHERE THE VIOLETS GROW.

By GEORGE ELINGHA.

I wonder where the violets grow,  
The little white and blue ones;  
I thought they were in the ground  
Close under the leaves around  
The stems of the flowers,  
And you have kept the violets away!  
I thought they were in the garden,  
Where the flowers grow,  
Where the bees and butterflies  
Come to the flowers,  
Where the children play,  
And you have kept the violets away!  
I thought they were in the woods,  
Where the trees are tall,  
Where the birds sing,  
And you have kept the violets away!  
I thought they were in the meadows,  
Where the grass is green,  
Where the children play,  
And you have kept the violets away!  
I thought they were in the fields,  
Where the flowers grow,  
Where the bees and butterflies  
Come to the flowers,  
Where the children play,  
And you have kept the violets away!  
I thought they were in the garden,  
Where the flowers grow,  
Where the bees and butterflies  
Come to the flowers,  
Where the children play,  
And you have kept the violets away!

Brooklyn, New Jersey.

WILD'S NATURAL THEOLOGY AND DARWINISM.

By CHARLES L. BARNES.

MR. MILL'S famous Essay on Nihilism has been translated from many points of view; but, so far as we have observed, nowhere in their publications to modern science.

He himself speaks much of the great debt of thought, and we have reason to know that he accepted the leading hypothesis of modern science, the Darwinian theory, as at least a good working hypothesis.

Mill, trained as Mill was in the methods of metaphysics, by his by means so much as in the methods of reasoning and investigation under modern natural science.

Had he been so, he never would have adopted the Eppian and Irreverent tone he has employed in regard to the defects and imperfections of the machinery of nature, nor would he have been so bold in the use of and pitiless character, both of the operations of the natural world and of the structure of animals, or of the tendency towards pain and degeneracy.

Nature, as she appears under the Darwinian theory, is by its means so simple a machine or series of contrivances, or aggregate of guided forces, as she appeared even in the time of Paley. From the "supremacy from design," though it

would be as strong as before, would be changed and shifted in its level. There is an irregularity a weak or missing member, showing by its adaptation a contrivance. It is rather a matter of instinct, such one leading into the other, and complicated and interwoven beyond all possibility of separate description, and yet, through all, as the force of water, through the various cog, bands, wheels, and levers of a mill, running one primed and carrying Five through various gears, involving the power and shaping the shaft. Nature, under the Darwinian hypothesis, is more variety of our greatest conception of a Creator than under the Paleyian.

There is adaptation, but it is brought about by a machinery so complicated, far-reaching, and manifold, as would naturally belong to an all-wise Contrivance. There is intelligence, but it is blind working in the periods of almost infinite time, and with the resources of boundless power. The simple matter is brought about by the balancing and interlocking of forces through ages of ages.

Take, for instance, the aspect of a field in summer. It seems a simple and lovely picture, fresh from the hand of the Great Artist; or a machine showing in its adaptations almost human contrivance.

But, in reality, every simple and lovely feature of it is the result of effort and restraint of an almost infinite variety of struggling forces and contending forms of life.

The beautiful color of the flowers depends on the insects, the insects on the ground animals, or on the soil, as it may favor certain acids whose flowers again nourish them, the birds are conditioned both by the insects and the vegetation, the animals by all these and by climate and moisture, and again the trees and plants by insects, birds, winds and storms, which have mastered their seeds, and so on, and so on.

Each kingdom of life becomes the enemy, not variety or species of vegetable or animal is struggling with another, and all depend on general antagonism and relation or internal force, which shape the great, form the soil, and determine the nature of the soil, and the adaptation of seeds to or explanation. The final result of countless forces and forms of life in combination, we see as a simple and beautiful natural field.

All these forces, of course, guided. The result is not accident. The picture was in the Great Artist's mind.

The machine was intelligently contrived, but it is not a simple machine. It is not like a watch, which, if a man looks on a desert island, he says, "This had a maker."

It is a network and web of forces, intelligently guided, but interwoven, complicated, and difficult beyond all imagination or description.

But the most striking feature would stand by such a machine, and say of its working, "This feature is defective, this shows friction; this shows it not; this proves a contrivance who did not know how to attain his end."

The truth is, he neither sees the end nor the beginning. He only follows a few threads a little way in the "infinite web of being." His best hypothesis is only negative, for while Natural Selection theory, or species etc, it does not prove how they originated.

For him to criticize such a wonderful machinery is like an ignorant Australian criticizing a steamship, or a Bahagian's counting-machine.

He really knows nothing of it. All he does see and know in the natural world, is the drift and tendency of things, and this he can only observe for a moment in the short duration of human life, or even of human history.

Now the drift and tendency according to every true Darwinian is not to create pain and suffering, as a result aimed at, or towards degeneracy and imperfection.

On the Darwinian hypothesis, nothing exists or appears or is created for pain alone. The sting of the hornet, the claws of the tiger, the teeth of the shark, the venom of the rattlesnake, the bark of the hawk, the sting of the mosquito, the poison of the scorpion, are not primarily for pain, but were first either organs of attack, or aids in the struggle for existence, which have been modified to give pain by natural selection.

Thus, the sting of the hornet in some number of his family was probably a boring and serrated instrument, useful for aiding in the obtaining of food; the poison perhaps first adapted to procure aid, and subsequently intensified, until finally it

was modified to an instrument of defense and of pain.

It is true that of some contrivances in nature, it is difficult to see any other but pain, yet to doubt the true origin will increase the amount of its some useful end. At all events, if the Mill holds the Darwinian hypothesis, he must exclude pain as an end in nature.

Incidentally, to the Darwinian, pain is always incidental - a means for use or improvement or advantage in the struggle for existence.

To the Darwinian aim, there is no drift toward the world, but a tendency to degeneracy and imperfection. The current of all these things, or of all phenomena, is towards higher forms of life. Natural selection is a means of striving at the best. The law of nature is that the fittest and most used dies. From the usual or ordinary to man there is a steady and never interrupted upward through ages of man towards what is perfect and complete and superior. The reason for it is the direction of the law.

It is not necessary to suppose a perfect, and merely those physical forces, or any necessary motion. For if the Darwinian theory be true, the law of natural selection applies to all the moral history of mankind, as well as to the physical. But what do we mean by the words "moral," in the struggle with good. The slow course of the world's history is in the direction of more goodness, as the physical development is towards higher forms. This progress of goodness is not necessarily uniform, any particular form of life or species may. A good man may die, or may remain stagnant. The development goes on with some more variety or form of life.

Such a "course of things towards improvement," or towards physical perfection, is also about imperfection. It is the slow motion of the stars of heaven through the ether, which is admitted, when the stars are seen to be stationary, when they are really moving. A similar motion of all things in the world, and the motion of all things and forms of life, through the ether of history and events, would be towards the perfect and perfect. This belief does not solve all difficulties, but it would go far to remove Mr. Mill's objections to Natural Theology, and solving the hypothesis of immortal life, it would solve all the most difficult portions of the great problem.

"THE HOLY GRAIL"

ONE of the legends of "Holy Grail" relates that Joseph of Arimathea went to the house of Simon, after Jesus was crucified, and inquired where Jesus had eaten with the twelve. Simon directed him to the place, which was on the hillside, yet his mind should be preserved. Finally, he took his horse, and returned in it the blood that still flowed from the Savior's wounds, as he lay in his own family tomb. But the Jews were angry at Joseph, and set him into a dark dungeon, a prisoner from Jerusalem. When Christ appeared to him, gave him the fish containing the blood, and exhorted him to be of good cheer; so though Calphas had condemned him to starvation in this prison, yet his life should be preserved. Finally, he was put by the Emperor in the dungeon, without food, sustained by the goodness of this vessel. The son of the Emperor Vespasian, Titus, visited and invited by St. Vincent, came at the head of a great army to avenge the death of Christ. Titus threatened to burn the house of Calphas, and also to burn many Jews alive, if they did not tell him where Joseph could be found. Finally, Calphas made Titus promise not to take vengeance on him, and then he lowered him by ropes to the cell where Jesus was confined.

Titus called Joseph by name, who served with good purpose.

"How long have you been here?" said Titus. "Only two days," replied Joseph. He subsequently had "Holy Grail" served to sustain the life.

The night before Titus's departure the Jews Jesus appeared to Joseph and commanded him to baptize Titus and his family. Joseph then went on an errand to the Emperor, without going out, bearing with him the Holy Grail, which might power sustained his strength.

Several other wonders in this story are recorded, but we will not mention them. The story was for many centuries believed to be true.