

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Witness-stand.

"We are witnesses." Acts 3:15.

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam-power successfully without perils; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made

ALL THE NATION WITNESSES

of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard and the Inman and the National and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press, put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and

THEY TOOK THE WITNESS STAND,

to prove that to be true which the wisecracks of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the sceptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this house there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

THROUGH TESTIMONY.

You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity, and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man against the world and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus—Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you

THREE PROPOSITIONS,

the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to convert us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are thirty-three thousand converts in Madagascar to-day. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burma five years without a single convert; but there are twenty thousand Baptists in Burma to-day. People laughed at Doctor Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are fifteen thousand Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day. But why go so far to find

EVIDENCES OF THE GOSPEL'S POWER

to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gorgias, the orator, who went into a prayer-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh! my great sins! Oh! my great Saviour!" and for seven years preached the Gos-

pel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace! There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion.

CONVERSION DID IT.

"Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a sea-captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm-singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this house to-day who are no more what they once were than a water-lily is nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people in this house who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed, they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn, they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

"Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend On whom my hopes of heaven depend? No! When I blush be this my shame: That I no more revere His name."

Again, I remark that "we are witnesses" of the Gospel's

POWER TO COMFORT.

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice. Get your mind off of it! when everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off of it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass-plot she plucked flowers, or into that show-window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is

A CLUMSY WORLD

when it tries to comfort a broken heart! I can build a Corliss engine. I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna." I can play a Beethoven's "Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." No! There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one, and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou has comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman, and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the baby was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

WHAT ENABLED YOU TO STAND

all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the forerunner of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "aye, we are witnesses." Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn-fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm-house where

BEREAVEMENT HAD COME

and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? What's that? Why those black tassels at the top?" And after it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never forgot. In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now in the courts, attorney,

jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great

DIFFERENCE IN THEIR DEATH-BEDS.

Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one, you bowed, perhaps in awe. In the other case, you felt as you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went to sleep as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road, she would cry out; she was always rather weakly."

WHAT GAVE HER COMPOSURE?

Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed us by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank, and let me know it. "Oh," you say; "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And someone else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Someone else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle-aged. "We are witnesses!" You see, my friends, I have not put before you an abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess-work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—

MILLIONS OF WITNESSES,

and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble, and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine, and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," you say, "I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The sceptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avail!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings spread by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see

A BRIGHT LIGHT BEAMING

on thee? "Where," you say, "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck I ceased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star arose— It was the Star of Bethlehem."

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When

MADAME SONTAG

began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steining, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was ringing through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little girl leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steining. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said, Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for the poor blind woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sang before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steining's death, Madame Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was

what the queen of song did for her enemy.

But oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity, He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

MODERN PIANISTS.

Some Surprising Statistics Concerning Musical Compositions.

Numerous as are the modern piano virtuosos, yet few among them have obtained any extraordinary fame by their pen as composers. Excluding Liszt, Rubinstein and Von Bulow, who stand alone in their art, and whose names already established in all three cases for nearly half a century, will extinguish all comparison with the younger generation, we will at once examine the most prominent of the pianists of to-day.

Camille Saint-Saens leads undoubtedly the van; he is a veritable colossus among pianists, and yet, as far as the piano goes, his works for that instrument are not as noteworthy as one would expect from such a great virtuoso. Eugene d'Albert is writing some good piano works, but none of great calibre. Arthur Schnitzler, Stavenhagen, Rummel, Joseffy, Schomberger, Grunfeld, &c., all magnificent players, can scarcely be classed so far as composers; even Joseffy, a veritable new "Tausig," has scarcely one decent musical production, although he has written forty or fifty piano solos. Anton Strelezki has lately written some pieces worthy of attention. The "Etudes de Concert," op. 8, show great knowledge of the piano; also a "Humoresque," published by Kistner, Leipzig, which, notwithstanding its tendency to Schumann, is a magnificent work. Moritz Moszkowski, who is but little known to the musical world as a pianist, has written many fine works, but of late he is undoubtedly retrograding. His "Fantaisie-Improvisi," "Homage to Schumann," and "Moments Musicaux," all early works, stand far above his latter ones, barring perhaps the three "Grand Studies" and the "Barcarolle." Edward Schutt, though not a remarkably brilliant pianist, is most talented, but also has not attempted large works, excepting a piano concerto, which, however, has not yet been heard. Leschetzky has produced many salon gems, but latterly has grown lazy, and consequently has nothing new in the market. Plante, a wonderfully gifted pianist, has produced nothing. Louis Breiter, Ch. Halle, Siloti, Emil Sauer, ditto.

The outlook for good piano music is, without doubt, anything but cheerful, especially from those who should be expected to be best qualified to write for that instrument. In fact, outside of Saint-Saens, Moszkowski, Scharwenka, Strelezki and d'Albert, there is not a composer of any intrinsic value among the two dozen foremost piano virtuosos of the day. I am afraid if I ask the reason "Why is this?" I can give but one truthful reply; and that is, that to be a true musician at all, the odious prominence given to finger work has killed the brain, or rather caused it to be something not exactly a necessity in a modern piano virtuoso. No one can have a too brilliant or too perfect technique, but if the virtuoso's only recommendation is the velocity of his fingering, a kind of a Maud S. or Jay-Eye-See record, then art indeed has depreciated sorrowfully in these days.

France's Wonderful New Rifle.

The Lebel rifle, the new arm with which the French infantry will be supplied before next spring, is, according to all accounts, a wonder, and several models of the gun which have been received here have excited great interest. The new rifle is known by the name of its inventor, Lebel, and is smaller and lighter than the rifles now in use; the French soldiers call it "the little gun." The most authentic descriptions given of the gun agree in attributing to it a carrying power beyond that of any rifle heretofore in use. The models received in New York are not known to be accurate copies of the Lebel gun, and experiments with them are impossible. The fact that the powder used is a secret compound of which the French government has the monopoly. According to all accounts the Lebel gun will carry its bullet more than a mile and a half, and with a more certain aim than has been possible with ordinary rifles. The bore of the gun is very small, and the ball, which is of steel and sharply pointed at one end, is said to revolve at a speed of a thousand revolutions a second. In the tests made by the French government this bullet has penetrated a brick wall eight inches thick at a distance of 500 yards; it will go through any kind of armor which can be worn by soldiers, and at a distance of more than a mile will pass through a mass as easily as ten paces. The gun has no recoil under fire, and the powder gives out no smoke whatever. It has been said that the powder used must be a type of smokeless hunting powder already in the market; but this is denied by the inventor, who says that he uses an entirely new compound. The Lebel gun is, of course, a repeater and the cartridges are so small that each soldier carries 220 rounds of ammunition, as against 110 rounds, formerly considered the maximum. The French government is now making these guns at the rate of 600 a day at Saint-Etienne, and is preparing to turn out double that number. Four factories, those at Chatelleraut, Tulle, and Saint-Etienne, will soon be at work upon them.

Three cents an hour for each Jablochkoff candle having been found insufficient to meet the running expenses after a trial lasting over five and a half years, the Company supplying that method of electric lighting has discontinued to employ it on the Thames (Victoria) Embankment, London.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 11, 1887.

Golden Precepts. LESSON TEXT. (Matt. 7:1-12. Memory verses, 7-11.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: Jesus the King in Zion.

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: Yet have I set my kingdom upon my holy hill of Zion.—Psa. 2:6.

LESSON TOPIC: A Royal Guide for Living.

Lesson (1. How to Approach God, vs. 1-5. Outline: (2. How to Regulate Action, vs. 6, 12.)

GOLDEN TEXT: Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. 7:12.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 7:1-12. A royal guide for living.

T.—Luke 6:27-42. The lesson restated.

W.—Rom. 14:1-23. Kindly judgment commended.

T.—Jas. 2:1-26. Fulfilling the law.

F.—Luke 11:1-13. Prayerfulness encouraged.

S.—Acts 13:44-52. Rejecters rejected.

S.—1 John 3:1-24. Loving one another.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. HOW TO JUDGE MEN.

I. With Caution:

Judge not, that ye be not judged (1). Judge not, and ye shall not be judged (Luke 6:37).

Who art thou that judgest the servant of another? (Rom. 14:4.)

But thou, why dost thou judge thy brother? (Rom. 14:10.)

Who art thou that judgest thy neighbor? (Jas. 4:12.)

II. With Sincerity.

Why beholdest thou the mote,.... but considerest not the beam? (3.)

David... said,.... the man that hath done this is worthy to die (2 Sam. 12:5).

They, when they heard it, went out one by one (John 8:9).

Wherewith thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself (Rom. 2:1).

Thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou rob temples? (Rom. 2:22.)

III. After Preparation:

Cast out first the beam.... then shalt thou see (5).

Then shall thou see clearly to cast out the mote (Luke 6:42).

He that is spiritual judgeth all things (1 Cor. 2:15).

Judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come (1 Cor. 4:5).

Restore such a one.... looking to thyself (Gal. 6:1).

II. HOW TO APPROACH GOD.

I. The Obligation:

Ask;.... seek;.... knock (7).

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him (Isa. 55:6).

For this,.... will I be inquired of.... to do it for them (Ezek. 36:37).

I say unto you, Ask;.... seek;.... knock (Luke 11:9).

Ask;.... that your joy may be fulfilled (John 16:24).

II. The Assurance:

It shall be given;.... ye shall find;.... it shall be opened (7).

Whoever ye shall ask;.... believing, ye shall receive (Matt. 21:22).

If ye shall ask me anything in my name, that I will do (John 14:14).

Let him ask of God;.... and it shall be given him (Jas. 1:5).

Whoever ye ask, we receive of him (1 John 3:22).

III. The Argument:

If ye then,.... give good gifts,.... much more shall your father (11).

Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these (6:32).

How much more shall your heavenly Father give (Luke 11:13).

Shall he not also with him freely give us all things (Rom. 8:32).

Let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally (Jas. 1:5).

1. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

(1) A command; (2) An assurance—(1) The asker; (2) The giver; (3) The gifts.

2. "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." (1) Closed doors; (2) Earnest knocking; (3) Certain opening—(1) A desirable end; (2) An effective means.

3. "How much more shall your Father.... give good things." (1) The abounding bounty of an earthly Father; (2) The super-abounding bounty of the heavenly Father.

III. HOW TO REGULATE ACTION.

I. In Dispensing God's Bounties:

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs (6).

He that correcteth a scorner getteth to himself shame (Prov 9:7).

A fool.... will despise the wisdom of thy words (Prov. 23:9).

Whoever shall not receive you,.... shake off the dust of your feet (Matt. 10:14).

Seeing ye thrust it from you,.... lo, we turn to the Gentiles (Acts 13:46).

II. In Dealing with Men:

Whoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye (12).

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself (Matt. 19:19).

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye (Luke 6:31).

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ (Gal. 6:2).

The royal law.... Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself (Jas. 2:8).

III. In Fulfilling God's Word:

This is the law and the prophets (12).

On these.... hangeh the whole law, and the prophets (22:40). He that loveth his neighbor hath fulfilled the law (Rom. 13:8). Love worketh no ill to his neighbor (Rom. 13:10). The whole law is fulfilled in.... this; Thou shalt love thy neighbor (Gal. 5:14).

ASKING OF GOD.

Commanded (Matt. 7:7; Luke 11:9). Forbidden (Dan. 6:7, 12).

Done amiss (Matt. 20:22; Jas. 4:3, 2).

Left undone (Jas. 4:2).

Not inform God (Matt. 6:7, 8, 32).

In faith (Matt. 21:22; Jas. 2:6).

In Christ's name (John 14:14; 1:24). According to God's will (1 John 3:22; 5:14).

For good gifts (Zech. 10:1; Matt. 7:9-11; Luke 11:11-13).

Unlimited (John 15:16; Eph. 3:20, 21).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The time and place of this lesson are the same as in the two preceding lessons; the three lessons covering the entire discourse as reported by Matthew.

Luke 6:31, 37, 38, 41, 42 present a partial parallel; but verses 6-11 are peculiar, in this connection, to Matthew. Compare, however, Luke 11:9-13.

Are Animals Happy?

A writer in the Nineteenth Century discusses this question at length. His conclusions, however, are vitiated by his narrowness of his outlook. Like many if not most writers on psychological questions, he sets out with the gratuitous assumption that intellect among animals is different not alone in kind but in degree from that of the human family. Now, concerning this no certainty is attainable, but such evidence as exists does not warrant the distinction so confidently made by this writer. "What can we argue," as Pope says, "but from what we know?" How can we judge whether animals are happy or not but by observing such of their expressions as we are able to interpret in terms of our own emotional experience? When a dog bounds and springs and utters sharp, quick barks and fawns upon his master; the conclusion that he is manifesting pleasure is inevitable, and according to all rational presumption it is right. The dog, however, is domesticated and sophisticated, it may be said. Well, take wild animals. Many of them exhibit delight in their surroundings, in their own strength, or beauty, or activity in the plainest ways. Have we any right to suppose that these manifestations really mean something different from what they appear to—that they may, after all, not be indicative of happiness? Surely there is no ground for such a conjecture.

If we find animals showing pleasure by gestures and expressions which suggest to us nothing but pleasure we are justified in forming but one inference. Mind in animals show itself for the most part after the usual fashions of humanity. If we are not biased we recognize in its demonstrations a familiar process. But because