

The Divine Animal—Man

SEEKING relief from "the madding crowd's ignoble strife," I went into the mountains to seek companionship with wild life. What an inspiration! What a spiritual uplift lurks in the canyons where cool waters in ceaseless flowing through mossy banks and pebbled beds make their way to the majestic seas! And then to ascend to the heights, to look up to the clear, expansive sky, with here and there a fleecy cloud that rests "upon the bosom of the air," and let your thoughts flow freely into the divinity of all things! This is the experience which revives one and grants to him renewed power to move onward in the progress of man.

As I lay face down upon a warm smooth rock a deer came and talked with me. Never did I look into more tender eyes, nor see a more beautiful face and head, crowned with curving antlers. Said he to me:

"I heard a human animal tell you that he would bring down a deer that you might enjoy some fresh venison during your stay in the mountains and I heard your rejection of the offer. You would enjoy the sight of us, but you would not injure one. Then I thought I would ask you why the human animal speaks of us as the 'lower animals.' Tell me why?"

"There is but one answer clear to me," said I. "From the primal dawn, the human animal has made steady progress. By his own initiative and innate quality, he has raised himself above the beast. From the day when he roamed the earth without fixed habitation, with no knowledge of the arts and sciences and with scarce a thought above the common clay, steadily he has pressed forward to the present in which he feels that he might pluck the stars from heaven and 'aid in the process of the suns.' While man has done all this, you and the balance of wild life that roam the plains or mount to forests for provender, or swim through sea depths, rest today where you did in that dim antiquity. Through your own efforts you have made no advance since that day. You seek no more than did your ancestors and rest content when you find your need of food and warmth. That is why the human animal looks upon you as the lower animals."

"All you say of your human animal," said the deer, "may be true, but we have found many of your fellows, even those whose genius has developed all the good things of life, denied their share in all those accomplishments. We have seen them starve in the midst of plenty and heard your leaders deny them a place in the sun and at the table whereon is spread the bounties of our God. Some of you have gone into the forests to kill us in order that they may devour our flesh, but did ever one of your hunters bring down an animal that showed signs of starvation? Did ever an angler bring from the waters a denizen of the deep that showed signs of hunger? Our frames are well filled with healthy flesh and our coats

glisten in brilliant hues. Our ancestors heard your Prophet say, 'Consider the lillies of the field, how they grow! They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.' We believed Him, and have followed Him to our betterment and delight, but your human kind betrayed Him."

"It is true," said I, "that man has not shown much wisdom or love in his use and arrangements of the abundant provision made for him by the Author of his being. He has allowed the cunning ones of his kind to gain and monopolize the provisions in nature. Then he has stood idly by while those who had taken possession of his Father's storehouse controlled government and enacted laws justifying the injustice. Yet we are in the process of evolution and shall realize that error in time, when the correction of it shall constitute the greatest achievement of the future. Then we shall behold the Golden Age."

"So," said the philosophical deer, "it seems that the animals incapable of making progress through their own efforts, never know poverty or want, while the majority of wise, lordly men—the only animal which, of himself, is capable of evolving to higher planes of physical and mental being—know only hunger, suffering and despair."

I though I noticed a sarcastic and ironical tone in the voice of the deer, but kept my peace as the better part of forensic valor. The I felt the soft, silky fur of the deer's head and neck as meekly and gently he caressed me. His warm coat brushed my back as I looked up dimly to see the tender eyes as he vanished from my sight. The sun was beating warm upon me, while a gentle breeze stirred a leafy branch that slowly waved over me.

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The Wisdom of Law

ACCORDING to Dean Pound, of Harvard Law School, the profession of law has been in existence for twenty-four hundred years. According to the history of law, law was first written about thirty-eight hundred years ago. Its tenets have slowly accumulated in the interim, and we who have been students of modern law schools have been taught that the law of today comprises the priceless jewels of wisdom winnowed from the chaff of centuries of ceaseless chatter.

Many centuries have rolled on in the eternal march of time, and for these many centuries the profession of law has long led the march of civilization for better or for worse; as to which phase has predominated the reader may judge as well as any other person; economic history needs no explanation.

It is with great concern that today one comes to realize the true conditions which confront humanity under its centuries-old leadership. With naive modesty the law profession offers its opinion, through its many legal lights, that it is best constituted to lead suffering humanity