

if evil comes from matter, and more mind than we need if evil comes from mind. Do you know that at the present moment there are a hundred thousand fools of our species, wearing caps, who are killing a hundred thousand other animals wearing turbans, or who are themselves being massacred by the latter, and that almost everywhere on earth this is the immemorial usage?" The Sirian, properly shocked, demands the reason of these horrible encounters between creatures so puny. "It is all about a pile of dirt no bigger than your heel," is the reply. "Not that any one of these millions of men marching to slaughter has the slightest claim to this pile of dirt; the only question is whether it shall belong to a certain man known as Sultan or to another having the title of Czar. Neither of the two has ever seen or ever will see the patch of ground in dispute, and hardly a single one of these animals engaged in killing one another has ever seen the animal for whom they are thus employed." Again the stranger expresses his horror, and declares he has half a mind to annihilate with a kick or two the whole batch of ridiculous assassins. "Don't give yourself the trouble," is the rejoinder; "they will accomplish their own destruction fast enough. Know that ten years hence not a hundredth part of these miserable wretches will be left alive; and know, too, that even if they were not to draw the sword, hunger, exhaustion, or intemperance would make an end of most of them. Besides, they are not the ones to punish, but rather those sedentary barbarians who, from the ease and security of their private apartments, and while their dinner is digesting, order the massacre of a million men, and then solemnly return thanks to God for the achievement." The visitor from Sirius is moved with pity for a race of beings presenting such astonishing contrasts.

---

A VOLTAIREAN VIEW OF WAR may be of interest at this time. Some one has called attention to the illuminating discourse between Micromégas, gigantic dweller on one of the planets revolving about Sirius, and a company of our philosophers, as reported in the seventh chapter of the amusing fantasy bearing the name of the above-mentioned Sirian visitor. A free translation of a part of this conversation is here offered. After congratulating his terrestrial hearers on being so small and adding that, with so manifest a subordination of matter to mind, they must pass their lives in the pleasures of intellectual pursuits and mutual love—a veritable spiritual existence—the stranger is thus answered by one of the philosophers: "We have more matter than we need for the accomplishment of much evil,