

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

"Now, my dear children," went on the pompous visitor, who had graciously undertaken to impart a few instructions concerning natural phenomena, etc., etc., of one of the classes at the school, "now the air at a certain elevation is exceedingly rarefied and people ascending into that atmosphere experience a great difficulty in breathing. Mount Everest, for instance, is a very high mountain and a strong man, after mounting on foot to an elevation of, say 10,000 feet, would have to pause frequently to regain his breath. Little children, like you, my dears, could not possibly proceed any further, for as I have said a strong man would experience the greatest difficulty in doing so. Now, in order that I may be sure that you understand me, I will ask you, Billy Jones, do you think you could walk to the summit of Mount Everest?"

"No, sir."  
 "Quite right, my fine little fellow; and why couldn't you?"  
 "Cos I'm only a little boy."  
 "Right again. You are an intelligent lad. Now, could your father walk up that mountain, do you think?"  
 "No, sir."  
 "No! and why not, Billy?"  
 "Cos he's dead."  
 Then the class was dismissed.



A DANGEROUS PAPER TO HAVE IN THE FAMILY.

SACKVILLE, N.B., 9th Jan., 1885.

SIRS,—I have yours of 6th, and also "copy" of "newspaper laws," with which I have for a long time been conversant.

Your agent, after much persuasion, obtained my subscription for six months. I paid \$1.00, and told him not to send the paper after that date expired, and I will not remit a cent. The thing you call "Grip" is a disgrace to the household it is permitted to enter, and I am not at home nor at post office to stand guard against such mail matter being sent in.

Yours, &c.,  
 JOS. L. BLACK.

GRIP Printing and Publishing Co., Toronto.

It is a mistake to suppose that journalists are reticent, disingenuous and proud. There are some notable exceptions. Take for instance the editor of the Dufferin Post, who makes this frank statement in his paper: "We have heard parties say that newspaper men could boast of nothing but delinquent subscribers and a never-failing supply of wind. Away with such scoffers! The newspaper men of this county have relatives in parliament, relatives in Halifax, and relatives in jail." Would it be too much to ask the young man what his relatives were sent down for?



THE DEMON'S WARNING.

As I sat one evening pondering over many things and wondering, all my thoughts afar off wandering, low the firelight burnt and dimly;  
 Through the flickering, fleeting flashes of the flames and half-burnt ashes now and then a picture dashes, sometimes fairly, sometimes grimly.  
 Now I see in fading ember faces that I well remember, eyes that long have closed for ever; friends who tread that other shore  
 Where, as told in story olden, stand those portals bright and golden; where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor,  
 Where the soft celestial foot-falls sound upon the starry floor.

As I sat, now nearly dozing, with my eyelids drooping, closing, all alone myself supposing, lo! from out the grate came creeping  
 Such a curious apparition that I said "Is this a vision? Is it real or supposition? Do I wake or am I sleeping?  
 Is this figure something, really, or is it delusion merely? This I asked myself sincerely as the Thing paused at my table.  
 Then I looked, with glances eager at the figure, spare and meagre; pallid all, deprived of vigor; clad in robes of deepest sable;  
 Clad in dark, Plutonian, gloomy robes of blackest, inky sable.

And my eyes, as though with weeping, misty grew as it came creeping, with its sable garments sweeping; and a deathly terror found me  
 As the Thing upon me staring with its half-closed optics glaring, caused such fear that I was helpless, and the air grew dense around me.  
 "What is this?" I thought and shivered, praying that I might be delivered from this Thing which quaked and quivered like an aspen, wind-swept o'er.  
 "Is this one of Satan's minions?" then I muttered as its pinions trailed and rustled, as it stealthily crept across my chamber floor.  
 Wings of darkest, purple blackness trailed behind it on the floor.

And its eyes, so dim and dreary, burnt with smothered fires eerie, like the eyes of demon weary as upon me they were fastened.  
 Till I felt like fleeing, fleeing; but I could not stir: the Being, all my frenzied terror seeing, spoke not, hurried not nor hastened.  
 "Tell me what thou art, oh! creature, Thing of gloomy form and feature; tell me what thine earthly mission; speak, my tortured soul to ease."  
 "I am come because I want to warn you people of Toronto," said the Being, "Know, oh! mortal, I'm the Demon of Disease!"  
 I'm the pesulential, frightful, loathsome Demon of Disease.

Winter now, 'tis true, is reigning, but the Sun is power gaining; soon from every side, complaining will be heard throughout this city.  
 Though Toronto's rich and wealthy; hark! I say she is unhealthy, and Disease with footstep stealthy, void of feeling, lost to pity  
 Even now is fast approaching; nearer every day encroaching, and an enemy relentless is Disease, no'er giving quarter.  
 What, you ask me, then to blame is? I will tell you,—more the shame is; every citizen too tame is; you must blame your City Water.  
 You must blame the sickening, putrid stuff you drink—your City Water.

Filled with germs of foulest fever is that aqueous deceiver; with weeds of wanton woe a weaver—an! you smile and do not think it.  
 But beware! for nought's as sure as that your Bay is as impure as it can be, for many a sewer has ogress in it; yet you drink it!  
 Aye; water from that Bay so placid is deadly as sulphuric acid, and, when Summer comes you'll find it, if precautions are not taken.  
 Typhoid fever, dire malaria, cholera, will pervade the air

here, if you don't take better care here, and th' authorities awaken;  
 If you do not rise and right them, and th' auth' awaken.

'Be not like dumb driven cattle:' sound the trumpet note for battle; show that you are men of mettle ere it is too late for ever.  
 For my forces now are waiting for the winter's cold abating; do not fall to under-rating Cholera and Typhoid fever.  
 I have warned you; see you heed me; things like poisonous water breed me; the Bay and River Don both feed me; you cannot have them cleansed too much, man;  
 If you don't take steps instanter, to cause us fly like Tam O'Shanter, we shall beat you in a cauter; y'es, we shall, or—I'm a Dutchman.  
 We shall decimate your people with disease or—I'm a Dutchman."

Then the demon ceased its talking and toward the fireplace walking, like a stately spectre stalking, shorter grew and ever shorter,  
 Till away to nothing dying it vanished, upward flying; yet I heard its voice still crying, "Purify your City Water."  
 Still I hear that sentence ringing; in my ear the Demon singing, "Purify your City Water; banish all its filthy lees,  
 Or you'll see that I am master; I shall come with dire disaster; fast your friends will die and faster: I'm the Demon of Disease!"  
 I have warned you! pay attention to the Demon of Disease!  
 —F. S.

Saturday Sermons.

BY PROFESSOR SPENCER E. VOLUSHIN.

Published by special arrangement with the Prototaam Free-Thought Society, as a set-off to Spurgeon's sermons in the Globe and Tribune's in the News.

SERMON I.

Text: Human Nature is all Right.

BELOVED HEARERS,—I adopt this apparently tender form of address merely to carry out the sermon-idea. You will, of course, understand that I do not wish to imply that I have any belief in that figment of superstition called love, or that you either expect or desire that my feelings should be warmer toward you than the demonstrated truth of the survival of the fittest may justify. Let me be perfectly frank with you in this, my opening sermon. I "love" nobody, and I don't want anybody to love me. When I say I love nobody I am inaccurate. I have a regard for myself and my personal interests which might be described as love; and for my wife and family I experience habitually a peculiar movement of the nerve centres, and an inflection of the gray matter of the brain which makes them somewhat dear to me, but beyond this I know nothing and believe nothing of what is currently called love. I shall, however, perhaps take occasion to give you a discourse on that subject at some future time. Just now, the matter for consideration is Human Nature. A grand subject, truly! That wonderful thing which began in impalpable nebulous mist, hanging nowhere by the aid of nothing; which, putting forth its inherent energy by the simple conservation of force, evolved into a being possessed of passions, hopes and fears, experiencing joys and sorrows; in due course of development to vanish again into nebulous nothing, hanging nowhere by the aid of nobody! This is Human Nature, and Human Nature is all right.

I am aware that this assertion brings me into collision with the Church, which declares that Human Nature is all wrong. It is my business to be in collision with the Church.

The Church is wrong. It is unscientific and shockingly credulous. It is built upon a series of alleged facts, which may be traced back to one fundamental misconception, but a misconception so gigantic, so puerile, so utterly incredible to the scientific mind, as to form a source of perpetual wonder to scholars like me—and you, my hearers. That outrageous fallacy is, that Human Nature was created by an Intelligent Being, and did not evolve itself. Emotion is a thing I do not believe in theoretically, but you will pardon this exhibition of it on my part. I am always affected in this way when I think of men—millions of men, many