

SENSATIONAL SCIENCE.

THE rage for knowledge grows apace,
A pace that quite terrific is ;
To-day the whole of Britain's race
Devoutly scientific is.

No more in cloisters science roams,
No tyrant gives a knock to it ;
It writes,—we rush to buy its tomes ;
It lectures, and we flock to it.

For science now our girls and boys
Their love for thee recant, O mime !
The clown is shunned for higher joys,
And Tyndall beats the pantomime.

The " Institution " * lectures draw
The babes who once loved merriment ;
And tiny tots can lisp the law
That governs each experiment.

Our laughing girls give up their play,
All bitten by the mania
To hear what Huxley has to say
On Patagonian crania.

Ethnology bids croquet stand,
And cast aside lawn tennis is
For Evolution's doctrines and
The charms of Biogenesis.

On Life and Death and Hell (O fie !)
These famous men enlighten us ;
They wing their flight so very high
They positively frighten us.

On all our cherished creeds they fall,
Without the least apology,
And hurl the bowl that scatters all
The ninepins of theology.

We sit enthralled when Huxley shows,
Or writes about, in articles,
The stream of life that ebbs and flows
In protoplasmic particles.

And when the microscope reveals
What lies in specks gelatinous,
The timid maiden almost squeals,
" O dear, to think we've *that* in us ! "

Then Darwin says that our papas
(Is't science this or lunacy ?)
Ran up the trees with our mammas
In man's old world, Baboonacy.

Our girls, from views so wild as these,
Half angry and half funky rise ;
To say they come from chimpanzees
Does make the darlings' monkey rise.

" Art-culture " leads a giddy throng,
Who ape the strict æsthetical,
And think the " pretty " must be wrong,
The " tidy " quite heretical.

The critic's jargon, quickly caught,
Is lisped by girls at boarding-school ;
And art's at present largely taught
According to the " hoarding-school. "

Grim Ruskin frowns and hurls his darts,
And lifts his voice to lecture all,
On painting, sculpture, and the arts,
And topics architectural.

In Ruskin's page all dip awhile,
For quaint and clever Ruskin is :
As " pitching in " pervades his style,
The world of readers thus kin is.

Like Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, he
Must now and then his quarrels have ;
But all of them the great B. P. †
Encrowned with lavish laurels have.

Explain, O Truth, why men like these
Are heroes educational !
Miss Truth replies, " Why, if you please,
Because they're so sensational ! "

GEOURGE R. SIMS, from " *Time*. "

* Referring to the Christmas Lectures to children at the Royal Institution, London, begun by Faraday in 1827, and continued by Tyndall, whose lectures this season were on " Water and Air," and were attended by crowds of little folks.

† British Public.