

The Blue Lights.

GRIP has read, with extreme inward astonishment and consternation, the scientific accounts of the extraordinary effects produced by living for a lengthened period, under the influence of blue glass windows. We are told that at seven years of age young women are full grown, and their minds completely developed. There is the Wife of the Future! But the Future had better mind what he is about when he gets her, for, we are given to understand, the educating professor grew so powerful under the cerulean influence that "the mere movement of his arm projected" some unfortunate individual who had annoyed him "over a hundred feet from the spot." Think of the consequence of refusing a new dress to the Blue-Lighted Young Lady! But even if the funds be furnished, and the color-strengthened female goes shopping, embarrassing complications may yet ensue, for the sight of an unpleasing fabric "may produce a petulant "movement of her arm" which would project the article and the shopman into space at once. These people are very dangerous, evidently, not that they "go off" themselves, but that those who are so unfortunate as to get near them are so likely to. It is not very clear what is to be done about the matter; but certainly, either the blue-light system should be prohibited, or we should all get under glass at once.

Where are our Champions?

To the Clergy

Why is it, when rank infidelity
Parades its arguments in every street,
That in the front we none of you do see?
Who but yourselves these arguments should meet?
If you retire who shall these foes defeat?
If what they say be false, its falsehood show.
If cheats, they be, why not expose the cheat?
Who shall explain the truth, if you, who know,
Stand silently, while doubts your people's minds o'erflow?

You know the great majority untaught.
Or Jew, or Turk, or Christian they are
Because their fathers were so, nor have sought
To know the reason. You are different far,—
Your studies sacred; theirs are secular.
Now they are told they build upon the sand.
Lead you the way; the mighty depths unbar,
Point out the eternal rocks; the arches grand
Show the foundations vast, and prove how firm they stand.

Think not investigation to repress.
The truth still courts enquiry; and if you
Shun that, you will be taken to confess
You taught us what you were not sure was true.
Come forward; show the proofs nor weak nor few.
Display the records old; the reasons clear.
Show, age by age, how our religion grew.
Speak; there are millions waiting this to hear,
Bring forth the light of fact, and doubt shall disappear.

Infidelity.

To the Editor of Grip,

SIR:—Is it possible that these people of the Liberal Association are to be allowed to hire the Albert Hall and ride in the street cars, and stick up advertisements where other folks do? Disprove the Prophecies, indeed! Did not BACON and NEWTON and LOCKE believe them? Does not the Pope and Archbishop LYNCH believe them? What sort of a free country is this, if folks of this class are not to be compelled to believe what other people do? Why, the whole Bible is true, contradictory passages and all. It must be true. What can disprove it? No Christians will think of hearing any argument against it. Why, what sort of Christians would we be if we would? Even a Turk would refuse to hear any argument against the Koran. This proves the Bible true. If what I have said does not prove it, I should like to know what would. Argument! Nonsense! Never listen to it. I don't know what should be done with these folks. We should have an Inquisition.

A. T. MCC.

July 27, 1876.

A Dilemma.

Forty more mounted policemen are under orders for the North West. Now, if a few thousand war-path Sioux retreat before SHERIDAN across our frontier, are our police merely to request them to "move on," or must they take them to the station-house! If the latter, where are they to find it, and when found, how are they to get 'em into it. Then, how about bringing them up next morning? Had'n't McNAB better go at once?

The Loss of the Mohawk.

(From the Nation.)

Various newspapers make this occurrence the subject of their homilies but it may be safely said their ignorant dissertation will prevent few yachting catastrophes. But when the astounding fact was made public that the most splendid yacht in New York harbour, in the face of a squall, had not even closed the dead-lights in her fore-top, what can we think. For the benefit of future yachtsmen, we must point out that a round turn should at once have been taken in the bowsprit, the main-mast furled immediately, three reefs taken in the caboose, spanker-booms rigged out of the cabin windows, the jolly boat close-hauled, the fore-top-sail double-bitted and stoppered at twenty fathoms the best bower hove up in the wind, hands stationed at the shrouds to ease off the strain on the bread-room, the larboard binnacle secured to the capstan with a double-eye-bolt and a fathom of half-inch, and all the crew and passengers compelled to assist in splicing the main-brace. If in addition to this they had taken in sail, yachtsmen would never have had our valuable advice, nor we this opportunity of displaying our seamanship.

The Destiny of the Demagogue.

In prime of life, with native vigour keen,
Of stinging pen, and blatant mouth, is seen—
The people's man, just rising from the ranks,
Twice weaponed—thrice—the other's from the banks.
Heaven knows on what security; but he
Gets it, and starts a daily, and will be
In Parliament anon; and his clean hands
Grab, Heaven knows how, a lot of public lands,
Which yield a base to borrow more, and sell
As time goes by, of course, exceeding well.
Now he must form a party; and the test
Of merit there is this:—Abuse the rest.
Shouts bribery!—corruption! everywhere,
Till folk think what's so common must be fair,
Persuaded that their votes their members sell
They think that they may sell their own as well.
He uses bribes, buys, sells, the chief of all,
Yet still makes "Purity" his party call.
A lifetime spent in wrangling and in noise,
At length his party taste the Treasury joys.
Alas, they prove the ancient saying true,
Far easier to abuse than better do.
An unwise policy, by his command,
Commenced, impoverishes all the land.
As an ambassador he next comes on,
And fails. Makes speeches, but his force is gone.
At downright bribery we next him find.
As Justice does, and tells him all her mind.
Maddened to fury, on the Courts he turns
His wrath; each column long with insults burns,
Opprobrium vile the Bench must now abide
From him—the Bench, each true Canadian's pride.
It needed this, and needs it now no more,
Those know him now who never knew before.
The mask has dropped; the long deception's past.
The demagogue has done his worst—and last.

Wanted.

To know whether Cracked Wheat can be cured by admission to a Lunatic Asylum?

To know what are the "Current" expenses of an average Grocer and whether he Prunes his Figs and Scales his Haddies to save his Bacon?

To find any person of taste who does not subscribe to GRIP.

A Suggestion.

AT a recent meeting of the Re(de)formed Episcopal Church Council at Ottawa, a member objected to their Bishop "wearing a costume that an ordinary minister could not." GRIP would respectfully suggest that this difficulty could easily be got over by all their ministers appearing in the costume of the natives of Central Africa. A little paint (or tar) and a few feathers would enable the Bishop to be distinguished from the ordinary minister, and would no doubt be the means of attracting large congregations to hear the "naked truth" free from modern innovations.

Mr. BEECHER has been lecturing to children on the quotation, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." The Reverend HENRY is of opinion, however, though he didn't say it, that as we grow up, the world takes the job in hand.