

Protestantism occupies a no better position in this respect. For an infallible Church, it has substituted a *literally* infallible Book, whose teaching it constantly opposes to results and theories built up from an induction of the particular facts of observation; branding their advocates with such odious terms as *infidels, atheists, sceptics, &c.* The times have now gone past when scientific laws may be arbitrarily determined by a reference to the teaching of the Bible on the subject, and opposition to the Evolution Theory must justify itself in some more satisfactory manner.

That Principal Dawson's strict orthodoxy is beyond suspicion, and that he is proof against the Time Spirit which is making such havoc of old ideas and worn-out creeds, is fully evident from the cool assumption he makes in passing, of the impossibility of the heathen "learning salvation" (!) by the teachings of Nature. That he is in direct antagonism to the ideas prevailing in regard to evolution among those most competent to judge as to the facts will be further apparent from the following extracts from an article contributed by Mr. Wallace, the distinguished Naturalist, to the *Nineteenth Century* for January last. In regard to the doctrine of evolution, Mr. Wallace writes: "At the present day there is perhaps no single naturalist of reputation who upholds that doctrine of the independent origin of each species of animal and plant, which was a very few years ago either tacitly accepted or openly maintained by the great majority of naturalists."

And again: "Now all these objections in so far as they refer to the origin of the different *species* of one *genus* from a common ancestral species or even of all the *species* and *genera* of one *family* from some still more remote ancestor, may I think be shown to be invalid: because we have direct evidence, almost amounting to demonstration, that changes to this extent are producible by the known laws of variation and the admitted action of natural selection. But when we go further back and propose to account for the origin of distinct *families, orders, and classes* of animals by the same process, the evidence becomes far less clear and decisive. We find groups with organs of which no rudiment exists in other groups; we find classes differing radically in structure from other classes, and we have no direct evidence that changes of this nature are now in progress, as we have that the lesser changes—resulting in new *species* and new *genera*—are in progress."

"Yet the evidence that those deeper and more important changes in the structure of organic beings have taken place by gradual steps through the ordinary processes of generation is overwhelming. The numerous intermediate links that have been discovered both among living and extinct animals, and especially the wonderful community perceptible in the embryological development of the most diverse living types, force upon us the conclusion that the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms owe the wonderfully diversified forms they now exhibit to one unbroken process of 'descent with modification' from a few primeval types."

MONTREAL SOCIETY.

MRS. SHODDY'S PARTY.

Not long since Mrs. Shoddy gave a party, to which we were invited. Now, Mrs. Shoddy's house is perfect, her manners imperfect, and her purse pluperfect; and of course the tenses of her house and purse atone for that of her manners. This is the first grand party given by the Shoddys since they moved into their fine house; their old friends were not good enough for the new house, and it took some time to make fashionable acquaintances. In fact, when one becomes suddenly rich he must be content to live for some years in solitary splendour, and do penance for his past sins of vulgarity by giving largely to benevolent purposes, particularly towards paying off the debt on some fashionable church, ere he can win his way into society. However, the Shoddys have at last paid their footing, made acquaintance with some fine folk, and, by adding a large number of the school friends of their children, have mustered what we may call a swell party. Of course it is quite an honour for my wife and I to be invited, we being poor folk, and living in a house which would about represent the square root of the Shoddy mansion. What did Prof. Johnson tell the ladies in the astronomy lectures about the relative weights of a man on the earth and a man on the moon? I think he stated that a man's weight varied according to the square root of the two planets. I know my daughter came to me to find out the square roots of the earth and the moon, but I told her that I was so puzzled trying to find round roots of the earth—potatoes and other tubers—for family use, that I really could do nothing in square roots. However, she figured it out for herself, and found that a man's weight on the earth was preponderous to what it would be on the moon. Now, I find that a man's weight in society varies in a direct ratio to the square root of his house; consequently, my weight in this small house, when compared to Mr. Shoddy's in his, would be about in the proportion of the man on the moon to the man on the earth. Therefore, the Shoddys being of such weight in society, it was quite a condescension for them to invite us to their party. Euphrosyne was delighted. She is my second venture in the matrimonial market, a charming little Frenchwoman not many years older than my daughter. She is devoted to me, but adores large

parties, while I am rather a crusty old fellow, who would prefer sitting at home smoking and writing heavy articles on light subjects for the *SPECTATOR*; but I must not disappoint Phrosie, and I mutter dejectedly: "I wonder why they asked us?" "Oh, because we are literary people, of course," Phrosie replies with dignity. My wife writes the fashion articles for a country paper, and considers herself quite an authoress. "Ah, literary people!" I echo; "I read an article on them the other day, by Payn. He says he has discovered their position in the social scale. In a book of precedence, after a long list of the nobility and gentry, he found at the very bottom inscribed 'burgesses, literary persons, &c.' As Payn remarks, 'it is something to take precedence even of an *et cetera*,' and as Mrs. Shoddy's guests will be mostly *et ceteras*, we may hope to take precedence of almost every one." "What is the use of talking about precedence when it isn't a dinner party?" asks my practical wife, "and if it were, I wouldn't mind walking behind all the *et ceteras* in Montreal if I could only have an elegant new dress."

"The Editress of the *Snobtown Trumpet* will be sure to look well in anything," I replied, finding it easier to pay my wife compliments than bank checks. And truly, when the night of the party arrived, Euphrosyne looked lovely in an artistic combination costume—that is what she called it—which she had skilfully evolved from her own inner consciousness and two old evening silks with the aid of a sewing girl by the day.

But, good gracious! we shall be late. Where can my light gloves and neck-tie be? "Euphrosyne! Eu-phros-syne! Eupros-y-yné!" Where can the woman be? You're back to that inf—in—in—inde fatigable dressmaker, I suppose, to have some more artistic touches put on. Wish she wouldn't mix her fal-lals up in the drawer with my things. These artistic women who write for the papers are so untidy—"Eu-phro-s-y-ne!" Ah, here she comes. "Where did you put my gloves and tie? I left them in this drawer after Jones' party last Friday, and now they are gone." How you do mix up things, Ninns." Phrosie never calls me Ninns unless she is vexed, at other times it is Nin, or dear old Ninny. "See, here is your tie in the collar-box, where you put it, and your gloves are in your pocket, I expect." Sure enough, so they were, and I felt rather sheepish after being so bearish. It is well Euphrosyne did not hear me apostrophizing her as untidy. Ah, there goes the bell, and I am glad to change the subject by exclaiming—"Hurry up, Phrosie, dear, else we shall have to pay an extra quarter if we keep the sleigh waiting." But Phrosie has a soul above quarters, and goes on with her dressing in dignified silence. Off at last, and soon we are driving up what Mrs. Shoddy calls the "turpentine avenue." From the very portals our reception is awkward. We ring and wait, ring again, and then a maid rushes down one stair and a man up another, but they snigger and squabble until a boy in buttons runs forward and admits us. The boy has been detailed to this post, but having many other duties delegated to him he is seldom ready when the bell rings. (Of course the Shoddys do not know that it should not be allowed to ring at all.) Mrs. Shoddy cannot make up her mind to keep a sufficient staff of servants, and on great occasions a number of raw recruits are enlisted, who having no one to direct them only render confusion worse confounded. Upstairs we are left to find our dressing-rooms as best we may, and oh, horrors! I come within an ace of landing in among the ladies, while Phrosie pushes open the door of the card-room, and retreats so precipitately that she stumbles over her artistic train, and lands with her head in my bosom, much to the detriment of the same—I mean shirt bosom. Just at this moment some people reach the head of the stairs and look virtuously shocked and surprised to see my wife in my arms, of course they do not think she is my wife, and Phrosie blushes deeply as she follows meekly into the dressing-room. When we meet again on the landing, Phrosie had a list of grievances. "Just fancy, Nin, there was not a hair-pin to be had, (you know, I spoiled my hair when I stumbled,) and when I asked a maid to get me some hair-pins, she offered a few out of her own greasy hair! Then I was obliged to ask three times before any of them would take off my overshoes. Some ladies took off their own, but you know I daren't stoop, my skirt is so tight. If I dance much I fear my hair will come down, and I am just in the humor for dancing," she added, as we reach the drawing-room, which we find already well filled, and a number of couples floating gracefully around to the soft strains of "Sweet Hearts." But no hostess stands ready to receive us. "Where can Mrs. Shoddy be?" asks Phrosie. "How odd! See, Nin, there is Miss Startup who came down after us, she has gone off to dance without being received by anyone." "Very strange, indeed," I replied, "and we are not late." People were coming in every moment, and soon we are surrounded by enquiries—"Where is Mrs. Shoddy?" "Where can Mrs. Shoddy be?" Finally our hostess is discovered gorgeously dressed in a far corner of the spacious rooms. We make our way to her, but she does not rise to welcome us. Even Royalty receives standing, but not so Mrs. Shoddy. She offers a large, limp hand in an ill-fitting glove, murmurs a few words and turns to continue her chat with Mrs. Goodstyle, who is seated beside her; but it happens that Mrs. Goodstyle is an old friend of ours and she makes room for Phrosie, while I slip into a chair behind. We are somewhat chilled by our reception, but soon see that Mrs. Shoddy is no respecter of persons. All are treated in the same manner, and I hear Mrs. Goodstyle whisper to