

remarkable degree the power of clear and lucid explanation. \* \* \* There can be no doubt that he has made a distinct and lasting mark upon the age in which he lives."

This is all very good, and we thank the *Globe* for its liberality. It is an encouraging omen when the press thus finds itself compelled, in response to a liberalized public sentiment, to do this measure of justice to these three great apostles of modern science, the logical outcome of whose teachings is the utter destruction of Christian theology. If the popular newspaper accurately reflects the average sentiment of its readers this action of the *Globe* is evidence of marvelous progress in Canada, and augurs well for the future, the infamous decision in the Napanee "Town Hall case" to the contrary notwithstanding. For nations to outgrow the tyrannical laws of their country, and leave far behind them intolerant and effete hierarchies, are among the commonest facts of history. Then follow repeal, reconstruction, and a healthy formation in the body politic. The civilized world of to-day has entered upon that stage, and will inevitably bring up with this result in due time. Before the Darwins, Huxleys and Tyndalls of the latter half of this nineteenth century the effete theologies and crystalized errors, hoary with the age of centuries, are melting like wax. Froude tells the whole story in one sentence: "Doctrines once fixed as a rock are now fluid as water." Towards the consummation of all this we will diligently continue to work in our humble way. No adverse judgments in Queen's Bench or mediæval confiscations of Liberal literature in the Toronto Custom House will deter us in the least. Our motto is progress, and our watchword onward. We aim at the physical as well as the mental salvation of mankind here in *this* world. We believe in *bodily*, as well as mental and moral purity. To attain this we must study, not Bibles and creeds, but Nature and ourselves. "The highest study of mankind is man."

Selby, October, 1878.

#### EXTRACTS AND NOTES.

The *Christian Life* thinks the "silly season" has fairly set in, as the "Church" papers are now discussing the question: "Ought clergymen to wear moustaches?" The "Church" papers have, at last, found an appropriate mission, and we have no doubt the young ladies of the various congregations will take a lively interest in the discussion.

From our excellent contemporary, the *Literary World*, we learn that the "Indianapolis Literary Club" has been exercised with this question: "Was Charles Dickens a Christian?" We had always thought that Indianapolis was a civilized sort of place; but the discussion of such a question makes us fear that the city is still in a state of heathendom.

In the Cowden Clarke "Recollections"—just published—we are told of a certain Calvinistic minister who made use of the following "grace": "Whereas, some have appetite and no food and others have food and no appetite; we thank thee, O Lord, that we have both." Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, one of the most genial and simple hearted of men and an early companion of the poet Keats, was a great admirer of "the high chief of Scottish song," and he ought to have known that the holy man stole his prayer from the "Infidel" Bob Burns. His words are:

"Some hae meat and canna eat,  
And some would eat, but want it;  
Now we hae meat and we can eat,  
And see the Lord be thankit."

Theologians transmogrify the pure precepts and devotion of Jesus into a religion as nearly as possible their opposite, and then decree that whoever will not accept their travesty "without doubt shall perish everlastingly." It is the old spectacle which so disturbed Jeremiah reproduced in our own days: "A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely and the priests bear rule through their means; and

the people love to have it so; and what will be the end thereof?" —*W. R. Gray.*

The risk of asking uncertain questions is thus illustrated by the *Interior* "We were talking to a mission school on Darius throwing Daniel into the lion's den. We made as clear as we could the fact that Daniel had a better time that night than the king, slept more sweetly, and all because he had a quiet conscience. 'Darius couldn't sleep, could he?' By unanimous consent, 'No, sir.' 'And why couldn't Darius sleep?' 'Because he was bad.' Having thus developed the conscience-point, we launched our final question with a good deal of confidence, 'Well, now, dear children, what is it makes the bed soft?' Quick as flash from a four-year old came the reply, 'Bedders.' That closed the ethical discussion."

Some years ago I stepped into a school of considerable fame in Edinburgh, where I found the teacher laboring to instruct a class of twenty-five or thirty of various ages, from ten to fifteen, in the nature and functions of conscience. He duly informed the youngsters that it was "an inward monitor"—that, as before iron-clads were heard of—and, moreover, that it was "the candle of the Lord"—none of the children of Auld Reekie had, up to that time, seen anything superior to a *babes* dip. Doubting whether he had quite illuminated the subject to the satisfaction of his audience, the Dominie told the following story by way of *anecdote*, as he phrased it:

The other Sabbath morning—the Scotch are careful to avoid the heathen word Sunday, though they readily enough use Monday, &c.—as I was walking to church with my wife and family, I saw a friend of mine, or rather I should say an acquaintance—for I disdain to "enter on my list of friends," as the pious and immortal Cowper says, a man who is a Sabbath-breaker. Well, this man was, as I subsequently learned, going to the top of Arthur's Seat with his three sons as companions. The boys were quite elated at the prospect of having such an excursion before them, and I could see that *my* three boys would have preferred going with them to coming along with me to church. Such, my dear children, is the corruption of poor human nature. I took them to church *twice* that day and sent them also *once* to the Sabbath school. They were not pleased in the morning; but after two rousing sermons by Dr. Chalmers and after spending two hours in the school room, repeating the shorter catechism (with all the proofs) they went to bed quite "reconciled to their lot," and, I may say, truly happy. But as to the unfortunate boys who had spent the greater part of the blessed day in worshipping, "in the outer temple," as the father profanely said, how do you think they felt when they laid their heads on their pillow that night? How do you think they felt, I say. The class was evidently puzzled, and all were mute. At last, after his repeatedly putting the question in the wild, excited state that the Scotch teachers indulge in, a *vec callant* held up his hand, in token that *he* could tell. "Well, Willie, how did they feel?" "Vera sleepy, sir! vera sleepy!" The Dominie "smiled horrible a ghastly smile," the class laughed, and I bolted.

VIATOR IGNOTUS.

The *Montreal Witness* reported the betting before the Hanlan-Courtney race something in this style: The arrival of the American and Western Ontario contingents unhappily stimulated the betting. We are grieved to say that Hanlan sold at two to one in the pools. It is with unfeigned regret that we announce a bet of \$1,500 to \$600 on the Canadian champion; and it pains us to have to announce that the pool-buyers seem bent on maintaining these odds on him, etc., etc. The "only religious" gave every point the gamblers made, but maintained its Pecksniffian reputation by the interjection of plaintive adjectives. O, Morality, how hypocrisy thrives in thy name!—*Toronto Mail, Oct. 4.*

HOW THEY MANAGE IN BERLIN.—It is reported that in Berlin, with a population over a million, only about thirty-five thousand persons regularly attend public worship, and that twenty thousand burials take place every year without any religious service.