

and hair-erecting sensations, than if he had confessed to being a cannibal, a vampire, or a ghoul.

With the best intentions in the world, the revolutionists, mildly or otherwise, express themselves to the effect that they "can't understand," they "don't see," and it is "wholly beyond their comprehension," how anybody can ever pretend to believe in any such dreadful doctrine (doctrine is always the word), as "that man originated in a monkey." This is the bald way these people put it; to them evolution simply means "I know I am a man—oftener still, a woman—and this dreadful wretch wishes to convince me that my great-grandparents, or some removes beyond them, were hideous, gibbering apes: perish the thought!" Should the person so expressing himself, or herself, be witty, as most of those people are, the argument is not seldom wound up with, "Well, you may claim descent from the baboons if you please, you don't look unlike one, I confess; but as for me, I prefer to think I originated in some other way." When the evolutionist's back is turned—indeed, in many cases to his face—he is characterized as a "bad man," "a very bad man," "a sceptic," "an infidel," or, at the very least, if his opponent be one in whose breast all the milk of human kindness has, even if a little soured, not become quite curdled, the evolutionist is "fond of running after new-fangled notions," or "he is courting notoriety," or, mayhap, "he is a little, weak, poor fellow," and here the speaker will tap his forehead knowingly.

Now, it is really important to all concerned, and that is everybody, that we teachers should endeavour to form something like an intelligent opinion on this question. Far be it from me to wish that all were of the same way of thinking about "Our Poor

Relations" as are Darwin, and Huxley, and Spencer, and Tyndall, and Hæckel, and scores of other illustrious scientists. Were we of one opinion in such matters, social putrefaction would follow close upon mental stagnation; intellectual cobwebs would clog the machinery of thought; the world as we see it would speedily become the world as it was; and the shadow upon the dial of the soul would go back not ten, but more than ten times ten degrees. It would be insulting to your intelligence to do more than simply ask you to revert to the names of those great pioneers of thought—to those who, whether in the days of the past, or in our own time, have dared to brave the reproaches of their fellow-men (and what does one feel more keenly, more bitterly, than reproach?) to prove that there is no necessary connection between hoary tradition and simple truth, further than that Truth is eternal and immutable; and that despite the garb of sophistry in which she is so frequently clothed, her very self shorn of the tawdry and sometimes ragged habiliments that hamper her movements and hide, perhaps, even her features, may, notwithstanding, be discovered by her ardent worshippers; and those who decked her out in meretricious guise, be put to open shame. The names of the unselfish fellow-beings alluded to crowd upon the memory; but, alas! with very many of us the appearance of such workers in our midst is still too apt to evoke, in spirit at least, the old, old cry, "Down with him, away with him, he is a teacher of false doctrine; let him die the death."

The time, in Christendom at any rate, is well-nigh past for treatment of this description to be meted out successfully, even to him who undertakes to propagate the very essence of absurdity, provided that in so doing he interfere not with the privi-