

to his Eulogy
ine.

in the Church of
uis, Mo., the Rev.
o Mr. Robert G.
Paine, recently
e said:

had intended to
this subject, and
occasion of men-
of the Chicago lec-
an instinct not to
what is very holy
neither to take
a name to mention
e. But of course
—the one out of
er for self-respect,
nday evening, I
the name which,
in spite of my
ave to pronounce

or seeming to in-
which is due to
to ourselves, I
subject this even-

LL REVIEWED,
as, as they arise
about two weeks
To this subject I
desires of those who
Sunday, and who
what I then said,
the Chicago lecture,
e, let us locate all
I know who's who

ous defamation of
inal cause, you will
of religion professed
is a criminal cause
is the criminal on
ck cloud, indeed
eling God is called
the common law of
modified in this State
only fair to presume
is a criminal cause
punishable
imprisonment."

now, therefore, the
"what's what" of
of answer that Inger-
h, by the common
is a criminal cause
libeling or malici-
and the indictment
founder of our com-
the God of nations
in His wisdom and
liberties and com-
the pestilential blas-
And I mentioned
evening, that when
illians for the mere
Paine, the jury, not-
y and talent enlisted
man who would be a
leaving their seats.

on of my position,
o correct, to admon-
be bound, as I
und, by the law of
to abstain from
unpunishable with fine
at prohibitory law
that he who touch-
ed thereby.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

id for the occasion,
to his pay. I
was returned a
plays doubly well,
excellence is audacity,
e said feature, allow
of what Bacon says
that once upon a time
ed what was the first
And he answered
y. What was the
delicacy. And the
very. Strange! philo-
the part of
but superficial, and
a stage player, should
ent. And so, he gives
audacity, audacity,
and child of baseness,
both hand and foot
er shallow in judgment
and they are always
far Bacon.

characters of this republic of ours deliver themselves well except when under drink! Is not that notorious? May it not be, perhaps, that a public speaker will not blaspheme well except when pretty full? And to return to Paine, could any man who was not fond of milk-punch and its consequences pour such volumes on the world?

Because Paine was a drunkard, therefore he wrote such things. If he did a greater act still in a state of drunkenness, that is, go through his agony and die, he might easily do that which is less, write scurrilous literature while drunk, and riot in its obscenity.

You don't believe he was drunk? Will you believe eye-witnesses? There is one eye-witness Ingersoll is fond of, that is himself, when he wants to prove that something never happened. Do you believe eye-witnesses given in "Lark," "History of the Deceased Bishops," chapter on Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, who was himself one of the eye-witnesses. You act wisely; keep clear of it—like every other infidel—like more than one young man whom I have heard of; men who at keeping studiously absent from this audience to-night lest they should expose themselves to hearing the truth about Ingersoll and Paine.

However, the eye-witnesses that I speak of found Paine much preoccupied with his eye on two things: First on escaping death by being cured; and secondly, with his milk punch. There was milk punch mixed with blood on his cheek, about his lips, on his bed-clothes, with squallor all around about! So did that eye close in death in spite of him—that eye open to only two things before death: getting cured and milk punch. At times, however, his cries were, Jesus Christ, help me! Let that answer all the rhodomontades about Paine's welcoming death and not fearing to die. He had reason to fear, unless he had been some scientific would have us be, that which our fathers were, a species of jelly-fish, or further back still, a section of a damp cloud!

I proceed to the second subject matter, in which Ingersoll might use liberty. It is the CLAP-TRAP ABOUT LIBERTY.

Clap-trap, I say, like the red stockings and yellow coats and blue caps on a stage; stuff which may not be fit for dish-dishes, but which with its high color fascinates the eye of the vulgar and maddens the eye of the bull, as in the red cloak of the Spanish bullfighter.

So, leaving into the subject, he asks why Paine should be afraid to die? Afraid of what? "Is there any God in the heavens who hates a patriot? If there is, then Thomas Paine ought to have been afraid to die. Is there any God who would damn a man for helping to free 3,000,000 of people?" etc., etc.

I have only to pursue that line of argument. And I go on. Is there a God in heaven who loves a drunken beast? Is there a High One above the clouds who prizes high a blasphemer? Is there a pure God who cherishes an immoral man? Is there a God who would be a king's executioner, but thought better of it and became a patriot?

A story went the rounds of the press some time ago that a certain prominent character had bidden for the post of tax-gatherer on tax that the author of "Taxation is preserved in the archives. But the petition was refused. And then the same character—I will not mention his name, for he is not in court now—turned around and helped to sink the same tea in Boston harbor.

Perhaps Paine's patriotism was of the same type. I should not at all wonder. His drunken habits probably made him of the mellow kind. Some drunkards grow mellow under drink, others hard; others soft, some sour, others amorous; some fond of glory, others fond of money. Hence, if Paine was of the mellow type, as Ingersoll apparently makes him out to have been, he could easily have developed into a gushing patriot. A more intricate and elaborate development than that has been conclusively established by certain eminent scientists—from a baboon, if you please into a buffoon, and from Newton into the potential energy of the sun. I do not see why Paine might not have evolved likewise, particularly if he failed to be an excise-man—just as others so easily, at the mere glimmer of gold, or out of a green backs, became gushing orators, or eloquent blasphemers. An apostate drunkard, or a drunken apostate, preached the other day at Washington, a couple of lectures. You would be surprised to notice how Ingersoll and he agreed in thought—though they could not have been in collusion certainly.

Ingersoll goes on and asks: "What was Paine afraid of? Had he burned anybody? No. Put anybody in an inquisition? No. 'Tis the thumb screws on anybody? No. 'Tis the way the lecturer proves, by asking questions for himself to answer, questions put by the counsel for the accused. He rattles on: 'Had Paine burnt anybody? Lighted a fagot? Torn human flesh?'

Really, between ourselves, my friends, I think Alexander the Great showed a wisdom beyond his years when he rewarded a certain mountebank the way he did. You must know that a certain mountebank came to exhibit his skill, and his skill consisted in throwing very small peas through the very small eye of a needle, whereas everybody would see, and the courtiers requested Alexander to give him a reward worthy of his pains. "Certainly I will," said Alexander: "give him a bag of very small peas!"

This lecturer comes before our eyes with a good supply of stones, which he jerks about pretty deftly. It is a pity he has no house of his own. He has no house at all, morally speaking.

HE IS A VAGRANT from all social restraint of morals and Christianity. If he has a material house, of brick and mortar—and he himself gives us to understand that he is pretty well off—do you know, between ourselves, what he has built it with? With the price of blood—the blood of Christian souls? It is his profession to suck the life-blood from Christian men and women. He says so himself, that he makes money by attacking religion. He says so himself, that he makes up his house.

If this lecturer ever does anything preposterous for others under the placard of "liberty," "patriotism," it is at most a potter's field that he buys for them with the price of the blood of Christ. There

they may bury their hopes and their loves away, far away from the resting place of their fathers, from the hopes of a Christian soul and the love of a Christian God.

But, I was saying that he is only pelting us with stones. Let us give him back in kind; first in his own style of argument, and then in ours. You are an infidel, my dear sir! You are, indeed, a very considerable man. Your connections extend far and wide. Every family and tribe, every idolatrous and fetish nation that has ever corrupted in the tropical swamps of Africa, or the Malay Islands of the Indian Ocean, the Bushman and the Hottentot, all are thine—they are all infidels! The South Sea Islanders, the New Zealanders, the degraded aborigines of Australia, and the cannibals of the Caribbees, are all of your persuasion—they are all infidels. Your friends and connections are human flesh among the Caribbees Indians, and swallow a raw cow among the Abyssinians, without knives and with starting eyes. Your copper-headed relatives of the West have sacked considerable and scalped not stingily. They have dug their knives into innocent flesh and arranged it quivering on a spit. Sir, if you feel shame, approve of the sentiment and condole with you! They are yours—every one of them an infidel! What have you all done but depopulate the world and demoralize it, and when you have it down, keep it so?

I am using his own style of argument, my friends! Listen! "You," he says, speaking to all followers of religion, "you have burned us at the stake; you have roasted us at a slow fire; you have torn our flesh with iron; you have covered us with chains; and so on. When, oh, tell us when, Mr. Ingersoll? Some one did it—some one had professed religion some time; and you are all one. Thank you, Mr. Ingersoll. I was almost tempted to say that."

YOU ARE ANOTHER! If you were as good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, and eased them thereby, you might do good to corrupted society. But since you are only a fly which buzzes about all that is raw, you will excuse us for dislodging you with the tip of a finger.

One is astounded at the arrogance of the man. He says: "We infidels have done everything!" Nay, he does not take the trouble to assert it (perhaps he dare not); he assumes it. Listen again. "We are told by the Church that we have accomplished nothing, that we are simply destroyers. Is it nothing to fill the mind? Is it nothing to fill the world with light, with discovery, with science? Is it nothing to dignify man and exalt the intellect? Is it?"

Oh! let us pause and draw breath! So infidelity it is that has found out universal gravitation! So infidelity it is that has set the steamboat and the locomotive going! Infidelity has given the Christian code of laws and civilized Europe. Infidelity, nineteenth century infidelity, has done all the work of the eighteenth centuries before it was born. To Ingersoll be the glory thereof! "We!"

But now listen to me. One of them, an infidel if there ever was one, lost his dog Sultan, less than three years ago. He offered 600 francs to any one who should detect the assassin. Mark that—the assassin of a dog! He offered 600 francs to any one who should detect the assassin of a dog! He offered 600 francs to any one who should detect the assassin of a dog! He offered 600 francs to any one who should detect the assassin of a dog!

He gave the carrier a grand funeral. The household guests had all to attend. The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

The body of the dog was laid in a coffin draped with black velvet. Eight farmer lads, dressed in white, carried the dog's bier, for which they received the gratuity of 2 francs apiece. That brute of a dog was buried so, and fitly; because he was a brute of an infidel that buried him. Fitly, because the same fellow had offered no reward for the assassins of Bi hops. He had exiled priests and bishops, and offending nuns, in this nineteenth century, when all claim liberty of conscience. He had exiled them for conscience sake; and this same Bismarck, Prince of the German Empire, celebrates a funeral pageant over his dog Sultan, and makes all the princely household guests wait on him at a grand funeral!

Therefore, the Bible indicates the law of immortality. If that is your argument, I say that you are infinitely immoral. You talk of thumb-screws, and iron hooks and racks, and burning and tearing human flesh; and stealing, whipping and enslaving men, and buying and beating babes and mothers; and founding inquisitions and making chains; and slandering the living and calumniating the dead. The Bible never spoke of all these things. But you speak of them to condemn them, you say. And, I ask, does the Bible speak of those things to approve them?

WHAT A DUST YOU RAISE! We all know, or perhaps some of us do not know, the story of the fly that sat on the hub of the chariot wheel, as it whirled on and raised clouds of dust in the rear. The fly looked back and said: "What a dust I raise!"

This fellow sits on the hub of his wheel of fortune, that is, the infidel wheel, which, about which, degraded passions, and excited sentiment, and a show of false patriotism, and above all, debauched intellects, gathered and agitate and roll and applaud and yell and laud to the skies.

Truth, says Bacon, is more spicy for being mixed with falsehood. This lecturer is all spice.

Mahomet said: If the hill will not come to Mahomet, why Mahomet will go to the hill. And he went. And surely he meant that he was not to be kept standing stone abraded as I am. When no prayer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. When no printer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. When no printer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. When no printer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. When no printer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

out, and bells! For, "what fools had only said in their hearts" before, he is willing to say in public with his hired lips. He is happy to be in the buffoon. What the two inmates of the French lady's house believed, that he believes. You remember the story I told some weeks ago on the authority of Abbe Martinet. It is good enough to expect how an infidel was a member of a brilliant party in a French salon. He broached his atheism freely and impudently, and met with little response. Whereat, disappointed, he said: "Is it possible that I am the only free mind here that do not believe in a God?"

"Oh, no, Monsieur," answered Madame, "there are two others in my house who do not believe in a God. There is my horse and there is my dog. Only, sir, they have sense enough to say nothing about it."

Give him the cap and bells! He jests. I have not found a syllogism in an endless lecture. Where he tries it implicitly, the implication is perhaps always false. Let him jingle at everything, however holy, however high. The only condition is that he have the license to be publicly known as jingling with bells, and juggling with words.

When he is known to be what he is, and recognized as completely gone outside of the pale of rational life; when, as in the law of the leprosy, the putrefaction morally is complete and known to be such, then is he a leper mature, and may pass abroad as clean. When no prayer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. When no printer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. When no printer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. When no printer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

Branches and Councils of the C. M. B. A. are cordially invited to co-operate in making this column as useful and interesting as possible. When no printer of sound sense remains, then cry out: Room for the leper, room! Prepare a hall, perhaps, for him here.

Next Sunday evening, I will develop what I have summarized just now, showing how a young man, under the teachers of the day, follows the law of evolution; and, from an enlightened Christian, evolves into an infidel.

C. M. B. A. NOTES.

etary loss to them. Thousands of dollars a year saved by mixing with an inferior leaf, would not repay them for a doubt on the part of the public as to the quality of their tobacco.

Written for the Record.

Sacred Heart of Jesus.
Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Burning with Love Divine;
In the garden of my soul,
Plant this Heart of Thine.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Bleeding for this world's sin;
Fill us with contrition,
Thy forgiveness to win.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Calm Thou my troubled soul;
When the tempter comes,
And angry surges roll.

Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Golden Vessel of Love;
Cleanse us from earthly dross
To dwell with saints above.

Goderich, Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1880.

DIED.

On Tuesday, June 10, 1880, Andrew McCausland, of 3rd Concession, London township, aged 82 years.

New Advertisements.

AT

W. GREEN'S

New Brocaded Velvets,
New Brocaded Velvetines,
New Striped Velvets,
New Silk Fringes,
JUST RECEIVED

THESE ARE THE
LATEST NOVELTIES

IN—
DRESS TRIMMINGS.

138 DUNDAS STREET,
LONDON.

NOTICE!

WEST END HOUSE.

Just received, two cases of
Scotch Tweeds,

Prices to suit the times.
Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.