

Reviews.

The Religious Revolution of the Nineteenth Century: From the French, by Edgar Quinet. London: Trubner & Co., 1881.

Edgar Quinet may rightly be termed the Apostle of modern Politico-religious thought in France. The work is "an explanation and a defence of the principles and policy of the French Government with reference to the Roman Church in France." Quinet was one of the victims of the Coup d'Etat of '51, and was for nineteen years an exile from France. It has been said that *The principle of Liberty* and *the Importance of the Individual* were the two leading ideas of Quinet's philosophy. Recognising that "the foster-mother of all the tyrannies in Western Europe, was the Roman Catholic Church," he devoted his talents to the solution of the problem, how this great power for evil was to be overcome. Quinet advises the same means of destruction as the Church employed against the Pagans, and justifies the exercise of the whole of the Power of the State in crushing a religion which seeks to undermine and destroy the principles of civil liberty on which the State should rest. Reciting the interdicts of Theodosius against the Pagan worship, he would use them, with necessary changes, against the Roman Church. He maintains that the application of the *lex talionis* is justified from the fact that "as far as experience yet goes, there has been no time nor place in which the Catholic Church has been allowed to remain with unfettered hands by the cradle of Liberty, but what in a short time Liberty has been found stifled in its swaddling-clothes." He applies the Catholic law therefore to the Catholic Church. What Quinet recommended, has been faithfully carried out in the expulsion of the religious orders from France, and his philosophy is animating the dominant school of French statesman to-day as well as the special school of Gambetta. His doctrine is that if Catholicism be not crushed in countries where it is the religion of the masses, it will extinguish Liberty. Nor can education destroy a baneful religion when that religion has command of the education. To understand the meaning of the hostility of French and Italian statesman towards the Romish Church, one cannot do better than read this little work, so full of epigrammatic force and eloquence. Quinet died in 1875.

Maximus in Minimis.

A religious paper asks, "Why do flies bite so much worse in church than elsewhere?" and the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says it is simply because they find "so much worse" to bite.

Sydney Smith said to his vestry, in reference to a block pavement proposed to be built around St. Paul's: "All you have to do, gentlemen, is to put your heads together, and the thing is done."

A Boston clergyman chose for his text last Sunday "It is not good that man should be alone." At the close of the sermon every unmarried female in the congregation touchingly responded, "Ah, men!"

The Biblical Recorder says that a young colored preacher in a recent sermon, wishing to display his learning, would occasionally use the word "Curriculum," and as often as he used it some one of the sisters said "Glory!"

A political view of the situation:—"A pretty time to come home, John," said a young bride, pointing to the clock, which stood at 1.10 a.m., "and you just married, too. Ugh!" "Mary, my dear," said John, pompously, and somewhat thickly in speech, "I am a Liberal, you are evidently Conservative. Let us neither now nor henceforth discuss politics; it will make home unhappy."—London Society.

"Ah, me!" sighed a South Side Christian the other day, while discussing heavenly affairs in the midst of his family, "Rev. Mr. Thompson has gone off on Beecherism. He is a good preacher, too, and I am sorry for this. 'Well, I've always thought he and Mrs. Jones were entirely too intimate and that it would end in something like that,' said the dear wife, as she left the room to see about supper.

Hop Lee, a Chinese laundryman of this city, went to church last Sunday. While engaged in his devotions, some one entered his laundry and carried off £350. Hop Lee does not feel encouraged to go to church again.

An Italian newspaper announces that, in consequence of the secularization of a convent, the effects will be sold at auction, and adds, with malice prepense, that the auctioneer values a weeping Madonna, with boiler, spirit lamp, and tubing in working order, at £7, but would accept an offer of eighty cents for the bones of St. Peter, sixty cents for those of St. Anastasius, and forty cents for those of St. Clement.

Puck's recipe for an Orthodox sermon: Take fifty-five minutes of nasal tenderness of tone, one thought from the "First Principles" of Mr. Spencer, and two from his "Psychology," and three allusions to the "survival of the fittest." Stir gently till the whole begins to simmer. Then add rapidly the Orthodox conception of good, seasoned beforehand with savage railery, and two sliced compliments to the newspapers. Then cook up a tablespoonful of evolution until smooth, not brown, and strain into a Unitarian saucepan. Garnish the whole with prayers to the unknowable, and serve.

A priest was hearing confession, and a boy came to him and said he had a bad sin in his mind.—"Well, me good boy, come on wid it," said his reverence.—"Augh, thin, your reverence, I do be always sayin, 'Be the Holy Father!'"—"You do?—that's very bad, me boy.—Now how often do you be saying that?"—"Begor! more than forty times a day, your riverence."—"Go home now," said the priest, "and get your sister to make you a bag and hang it round your neck, and every time you say 'Be the Holy Father,' drop a little stone in it, and come to me this day week."—That day week his reverence was as usual in his box, and he heard an awful noise in the church, so he looked out and saw his penitent dragging a sack.—"Tady Mulloy," says he, "what do you mane by such conduct as that in church?"—"Shure, your riverence," says the fellow, "thone is all 'Be the Holy Fathers,' an' the rest of un's outside on the dray!"

A Salvationist residing not far from Hetton, wishing to become a captain in the "Army" applied to the district officer for the appointment. The following conversation is said to have taken place:—Officer: "You wish to become a captain, do you?" Candidate: "Yes, sor." Officer: "Have you been a public performer?" Candidate: "Wey, noo, aa can play varry canny on the tambourine and concertina." Officer: "No, no; I mean have you ever performed in the ring?" Candidate: "Wey, aa've played kiss in the ring mony a time." Officer: "No, you mistake me—I mean the prize ring. Have you ever been a pugilist, or have you ever been to Pentonville or Millbank?" Candidate: "No; but aa've been to Sunderland mony a time." Officer: "Well but I mean have you ever been transported?" Candidate: "No; but aa should have been." Officer: "Yes, yes; no doubt of it." Officer (pointing to a dark room): "Well, this is where we make the captains. Just step in there and I'll lock the door while I raise the devil, and if you stand before his Satanic Majesty a quarter of an hour I'll make a captain of you." Candidate: "No, no, divvent; aa have ne backers here to show us fair play; an' aa've said that much about the beggor ahint his back, aa divvent want to meet him face te face!"—Newcastle Chronicle.

REVOLUTION.

Truth is shining, earth's awaking;
Freedom rising, chains are breaking;
Tyrants on their thrones are quaking,
For their reign is nearly done.
Knowledge coming, error leaving;
Pen and press their past retrieving,
Swiftly fly their shuttles, weaving
All the nations into one.

Priests and creeds are retroceding;
Men the guide within are heeding;
Every one his garden weeding,
Headlong bigotry is hurled.
Love upspringing, hate is dying;
Men rejoicing, knaves are sighing;
Deadly curses fast are flying
From a renovated world.

William Denton.