

species cannot retrograde, and we may say that the christian religion, having once appeared, cannot again vanish, having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution. "To which of these religions do you especially adhere" inquired Wilhelm. "To all three," was the reply; for in their union they produce what may properly be called the true religion.

There is a passage in Faust, wherein a simple girl questions the Philosopher about his belief in God. The answer embodies the poet's conception of the God of this strange religion, and is worth while quoting—the best translation I have seen of it is that of the writer's biographer, Lewis:—

Margaret.—How is it with religion in your mind?

You are, 'tis true, a good, kind-hearted man,
But I'm afraid not piously inclined.

Faust.—Forbear! I love you, darling, you alone,
For those I love, my life I would lay down,
And none would of their faith or church bereave.

Margaret.—That's not enough, we must, ourselves, believe,

Faust.—Must we?

Margaret.—Ah could I but your soul inspire.

You honor not the sacraments, alas!

Faust.—I honor them.

Margaret.—But yet without desire,
'Tis long since you have been to shrift or mass.

Do you believe in God?

Faust.—My love, forbear.

Who dares acknowledge, I, in God believe,

Ask priest or sage, the answer you receive

Seems but a mockery of the questioner.

Margaret.—Then you do not believe?

(*Here comes the famous confession of faith—*)

Misunderstand me not, thou lovely one.

Who dare name him?

Or who confess "I believe in Him,"

Who can feel, and force himself to say

"I believe not in Him?"

The all encompasser—the all sustainer!

Encompasses, sustains he not thee, me, Himself?

Does not the heaven arch itself above,

Lies not the earth firm here below,

And rise not the eternal stars,

Looking downwards friendly?

Gaze not our eyes into each other,

And is not all thronging to thy head and heart,

Weaving in eternal mystery, invisibly, visibly about thee?

Till up thy heart therewith, in all its greatness,

And when thou'rt wholly blest in this emotion,

Then call it what thou wilt—call it joy, Heart, Love, God!

I have no name for it—feeling is all-in-all.
Name is sound and smoke,
Clouding the glow of heaven.

Poor Margaret confessed this all to be very beautiful, but her simple heart does not grasp it, there is no humanity in it—there is no God in it—it is pantheism pure and simple. Goethe's theosophy was that of Spinoza, modified by his own poetical tendencies; it was not a geometrical, but a poetical pantheism. "A fool is he (says Care personified in the second part of Faust) who directs his blinking eyes *that way*, and imagines creatures like himself above the clouds. Let him stand firm, and look around him here, the world is not dumb to the man of real sense. What need is there for him to sweep eternity, all he can know lies within his grasp.

How closely connected all this is with modern application of the much talked of *philosophy of the unconditioned*, will be apparent to any one acquainted with the writings of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer or Sir William Hamilton; and to those who may have felt the beleaguering influence of such a philosophy, I would presume to name a little book, which, in an unassuming way, has ventured to grapple with it. It is written by Dr. Young, of Edinburgh, author of the "Christ of History," and entitled the "Province of Reason," being a criticism