

upon the artist produced a long syringe of great force, and, stooping over a neighboring puddle, filled it with mud and dirty water, which he then squirted with might and main against the zenith. The wiser of the company unfurled their umbrellas; but most part, looking up in triumph, cried: 'Down with delusion! It is an age of science! Have we not tallow lights then?' Here the mud and dirty water fell and bespattered and besplattered these simple persons, and even put out the eyes of several, so that they never saw the stars any more. Enlightened Utilitarian! Art thou aware that this patent logic-mill of thine, which grindeth with such a clatter, is but a mill?" This mechanical view of things can neither satisfy the demands of the intellect nor meet the wants of the heart. Man's earliest guide and first leaders looked to the heavens for support, and acquired fresh strength for their purpose by so doing. The simple breathings of infancy point to fears of that which lies beyond material things, and the stoutest-hearted man—whatever his boastings to the contrary—is in continual awe of the supernatural. The fears and hopes and desires of humanity all point to a spiritual source, whilst the deepest yearnings of the human heart tell of wants that can never be satisfied without trust in God.

There is a grand poem, translated from the Russian by the late Sir John Bowring, which, despite its length, is so good and so appropriate as to be worth reproducing here:

Oh, Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
 Unchanged, through Time's all-devastating flight;
 Thou only God! there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
 Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er;
 Being whom we call God, and know no more.
 In its sublime research, Philosophy
 May measure out the ocean deep, may count
 The sands, or the sun's rays; but God! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
 Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,

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