

self, by means of the fern, the fossil and the past heroes, with the Creative Power.

Science ushers in Huxley, Darwin, Faraday, Kepler, but the glow-worm still crawls along the pathway and the green-gold flame of the fire-fly still darts through the moist darkness of a June evening—and no one knows the secret of their light. Man, the outflow of God, paints the lily, moulds the axe, or sets the fine compass-needle afloat on its jewelled pivot. He, man, is behind art; it is of him, and as much divinity as there is in picture, poem, ship or tool, so is he divine. But Nature, in all her forms of sea and shore, sky and all that therein is, Nature is the force, the vitality of the Creator, and man is her final effort. The rock-plateau that crowns Douglas Mountain, near St. John, New Brunswick, the west face of which is scarred with the wind-storms of thousands of years, awes by its strength and solidity of outline. You feel the majesty and the power that lay behind the primal forces when the huge ice-floe crept over the land and left this mountain as a sentinel watching the two valleys of Douglas and the Nerepis. Inanimate