

would be deprived of all life and motion; it would be just a mere enormous frozen block in the middle of the ether. But that conclusion which is like the one that we discussed about the beginning of the world, is one which we have no right whatever to rest upon. It depends upon the same assumption that the laws of geometry and mechanics are exactly and absolutely true; and that they will continue exactly and absolutely true for ever and ever. Such an assumption we have no right whatever to make. We may, therefore, I think, conclude about the end of things that, so far as the earth is concerned, an end of life upon it is as probable as science can make anything; but that in regard to the universe we have no right to draw any conclusion at all.

So far, we have considered simply the material existence of the earth; but of course our greatest interest lies not so much with the material life upon it, the organized beings, as with another fact which goes along with that, and which is an entirely different one—the fact of the consciousness that exists upon the earth. We find very good reason indeed to believe that this consciousness in the case of any organism is itself a very complex thing, and that it corresponds part for part to the action of the nervous system, and more particularly of the brain of that organized thing. There are some whom such evidence has led to the conclusion that the destruction which we have seen reason to think probable of all organized beings upon the earth will lead also to the final destruction of the consciousness that goes with them. Upon this point I know there is a great difference of opinion among those who have a right to speak. But to those who do see the cogency of the evidences of modern physiology and modern psychology in this direction, it is a very serious thing to consider that not only the earth itself and all that beautiful face of nature we see, but also the living things upon it, and all the consciousness of men, and the ideas of society, which have grown up upon the surface, must come to an end. We who hold that belief must just face the fact and make the best of it; and I think we are helped in this by the words of that Jew philosopher, who was himself a worthy crown to the splendid achievements of his race in the cause of progress during the Middle

Agas, Benedict Spinoza. He said: "The free man thinks of nothing so little as of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life." Our interest lies with so much of the past as may serve to guide our actions in the present, and to intensify our pious allegiance to the fathers who have gone before us and the brethren who are with us; and our interest lies with so much of the future as we may hope will be appreciably affected by our good actions now. Beyond that, as it seems to me, we do not know, and we ought not to care. Do I seem to say: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?" Far from it; on the contrary I say: "Let us take hands and help, for this day we are alive together." —WILLIAM KINGDON CLIFFORD in "*Conditions of Mental Development.*"

For the LAMP.

FOUND AND MADE A NOTE OF.

"Regret nothing,"—is good,
"Do nothing-to regret,"—is better.

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"Regret nothing,"—yes!—but only as instant reparation follows the regrettable act.

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He, only, who makes of his mistakes so many means for added service to those wronged, can afford never to be sorry.

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Thanks to Great Karma that we live more lives than one, else we could never adequately repair wrongs done to-day.

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As it is, love never acknowledges there is anything to forgive, but rather always something "to do"—so striking the balance. C.L.A.

ARMSTRONG'S GOOD NIGHT.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear,
Be canty, but be good and leal;

Your ain ill's ay ha'e heart to bear,
Anither's ay ha'e heart to feel;

So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';

My parting breath shall boast you mine,
Good-night and joy be wi' you a'.

This night is my departing night,
For here nae langer must I stay;

There's neither friend nor foe o' mine
But wishes, wishes me away.

What I ha'e done through lack o' wit,
I never, never can recall;

I hope ye're a' my friends as yet.—
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'.

—*Sir Alexander Boswell and Robert Burns.*