

wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery world. Oh, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier—more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God. Sooty Hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can, by man's energy, be made a kind of heaven; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny; the everlasting arch of Heaven's azure overspanning it, too God and all men looking on it well pleased."

Darwin lived in 12 Upper Gower Street, as it was then called. He evidently disliked London much, though he was alive to its fascination in some measure; for he writes:—

"We are living a life of extreme quietness. What you describe as a secluded spot is, I will answer for it, quite dissipated compared with Gower Street. We have given up all parties, for they agree with neither of us; and if one is quiet in London, there is nothing like it for quietness. . . . There is a grandeur about its smoky fogs, and the dull distant sound of cabs and coaches: in fact, you may perceive that I am