

spiritual world formed by the heathen nations. They seem to be instinctively conscious of the existence of some Superior Being, who rules the affairs of this world, and sends upon them good and evil. They also have ideas of a spirit in themselves, and that this spirit when they die, does not die also, but passes from the body into some other state. But here their instinctive ideas fail, and having never heard who this Ruler of all things is, nor any explanation of the conditions under which the spirit exists, and its life, after it has passed from this mortal body, they are left to their imagination to conceive of these things for themselves. Thus, they are led to say that the spirits of their chiefs have gone into beasts of the forest, and these they worship, and also idols of wood and stone, which may be embodiments of demoniac ideas. Then they imagine that there are many gods to whom they must continually offer sacrifices, sometimes even of their fellow-men, to appease their anger, and they wear charms to ward off evils which they think would otherwise come upon them.

All this is but one example of what imagination, when allowed full scope, and without the restriction which education and reason put upon it, can do. There are many others also, but though, even amongst ourselves, false views of society and character, as well as of religion, are often presented, let us hope that this is an illustration of it in its worst form; that this is the extreme to which an unrestricted imagination can go, and we must not forget, in looking on the dark side of its results, the existence of the bright one, in contemplating which everyone may see that it has done much through all the world's history for the improvement and happiness of man.

The Loss of the "Northfleet."

One of the London docks, in January last, presented a scene of some little commotion. The "Northfleet," a large sailing-vessel bound for Australia, and carrying about four hundred passengers, mostly emigrants, was on the eve of her long voyage. Friends took their last farewells of each other, feeling that perhaps they might never meet again. At last, all who were not going, were forced to land, and the great ship was slowly tugged out of the dock, and moved down the Thames to Gravesend.

As the next day was hazy, and the sea rough, the ship came down the channel only as far as Dungeness, and there anchored close in to the shore, and apparently out of the way of all danger.

We can imagine the scene on board; some of the passengers