

connection between our sacred minds and these. Then it went on to the organisms of plants and animals, venturing, with many elaborate apologies to the Deity, to include amongst the last, for convenience sake, the vile body of man. In all these, in exact proportion as it studied them, is discovered a growing amount of mechanical and machine-like uniformity; but still, for a long time, till long after Hegel's death, these groups of machine-like processes were separated one from the other, and seemed to be connected only by the arbitrary operation of a deity. The different kinds of life—in especial the life of man—seemed, as you said just now, to stand up above the waters of science, like island peaks above the sea, the objects of a separate knowledge. But all this while the waters of science were rising, and were signalling their rise by engulfing from time to time some stake or landmark that a moment before was protruding from them, or by suddenly pouring over a barrier and submerging some new area. No doubt even by this quiet process a number of people were frightened; but there was no more general panic than there was in the days of Noah. Man, from his superior station, watched the tides in security. But one fine day—as we look back on it, it seems as if this had happened suddenly—my dear Alistair, had I only been some cynical divine spectator, watching it all as a mixture of opera, farce and pantomime—something happened which, as I often amuse myself by thinking—would have been the finest stage effect in the world. The gradual rise gave place to a cataclysm. The fountains of the great deep were broken up when Darwin struck the rock: and an enormous wave—as it seems to us now in a moment—washed over the body of man—the temple of the Holy Ghost—covering him up to his chin, leaving only his head visible, whilst his limbs jostled below with the carcasses of the drowned animals. His head, however, was visible still, and in his head was his mind—the mind antecedent to the universe—the redoubtable separate entity—staring out of his eyes over the deluge like a sailor on a sinking ship. And then came one crisis more. The waters rose an inch or