

the Royal Society. He held with great acceptance the Rosebery Lectureship, extending over five years, in which he gave the history of biological research from the earliest period till the publication of "The Origin of the Species." These lectures afterwards formed an extensive and copiously annotated treatise, entitled "The Philosophy of Natural History Before and After Darwin." The same lectures were also delivered by him in the Royal Institution of London, in his capacity of Fullerian Professor there. He was Bede lecturer at Cambridge in 1888, and for some years past has filled a professorship at Christ Church, Oxford, residing during part of the year in an ancient historic house, once the abode of Cardinal Wolsey, the founder of Christ Church. His connection with the Bede lectureship at Cambridge probably suggested to him to found and endow a like corresponding lectureship at Oxford, known as the "Romanes Trust," which should be filled each year by some distinguished contemporary, who should choose his own subject, thus giving the Oxonians the best opportunity of hearing what the best men have to say on the best subjects. Might not some of the friends of our Canadian universities take a hint from such an example? The first of these lectures was given in October, 1892, by Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister of Great Britain, the subject being "The University in the Middle Ages," and the second on "Evolution and Ethics," by Professor Huxley, in May, 1893. Both lectures received much attention from the British press, and both have been published in pamphlet form as well as in periodicals, and widely circulated. Two more distinctly representative men could not have been selected to begin the course.

Premature as was the close of Professor Romanes' career, it was, throughout, a singularly happy and successful one. As he had always ample means at command he was set free from the ordinary cares of life, and was at liberty to devote his whole time and attention to the studies and researches in which he delighted, under the best conditions, and with all the facilities at hand which wealth could supply. In addition to his great professional success his domestic life was also most happily circumstanced. He grew up in a most affectionate and united family, and married in due time the lady of his choice, a Miss Duncan, a native of Nova Scotia, their union being blest with five children, all of whom with his wife survive him. He seemed to have inherited, along with his mental gifts, a fine constitution, as well as a tall and athletic form, but latterly both his eyesight and his health had given his friends cause for anxiety, and, by medical advice, he had spent the last two or three winters in Madeira. The end, however, seems to have come suddenly and unexpectedly—the strong man, in the prime of life, being smitten down in the midst of the career of which it seemed that so much might have still lain before him. Many readers will still remember one of his latest contributions to periodical literature, in which he skilfully opposed the great German naturalist, Weismann, on the subject of the non-transmissibility of acquired characters, which his opponents had denied, and the true nature of heredity, with the proper scope and function of natural selection. Certainly he seemed a living exemplar of the inheritance of both natural ability and individual traits of character; and few

endowed with powers like his are also favoured with such advantages for their full development.

Reference has been made to the poetry of feeling which his father's classical translations had occasionally displayed. The son was not without his share of this endowment, also, though it is popularly supposed to be incompatible with the scientific temperament. All his writings were not merely scientific. The Burney Prize Essay, to which reference has been made, written while he was still at Cambridge, was a treatise on "Prayer and Natural Law," aiming to show that there was no real contradiction between the right conception of natural law and the Christian faith in the efficacy of prayer. An article on the same subject was, not long after the appearance of the book, contributed by him to the pages of the *Canadian Monthly*, as part of a controversy which arose out of a review of the essay by the present writer. Professor Romanes was, however, one of the many who have found their traditional faith undermined by their revolutionized conceptions of the Cosmos. In a work on Theism, written a good many years ago, he came to the conclusion that modern science has so completely explained the evolution of the present universe as to have left no room for the old argument from apparent design in Nature. He took for his motto the suggestive line, "Canst thou by searching find out God," and the burden of the book was that of Tennyson's lines:—

"I found Him not in star or sun,  
In eagle's flight or insect's eye,  
Or in the questions men may try,  
The subtle cobwebs they have spun."

Christian apologetics have in our day far outgrown the reasoning of Paley; but it is not surprising if men who are absorbed in the pursuit of scientific demonstration should not at once readjust their mental vision to appreciate the higher and more vital presentation of spiritual truth. And so, feeling that he had lost something that new gains could not replace, he was the author of some eloquent and touching words which have been often quoted as one of the finest expressions of this profound sense of loss:

"As I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendour of 'the old,' I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although the precept to 'work while it is day,' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the words that 'the night cometh when no man can work'; yet, when at times I think, as think I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as now I find it,—at such times I shall ever find it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. For, whether it be due to my intelligence not being sufficiently advanced to meet the requirements of the age, or whether it be due to the memory of these sacred associations which to me at least were the sweetest that life has given, I cannot but feel that for me and for others who think as I do, there is a dreadful truth in the words of Hamilton: 'Philosophy having become a meditation, not merely of death but of annihilation, the

precept, "Know thyself," has become transformed into the terrible oracle of Edipus':

'May'st thou ne'er know the truth of what thou art.'

To many minds these pathetic words will appeal with much greater force and bring them more into touch with the soul of their author than all that he has so ably contributed to the literature of biological science.

Sad as is the burden of such words, however, it is pleasant to know that their author was not left without consolation even in this "twilight" of faith. A poem written when he was a very young man, and published anonymously because concerned with feelings which he could scarcely have otherwise expressed so freely, affords proof that he was a poet as well as a scientist, and also shows that he had discovered the root and the essence of true religion. It is entitled: "The More Excellent Way," and graphically portrays the keen conflict taking place in a mind that finds intellectual conviction at war with cherished faith—such a tragedy as, in times like ours, is only a too common, though usually a silent one. The opening verse sets vividly before us an autumn mountain landscape:

"I journeyed on a lonely moor alone,  
And saw the sun arise and fall and set,  
Upon a wilderness of heath and stone,  
That spread away to hills, which rose and met,  
The mountains, rising still to meet the wet,  
And falling skies of autumn, there to stand  
Their shoulders 'neath the heavy clouds,  
That let  
The sheeted light-rays glimmer on the land,  
Like blessings pointing straight from some  
almighty hand."

In reverie he dwells on the history of the material universe, baffled ever by the oppressive sense of a mystery which the human spirit may never penetrate:

"For wings of thought my spirit spread to  
soar,  
Into the sphere of things and sought to find  
Beyond the clouds and stars of heaven's floor,  
Beyond the ages that are left behind,  
Beyond the ken of sense-imprisoned mind,  
Some place to rest, but void infinity  
Was all she found eternal, voiceless, blind;  
Then sank and breathed forth one despairing cry,  
'Thou art the Alpha and Omega, Mystery!'"

Then, though baffled by "the mystery that is, and was, has always been," his heart speaks, and he feels that

"The instincts of my nature point to Thee,  
That Thou art God, and I, without remorse,  
May feel the life of thought to move in me;  
That 'tis a blest and not a monstrous thing  
to be!"

But still the conflict goes on, and he is confronted not only with the importance of thought but with the mysteries of life, with bereavement, human suffering, death, till, in utter loneliness of soul, he utters the cry of the Divine Sufferer: "My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Then, there comes to him in his despairing anguish, the vision of a majestic angel carrying an open book, in which is written the one word, "Do!" While musing on this vision, he sees approaching him an aged friar, and to him he opens his heart, confiding to him all his perplexities, "musings, vision and perplexity"; and the friar, without any attempt to overcome his skepticism by argument, meets him just where he is, telling him that