

evolving what Paul calls perfect manhood in Christ Jesus, rather than in the inculcation of certain sectarian formulæ, or the encouragement of some sickly sentiment that has little influence upon the life for charity and honesty, some opinion on such issues as are raised around Dr. Drummond's word, if not necessary, are at least most desirable; unless on such companionships as indicated the pastor is content to play the dummy, or prove himself woefully behind those whom he essays to lead. Of course I know there are those who seem to think that God is glorified more if He works through human ignorance than through those who use their talents to some purposes; such, however are not likely to read *THE WEEK* and may be left meanwhile to enjoy their delusion. The sympathetic clergyman will be compelled to form some opinion as to the character and value of scientific research. The writer has been so compelled, and with a modesty which, though not apparent, is real, would offer some observations on "The Ascent of Man" and some of its critics as they have shaped themselves to him.

Though said to be of no scientific value, an element of poetry is readily acknowledged in the work which has been written, says one critic, by the canons of poetry rather than by the canons of science. That pleasant old gossip, "The country parson," in one of his earlier recreations, talks about the art of putting things. One of his fine sentences in that essay is: "The noble use of the power of putting things, is when a man employs that power to give tenfold force to truth." No one denies to Henry Drummond the art of putting things, and in that very art may be found some grain of scientific value. Let us see. Take the very title of the book as compared with Charles Darwin's great work, "The Descent of Man." They stand side by side on my shelves, and the contrast is suggestive. From similar facts the one traces descent, the other follows ascent; the one looks back to find man in the slime from which he may have sprung, the other looks onward for that great divine event to which the whole creation moves; and they both deal with the same data as they state thus diversely the problem to be solved. Let us stay for a moment to enquire whether there may not be some scientific value in this way of putting things, for what is science? When the French Academicians declined to view Darwin as a scientist, was it not because he lacked scientific imagination? He had so thoroughly repressed all theorizing as to be a mere recorder of things observed. The scientist must have a working theory, even though, like Newton's emanation theory of light, it is doomed to be disproved; evolution is the theory of to-day, scientific, but a theory nevertheless; for what in very truth is evolution but the tabulating by the human mind of certain phenomena in their observed sequence. Evolution explains nothing as to the origin or the destiny of things only as it leaves the line of strict demonstration, and either drops a plummet into the deep of the past, or gazes wistfully on for some ray of light through the mist of the future. All scientific truth rests upon some assumption which faith must needs accept as proved. Darwin's weakness as a scientific observer was his ultimate lack of imagination; may not Henry Drummond's "Ascent of Man"

be yet accorded some scientific value from its very poetic method of putting things?

At a time when Tennyson's position, as a poet, was being questioned, F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, ranked him high in the realm of poesy, giving him credit, among other requisites, for "vision or insight." If Mr. Robertson's saying "Poetry creates life; science dissects death" be adopted, and Dr. Drummond's work be held as having no scientific value in that sense, we need not quarrel with the critics—to us the poetic value will far transcend the other. But if science is knowledge, and working theories be admissible in the pursuit thereof, then the poet's insight has value, and the very terms "Evolution of a mother, a father" may, and in our judgment do, afford examples of insight, of vision; and scientific research is assuredly as safe travelling along the ascent, as in confining itself to the dissecting room of the past and studying the descent of man; at any rate the onward look is a reassuring one, and the difficulties no greater even at this present, looking along the "poetic" line of Henry Drummond's book. The book lays no claim to original research. It professedly attempts "to tell in a plain way a few of the things which science is now seeing with regard to the ascent of man," and for that "plain way"—its "art of putting things"—the work has for us busy workers a great value; and in its adding of Altruism as a missing factor to evolutionary struggle for existence, the coming generation of reverent scientists may recognize an item of real value in the solution of life's complicated problem.

Evolution is but a vision. No missing link in the great chain of being has been fully supplied; even variety, whence came it? Antecedent and consequent only are seen. How small a part of His (or shall we write "its?") ways are before our vision. The scientific mind calls this assumed order evolution. Our author projects his gage somewhat further. He "trusts that God is love indeed and love creation's final law." Is he less scientific because he arranges phenomena on that line? One of the critics confesses: "Could it be known there may be a moral magnificence in nature; only in its entirety we cannot know nature, and what, at the present hour, we do know leaves her to us immoral." But we also know that we only know in part, and only knowing in part we cannot declare the immorality of nature. Dr. Drummond, therefore, is to us strictly within the lines of scientific—or poetic—insight when he assumes as a working hypothesis one of Bishop Butler's positions that "the notion of a moral scheme much more perfect than what is seen is not a fictitious but a natural notion, for it is suggested to our thoughts by essential tendencies—and these tendencies are to be considered as intimations," and he so reads nature as to—

"See in part  
That all, as in some piece of art,  
Is toil, co-operant to an end."

And that end love. We, at least, find real value in the work.

Gravenhurst.

JOHN BURTON.

The *Toronto Mail* estimates that since last May at least 40,000 French-Canadians living in the United States have returned to Quebec.

## MENDELSSOHN'S GRAVE.

The winter of 1887 and 1888 was an unusually severe and stormy one in Germany. The snow was often deep, and the air was almost constantly chilled with cold. During one of the numerous storms, and when the snow was falling heavily, a friend and ourselves left Leipzig (where we were then studying), on the morning of the 24th of December, to visit Berlin and to make a pilgrimage to Mendelssohn's grave. Not that we are such a great Mendelssohn worshipper, but we had previously, at different times during our travels through Germany, visited the final resting places of many great and famous musicians, Wagner, Liszt, Schumann, Weber, and others; and were desirous of seeing where lay the body of the lamented and fascinating Mendelssohn. We were to take an early train, which left about five in the morning, and consequently it was not yet light when we ventured forth. The wind was blowing dismally through the deserted streets, and piling the snow in little heaps, so that walking was exceedingly difficult and slow. We had not gone, however, more than three or four blocks, before we espied a *droschke* standing close to a lamp post, and, on our hailing the driver, he was glad, indeed, to get the job of driving us to the *Berliner Bahnhof*, which is quite a distance to the east of the city. We were not sorry to arrive there and get—we were going to say comfortably settled—in our car, but there is no such thing as comfort, as we understand the word, in any railway carriage, in winter time, on the continent, as there are no fires, or, if by chance, there is any heat furnished by the railway people, it is so limited in quantity as to be almost unnoticed. We were soon off and in due course of time, several hours after, we arrived in Berlin. The next morning we rose early and enquired of several people whom we met, not forgetting the hotel porter, of course, who is supposed to know everything, and also in music shops and book stores as well, if they could direct us to the cemetery where the composer, Mendelssohn, was buried. And none could tell us. We were astounded, for we had thought that surely in Berlin, the most musical city in Germany, even the children on the street would know that Mendelssohn, who has charmed thousands in all parts of the world, by his graceful, beautiful music, was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, in one of their own cemeteries. At last we met an old gentleman who directed us, and shortly after, on Christmas Day, we stood before his tomb, which is in the enclosed plot of the family, in the *Alte Driefaltigkeits Kirchhof*, just outside the *Halle-thor*. He rests beside his talented sister, Fanny, and his son, Felix. A few steps behind are the graves of his father and mother. His tombstone is a plain slab of marble, in the shape of a cross, on which is engraved his name, and the dates of his birth and death. This is all.

The wandering winter winds murmured sorrowfully over the graves, and had formed little fairy white mounds from the snow which was still falling; and, although the evergreen ivy had so lovingly entwined itself on the headstones which bore their names, fresh flowers had been cut and laid there that morning on the