

*in toto*, and claiming a special creative act when attempting to account for the appearance of *man* upon the face of the earth.

Of itself, this is an immense stride, and one for which those who wish well to the advancement of scientific truth may feel truly grateful; but, apart altogether from what is called the Mosaic Genesis, can we shut our eyes to our own environment? We may think we do—we may even pride ourselves upon being out-and-out opponents of everything that savours of Darwinism, and yet, upon closer examination, find that we, too, are far gone on the high road to evolution.

What is the history of any civilized country but an account of that country's evolution, in which, it may be, revolution, too, has played a leading, but always a coincidental part?

Trace the history of chemistry since the days of the search for the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life, until this the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when even the constituent elements of the most distant planets are tolerably well ascertained by means of the spectroscope, and what is it but a magnificent illustration of evolution as applied to one phase of human thought?

Or, compare the childlike astonishment of him who first produced mechanical action by rubbing a piece of amber on the sleeve of his tunic, up through and with the results produced by Volta, and Galvani, and Franklin, and our own celebrated Faraday, to the living Professor Faure, who only the other day sent from Paris millions of cubic feet of electricity, stored up in a small box little larger than a beaver hat, to Sir Wm. Thomson, the famous Scottish electrician, who declares the discovery of Prof. Faure to be the most pregnant in possible benefits to the human race, that has ever been made in this

old earth of ours since "Adam delved and Eve span."

Is not this evolution?

Why, in a short time we shall probably hear of little boys running to the drug store, saying, "Please, mother sent me for five cents' worth of electricity, and she wants it good!" Teachers, too, will be enabled to carry it in small but effectual doses in their pockets to school, for the purpose of applying it towards awaking the dormant or drowsy faculties of tiresome pupils; and wont this be—well, I am afraid this will be—revolution.

Music, painting, sculpture, mechanics and agriculture, as we find them, are all proofs in point of our contention; and what about the science of Education, especially in Ontario? Will any one have the temerity to deny that our theory accounts satisfactorily for *its* present condition? Because it must never be forgotten that evolution is sometimes retrograde in its movements, although, upon the whole, its tendency is towards the "survival of the fittest."

Upon the surface of what a tremendous graveyard do we find ourselves! Where now stand the busy agricultural and commercial centres of this the "Garden Province" of our fair Dominion, comparatively a short time ago the dark blue waters of an ocean, vast and deep, afforded a congenial element wherein disported themselves, and plundered one another, millions upon millions of our poor relations: relations so very poor, that although it is quite certain they had a stomach (and that is an important organ to have), were yet quite devoid of much that goes to afford solid satisfaction and enjoyment to other and more highly constituted beings. Only one genus had really good eyes, possibly feet or flippers of some sort, a jointed body, and what might, by courtesy, be called a tail. This fellow, known