more easily put ourselves into any shape or posture that might be desired, and adapt ourselves to changed circumstances. But we are, perhaps, after all, agreed that the vertebrates are in a higher plane than the molluscs, and that man is none the worse for having a skeleton, the most important part of which is the backbone.

We have thus endeavored to give a clear and fair idea of the character of this book, and in doing so honesty has compelled us to expose what we conceive to be its weaknesses, which are not mere blemishes, for they affect its vital parts. But let it not be supposed that these lectures are entirely lacking in merit. There is a good deal of vigorous thinking expressed in an easy-flowing, readable style. It gives us one of the very best samples that we know of from a school possessed of considerable ability, who, dissatisfied—disgusted would not, perhaps, be too strong a word—with the present, claim that it is not the old, and clamor to lead us back to the old; but, when we follow their guidance, we find ourselves standing in the presence of a Bible so mutilated and so capable of being, in its various parts, accepted or rejected, according to the individual taste, that in our search for the old we cannot speak with any degree of certainty and say at any particular point, "Here it is," for what one accepts another may reject.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: The soul that rises with us, our life's star, Hath had elsewhere its setting. And cometh from afar. Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory do we come From God, who is our home. Heaven lies about us in our infancy! Shades of prison-house begin to close Upon the growing Boy, But he beholds the light, and whence it flows: He sees it in his joy. The youth who daily farther from the east Must travel, still is Nature's Priest, And by the vision splendid Is on the way attended; At length the Man perceives it die away, And fade into the light of common day.