

who have the power to manufacture such products from so unpromising a material as blood. By far the greater part of us is dead; the living part is no homogeneous whole, but is made up of an innumerable number of units, each possessing by virtue of its life, to some extent the power of choice, something resembling will. What then constitutes the single self which every man feels that he is? Are we to conclude that the soul of man is but a resultant of the vital forces of his components, as the materialist holds that the life of the amoeba is the resultant of the chemical properties of the hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon? Again, we find that the man, the self, may die, while all the components remain as before. Each corpuscle pursues its work until, for want of a guiding spirit—it may not be for hours after life has left the physical man—the body falls into disorganization, and the corpuscles perish for lack of systematic nourishment.

And now we have endeavored, in a crude and imperfect manner it may be, yet conscientiously, to bring ourselves face to face with the mystery, or rather bundle of mysteries, of life. Could any eloquence close this paper more fittingly than the words, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made."

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF CERTAIN MENTAL OPERATIONS.

AN ADDRESS BY E. HAANEL, PH.D., F.R.S.C.

KENELM CHILLINGLY was a precocious child. At the age of eight he startles his mother and Sir Peter, his father, with the question, "Mamma, are you not sometimes overpowered by a sense of your identity?"

This question expresses a feeling too uncommon in a child, but common enough with maturer minds, trained to reflective habits of thought. Such a feeling takes possession of the mind at most unexpected moments. It may come in the night-time or in broad daylight, in company or in solitude; and when it comes it illumines the horizon of consciousness as with a flash, revealing on the outskirts of it what had never