

tions and his capacity for improvement, of which even the most intelligent of the other animals, so far as we can see, have no share. He alone is consciously moral; he alone is religious; he alone is speculative, looking before and after; he alone feels the influence of beauty, and expresses his sense of it in poetry and art. What is lust in brutes, in him alone is love; he alone thinks or dreams that there is in him anything that ought not to die. Yet Darwin's discovery has effaced the impassable line which we took to have been drawn by a separate creation between man and the beasts which perish.

Science, moreover, Darwinian and general, has put an end to the traditional belief in the soul as a being separate from the body, breathed into the body by a distinct act of the Creator, pent up in it as in a prison-house, beating spiritually against the bars of the flesh and looking to be set free by death. Soul and body, we now know, are indivisible from each other, man's nature being one, enfolded at first in the same embryo, advancing in all its parts and aspects through the same stages to maturity, and succumbing at last to the same decay. Not that this makes our nature more "material" in the gross sense of that term. Spirituality is an attribute of moral elevation and aspiration, not of the composition of the organism. Tyndall called himself a "Materialist," yet no man was ever less so in the gross sense. If we wish to see clearly in these matters, it might be almost better for a time to suspend our use of the word "soul," with its traditional connotation of antagonism to the body, and to speak only of the higher life or of spiritual aim and effort.

We have, moreover, in approaching these questions, to clear our minds entirely of geocentricism, theological and philosophical as well as physical,—of our notions of this earth as the centre of the universe and the grand scene of providential action, and at the same time of the ideas of our religious infancy about the Mosaic beginning and the Apocalyptic end of things. We have wholly to banish the creations of Milton's fancy, so strongly impressed upon our imaginations, as well as the Ptolemaic cosmography, and think no more of a heaven above and an earth below, with angels ascending and descending between them, or of a court of heaven looking down upon the earth. We must float out in thought into a universe without a centre, without limit, without beginning or end, of which all that we see on a starlight night is but a point, in which we ourselves are but living and conscious atoms. There has been much debate among religious thinkers about the origin of evil. But evil, it would seem, can have no origin, since the universe has none, and evil, or what

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