

aspires has never wanted a guide and a type of his aspiration. And the very Name of such is an inspiration and a signal to aftertimes.

But these came not into their wisdom by the study of books alone. All the deeds and thoughts of life were theirs, as life after life they came and went the ways of birth and death. They gleaned such knowledge as the babe may give the mother ere ever the birth and the breath-time; such knowledge as the mariner gathers in deep nights on far seas between the stars of the sky and the stars of the wave; such knowledge as comes on the mountain sides to those who watch the great shapes of Power and Beauty pass on their precipitous way; such knowledge as men grasp in dread moments when the fate of a nation waits on the flash of an uplifted sword; such glimpses as the savage in the desert and the civilian in the slums may reach of the round of immortality.

The Master of Life, who stays our weaknesses, "in knowledge of Whom standeth our perfect freedom," has travelled all the paths and His compassion out-circles even the Law. For the greatest law is love. It is they who are subject to this law that are of the Brotherhood of Knowledge.



OUTLOOK.

Not to be conquered by these headlong days

But to stand free; to keep the mind at brood

On life's dark meaning, nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways;

At every thought and deed to clear the haze

Out of our eyes, considering only this,

What man, what life, what love, what beauty
is,

This is to live and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill-fortune, and harsh human
need

Beat down the soul, at moments blind and
dumb

With agony: yet, patience—there shall come
Many great voices from life's outer sea,

Hours of strange triumph, and, when few
men heed,

Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

—Archibald Lampman.

EVIDENCE OF IMMORTALITY.

"Having looked at the objects of the Universe," says Walt Whitman, "I find that there is no one or any particle of one but has reference to the soul."

Each Human Soul is part and parcel of the One Parent-Soul, identical in essence; Nature and Man being inseparable parts of a single harmonious whole. Regarded in this way, it will be quite evident that there can be no clear understanding of our true being apart from the great Being to which we belong. Taking this view, we can see how the Poet finds evidence of the immortality of the Soul everywhere. For him, surrounding objects are instinct with a life of their own, a consciousness which is only in degree less than man's.

He feels the kinship with Nature, with a sympathy profound as exists between closest friends. Only what we feel we know: not with the halting knowledge which painfully collects proof, but with that intuitive knowledge which pierces all outer seeming and grasps the realities within. The processes of logic are so slow, the time of life is so fleeting, that one may well seek by stern struggle to awaken in some degree that divine faculty of seizing truth which belongs to the Poet, the Seer, and the Sage. Evidences of Immortality without doubt surround us on every side, but of what avail, if the illusions of daily life have blinded our eyes?

The tiny lives in the water-drop reveal to the eye of science a distinct psychic life of their own. The rock-crystal, under the microscope, exhibits the mineral lives not less active, full of purposeful movement, animated by their own lowly forms of intelligence. The most ardent materialist finds it necessary now to endow matter with a little feeling. Nay, he finds that matter, as he once conceived it, no longer exists, and defines the unit of matter, so-called, as a resistant point having position but not dimension. He is already in the dreamland of the "scientific imagination." His world has become a correlation of forces. It