

The idea that we and all living organisms are nothing but aggregations of amcebas is not, however, so baseless as one might suppose. The first germ of all life is the single cell, the germ of a plant, of an oyster or an ox being essentials undistinguishable by the microscope or chemical tests; yet what an immeasurable difference there must be in reality between them. Never does a germ forget its parentage and fail to grow up into the likeness of its predecessors. The materialist confidently says there are chemical differences, though so minute as to be undemonstrable. This amounts to saying that there are myriads of chemical compounds each differing from all the rest, yet so identically the same that he cannot prove the slightest difference between any one and any other. Here again we meet one of the mysteries of life, for the vitalist holds that it is not in the physical basis that the difference consists, but in the something which abides in it.

This germ, by continual increase and division, in a way strongly marked by purpose, finally becomes the perfect adult. This process may be watched in some of the more transparent animals. In accordance with this development, we find that men and animals are but a congeries of living, moving cells with intervening formed material. Under a high magnifier our blood is found to consist of a limpid fluid, thickened with innumerable flattened amber-colored sacs, called red blood corpuscles, and a few white corpuscles. The latter have precisely the appearance and motions of amcebas, and are evidently alive. The red corpuscles appear to result from their death. Muscle, tendon, and all our tissues, even including bone, at least in the young, are found to have more or less interspersed through them tiny masses of living protoplasm, the surrounding tissues being simply their formed and dead material. Thus myriads of living corpuscles are at work throughout our system, each building up its own portion. We may compare a man to a well organized state, where each individual lives for himself but still is busy on some work useful to the state in general. If the mere mechanism of man's frame is wonderful, what shall we say of the mechanics