

Our passions and appetites are seen to be the great driving forces of our nature, and even the term "animal," as applied to them, carries with it no stigma of degradation. On the contrary, it suggests much that is brave, faithful, and self-denying. By far the longest, and not by any means the least noble part of our pedigree, lies outside of the human family.

One of Darwin's greatest services was the proving that our moral impulses are derived, not from education nor external revelation, nor from the cold calculations and experimental deductions of "refined selfishness," according to either Bentham or Spencer, but from the warm and beautiful family affections, those ties of blood, whose golden links are alike binding upon the dove upon its nest, the deer in its covert, the lioness in her lair, and the mother by the hearthstone. The courage, the patience, the cheerfulness, the affections, that are in us are just as essentially "carnal" as are the "lusts of the flesh" and the "pride of life," and what is more, are more numerous and more powerful. Our deepest and strongest instincts in the long run are found to be on the side of "right."

The most exquisite result of this perception is a delicious sense of harmony and sympathy with nature and all that she contains. The world is no longer "vile" or "unfriendly" in either its human or its physical aspects. "The Prince of the Power of it" has disappeared; all men of all races become brethren upon the common ground of the great, noble, primitive instincts: and even the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air are glowing with that "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin." The only thing in it that we could profitably alter is our own conceited, babyish selves.

Another proof of the inspiration of the Fifth Gospel is the calm and rational view which it enables us to take of death. To remove the fear of this has been a leading aim of all former revelations, but it is to be doubted whether they have not rather intensified it, as they all unite in characterizing it as the King of Terrors, the bitterest of evils, and the great enemy of the race.

The new light pierces these grisly, ghostly draperies, woven of fear and darkness, and shows behind them a gentle, painless, grandly-beneficent process of nature, by which the old is tenderly and reverently laid away to dissolve and reappear in the new.

Bracken dies and enriches the mold, so that the anemone, the violet, and the primrose may lift their dainty heads and scatter their perfume through copse and glen. Here is the Resurrection of the Body. Nothing is lost, but much is gained by the change.

The Mexican aloe lives a century, scatters its myriad seeds, then peacefully fades and dies, but its seeds take root upon its very grave, and give birth to other winged seeds, and so on through thousands of centuries. The vital spark has never once gone out, but burns with a brighter, richer, intenser glow in each succeeding generation. The primitive aloe is still