

late London confrères, indeed, gyneology, hagiology, martyrology, mythology and theology were all taken in hand, in such a slashing, buccaneering fashion,—and clergy in general, and missions and missionaries in particular were assailed with such indiscriminate pertinacity,—that sober inquirers after truth were scandalized, and hastened to withdraw from the combative arena of disputatious savans. We trust their American brethren will take warning by their experience. What is wanted at present, is a careful accumulation of accurate, well-authenticated facts. The vexed questions of the unity of the human race, the development theory, and all else, up to our supposed Ascidian ancestry, may safely be left to the eliminating development of time. We welcome the journal of the new Institute, and trust that by its judicious management, it may accumulate the materials on which, alone, any sound theories in reference to American Anthropology can be based; that it will deal temperately with the controversies hat are, we fear, inevitable; and modestly with the theories which our modern savans of the Anthropological type construct so admirably, after the model of an inverted pyramid; their basis an infinitesimal point, but crowned with a broad and ample summit, looming in the haze of its sublime altitude.

VOLTAIRE, by John Morley. London: Chapman and Hall.

Mr. Morley is unquestionably a power in the intellectual and moral world, at least in that part of it which does not altogether refuse to near the teaching of a very extreme liberal. His knowledge is great, his grasp of it firm, his style vigorous though peculiar, his moral judgment strong, and if often based on principles to which most people would not assent, always consistent with his principles and thoroughly honest. An extreme liberal he is and something more, especially in religious questions; but his literary sympathies are catholic and have embraced Burke as well as Voltaire. His present essay is one of great power and very instructive to the student of history. It throws much light on the nature and extent of the work done (for good or evil or for both) by Voltaire, and at the same time on the better parts of Voltaire's character, such as the sincere and energetic hatred of injustice which he manifested in the affair of Calas. At the same time it does not conceal either his personal weaknesses or those of his system. That the estimate should on the whole appear too high to an ordinary reader is perhaps the inevitable fate of any special treatise on the life of a man whom the writer

believes on the whole to have rendered to humanity great services which have hitherto been misunderstood or imperfectly recognized. An historical name once prominently identified with a movement or a system is sure, in our present stage of historical philosophy, to bring with it an entanglement of feelings and prejudices from which even so independent a thinker as Mr. Morley cannot entirely shake himself free.

One passage in the essay has for us a peculiar and touching interest of its own. It is idle to hide from ourselves the sad fact that there are now in the world many men—even good and conscientious men—who have ceased to be satisfied not only with the evidences of Christianity but with the proofs of Natural Religion; and the terrible question thus practically arises what man can be—where he can find a rule of life or comfort in death—without a belief in God. So far as we know, the question is nowhere so frankly met as in these words:—

“Above all, it is monstrous to suppose that because a man does not accept your synthesis, he is therefore a being without a positive need of a coherent body of belief capable of guiding and inspiring conduct.

“There are new solutions for him if the old are fallen dumb. If he no longer believes death to be a stroke from the sword of God's justice but the leaden footfall of an inflexible law of matter; the humility of his awe is deepened, and the tenderness of his pity made holier, that creatures who can love so much should have their days so shut round with a wall of darkness. The purifying anguish of remorse will be stronger not weaker when he has trained himself to look upon every wrong in thought, every duty omitted from act, each infringement of the inner spiritual law which humanity is constantly perfecting for its own guidance and advantage, less as a breach of the decrees of an unseen tribunal, than as an ungrateful infection, weakening and corrupting the future of his brothers; and he will be less effectually raised from inmost prostration of soul by a doubtful subjective reconciliation, so meanly comfortable to his own individuality, than by hearing full in the ear the sound of the cry of humanity craving sleepless succour from her children. That swelling consciousness of height and freedom with which the old legends of an omnipotent divine majesty fill the breast, may still remain, for how shall the universe ever cease to be a sovereign wonder of overwhelming power and superhuman fixedness of law? And a man will be already in no mean paradise, if at the hour of sunset a good hope can fall upon him like harmonies of music, that the earth shall still be fair, and the happiness of every feeling creature still receive a constant augmentation, and