

admirably but soon is unable to comprehend why he should lift his hat to these proud seniors, or why he should leave the morning papers unread just because a soph. pushed him rudely out of the way. Alas! he is arraigned before the awful tribunal. Gladly he makes the humbling confession, sings the humiliating song, and promises untiring obedience to the powers that be.

A year has gone. We see him again, he is now vehemently urging his companions to stand up for their rights, and declares that no longer can be endured the audacity and shameless cheek of these illiterate freshmen. His vengeful threats of a year ago have long since been forgotten, drowned in the thirst for authority. He now considers that the time has fully come when he should make his debut as an orator on the floor of the College Literary Society. He swallows his heart and boldly steps to the front and for the first time recognizes how difficult it is to think on his feet. He is somewhat disconcerted too, by facetious remarks from his unfeeling audience. He is urged to proceed, but the room is revolving. One assures him that he has "beaten the record," another that he "has knocked him cold," a third that he "has given him a pain." He smiles, or tries to smile, and what happened after was ever to him a mystery.

He is confident of his skill as an athlete, pugilist and football player, and it is not until he has been treated to many a bloody nose and shin that he concludes that there are yet some tricks for him to learn in this department of his education.

Again the autumn appears, and again our hero comes. This year it is that chronicles his greatest defeat and his greatest victory. The sharp and barbed arrows of Cupid have stuck fast and he is a captive; his consumer too has fallen an easy and willing prey. Frequenting lovers' haunts, not seldom now are seen the happy pair; victims they are of the relentless goddess, doomed for the altar in fetters golden bound; but golden fetters gall, and these do gall, yet still well pleased are they, nor would they have them snapped, for they are golden. In days still far away, and gazing back on these, when trial, care, and woeful want are o'er, Ah, happy days! he says, thrice blissful, for to me they sent the apple of mine eye, my soul, to me, in truth, the smile of very god. Ah! foolish youth, ah fool! but still a happy fool, and surely better for a happy fool than man most wise and yet most miserable.

Time works wonders. Scarcely can we recognize the stalwart and moustached senior as the downy-cheeked matriculant of four years before. He has exchanged his short boy's coat for tails, his loose pants for fashionable tights, his flat and faded hat for a high brown, his low collar for a cuff, and his apologetic expression for one of confident independence. He is now a caucus leader and a committee director, he is listened to and relied upon, and often does his appearance among his fellows elicit three hearty cheers, which repay him ten times over for the trouble he has taken for their good. He is no more tyrannical to freshmen, but is proud to recognize every college man as his equal. He is about to leave the home where he has spent four of his happiest years. He is about to graduate. Now he has reached the goal so looked and longed for, and when he fondly hoped he would be happy, but strange, it seems as almost nothing. Home-sick and sad, he lingers longingly on each scene so dear and so familiar—the halls, the steps, the green, each sculptured stone's a friend to which he soon must bid good-bye for ever. He gazes out into the world and shrinks at what he sees—the seething, howling mass, each striving and clamouring for self and trampling down, perchance, a fellow friend that he may rise! Some crushed and broken, thus, too weak, can never rise, and down, still down, they go, and are for ever lost, and by their help the brutal tyrant lifts himself, and towers above them all exulting. Heart-sick, he shudders and shrinks back, but no, that must not be; with one last longing look where truth and honour reign, and one more fervent prayer to Him who cares for men, and one more firm resolve to do the right, he buttons tight his coat to guard him from the filth and slime of men, and boldly leaps.

G. GORDON.

DRUMMOND'S NATURAL LAW.

HUXLEY, in a powerful sentence, lays down what ought to be, or rather what must be the object of all scientific research, and of every book which seeks for scientific truth. "The only question which any wise man can ask himself, and which any honest man will ask himself, is whether a doctrine is true or false." This canon is so evident a truism that it will not, I fancy, be disputed, and we may then apply it, as a first and last test, to Mr. Drummond's book.

Mr. Drummond's avowed object is to attempt an identification of "the

natural laws, or any of them, in the spiritual sphere." To leave it beyond doubt that he hopes to find more than mere striking analogies which may afford parabolic illustrations to theology, I further quote—"The position is not that the spiritual laws are analogous but that *they are the same Laws*"—"not a question of analogy but of Identity." Granting that particular "applications may fail," he asks for a "thoughtful consideration of the method;" but it must be remembered that the only way of estimating the value of the "method" is by an investigation of the "applications," and that in case the latter are found to fail, the "method" itself rests without proofs. It will also appear whether he has proceeded according to the canon above laid down, or has set out with a determined idea that Science and Religion have their "basis in a Common Law,—the Continuity of Law," and a (perhaps unconscious) bias towards his conception, rather than towards Truth.

His *a priori* argument is founded on the Law of Continuity, and is embodied in this sentence,—“as the Natural Laws are continuous through the universe of matter and of space, so will they be continuous through the universe of spirit.” But this is obviously an application of these laws to a subject-matter entirely different from the sphere where they have been proved to be continuous, and the argument is therefore reduced to one from analogy. Although “when the analogy can be proved, the argument founded upon it cannot be resisted” (J. S. Mill) still we may fairly in this case ask for “proofs” before allowing the conclusions drawn from it to be just.

It is to be regretted that the method of the work is unscientific, and its phraseology frequently so loose and metaphorical that one is at a loss to decide what is meant for argument, and what for illustration or parable. In a book avowedly scientific, the use of words in a vague and even double sense should surely be avoided, and poetic statement and illustrative imagery which may possibly in some cases be mistaken for proof, ought to be sparingly indulged in.

The doctrine of spiritual “Biogenesis” is briefly as follows:—“Spontaneous generation” has been amply disproved in the natural world, and the sacred writers hold it no less firmly to be impossible in the spiritual world. “Life from life” is as true in the one as the other, for neither can matter evolve life, or mind, spiritual birth. This is a strong and unattackable position, and as old as the Bible itself. Countless parables and utterances, not only there, but throughout all theological writing, point to this as the root doctrine of Christianity, and illustrate it by its “natural” analogy (for the hypothesis of “spontaneous generation” is of comparatively modern date). It must further be allowed that conclusions throughout the book following from this position rest on the same basis and cannot be questioned. This is not the place to pursue the logical results of “Biogenesis,”—they are well known as Calvinism, and are sufficiently obvious; but it does not seem out of place to mention that Mr. Drummond speaks elsewhere of a “talent for Salvation”—a conception irreconcilable with the doctrine of “Biogenesis” and as comprehensible as saying that matter has a “talent for vivification.”

It must not be lost sight of that we are here in the presence of a “Law” which is held to rule in the “natural” and “spiritual” world alike, and we are certainly at liberty to attempt to trace other resemblances which might fairly be taken to exist. Now *like* life from *like* life is an indispensable part of this Law naturally considered, and as certainly should hold true in the spiritual domain. But “spiritual life” is in its commencement a “divine germ” coming from one unique Source, and being in its nature and attributes essentially different from its Creator,—unless indeed metaphor be entirely strained beyond its proper significance. Again, “spiritual life” cannot beget “spiritual life,” it is in every case as true a Creation as the breathing the breath of life into our first parents in the Garden of Eden. We are here at liberty to,—may we must ask for an absolute Identity of “Law,” and as it does not appear, we may certainly conclude that “natural” and “spiritual” Law have only met at a point, and do not coincide.

Let us now examine “Degeneration” and “Death.” “Life” is defined to be “the sum-total of the functions which resist Death,” and therefore “spiritual life” is “the sum-total of the functions which resist Sin.” But Mr. Drummond reduces the “functions which resist Sin” to “Salvation”—“it is the spiritual life alone which gives the soul power to utilize temptation and trial, and without it they destroy the soul.” Passing the question whether Sin is not conceivably (and actually) otherwise resisted, we now arrive at an absolute failure of “Identity.” For Death “natural” and “spiritual” should happen alike, when these “functions” cease to act, and to speak of Death *before* they come into operation is to use a metaphor common but utterly inexact, for Death must follow but cannot antecede life, and to speak of “spiritual Death” as happening *after* the “spiritual birth” is to deliberately set aside a fundamental dogma, *i.e.*, that the “divine germ” once implanted can die. There can certainly be no organic degeneration of that which as yet is not supplied with organs, and therefore to speak of the individual as undergoing “spiritual degeneration” in whom the “spiritual life” has never commenced, is a contradiction.