

a wiser estimate of its true value would give it. But when we are asked to accept it as "the be all and the end all" of liberal culture, we may well demur, even though the demand be backed by the authoritative name of Herbert Spencer. True, the demand is shorn of half its unreasonableness when, as in the work in which this claim is made, and which was reviewed by a writer in the last number of this Magazine, the domain of Science is so extended as to take in by far the largest segment of the whole circle of liberal studies. When Science is lauded by such an author as the mother of all valuable knowledge and all healthful discipline, we are not surprised to find that the Science in question includes not only such studies as Geology, Physiology, Chemistry, &c., which are usually classed under that head, but also Poetry and general Literature, the Fine Arts, Morality, and Religion. Of course the word is etymologically the equivalent of knowledge. But when taken in this sense, the statement that Science is the knowledge which is of most worth becomes a mere truism, almost an identical proposition, and is scarcely worth uttering. In fact we are unable to see how the study of History, or Language, or pure Mathematics, or Metaphysics, or of any thing else within the scope of the human intellect can be omitted. But take the word Science in its usual restricted sense, and it would be easy to show that, valuable as it admittedly is in its own sphere, it utterly fails to meet the broad and high demands of either the knowledge or the discipline theory. In regard to the former, it undoubtedly reveals very much that is of great practical utility and proves itself in a thousand ways the benefactor of the race. But when we turn to it for the higher and real knowledge which the human soul craves with an insatiable hunger,

when we ask for real explanation, for true causes, the oracle is dumb. We ask bread, we receive a stone. We long to enter the adytum of the great temple of Nature and gain some insight into the profound mysteries in which being, and life, and thought, and feeling are enshrouded, and the mocking priestess points us to the outer courts, where vast masses of the phenomena which awaken this longing are stacked in orderly and classified array. We pass over our brainful of mysteries for explanation and we receive back the same mysteries, only now in neat packages and homogeneous bundles, carefully ticketed and labelled with long names; as if the intellect hungry for explanation could be put off with mere classification, or cheated into accepting poor little "hows" as satisfactory answers to its "whys" and "whences." True it will be vehemently alleged that our "whys" and "whences" are treated by our great mother but as idle impertinences which she never condescends to notice. But whether this be so or not, it is as clearly beyond the sphere of Science to determine, as it is beyond her power to explain, on any principle she can consistently recognize, the origin of a great demand in the soul for which no supply is found in the environment. Thus in any case Science is unable either to satisfy the higher claims of the intellect in respect to knowledge, or to prove that it cannot be satisfied.

Want of space forbids the attempt to show in like manner that Science, in its narrower acceptation, fails to afford the means of high and complete mental discipline. Suffice it to say that this can be done by no course of study which fails, in obedience to the deepest sense of the motto "know thyself," to turn the mental gaze inward and thence upward. Those who have been taught carefully to study the phenomena of the inner as well