

author of the Legends, the writer of the Letter to the Lord Chancellor, and the proposed Editor of the "Witness."

On his brilliant career as the Editor of the "Witness," we need not enter: and his triumphs in the field of geology will form, of themselves, a chapter in the history of science. On the important services which, in the first department, he rendered to the cause of truth as upheld by the Free Church of Scotland, and in the other field to the same cause in discovering the harmonies between science and revelation, we leave it to others to speak. And we hasten to conclude our hasty retrospect. Neither our space nor our time will admit of any elaborate estimate of the character of the departed. There are some points that stood out prominently enough. Among these, few could avoid marking his profound reverence for genius, and, above all, for genius sanctified by religion. A companion of his earlier days has informed us that on twitting him with being a hero-worshipper, Miller replied, "No man can be great who is not an admirer of greatness." This admiration, generally, indeed, fixed itself on departed greatness. Not that he was insensible to contemporary worth; but having formed his ideas more on the models of the past than by intercourse with the living, he revelled in the reproduction of their thoughts, and with him the thoughts of the men were inseparably linked with the men themselves, who lived over again and walked as in life over the brilliantly lighted stage of his imagination. Truth demands the admission, that whatever was mean and unworthy, or bore in his eyes the aspect of meanness and unworthiness, came in for a proportionate share in his antipathies; and that these were sometimes cherished with a persistency, and betrayed with a severity, for which we can only find an excuse in the peculiar hardness of his mental fibre, which, though not soon yielding to provocation, when once penetrated, could not be easily "bound up nor mollified with ointment." In his moral temperament, there was a tenderness and delicacy which, clinging to the objects of his affection with singular tenacity, could not easily recover itself when crushed by the hasty foot of unkindness or even inadvertence. None could be more friendly, nor more grateful for friendship. And the best testimony that can be borne him is, that those who knew him most intimately loved him most cordially, and now most deeply deplore him.

POETRY.

CHEERFULNESS.

I think we are too ready with complaint
 In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,
 Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope
 Of yon grey blank of sky, we might be faint
 To muse upon eternity's constraint
 Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
 Must widen early, is it well to droop,
 For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
 O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,
 And like a cheerful traveller take the road,
 Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
 Be bitter in thine Inn, and thou unshod
 To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
 "Because the way is *short*, I thank Thee, O my God!"

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.