

in vain in all the manifestations of instinct or rationality in the latter for any germ of a moral sense, of a spirit of religious worship, or the anticipations of that higher life and immortality which Socrates, Plato and the wisest of heathen philosophers shared with Paul and Augustine, and which are dimly present even in the savage mind. I feel constrained to reject, even as an hypothesis, the gift of reason and the "living soul" by any conceivable process of descent. All the arguments based on heredity and environment, instead of helping to account for the exceptional genius of a Plato, an Aristotle, a Dante, Shakespeare or Newton, only make more obvious the incompatibility of such manifestations with any evolutionary theory. Geology may reveal the onward march through countless ages, refashioning continents, and advancing in orderly progression from the lowest to ever higher organisms. One common plan of structure may be traced throughout geological time amid all the manifold diversities of vertebrate life, even as one law is found to pervade and control the whole visible universe; but—

Though worlds on worlds in myriads roll
 Around us, each with differing powers
 And other forms of life than ours;
 What know we greater than the soul?

Life is as great a mystery as ever; and that which humanity comprehends as its immortal essence can have no relation to any progressive development of mere physical structure. The mind is the standard of humanity. Man alone, savage and civilized alike, looks before and after. Nature and experience alike confirm the radical

distinction between him and the irrational creation. Psychology can only know the physical as subjective. Nevertheless in that faculty of reason, the distinctive essential of man, whereby he is able not only to look forth on the visible heavens and realize in some fair degree the cosmos, but to apprehend its lesson of humility, we read the brightest of all the illumined pages of the book of nature and find no flaw. The very fact that "this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof, fretted with golden fire," expanded before our nightly vision, seems, to us, infinite in its compass, is in itself the index of an apprehension that enthrones reason apart from the highest attributes of irrational life. The physicist and the metaphysician have diverse conceptions of space; but practically, for us, the impossible is to conceive of limits to the universe. Imagination speeds from star to star through all the fields of space, guided by the strictest mathematical induction; and finds everywhere the same majestic harmony. No chaos lies behind the heavens nightly revealed anew in all their mystery as evening draws her azure curtain athwart the sun. It is indeed the garish day, with its mundane round of petty cares, that curbs the wings of fancy, blinds the eye of faith, and shuts out heaven from our view. But who can set bounds to that mighty vision? If we sphere space, what lies beyond it? Still law, order, harmony—one overruling, all-prevailing influence—one divine purpose. What can be behind it but God?

One God, one law, one element,
 And one far-off divine event,
 To which the whole creation moves.

THE price of retaining what we know is always to seek to know more. We preserve our learning and mental power only by increasing them.—*Henry Darling.*

PATIENCE, diligence, quiet and unfatigued

perseverance, industry, regularity and economy of time, as these are the dispositions I would labour to excite, so these are the qualities I would warmly commend.—*Platnah More.*