

separate it from the grosser structures and leave every one of the fibres and ganglia in place, there would remain still a perfect figure of the body. Indeed we are not sure but that it would constitute the greater part of the material of the body. The brain is the controller of the psychergy which courses like magnetic rays to every part, however minute or remote. The soul, operating by the light of its intelligence, forms a purpose. This instantly passes to the sensorium, and thence to the organ required to carry it into effect. The thought will quicken or slow the pulse, and add strength to muscles or take it from them; and we may as well say at once—*it daily performs miracles.*

Two Problems.

BY FLORA MACDONALD DENISON.

The old white-haired professor sat in his study musing. His had been such a successful life, he had so much to feel proud of. He had sounded all the depths and heights of learning. All theories were as A B C to his fertile brain. Darwin was a baby on evolution in comparison. The Greek philosopher, or the modern poet, the ancient mythologist or the present-day theologian; he knew all they had said and all that others had said about them. There was hardly a book of any note obtainable, that did not find a place on his library shelves, and he could give his authority for any supposed truism he ever uttered.

He was proud of his reputation as one of the most brilliant men of the country, proud of his position as lecturer in one of the leading universities. Honor and justice had been the watchwords emblazoned on his banner. So there were no regrets, when there had been no wrongs. A broad liberal thinker he thoroughly believed "Honor to whom honor is due." Education, culture, and principle were what a man should be judged by and not heredity or chance environments.

He belonged to the Church of England because there was a certain tone about it which most of the dissenting churches