

One would almost take them for a sort of living creature. An animal, we are told, grows by the 'law' of growth; it is nourished by the 'law' of nutrition; it is 'developed,' in short, by the 'law' of development; or, to put the matter in other words, and with meaning equally clear, it grows *because* it does grow; it is nourished *because* it is nourished; it is 'developed' *because* it is developed. Now, if both are in this way shut up to their own inferences, in order to give anything like an adequate explanation of what seems to demand explanation, what possible test have the votaries of science but the test of individual opinion, by which they determine that the inferences of others are not just as logical and in every way as legitimate as their own? They naturally enough, perhaps, *think* their own opinions the best, but their thinking it does not make a thing so; nor will it go far towards making others believe it so, unless they support mere opinion by some of that more conclusive evidence which they so clamour-

ously demand from believers in revelation, for example. If science asks us to reveal to her our God, let her first unfold to us those 'laws' of hers which she so intelligently worships; that mighty 'struggle for existence' which she deifies so largely. Let her *prove* that even such a struggle as that could not enter into the plans of a designing intelligence. If she demands demonstrative evidence of creation and revelation, let her furnish demonstrative evidence of development. But if she herself is forced to have recourse to inferences, let her support these inferences by reasonings so convincing that others will be compelled to acknowledge them as the most 'rational' ones that can be got. If she cannot fully explain the mystery of the natural that lies all around her, let her confess that for her at least the *supernatural* exists, and let her learn humility. O, Science! great indeed is thy faith in thine own abilities, but not yet, at least, can we say, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

A LOVE IDYL.

BY C. P. M.

GLORY of the summer night
 Through the casement glimmered bright,
 As its lustre long ago
 Juliet lit on Romeo,
 Stole upon the flowers that slumbered
 Gave them kisses many-numbered,
 Such cold kisses, years a-gone,
 Dian gave Endymion;
 But fairer things those happy hours
 The moonbeams kissed than sleeping flowers.