

who is all life from head to foot,—body and mind all exquisite sense,—the surface one delicate network of nerves, the depths full of all possibilities of fearful agony or healthy delight.

“The spirits of men, again, are keenly sensible in every fibre. You cannot speak or act without ‘hurting’ some one, unless you consider them. What wounds of vanity, what torments of injured self-love, what aches and woes of agonised affection, what inward sorrows of conscience! In the sense of praise or blame, how deep a well-spring of intensest joy or grief, and a well that never dries up!

“Now is this world,—so full of vital sensibility,—the work of a Being who possesses none—of an all-pervading impassive Intelligence, insensate, incapable, of moral anger, sympathy, or love; in whom there is no possibility of feeling a wrong done either to Himself or others; who is incapable of righteous indignation, of tenderness, self-sacrifice, companionship, or gladness? Is this world, so full of passion, the work of a Power who is a kind of Infinite Snow-King, having no real delight in His children, in their work, in their play, in their troubles, in their agonies,—or in their joys? Is God’s goodness only a word for theologians to set forth in articles of faith, in mockery of a quality which is real in man? Surely this great world of sense and feeling was born out of a Nature all sentient and vital,—and rose like some Form of beauty from a wondrous Ocean of Deity, full of the life whence she sprang.

“Consider, too, what an effort seems to be made in the physical world to convey to our minds on all sides the impression that there is real feeling in the Most High. Nature’s teaching does not end with science. It is full of ‘tender strokes of Art.’ Does not every lovely form