

unison with the All. But death, dear Dr. Carus, which you want to conquer is part of your phenomenal All, and so are disease, decay, beasts and birds of prey, parasites, hunger and thirst and weariness, and manifold temptations, to say nothing of gloomy days and sleepless nights, hurricanes, floods and earthquakes. Whence come wars and fightings, brother Carus? Out of your All they come, every one. You are right about an original Monism, make it neuter if you like and call it the Hen or the Panta, for there is one source of all power and goodness, one Author of all creation. But in this little world of ours here below there is dualism as real and true as if Ormuzd and Ahriman were contending for the mastery, and you acknowledge that when you try to conquer death. Poor Gerald Massey, whose head got turned with a fancied knowledge of philology and comparative mythology which produced his *Book of the Beginnings*, once sang:

"Thy white wings grown thou'lt conquer death,
Thou art coming through our dreams e'en now
With two blue peeps of heaven beneath
The arching glory of thy brow,
O little child with radiant eyes."

But if that dear child and you are but parts of the All, emanations from the Infinite, when the phenomena of your existence cease you will be absorbed back into it again as motes in the unconscious mass, and all your work of death conquering will go for nothing. The stream cannot rise above its source. If I am free, personal, conscious, spiritual, so is my source and that in an infinite degree. Your metaphysics can no more demonstrate the impersonality of Divinity or the impossibility of Jesus Christ of Nazareth being his revelation, than the multiplication table can demonstrate the foundation of Chicago or the assassination of Dr. Cronin. The human mind is not the measure of fact, but its humble servant bound to receive it when evidence opens the door, for fact is truth and minds are made to receive truth, not to make it.

I have no time during the session even to glance at the popular literature of the day, but one book has been brought specially under my notice, and I have gained a general idea of its character. It is R. L. Stevenson's *Master of Ballantrae*. Mr. Stevenson's studies in morals are familiar to the readers of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The Master of Ballantrae, eldest son of Lord Durrissdeer, and James Durie by name, is a man utterly devoid of conscience, a fiend incarnate, yet handsome, accomplished, and able to make his way in any society. He is the curse of his father, his home, and especially of his younger brother Henry, who, naturally amiable, is goaded to madness of hate by the evil deeds of his senior. Forced to flee and wander over land and sea, his career is one of unmitigated wrong-doing and of suffering to his family. When he reappears in Scotland, Henry takes refuge