

considered all that lies in that immeasurable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE? Fragments of a genuine Church-*Homiletic* lie scattered there, which Time will assort: nay—fractions even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all the meanest and highest forms of the common; and by him been again prophetically revealed: in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man's Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine? Knowest thou none such? I know him, and name him—GOETHE!

One of the most wonderful chapters in the whole book is the one in which he treats of "God." The language is on a par with the thoughts: grand, powerful, clear. The opening sentence has a Miltonic turn, it calls up a whole picture at once of

"a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension."

It is a fit prelude to the one that follows. "A world without motion," says Chasles, "is death itself." And then he continues—"Atheism is not."

This lofty strain is sustained throughout. "Whence," asks he again, "does divine, primordial *will* spring!" And concludes:—

"Such are the simple terms of the great problem:

Either motion is eternal, uncreated, involuntary;

—Or it is passing, created, destructible.....

Either creation is fated and limitless;

—Or it is free and limited.

On the one hand, creation, liberty and will;

On the other, no creation; fatality, necessity.

Before these definitive terms of the problem the human mind sinks."

Is not this the problem that made Faust sick at heart and anxious? That makes every thinking man pause at some one time and lose himself

"in unsatisfying thought?"