

Man digs it, throws it on the fire, a black, dead-seeming lump. A corner, an atom of it warms, till it reaches the igniting point—the temperature at which it is able to combine with oxygen.

And then, like a dormant live thing, awaking, after ages, to the sense of its own needs, its own powers, the whole lump is seized, atom after atom, with an infectious hunger for that oxygen which it lost centuries since in the bottom of the earth. It drinks the oxygen in at every pore and burns.

And so the spell of the ages is broken. The sun-force bursts its prison-cells, and blazes into the atmosphere as light and heat once more, returning in a moment into the same forms in which it entered the growing leaf a thousand years ago.

Strange it all is, yet true. But of nature, as of the heart of man, the old saying stands—That truth is stranger than fiction.

CANON KINGSLEY.

THE PHENOMENAL AND THE TRUE.

THERE are other illustrations which may serve to make this idea still more intelligible. We may easily perceive how, not only a partial, but a universal feeling of the existence of that which does not exist might arise. Let us conceive, for example, the case of a person in whom the sense of *touch* was wanting—that is, who could see things naturally, but had not the power of feeling. It is clear that, by such a person, the appearances of things (which we and all who have their senses perfect feel and know to be but appearances) would be felt as having real and separate existence. He would have no faculty by which to test them and discover their true nature, not having any apprehension of that solid thing of which they were the appearances. Seeing a book or a chair, for example, in various positions, before his eyes, he would consciously perceive, not several appearances of one book or chair, but so many