dependently wrought out results by means of which the telescope of the observer was pointed to the unheeded speck, invisible to the naked eye; and the planet Neptune was added as a new member of our solar system. The science of chemistry, too, unexpectedly directing its operations to a sphere which had hitherto seemed to be wholly beyond its province, by means of spectrum analysis brings back to us the reassuring disclosure that, amid endless diversities in their combinations, the remotest of those suns that light up the firmament are fashioned of the same elements as this little planet-home of man. Such are some of the teachings of science. But even the untutored eye sees enough in that mysterious vault that nightly spans for him life's fleeting hour, lit up with the splendour of its myriad suns, and the star-strewn Milky Way, to realize that no errata need be appended to the volume of nature. It may be that every star is the centre of a system of worlds, the abode of intelligences more gifted than we are to interpret the wondrous volume; but this at least we do know, that they shine for us lighted up from the same source which enkindles the central luminary of our little group of planets; stirs our earth in its winter's sleep; quickens the buried seed, and the dormant animal life; and is but another aspect of that force which moves the worlds.

Thus we recognize the indices of an all-pervading harmony disclosing to every eye evidence of rule, of law, and so of the divine Lawgiver, alike in the orderly movements of suns and planets, and in the mysterious wanderings of the comet that blazes in the splendour of its perihelion, and then returns in darkness to unknown depths of space. This is for us a living present. But so also, in another chapter of the volume of nature we learn of the same harmonious reign of law through countless ages. Geology is the record of the past; and with its aid I invite you to turn for a moment to that testimony of the rocks which the palæontologist has deciphered for us; testimony which embodies the history of life through all the æons back to the eozoic dawn. Biologist and palæontologist had alike recognized the orderly progression, as, in apt accordance with your metaphor, they turned over page after page of graven strata, till the record of life closed—or seemed to close—in the azoic rocks. But the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, who so recently passed away, has revolutionized biological science with the demonstration of that process of evolution which has guided all the manifestations of life from the lowest to higher forms. Here accordingly a new reign of law appears, as we recognize one after another of the progressive steps through which, in the calm, unresting process of evolution, life has advanced onwards and upwards into ever more complex forms; through countless ages fashioning the present out of all the past. Yet here I, for one—I know not how few others may sympathize with me—but I am constrained to pause upon the threshold of that essentially distinct sphere of the psychologist when man, with reason as his distinctive attribute, stands apart from the whole irrational creation. It is not as a mere matter of sentiment, nor even because of any too literal reading of the narrative of creation when man "became a living soul," that I feel constrained to withhold assent to the hypothesis of the evolution of mind. By no inductive process does it seem to me possible to find the genesis of reason in the manifestations of intelligence in the brute creation. The difference between a Newton and an Australian savage is trifling when compared with the great gulf that separates the latter from the highest anthropoid. I look