

such the root of all heroism and virtue in past ages. If this be true, then physics and metaphysics ought to teach the same thing; for truth is one. Each department in science ought to confirm the conclusions arrived at in each and all others, as miners, approaching from opposite sides of a tunnel through some mountain range, have the correctness of their calculations demonstrated by their meeting at the same point in the darkness, and seeing the common light flash through. But materialists do not teach the same. They teach the strange, if not new, doctrine, that there is but one substance in the universe, and that mind is but a modification of matter. The general aim of Professor Watson's inaugural lecture, is to point out the way in which Philosophy ought to deal with such assumptions—to show that such a philosophy has a right to exist (for if there can be no mind, there can be no mental philosophy), and point out the way in which his own department of human inquiry comes to the rescue, and saves us from darkness and degradation—from a system which tends to rob the universe of a God, and man of a destiny. Other methods of meeting such falsehoods, he does not discard, but simply claims to fight the Philistine with weapons which he has "essayed," leaving other warriors to battle for the ark of God with swords of their own, and meet science with science.

There are different species of the genus, "Materialist." There is the carnal man, savage or civilized, whose life is "of the earth earthy." There is the man of the naturalist school, such as Combe or Tyndale, who allows very little of the influence of spirit upon matter, though not denying spirit. All things are governed by fixed natural laws, to which God and man are subject; and, though spirit be not denied, its phenomena are ignored; and, amid the preponderance of material studies and interests, the soul is hidden, like the enchanted lady in Camus, within an alabaster statue, while the sorcerer, not content with past success, persists in offering the cup whose intoxication would destroy virtue, and not our inner temple, of its real presence and its most excellent glory. A third class abolish spirit by way of genealogy, and tracing,

like Oken, or the author of the "Vestiges," or Darwin, man back to mounds and inferior species, necessarily, though not in most cases, professedly, teach materialism; for man cannot, in essential elements, be better than his progenitors, and those higher forms of intelligence become resolved into only more interesting, more elevated, and more intricate manifestations or collations of matter. Man may be a very superior specimen of the monkey tribe; but, after all, according to this class of physiologists, he is a monkey. There is nothing in the man but was potentially in the monkey. And if such respectable scientific writers as Darwin do not draw such naked and distasteful conclusions, they none the less veil them, and leave meaner men to do it—men who are only too proud to do scavenger-work, and who, while they may not originate or comprehend the induction, can well see and enjoy the inference, and feel a silly delight in parading that which constitutes their only claim to scientific knowledge. The last class are those who profess to explain the origin of life; and in so doing, they resolve it into a few simple chemical substances. Thus, body, sensation and reflection are reduced to a primary and preparatory mixture of gas and water. Thus, Bacon, Newton, Milton, Napoleon—thus, the heroes of Plutarch, and the great luminaries of modern genius, are mentally and corporally to be deduced from a something, which, if it could be seen, would scarcely look so considerable as a small piece of putty, and any one of them in reality no better than any other monkey. Could we think it possible that such views could disturb the faith of a single reader, we would not even allude to them. But, absurd as they may seem, they do not appear in so repulsive a shape in the writings of such men. As to Mr. Herbert Spencer, his reasonings form such a queer jargon of new and old words, for the dressing up of unauthorized and visionary speculations upon the origin of life, that his discourse reminds us of the affected talk of some Astrologer of the olden time, or some half-crazed alchemist in search of the philosopher's stone.

Now there are various ways in which such theories may be treated. The common way will, no doubt, be to ignore