

which inhabit the unthinkable abysses of space are only put there to afford a very imperfect substitute for the sun and moon at night. Nothing absurd is discovered in the teaching that this is the only inhabited spot in the universe. Yet we think we reason. It is well that the magnificent *reason* of our brain-minds does not follow us beyond this very imperfect life, but must be constructed anew at each return to earth."

It is clear that the hope of immortality cannot be based upon such a feeble faculty. The subordination and training of reason is very fully treated, and if some of the arguments be not entirely satisfactory the difficulty involved must not be lost sight of. Intuition and imagination are the superior faculties, but their products, if enduring, will always be in perfect harmony with reason. To quote once more:—

"Intuition is stored knowledge, the memory of which the soul can draw upon; it is also the perfection of reasoning processes which go in a flash from the known to the unknown."

Intuition will no more violate reason than reason will violate instinct. The consideration of the subject naturally introduces reincarnation, and we have in the twelfth chapter, entitled "The Re-embodiment of the Soul," the best popular summary of the argument for re-birth that exists in English. These twenty-five pages should be issued in pamphlet shape and widely circulated. In view of the fact that the Psychical Research Society have stated that eight out of ten people are psychic, Dr. Anderson's appendix "In Deeper Dreamland," is very timely. I trust he will redeem the promise made on page 68 with regard to those, who, turning their attention to clairvoyance and similar powers, have "stimulated abnormally the evolution of their astral organs," and who "will have an unhappy time after death." Dr. Anderson's dream experiences are most apposite, and many will be glad to have his corroboration of the belief that "in dream we have glimpses of past lives." Does the author mean on page 122 to refer to Paul as the "Galilean adept?"

BEN MADIGHAN.

## TREES. I

How helpful to my life are forest trees!  
Their beauty charms me, while their strength sustains

My weakness, and to be a day with them  
Is as a sweet communion-day with God.  
How like a strong man stands the sturdy oak,  
Mightier than all his fellows; yet he seems  
To boast not strength inherited, so much  
As from fierce battling with the elements,  
Relying not on Providence alone,  
But on himself, remembering the past,  
And how from feebleness he grew to strength.  
Was ever king in purple and in gold  
So grand as they in autumn's colouring?  
A most inspiring lesson to my life  
Their beauty teaches. In it I behold  
A type of what this human life should be  
When the end cometh.

Faces I have seen  
Which speak to me e'en as these autumn leaves,

Of a rich harvest safely garnered in.  
Would autumn leaves be just as richly dyed,  
Did only sunshine and warm summer showers  
Fall on them, and the dreary days come not?  
But e'en as glory of the king may fade,  
Or he be robbed of all his rich attire,  
So fade and pass away their glories all,  
While ever and anon the drear winds sigh  
A requiem of sadness. Yet above  
The dead leaves rustling do the days go on,  
And spring-time gladness will return again.  
O, in their hours of calm do trees not dream  
Of the bright days to come or bud and bloom?  
Thus do they speak to me, and seem to teach  
The wondrous mystery of life and death.  
The first spring dandelion's bloom is more  
To me than all the written word: it speaks  
Directly to the soul, and seems to be  
The voice of God. It is a thing of life,  
And what can better solve the mystery?  
It is a proof of promises fulfilled,  
And bids us trust unflatteringly, when  
Again the dead leaves rustle 'neath our feet,  
And the cold snow shall cover all we love.  
O, God, so many paths lead unto thee  
'Twere strange if any soul should miss the way.

—Ella F. Stevens.

Wherefore I remind thee to kindle into flame the grace-gift of the Holy One which is in thee by the laying on of my hands. For the Holy One gave us not a spirit of cowardice, but of power and of love, and of wise discretion.—II. *Timothy*, i. 6, 7.