

the secrets theories, but death is the experiment that proves their worth. If any one wish to see Mr. Emerson's philosophy in the hour of trial, let him read the last letter of John Sterling to Mr. Carlyle, who had led him from his early faith to the dreams of Pantheism. "Certainty," he tells us, "he has none, and has nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets, with all the iron weights in his power." But as Mr. Carlyle's Pantheism is much milder than Mr. Emerson's, even this dreary letter would not be dark enough for one of his disciples in the hour of death. Contrast with this agonizing uncertainty, with the poor human bravery that tries to keep down the lid of the future, the triumph of having death swallowed up in victory, and all tears wiped off from all faces. Compare its darkness and unspeakable sadness with the Christian vision of the future to Bunyan, tintured by no philosophy, with his bad spelling, his life in jail, and his homespun trust in the word of God. Remember the legend he saw glittering over the gate of the Celestial City. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the City." Listen to his sight of its glories—"Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the City shone like the Sun, the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands and golden harps to sing praises withal." To shoot out into Infinite darkness, and keep as brave a heart as may be, as its unknown possibilities approach, is all that Mr. Emerson's creed gives to soften a dying pillow. Christianity sheds on that of a dying saint the splendours of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, fills his soul with the fall of immortal music, and makes dissolution only a death-like sleep, a gentle wafting to immortal life. Which of the two speaks most truly to our wants and our longings? Let us pay our regards to that which adds another world to this, and weaves roses and amaranths for our brows when we reach it.

It is a striking enforcement of humility to find modern philosophy fail so utterly in its efforts to make a Religion for itself. It would be well for Mr. Emerson, could he remember and receive the conclu-