

might happen) to the meagre Ampère stock, and another helping himself freely to the more abundant supplies of a neighbour and tenant called Fresnel. "I ought to have been tried for it at the Assizes," said poor Jean Jacques, but the affair was hushed up and restitution made.—*The Vanity and Insanity of Genius*, by Kate Sanborn.

BELOVED.

MORTAL, if thou art beloved,
Life's offences are removed ;
And the fateful things that checked thee,
Hallow, hearten, and protect thee.
Grow'st thou mellow? What is age?
Tinct on life's illumined page,
Where the purple letters glow
Deeper, painted long ago.
What is sorrow? Comfort's prime,
Love's choice Indian summer clime.
Sickness!—thou wilt pray it worse
For so blessed balmy nurse.
And for death!—when thou art dying
'Twill be Love beside thee lying.
Death is lonesome? Oh, how brave
Shows the foot-frequented grave!
Heaven itself is but the casket
For Love's treasure, ere he ask it,—
Ere with burning heart he follow,
Piercing through corruption's hollow.
If thou art beloved, oh then
Fear no grief of mortal men.

—*Contemporary Review.*

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

THE antagonism between science and religion, about which we hear so much, appears to me to be purely factitious—fabricated, on the one hand, by short-sighted religious people who confound a certain branch of science, theology, with religion; and, on the other, by equally short-sighted scientific people who forget that science takes for its province only that which is susceptible of clear intellectual comprehension, and that outside the boundaries of that province they must be content with imagination, with hope, and with ignorance. It seems to me that the moral and intellectual life of the civilized nations of Europe is the product of that interaction, sometimes in the way of antagonism, sometimes in that of profitable interchange, of the Semitic and the Aryan races, which commenced with the dawn of history, when Greek and Phœnician came in contact, and has been continued by Carthaginian and Roman, by Jew and Gentile, down to the present day. Our art (except, perhaps, music) and our science are the contributions of the Aryan; but the essence of our religion is derived from the Semite. In the eighth century B.C., in the heart of a world of idolatrous polytheists, the Hebrew prophets put forth a conception of religion which appears to me to be as wonderful an inspiration of genius as the art of Pheidias or the science of Aristotle.

"And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

If any so-called religion takes away from this great saying of Micah, I think it wantonly mutilates, while, if it adds thereto, I think it obscures, the perfect ideal of religion.

But what extent of knowledge, what acuteness of scientific criticism, can touch this, if any one possessed of knowledge or acuteness could be absurd enough to make the attempt? Will the progress of research prove that justice is worthless, and mercy hateful; will it ever soften the bitter contrast between our actions and our aspirations; or show us the bounds of the universe, and bid us say, Go to, now we comprehend the infinite?

A faculty of wrath lay in those ancient Israelites, and surely the prophet's staff would have made swift acquaintance with the head of the scholar who had asked Micah whether, peradventure, the Lord further required of him an implicit belief in the accuracy of the cosmogony of Genesis!

What we are usually pleased to call religion nowadays is, for the most part, Hellenized Judaism; and, not unfrequently, the Hellenic element carries with it a mighty remnant of old-world paganism and a great infusion of the worst and weakest products of Greek scientific speculation; while fragments of Persian and Babylonian, or rather Accadian, mythology burden the Judaic contribution to the common stock.

The antagonism of science is not to religion, but to the heathen survivals and the bad philosophy under which religion herself is often well-nigh crushed. And, for my part, I trust that this antagonism will never cease; but that to the end of time, true science will continue to fulfil one of her most beneficent functions, that of relieving men from the burden of false science which is imposed upon them in the name of religion.

This is the work that M. Réville and men such as he are doing for us; this is the work which his opponents are endeavouring, consciously or unconsciously, to hinder.—*Prof. Huxley on "The Interpreters of Genesis and the Interpreters of Nature," in the current Nineteenth Century.*

AN English bishop querulously remarked to his servant that he was dying. "Well, my lord," said the good fellow, "you are going to a better place." "John," replied the prelate, with an air of conviction, "there's no place like old England!"

A LAVA STREAM IN HAWAII.

AN advancing lava flow makes a considerable ado as it goes on—especially if its line of advance is through a jungle or forest. The noise accompanying its movement, under these circumstances, resembles the roar of the battlefield. The ears of the person who visits the scene are greeted by the crackling of blazing foliage, the hissing of hot air and steam, the falling of trees, and the bursting of bombs, all commingled in one tumult.

Traversing a lava stream while it is yet running, may be compared to traversing a river in winter by walking on the ice. A pair of thick shoes and stockings are needed to protect the feet from the heat, as on the ice to protect them from the cold. Vent holes, too, will be ever and anon encountered in the solid crust covering the liquid stream, down which the spectator can look and behold the fiery river below; and fire-falls, which are usually without any covering of solid lava over them, just as water-falls in winter, be the weather never so cold, are without any covering of ice.—*Edward Baker, in December Overland.*

CANADA has a new sect, "whose doctrine is that women have no souls, because the Bible nowhere mentions women as angels." The leader of this sect is said to be a Frenchman, who, without the imagination and spirit of gallantry characteristic of his countrymen, fails to see what the *Boston Herald* regards as a fair supposition, "that the Lord did not send women angels because of the difficulty that would have been experienced in distinguishing them from their lovely sisters who were still in the flesh. No live man would ever be taken for an angel."—*Index.*

THE new hansom, to convey four persons, which is to supersede the anachronistic growler, has appeared in Piccadilly, and is causing immense excitement among the Jehus. It is lighter and brighter than the lugubrious four-wheeler, but not quite so roomy, and very much more springy. It shuffles about upon its heavy springs very much like the Lord Mayor's state coach on November the 9th. It is called the Devon hansom, but it is not likely to hold its position beside the victorias which are about to be placed on the ranks by a Birmingham company. The brougham and the victoria are immediately to take their place among the vehicles plying for hire in our badly-supplied metropolis. We have, it is true, the gondola of London, but our omnibuses, though in course of gradual improvement, are inconvenient, and our cabriolets are a disgrace to the largest city in the world. The disgrace is to be immediately removed. The Devon hansom is the first step towards it, but only a step to broughams and victorias.—*London Correspondence.*

A RUSSIAN observer, Dr. Kolbe, having made some researches on the effects of various degrees of brightness and of coloured paper on the acuteness of vision, using for the purpose Snellen's tables, has come to the conclusion that acuteness of vision increases with the difference in brightness between an object and the ground upon which it is placed; but that this increase is not proportional to the difference, augmenting rapidly as long as the difference of brightness is small, then augmenting very slowly until a great difference in brightness is reached, when it again augments very remarkably. He also finds that the colour of the ground, unless it is very intense, has little effect on the acuteness of vision. With regard to the fatigue occasioned to the eyes by paper of various colours, he finds that red and green papers produce more fatigue than blue and yellow, and these again more than gray and white of the same degrees of brightness. Altogether he does not think that a coloured paper for printed books presents any advantage, as far as the eyesight is concerned, over white paper.—*Lancet.*

I HAD a talk about the blowing up of the André monument last week with an artist who has spent the summer in the neighbourhood of Tarrytown and who was there when the explosion occurred. He lays the affair to the natives of the district. "The country all about," says he, "is alive with patriotic and revolutionary memories. The mass of the people regard the André monument as a much greater outrage than its blowing up. The inscription on it I have heard denounced time and again as disgusting gush by some of the best people of the neighbourhood, and I do not doubt that the last attempt to demolish it is the work of some of the younger and hotter-blooded members of the community. If the spot had been originally marked with a simple stone announcing the event it commemorated, and nothing more, it would probably never have been interfered with. But to make it a monument to the glory of an enemy and a so-called gentleman base enough to do the dirty work of a spy in the cause of tyranny was a little too much. Now I do not believe any monument, however simple, would be allowed to stand there."—*To-Day.*

SIR HENRY THOMPSON's explanation—to the effect that he does not allow his literary amusements to interfere with his professional occupations—was presumably intended for that class of persons whom Carlyle held to be a majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain. No doubt foolish people are puzzled to understand how anybody can excel in two different pursuits, or contrive to be at once witty and wise; although, as a matter of fact, the most eminent men of all ages have shown capacity for more than one kind of work. Of course it must be admitted that some conspicuous literary successes proved as decided medical failures, and Goldsmith may well have strengthened the vulgar prejudice against a combination of the two callings. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," urged Beauclerk, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies." But it is possible to conceive the case of a man who should find neither patients nor publishers; nor was that witness a distinguished writer who told Lord Ellenborough that "he employed himself as a surgeon," and had to