

"Mysterious union with its native sea,  
Even such a shell the universe itself  
Is to the eye of faith : and there are times,  
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
Authentic tidings of invisible things ;  
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,  
And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
Of endless agitation."

Or, as a modern poet expresses "the touch of the unseen,"—

"In low estate, I, as the flower,  
Have nerves to feel, not eyes to see ;  
The subtlest in the conscience is  
Thyself, and that which toucheth Thee.

"For ever it may be that I  
More yet shall feel, but shall not see,  
Above my soul, Thy wholeness roll,  
Not visibly, but tangibly."

We have quoted poetry so freely because, while science concerns itself chiefly with the seen and material, we believe that all true poetry is to some extent an insight into the unseen and spiritual, dealing first, it is true, with the harmonies of nature, and then with that up to which those harmonies lead. If "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him," then it is far more the spiritual side of man's nature than his merely intellectual powers which can in any degree realize these spiritual mysteries, and the fullest realization of them by far is the happy privilege of Christian faith. They who, by spiritual union with Christ, have already become partakers of the Divine nature, and attained that communion with the Father of their spirits which can only be so attained, "*have* everlasting life," and do not need to consider it a doubtful problem whether they *shall* have it or not. In the daily grace and strength they receive from "the God of all power," in the victory which in that strength they achieve over the evil of the world, in "*the peace that passeth understanding*" which fills their hearts, they are already delivered from the bondage of mortality, and feel themselves partakers of a life which shall know no check or end—which is

"No poor cisterned store  
The lavish years are draining low,  
But living streams that, welling o'er,  
Fresh from the Living Fountain flow  
For ever !"

How many a Christian life has closed amid an unclouded peace and joy that has seemed the fulfilment of Bunyan's beautiful vision of the land of Beulah—when the very radiance of the immortal hills seemed to glow before the vision of him who was passing away from earth in "sure and certain hope" of everlasting life. And though no message has ever come back from the silent land, even from the dearest companion of our life, still it often seems at such times as if the door through which the lost one has passed has been left "ajar" to let a little of the radiance stream through—as if the light of peace that still rests on the dead face, and the deep, incomprehensible peace that broods over the stricken hearts of the mourners, were an earnest of immortality that no future experiences could ever totally take away, even though

"The radiant hour is rare, .  
When the soul, from heights of vision,  
Views the shining plains Elysian,  
And in after-times of trouble we forget what peace  
is there !"

"The Unseen Universe" is, as has been said, a noble contribution to scientific speculation, and a pleasant illustration, in these days of scientific scepticism, of the fact that men can be at once profound and accomplished physicists, and sincere believers in the Christian Revelation. But it is not scientific speculation, but the golden key of faith, which can alone unlock those pearly gates of visible life, which are so bright and, as it almost seems, translucent, and yet so opaque to the light of the spiritual and immortal life beyond them. Our authors themselves seem to feel this, for they close their volume with some quoted words which will always be as true as when they were first written : "*This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.*"