

ledge, of the boon that free-will is, although free will brings with it the burden of grave responsibility for all our actions. This treatise "About Life" is certainly one of the most charming in the whole series, in as much as it touches upon thoughts which, at some time or other, have vaguely formed themselves in our mind, but which, upon reading our author, assume real and palpable shape. This same may be said of all the twenty-three lectures, but not with the same justice as of the one "About Life." It abounds with passages that have an epigrammatic force, in which some great truth is beautifully touched off in a single sentence. Take as instances the following:—"It is a problem whether Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte more served or injured mankind; but there is no problem at all as to whether the man who has tilled the rugged soil, and coaxed the furrow into fruitfulness, has been a benefactor to his race."

"Nothing is great in itself, it is only the doing of it that makes it great; and to such greatness the commonest actions lend themselves equally as the rarest of human achievements."

"Intellect, at best, makes the bricks which only character can build up into edifices at last."

"We should hold each hour as Jacob held the angel, and refuse to let it go until it bless us."

"A man's happiness is in himself, most of his unhappiness arises from comparison with the imagined, and often purely imaginary happiness of others."

"It is not mere thought that steals--lost spirits have it deep and keen--but thought worked up by will into love."

Let it be understood that these excerpts are selected hap-hazard, and now that it is done the feeling is experienced that the best have not been chosen; but blame not, for where there is so much of beauty it were difficult indeed to pick out the brightest gems. Bring a child into a shop where the baubles that please are on show. He will look around at first and then, as bewilderment wears away, he will set about examining the (to him) precious things. This is beautiful, that is beautiful and the other is beautiful. As time speeds by perplexity increases, and he is utterly

at a loss to say which of all the gorgeous articles he admires the most. At length the choice is made, but he still feels that the prettiest things have been left behind. Such was the predicament of the writer, but what he saw in the storehouse that finds space between the covers of a volume were not childish baubles, but the shining thoughts that found birth in a great man's mind.

It will of course be impossible to take each lecture specially and describe the beauty that it holds, but a little more space may be granted for a consideration of some of the others, and for a selection of some of the passages that show the sentimental and religious side of our author's nature. In the one "About Books," he relates the story of at one time being present at a reproduction of Cinderella. Seated near him was a friend who, when the entertainment was finished, turned languidly and asked what it had all been about? When told that it was Cinderella he rejoined "And what was Cinderella?" "My first feeling," says Father Farrell, "was one of boundless contempt; but it subsided, on reflection that it was more his misfortune than his fault, into an equally boundless pity. What a lustreless childhood had been his—never a ray of fancy had played around his cradle—never a spell of imagination had glorified for him the common things of childhood. I catechised him on the spot; and found, as I expected, that he was an utter stranger to the classics of the nursery—and, though his word may be his bond, his honor stainless, his character irreproachable—yet, oh! not into *his* ear would I venture to pour the half sense, half nonsense that flows from our—yours and mine dear reader—from *our* lips, in our best and brightest moments." My first thought upon reading that passage, and my thought still, was, would I had the man who uttered these words as my friend, for the man who loves to muse over the events of his far away childhood will be true and constant in the friendship of later years. This view may be wrong, and its application to certain particular cases might momentarily belie its truth, but, in most instances, it is he who looks back lovingly on the past who can best be trusted. With this con-