

history, which is as far above philosophy so called as fact is above imagination, clearly bears witness. The largest number and most beneficent of these miracles were performed by that man Jesus Christ to whose divine wisdom and vast moral grandeur Dr. Carus testifies. His wisdom and virtue are indissolubly bound up with His reiterated assertions of divinity, and, as spiritual phenomena, whether of the times in which He lived or of any other, are inexplicable save as revelations of God, given, among other reasons, for that of bringing to men the true ethical standard. With Dr. Carus's pantheism no intelligent Christian can have any sympathy. What is good in his writings, and of this there is much, is derived from Christianity. When he laughs at the idea of Laplace sweeping the skies with his telescope and finding no God, he is as rational as the professor of surgery who had dissected many bodies but never found a soul. So God is a soul, a spirit, a being too great, too exalted to be brought under such vulgar aids to sense as the astronomer's telescope or the dissector's knife. Perhaps Dr. Carus remembers the toadyism and servility, the turncoat rascality, the meanness, of Laplace. He was no Sir Galahad, pure in heart, who might see God. Even Napoleon, and he was a mean soul too, when he turned his astronomical minister of the interior out of office, called him "the genius of the infinitely small." Dr. Paul Carus wants to patronize Christ, to patronize the Truth. No true man does that. If I be a true man, I do not possess the truth, but the truth possesses me. It is my master, and "to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey." Our stand is clear: obedience to the truth is obedience to Christ. If Dr. Paul Carus will go his Buddhist way of making men gods, let him go his way. Satan poses at times as an angel of light, but the cloven hoof appears beneath the whitewashed robe. Throw your inkbottle at him, like Luther, good Dr. Carus, and come forth, not a dead, but a living Faust.

The venerable Dr. Scadding who (sad fate for one that loves books so well) has well nigh lost his sight, has remembered his fellow member of the Canadian Institute, and sends me a pamphlet of eleven pages, called "Specimens of Pioneer Typography, being the contents of the Log Shanty Book Shelf for 1890." It has been my happy lot to know some very loveable old men. Dr. Scadding is one; another is the Rev. Abbe Cuoq of the Seminary of St. Sulpice: but there are many more that I might mention, who have taught me lessons of humility, of kindness, of literary culture, of