

itself is invariably assumed. But to assume intelligence as if it were an attribute peculiar to man, is simply to assume that it cannot come in contact with Reality at all; in other words, we have to posit the fundamental identity of all intelligence, or we cannot advance a step. Now, the humanist points out that our "constructions" are never ultimate, because our experience is ever growing,—because, in Mr. James' phrase, it "cuts against the black inane as the luminous orb of the moon cuts the caerulean abyss." Put, then, these two things together:

first, that intelligence is the sole source of reality, and, secondly, that reality is never for us completely intelligible, and are we not bound to conclude that reality, as it truly is, is a complete or perfect intelligence? At any rate, if this is denied, the theism which Mr. Schiller supports must be abandoned.

And this leads me to say that Mr. Schiller's idea of God as a perfectly good but finite Being seems to me—but, as Kipling would say, "that is another story."

THE SEA : THREE VIEWS.

I. The Landsman.

O the blue sea, the bright sea,
The sea of a sheltered bay,
Where the waves break soft on a pebbly beach,
And the little fishes play.
O the blue sea, the bright sea,
And the ship that swings with the quiet waves!

II. The Sailor.

O the green sea, the deep sea,
The sea of a hundred tales,
Where the waves stretch on to the edge of the sky,
And the "Phantom Dutchman" sails.
O the green sea, the deep sea,
And the ship that bounds o'er the swelling waves!

III. The Widow.

O the gray sea, the cold sea,
The sea that never spares,
Whose wrath is roused no man knows how,
Whose secrets no man shares.
O the gray sea, the cold sea,
And the ship that sinks 'mid the clutching waves!

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