

PREFACE.

THERE is a remark of Mrs. Carlyle's which has always seemed to me highly suggestive. When asked to explain her manifest antipathy to Bishop Colenso, whom Mr. Froude had got invited to one of her tea-parties, she confessed that it arose in part from the anomalous appearance presented by "a man arrived at the years of discretion wearing an absurd little black-silk apron," and in part from the incongruity between that ecclesiastical symbol and this particular bishop's "arithmetical confutation of the Bible;" for, proceeds the philosophical lady, generalizing the causes of her unfavorable impressions, "*it is the mixing up of things which is the Great Bad.*"

In what passes with us for the doctrine of evolution there is a mixture of science and speculation. Yet it is customary to serve it all up together, so that the hungry soul must needs take all or none. The result for many minds is apt to be indigestion or starvation. But this cruel di-