

story explains how this "queer Lecture" is counted part of Airedale and Rotherham Colleges; and therefore students, professors, and governors count it a dutiful privilege to attend. I may never forget to acknowledge that at the lunch, "Prosperity to the two Yorkshire Colleges" is a toast—in a cup of cold water—never omitted.

Now I have told you enough. I must not count the great list of worthies who have preached in that Lecture. They hail from all bodies who would be asked—save the State Church Episcopal. And this anomaly will soon pass away, for many Episcopalian clergymen deplore the bar, and are in heart and word true liberals. I count not a few among revered friends.

To conclude—a lecture like this needs no endowment. The churches at Heckmondwike bear annually all expenses, as they ought, for each church invites its own particular preachers. Would not such a festival of preaching in some central spot, or, better still, in some quiet nook amid Ontario's nest of busy towns, or in Quebec's fertile Eastern Townships, aye, or in Nova Scotia's blest Acadia, fire young preachers to high and deep endeavour, bind denominations, teach men divinely. I had hoped to write now of visits to the tombs of two great preachers at Rugby and at Lutterworth. I shall do it again. Meanwhile let me say that these two visits were possible in the midst of a working holiday, to wit, a few weeks' supply for a beloved pupil in Gallowtree Gate, Leicester. That pupil is a brother of Mr. William Stead, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. God strengthen us all to make our preaching as brave as is that noble editor's. He is the "daily witness" of London, much scorned, but sacrificing, if by any means he may save souls from destroying themselves and torturing others. ADAGE.

P. S.—Forgive me for correcting your press errors. The revered name of "Lillie" has dropped into my last where another name should be. But all know that it was the gentle and truly reverend T. M. Reikie who edited THE INDEPENDENT so long ago. A.

THE FIRST HUMAN BIRTH.

I suppose that the greatest question which has occupied the master minds in all past ages, and which will continue to occupy the master minds during ages to come, is Life! How life came to be life is the question which baffles the highest created genius. As the billows of the ocean which come dashing up against the great rocks, and then retire from whence they came, leaving a few drops of spray upon the ledges, so this great question of first-life comes up from away down the ocean of the past, and men catch a few drops of the spray and carefully analyze them, while the vast volume, with its untouched secret, sails back from whence it came. There are some depths in the ocean which never will be fathomed, so there are some

depths in connection with the origin of life which scientific divers will never touch. Personally, I am not so anxious about the beginning of life as about the end. The sun gives life to the flower I know, but how the sun and the flower came to live in their respective spheres I know not; but I am satisfied to enjoy the beautiful and fragrant results without packing my enquiries away through millions of years too vast in numbers for human computation. After all investigation has ended—if it ever ends—and rocks, and caves and sepulchres have related their histories and given up their last secrets, the thought and faith of men will fall back upon "in the beginning God created" for a solution of the greatest and most glorious wonder of creative genius and power.

How forcibly and pictorially is the ultimate process of creative order portrayed by the following poem; which thus describes the advent of the first-born of the human race; although, perhaps, by a somewhat too rapid development, when, as then first

—waked from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the Sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed awhile the ample sky; till, raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed—and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not: to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obey'd and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light,
"And thou, enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay!
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures! tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus—how here?—
Not of myself:—by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me how I may know Him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know."

Montreal.

S. HUXLEY,

THE *Restitution*, so says the *New York Independent*, tells the pretty story that, after Queen Victoria took the throne, a present was sent to her from Jerusalem of an olive tree. It was shipped to Beirut, kept on deck and appeared to die on the passage. In that state it was entrusted to the gardener. On the day of her Majesty's coronation, this olive tree put forth twelve blossoms. From this incident, it is thought the twelve tribes of Israel will be gathered in Victoria's reign. For there is in this country and in England a knot of people whose religion consists in parcelling out the twelve tribes, and in looking for their restitution and hunting up signs and prophecies of it.