

artist who has given the world a masterpiece, honorable recognition is not wanting; to our author that recognition has not yet come. And why? Because, perhaps, the world has not yet learned to know him, and if not, alas! how much the world has missed, for these essays are master-pieces, in their way; guarantees of mental power as great as that which evolved the Apollo Belvidere from the unshapely block, or put on lifeless canvas the living Transfiguration.

Father Farrell, as has been said, has taken for the subjects of these lectures some of the commonest thoughts of everyday life—but I will halt and let the Professor speak for himself. "My materials," he says "are collected in all sorts of out-of-the-way places—from the tags and tringes that hang from the most tangible subjects; from the odds and ends of knowledge; from the clippings and parings that accumulate in mental studios, from which solid work has gone out; from the rainbow-colored theories spun from the mists that hang about the limits of *the known*, in that dim debateable land where reason glides into feeling and certainties begin to melt into impressions; from these are derived my materials, and from a thousand other 'unconsidered trifles'." Notwithstanding our author's admission of the unimportance of the themes he discusses, his treatment has raised them by the potency of its originality, to a place where importance and gravity may easily be found. Styling himself a "Professor of the Inexact Sciences; whatever they may be," he excuses himself for wandering occasionally from the topics he sets out to consider. "Who so walks with me must accommodate himself to my pace and become, for the time being, an intellectual vagabond. We will sometimes, to be sure, keep the beaten track of the great highways of human thought; but if in our progress we come upon the opening of some green lane where the shade looks grateful and the wild flowers peep out from the hedgerows, do you suppose I shall not take you by the arm and, with gentle violence, compel you to explore it along with me? *Absit omen*; for then the Professor and his lectures would be near their end." What need of such an apology, or rather explanation? To read one

paragraph of the book would be sufficient to acquaint you with the truth, that the desire of its author was to supply the reader with a means of whiling pleasantly away many an hour that might, otherwise, be crowded with thoughts that would darken the brightness of the soul, or spread over the mind a shadow of evil influence. It is within the knowledge of almost every one, that there are times when a man finds himself forced to ponder over things that have the power to move the heart towards strange and even sinful wishes. Had I a friend whose circumstances in life were such as impel him toward evil ponderings, I would consider that I could offer no more helpful means of withdrawing himself from self than those that may be found in such a book as that entitled "The Lectures of a Certain Professor." It is neither silly nor speculative, one of which epithets could well be applied as occasion suited, to most books issued at the present time. Not so with the volume now being considered. Needless to say that it is not silly, for it treats as has been stated, of great life truths. Nor is it solely speculative although, upon serious scrutiny of the work, a fund of deep and interesting philosophical reflections may be found; but these are philosophical without the philosophical form, and are dressed in language whose clearness is undimmed by the faintest shade of what sometimes gathers about ordinary scientific terms. Take his essay "About Life" as an example. No more just or exquisite picture was ever outlined than that which he has there drawn of the intimate union between soul and body. He shows, in language of rarest elegance, the dependence of one upon the other, the need each has of the other to do its necessary and peculiar work. He describes, with remarkable clearness, the doctrine of personal responsibility, that subtle theme which is so difficult to rightly understand. Of course his thesis is not as elaborate or exhaustive as some that have been given to the world by German, French or Spanish philosophers, but if it is not as elaborate and exhaustive, neither is it as obscure, and, after reading it, one lays it down with satisfaction at having learned, or at least of having enlarged his know-