

or to bear its hard shocks, shrivelled, puny bodies, limbs trembling with weakness or palsied with pain, nor yet minds enfeebled by long study, over-exertion or dissipation, for to the strong hand and strong head, the capacious lungs and vigorous frame, "fall and always will fall the heavy burdens, and where the heavy burdens fall, there the great prizes fall too."

On the whole, then, it must be confessed that Herbert Spencer, notwithstanding his many irreligious tendencies and blind prejudices, possesses a thorough grasp of what should constitute a mental and physical training. With a mind strengthened by reflection, by philosophical and scientific research, this most prolific and original writer of the 19th century, might be in the eyes of all one of England's shining lights, had he maintained unbroken the sacred bond which shall forever link science to religion, and had he displayed the same faith in the nobler and higher destiny of man, that

he does in his capabilities to material progress. God he does not openly deny, but like all other positivists, he will concede to man but a vague and confused idea of His existence. The Supreme being is the great unknowable, beyond the reach of human reason, man's sole guide. He bows to humanity as his God, and his fervent devotion to her constitutes the sum and substance of his religious tenets. Had it been otherwise, had the light of God's revelation but pierced the clouds encircling his brow, had he but seen as far and as clearly with the eye of faith as he was able to penetrate with the eye of reason, his influence for good, especially at this time of unbelief, would have been incalculable, and his work on education, comprising at once the utterly false and supremely true, instead of being a source of danger to minds yet unformed, would be their most fertile field for useful and salutary information.

M. F. FITZPATRICK, '91.



I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, yet permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of woman's tenderness.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*