

attached itself to the lower, but still indispensable, requirements of our nature. Subjectivity has given a strength and impulse to human knowledge, has led the way to fields of purest enjoyment, has scaled the heights of the material universe and sounded its depths, has analysed all things, even the mind itself. To objectivity on the other hand seems to have been intrusted the preservation of that reverential feeling which should crown with humility the highest efforts of man. Let us not forget that we have received our sacred books, nay, Christianity itself through a Syro-Arabian medium. We pride ourselves on the freedom of our institutions ; be this as it may, are we not in social life, the trembling slaves of that most debasing of all principles, the dread of public opinion. It is not so with the Arab. Let us be charitable in our estimate of the faith of Islam. Assuredly it has in it much that is noble and beautiful. It is only of late years that we have become awake to the conviction that there may be wiser modes of treating the insane than using whips and chains and tortures. But to the Moslem, the unhappy beings suffering under this most afflictive dispensation, have always been objects of the tenderest and most compassionate care. Let us hope that the old ferocious prejudices engendered by the crusades are fast dying away, that a kindlier and more candid spirit has arisen, and that after we have run the whole circle of science and art, the confession will be made, that we may yet learn something from the patriarchal Syrian, or the wandering Arab of the desert.