

knows—and the bloom on the fan of the painted insect, simply feathers, plumage in short, hence there is no difference, from one aspect, between a red-admiral or a privet hawk moth and a goose. This is all bad enough, but when not content with destroying the theory of the resurrection, they proceed to inform an already staggered and gasping generation, that what to-day is the imposing front of the philosopher may, to-morrow, be wagging at the taffrail end of Pluto, the retriever, the artistic and æsthetic sense rebels at the self-satisfied dictum of the scientific brotherhood, and cries incontinently, "Hold, enough! Give us proof positive of what you say. We are nauseated with 'perhaps' and 'possibly' and 'may be,' we too are agnostic only in another way." This is exactly Ruskin's position with regard to modern science. One may not be altogether in accord with him, yet one cannot restrain one's sympathy nor withhold admiration for the solitary enthusiast who is fighting so valiantly and ungrudgingly his losing fight.

But regarded in a certain view, Ruskin was in the right. He was advocating the cause of faith and hope. And a man without faith and hope, however ill-developed or repressed the faculty may be, is an anomaly which even Nature abhors. So utterly does she abhor such a monstrosity that she never produces one, the few that glory in the distinction are self-elected. Down in the heart of the most inveterate free-thinker and soul-leveller cowers the ghost of the inevitable. Sphinx-like it sits and propounds its ceaseless riddle: "Can anything come out of nothing?" Who proffers the answer in the affirmative and guarantees his faith? Where after all is the man who will pluck the Creator from the created, the Maker from the thing made, the First Cause from the uni-

verse, and, staring in blank admiration at the *hole* that is the result of his ratiocination exclaim, *Eureka!* How wonderful a thing it is that the cosmos of created beauty and intelligence has issued from that *hole!*

What is Ruskin's attitude to the new school of evolutionary thought? Simply this: "It is every man's duty to know what he *is*, and not to think of the embryo he was, nor the skeleton he shall be." Again: "I take the chance you give me of adding this further word to what I before said of Darwin's theory. It is mischievous, not only in looking to the past germ instead of the present creature—but looking also in the creature itself—to the Growth of the Flesh instead of the Breath of the Spirit. The loss of mere happiness, in such modes of thought, is incalculable. When I see a girl dance, I thank Heaven that made her cheerful as well as graceful; and envy neither the science nor sentiment of my Darwinian friend, who sees in her only a cross between a Dodo and a Daddy-long-legs."

Of course this outspoken levity set the quills up on the backs of certain porcupine-like members of the fraternity. But the quills did not long remain there. They were transferred to the digitals, and then followed the horrors of war. Among others, Burroughs, who ought to have known better, wrote: "Probably the reading public has long ceased to expect anything but fresh outbursts of whim and caprice from Ruskin. . . . He has degenerated into a common scold. The public laughs at him, and when the public laughs at a man's rage, his day is about over. . . . From Ruskin's abhorrence of the scientific method and spirit—an abhorrence that amounts to a kind of childish petulance and contrariness (*sic*) one would not expect him to look with any degree of patience;