

therefore philosophical to assert that the law of interference is limited to what we see or feel, and that whilst human beings act and react upon each other, and respond to the demands or requests of their fellow-men, even to an interruption of physical laws, there is no force beyond man to change and mould the facts of nature in compliance with man's petitions. As well might the diatom on the floor of the ocean limit the power of change to its locality and deny the possibility of higher forces in operation, when at the same time the mighty steamer plows her way over the surface of the same ocean, the results of the mind of man—going as he directs, coming as he commands.

Let us conclude with a practical illustration. A man is seated by his evening fire resting his weary limbs after the labours of the day. All is bright and quiet within, but without the rain is falling, and darkness adds to the chill of the night. Hark? There is a quick, short bark, and then the gentle whine of his dog seeking his well-known shelter. The cry is heard, and affection for a faithful and dumb animal stirs up the half slumbering brain. The will assumes command of the body, and rising from his seat of comfort, he turns the key and swings open the heavy street door to receive his dependent. Now, what is the sequence of facts called into existence by the appeal of a loved favourite? The waves of material sound were put into motion; through the ear they pass to the brain, and reach the sentiment of love. This again disturbs and wakes the will; this rouses into action the functions of the muscles; a heavy weight is lifted; inert matter is put into motion, and its condition is changed. In other words, the mute appeal occasions physical and chemical changes, inertia is overcome, and iron itself yields its cohesion to the force of friction. Shall the principle stop short here? Shall it be unphilosophical for man to lift his voice to a source higher than himself? Must we stand in the dark, and not look for light? Shall doubts and fear chill our souls, and there be no hope either here or beyond? Are we