

ing, the Creator of the universe, is of this unsatisfactory and imperfectly grounded character. We maintain that it is not a mere probable persuasion, but absolute strict knowledge, requiring only to have its real nature unfolded and its perfect validity formally exhibited.

Before parting with Drs. McCosh and Dickie, we must express our high admiration, not merely of the scientific expositions which they have brought forward, but likewise of the general tone in which their work is written. A vein of pure and refined sentiment runs through every part of it, and there are occasional passages of remarkable sweetness and moral beauty. Take the following as an example:

“It is indeed of vast moment to have the mind stored with a variety of noble images to enliven and elevate it: to be as Quintilian says—*incitamenta mentis*. This end is much promoted by an early training among natural objects which are picturesque; by travelling at a later period of life into foreign countries, and by the opportunity thus afforded of holding communion with Nature in her grander forms and of inspecting the noblest products of the fine arts. But, while gathering these material pictures, let the young man and the old man not forget that there are others which he should not be losing, and which, if he part with, his gain will be more than counterbalanced by his loss. For these are images which it is still more important to have treasured up in his mind; they are the images of domestic peace, the images of home and friends, of the affectionate mother, (we can never have more than one mother) and devoted wife, and kind sisters and smiling children; and to these let us add, by personal intercourse with them, or by elevated reading, the images of the great and good, of heroic men who toiled and bled for noble ends, and of equally heroic women who lost sight of themselves in works of disinterested love and sacrifice. These are in themselves vastly more exalted, and ten thousand times more exalting, than all your statues draped and undraped, about which connoisseurs so talk and rave; they are fitted to become excitements to all excellence, and he who has been at the pains to collect them and hang them around the chambers of his mind, is like one dwelling in a portrait gallery, from which the forms of ancestors are looking down upon him, with a smile, and exhorting him to all that is great and good.”

Nothing is wanted to render this exquisite passage perfect, except the absence of a little stiffness and formality. But our authors while always clear in their style are at times deficient in ease and gracefulness of expression.

There is a chapter, of some parts of which we regret to be under the