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entitled "Modern Philosophy," by Philip Mauro. These works expose the depth of the delusions of the leading modern theories, by men of unquestioned fidelity to the principles of truth, who had in honest research become ensnared for a time in its deathly coils, and were only delivered finally by a strange, supernatural, over-ruling Providence.

Just now, in view of the sentiments expressed, I seem to hear the cry of a soul in great need, which gave expression as follows: "I sought the world but Peace was not there; I coveted learning, but Truth was not revealed; I sojourned with philosophers, but my heart became sore with vanity. And then I cried, 'Where is Peace to be found?' And, 'Where is the hiding-place of Truth?'"—Filius Lucis.

Have we not indeed, all of us, under the strain of certain extreme provocations again and again uttered similar expressive sentiments of sorrow and despair in quest of rest and peace?

