That is a divine voice, filled with a pity that nature largely lacks, and though it may sink into agnostic silence it can never be lifted in loving praise of a creature that has stolen it all for itself. Therefore it is that every religion is a pilgrimage from a covering worship of omnipotence to the apotheosis of its victims,—from Brahms to Vishnu, from Zeus to Prometheus, from Jehovah to Jesus. And all these do but dramatize love. It may be that in the next development some vision may be attained of a divine life in nature as little dreamed of now even by a Darwin as the worm whirling in his hand dreams of his true heart.

The reverent mind can afford to wait without dogmatic negations, but it cannot say it sees the things that are not, nor yet believe in their humanit.

It is the love of Love, an uncomplaining calm resistance to all that is opposed to love, and a joy in all those adaptations in nature which illustrate the steady transmutation of inorganic nature (including the disorganizing ferocities and passions in which it survives) into the image of that divine principle which links the tortling worms with the suffering savours of the world.

Darwin shows how earthworms have preserved ancient ruins, old monuments, the records of man's existence for ages, and he disavowed it in turn to withdraw for the inspection of science. Among the company was Sir John Lubbock who has so long vainly tried to persuade legislators in Parliament to give ancient monuments a protection now chiefly accorded by the worms. These relics are in the region of the famous "Cranbourne Chase." The hunting seat of King John is there, and many ancient hunting lodges; it is one thousand, and near it was excavated, a monument exhumed: over historic spot, Roman camps, British villages, they hunted and they hunted.

All the "providential" care of the worms was wasted on them from remote antiquity up to last year when all that land became the inheritance of the President of the Anthropological Society. Then the work of the worm was realized. The monuments they have preserved are now coming forth, and the little creature is at last linked with the advanced thought of the world.

On the entrance to the school the ant that he might learn enterprise. He might equally have

bade man learn from the worm that gnaws his staff the greatness of the least when it works organic.

In its sod it works, an earthworm, unable to be a heaen-warrior, but what it does is the same. It can do this week, it can authorize this week: it makes its own way into the earth and burrows, and makes its way into the earth, and burrows. It is the black dogma to dog which makes man a child of the worm, and his religion a prolonged meditation in the grave. It is time for man to enter on his progress here, and mount through all the spires of thought, building his spirit's mansion not beneath the earth, but upon it.

The FORMATION OF VEGETABLE MOLD THROUGH THE ACTION OF WORKS, WITH OBSERVATIONS OF THEIR USEFULNESS IN TERRITORIAL AND HORTICULTURAL AFFAIRS.

John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1837.

This looks most curious and interesting. Though it has only recently been brought to the notice of its distinguished author. So long ago as 1837 he read before the Geological Society of London a short paper on the formation of vegetable mould, and in which he warned his hearers that the grass and hedges were not at first readily adopted. A French essay, it appears, did not accept his conclusions. He is dismissed in the standard works on the subject as being from inner consciousness, and not from observation. Mr. Fish, in the Gardener's Chronicle, also ventured to reject works on the formation of vegetable mould; except in the same, it is a system of methods by which the part works play in the formation of vegetable mould is summarily dismissed, on account of their assumed incapacity to do much, much less, and in which the reader is made to know that we have an instance of that inability to sum up the effects of a continually recurring cause, which has often retarded the progress of the sciences. (Is this the case with the vegetable mould?) Mr. Darwin reveals to us many interesting facts regarding the habits of his little favoured friends, the worms. They are nocturnal; they do not possess eyes, but can distinguish between light and darkness; they are completely deaf, are sensitive to heat and cold, and are poisonous. Therefore, other plants which can be eaten by means of which they discover odoriferous and much-coveted kinds of food. They have a distinct taste of their own, for the native Indian peoples eat them, and have repeatedly tested. They are omnivorous. They are cannibals, for they eat their decayed brethren. They feed on ashes, bones, and on the ashes of bones. By a peculiar extramoral method, common to them only, they partially digest their food before it is consumed. Their digestion is more complete than in man. This riddells' one-twentieth to a little more than one

These lines of Emerson, anticipating Darwin's great generalization, suggest the sad side of evolution.

"A subtle chain of countless rings The next unto the farthest brings And, striving to be man, the worm "Nowo through all the spires of form."

The worm mounting through the spires of form may continue through them instinct which, however useful in worm, are deplorable in a man. (Alas, that fact was known to Flapay and Krop, who detected the slyness of one animal and vanity of another beneath the mask of man!) The worm is a fair type of that adherence to old conditions by sheer force of custom, which is the chief ob- struction to human development. Though the conditions of nature have changed again and again, the worm is the same, the burrowing tool same, all its days. So did its ancestors. And what other reason have half mankind for what they say and do? Why are antiquated prayers and creeds repeated? Why are foolish oaths found crawling about court-room and legislature? Not because they are really believed, but merely believed, toleration of their denial would be impossible; every freethinker would be execrated as a destroyer of more than life and property. It is the worm-instinct, burrowing in graves, though a new heaven and earth offer it their banquet.

It must be admitted that this persistence of

usages based on discredited beliefs serves a like utility with that of the worms, which preserve monuments. The science of mythology and folklore values the myths and fables transmitted by the credulity of one generation to the next. It is only too costly a price to pay for the fables that their transmission makes man a mere leaden pipe. At any rate, we need such antiquated mythoductus no more. Art and science can secure all the survivals they require without their being deposited in the place of blind adherence to the dogma of worm to dogma to which makes man a child of the worm, and his religion a prolonged meditation in the grave. It is time for man to enter on his progress here, and mount through all the spires of thought, building his spirit's mansion not beneath the earth, but upon it.

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