

its own conscious state, reveals to him a world of intellectual endowments and powers which unite in calling for a future existence as the only adequate sphere for their perfect development and action. The power of thinking makes man the partaker of that which is divine. All existence is founded on thought; for it is the external thoughts of God that have found their self realization in this world. In thinking, man assumes his own existence; in thinking of God he assumes the existence of God. In thinking of eternity he assumes the existence of an eternity, and thus this wondrous power of thinking, this inner language of the mind proves almost to a demonstration the reality of a future existence. Man has thoughts, thoughts of the highest, and thoughts of himself. This is one aspect of his likeness to God, and links his soul with him in an endless existence.

Establishing the same truth is the power of free will. The animal has instinct, man has free will. His acts are determined by motives which proceed ultimately from himself. He has within himself a certain power of freedom upon which no external agency, no emotion of his own nature, no power of custom, can encroach and so determine a man to will or to act that he cannot do otherwise. Upon this power all responsibility and moral accountability depends. This mental endowment puts man in such a relation to God that the conviction is established that he will continue with Him in existence eternally; that he dwells on the borders of a better land, which projects into this life and has other laws than those of our own natural life; that his destination is not accomplished in this life; that he does not attain to the end of the highest culture and progress here; and that the soul has still a higher destination which directs him beyond time and space; which directs him to God.

Standing at the point of the convergence of these presumptions, we look upon the stream of life as it passes out of sight. We turn our faces to the future and wait for the light of revelation. What a scene it reveals to the enraptured gaze!

It makes the two worlds one. The universe, the broad theatre for the display of God's wisdom, love and power, and the actors, God, and souls, in an unending scene of harmonious action and unspeakable glory. Spirits coming and going, meeting and working out the problems which involve an eternity, perfectly at home in these vast themes of the knowledge and purposes of the Eternal Father.

The analogies of nature and the vague reasonings of our keenest philosophy leave us in the shadows of doubt. But by the light that beams from afar, we look with confidence beyond this vale of life and death to those unseen hills on which the light of life falls evermore, and gazing on their lofty heights we listen in the calmest mood of nature, to reason, to the longings of the human heart, and the priest of song harmoniously unites with these in their testimony to immortality.

It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well!  
Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sinks in years,  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds

T. A. GILKEY.

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### SCIENCE AND POETRY.

BY JOHN SMITH.

Upon her breast she wore a tinted rose  
That matched the touch of color on her cheeks  
And ere that day in June had reached its close  
Another soul stood near and thus he speaks:—  
"My dear, while yet the sun of day is seen  
By those refracted rays of solar light,  
The retina of my eye records the green,  
Reflected from the trees on yonder height.  
Beneath those robust deliquescent elms  
(The *Ulmus racemose* rightly named)  
A *Vitis cordifolia* now o'erwhelms  
A lingering flowery cornus slightly framed.  
Unto this habitat I would invite  
The heart that beats behind that Mermot rose;  
And through those lips, tinged with delight,  
I'll hope to hear the song you might compose,"