Love vs. Philosophy.
'Tis true that I have flirted
With many a pretty girl,
And praised each golden ringlet,
And kissed each flowing curl.
'Tis true that I have told them,
As I gazed, with deep-drawn sigh,
That with them life was heaven—
Without them—I must die.
But when they proved unfaithful,
Perchance I may have sighed;
But, really, 'pon my honor,
I never really died.

God bless the dear, sweet creatures,
They are my life—my pride;
And I am only happy
When sitting by their side;
But then, they won't believe me,
Whatever I may say;
They tell me that my blarney
Comes in a natural way.

And though this conduct cruel
May fill my soul with pain,
I find that when I lose my heart,
It soon comes back again. A. S. W.

Noticeable Articles.
One of the best articles in the January magazines is the admirable one on "Darwinism and Democracy," in the Fortnightly, by W. S. Lilly. Mr. Lilly draws the line more clearly than I have ever seen it drawn, between true and false Darwinism—between the Darwinism of Darwin and the Darwinism of Haeckel and Paul Bert. "The cell," writes Haeckel "consists of matter called protoplasm, composed chiefly of carbon, with an admixture of hydrogen, nitrogen, and sulphur. These component parts, properly united, produce the soul and body of the animated world, and suitably nursed become man. With this single argument the mystery of the universe is explained, the Deity annullèd, and a new era of infinite knowledge ushered in." "Others may occupy themselves," says Mr. Paul Bert, "if they will in seeking a nostrum to destroy the phylloxera; be it mine to find one to destroy the Christian religion." And that nostrum is supposed to have been found in popular Darwinism—the Darwinism, let me say, of Prof. Haeckel.

The difficulty is that this is not Darwinism, as Mr. Lilly, who is a profound believer in the genuine doctrines of Evolution, proceeds to show. "I accept, gratefully," he says, "all that Mr. Darwin can teach me about the facts of natural history. But he cannot teach me that which he did not himself know, that of which he disclaimed all knowledge. A physicist, not a philosopher, he worked in the sphere of sense-perception. In metaphysics, in mental science, as is evident upon the face of his writings, he was quite unversed. He tells us explicitly that his system "is not concerned with the origin of spiritual or vital forces."

But the chief object of Mr. Lilly's paper is to draw the line between true and false democracy—between that national democracy which should be the faith of every enlightened political thinker, and the mad French democracy of Rousseau and the Jacobins, and to show how the one is the outcome of true Evolution, and finds its support in a genuine political philosophy, while the other tries to find support in what he, perhaps, not too strongly calls the "blasphemy and ferocity" of the medico-atheistic school of Haeckel and Paul Bert; and it is a bad omen for the success of free institutions in France, that the latter figures so prominently among her politicians.

There is not space here to give even the outlines of the argument by which the writer shows that the doctrine of Evolution, rightly understood, is the key to political science, and true philosophy of history. "Assuredly, modern democracy," he says, "if it is not to issue in a solution of the continuity of human progress, will have to ground its doctrine of human right, not upon theories, which depersonalize man, but upon the primary fact of free-will and moral obligation which constitute him a person; will have to desert its medico-atheistic teachers, and give ear to Kant, as in prophetic tones he warns this new age that without a God, and without a world invisible to us now, but hoped for, the glorious ideas of ethics may indeed be objects of approbation and admiration, but cannot be the springs of purpose and action." Students in the classes of history and political science will have heard something like this before.

In the same number, under the title of Esculapia Victrix, Mr. R. Wilson gives an interesting account of the triumphant success of English women in securing for themselves equally with men, the privileges of the best and most thorough medical education. Beginning with the bitterest opposition on the part of the majority of masculine practitioners, they are now freely admitted to medical degrees, and have an admirably equipped school in London, and Mrs. Garrett Anderson is one of the best known and most successful of London practitioners.