

trines, as with Small and his school, or upon the French social psychology, as with Ross. Only Lester F. Ward took Comte seriously, and Ward diverged so widely from Comte in his system of social philosophy that most of his readers forgot his tribute to the Frenchman. Finally, the well-nigh complete *bourgeois* domination of western society tended to discourage the cultivation of the doctrines of a writer so critical of unregulated capitalism as Comte. Whether doctrines akin to those of Comte will have any considerable vogue in the construction of future plans of social reorganization is a problem of prophecy and not of the history of social theory, but it seems safe to say that no less comprehensive scheme will be adequate to the reorganization of the social order.

INFINITY.

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID.

From mites in myriad clans arrayed at will
 Upon the ample form of parasite so small
 That countless millions of its kind, in feeding, fill
 With but e'en slight annoyance, faring all,
 Some microscopic germ whose dermal fell
 Their habitat became, as nature's due,
 And each an organism, with function's cell
 And gland and duct and sinew moulded true—
 To mighty suns whose changing paths extend
 Through nameless billions of the leagues of earth,
 Described in space in orbits without end,
 And each a universe in fiery girth,
 And each with all its wondrous starry train
 Of suns and systems still of other suns,
 A minute fleck of star mist in the chain
 That swings in service to more distant ones—
 Still thought wings ever outward on its way,
 Nor gains the merest factor in the quest,
 About whose base equation might array
 The first crude figment of a finite rest.