

then picked her up and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for any one who had witnessed the scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings. In face of such facts as these, it is impossible to regard ants as mere exquisite automatons. When we see an ant-hill, tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals—each one fulfilling its duties industriously and without confusion—it is difficult altogether to deny them the gift of reason; and the preceding observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.

This is also Dr. Forel's view. He says:

"It results from the unanimous observations of all the connoisseurs that sensation, perception, and association, inference, memory, and habit follow in the social insects, on the whole, the same fundamental laws as in the vertebrates and ourselves."

NOTES.

It is strange how Muriel Strode's *My Little Book of Prayer* is received with sympathy in the most diverse quarters of both orthodox Christians and liberal thinkers. As a companion letter to the opinion of a clergyman we publish the following extract from a letter of Mr. Thaddeus Burr Wakeman, President of the Liberal University in Oregon, and at Kansas City, Mo., formerly editor of *The Torch of Reason*, and a well-known contributor to to many liberal reviews. He writes:

"Lately there came to me a little book, *My Little Book of Prayer*, by Muriel Strode, published by The Open Court Publishing Co. It proved to be singularly suited to the state of mind which has followed from my retirement here during the illness of my beloved wife, and the affliction and grief which resulted from her death on the seventeenth day of November last. I love it because it is not 'prayer' in the old selfish, vulgar sense, but a noble dialogue between the transitory and the permanent in the human soul, and leaves the latter supreme as in the concluding lines of *Faust*. I like to think that it came from your hands, and because of some interest you still retain in me and my health, hopes, and work. I wish to assure you that you have my hearty thanks therefor. I think that some of my friends would also be pleased to see what has been so pleasing to me, and so for the enclosed please to let your clerk send me as many copies as it will cover, and at this address.

"Let us not forget these words:

"When I pray it should be to the God within, and the responsibility of the fulfilment shall rest on me."

"I am the Suppliant,—and I am the God that answers prayer."

"Let me live this life with no thought of a hereafter, *then* I may live it as I would were there no hope to retrieve."

"Not that I may more rejoice to live, but that with impunity I may also rejoice to die."

"And if the plan be not for immortality, O I shall not complain. *What* had it not been mine, this too brief span of years? *What* had I missed this sweet mortality?"