

matics. Such is the distinction which separates the human race so widely from the animals—which makes him a creation apart and absolutely new upon the globe. A being capable of comprehending the ideal and the infinite, of creating poetry and algebra, such is man! To invent and understand this formula—

$$(a+b)^2 = a^2 + 2ab + b^2,$$

or the algebraic idea of negative quantities, this belongs to man. It is the greatest privilege of the human being to express and comprehend thoughts like the following :

J'étais seul près des flots, par une nuit d'étoiles,
Pas un nuage aux cieus, sur les mers pas de voiles,
Mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde réel,
Et les vents et les mers, et toute la nature
Semblaient interroger dans un confus murmure,
Les flots des mers, les feux du ciel.

Et les étoiles d'or, légions infinies,
À voix haute, à voix basse, avec mille harmonies
Disaient, en inclinant leur couronne de feu;
Et les flots bleus, que rien ne gouverne et n'arrête :
Disaient, en recourbant l'écume de leur crête :

“C'est le Seigneur, le Seigneur Dieu !” *

VICTOR HUGO, *les Orientales*.

* Alone with the waves, on a starry night,
My thoughts far away in the infinite ;
On the sea not a sail, not a cloud in the sky,
And the wind and the waves with sweet lullaby
Seem to question in murmurs of mystery,
The fires of heaven, the waves of the sea.

And the golden stars of the heavens rose higher,
Harmoniously blending their crowns of fire,
And the waves which no ruling hand may know,
'Midst a thousand murmurs, now high, now low,
Sing, while curving their foaming crests to the sea,
“It is the Lord God ! It is He.”

The “*Mécanique Céleste*” of Laplace, the “*Principia*” of Newton, Milton's “*Paradise Lost*,” the “*Orientales*” by Victor Hugo—are the fruits of the *faculty of abstraction*.

In the year 1800, a being, half savage, who lived in the woods, clambered up the trees, slept upon dried leaves, and fled on the approach of men, was brought to a physician named Pinel. Some