

of happiness are at bottom one and the same, but that they do not exclude the doctrine of duty. Duty is the law which requires us to seek our perfection, that is to say, our true happiness. And this law is always operating. For as there is a true and a false happiness, a happiness which results from the excellence of our nature, and another of our satisfied sensibilities, we can understand that there can be an obligation to seek the good, and to sacrifice the false. This is what all moralists mean in opposing the true good to the false good, and in recommending men to seek the first and not the second.

This we may recognize as a fact, but it is not so clear whence this obligation comes. We ask, "Why am I obliged to seek my own good?" It may be a fact that I do seek my own interest but why should I do it? The author says that as man naturally wishes good, on the one hand he wishes the true good, and on the other he wishes also the appearance of good. Now the will which wishes the true good commands the will which wishes the apparent good; this commandment is the moral obligation. He admits with Kant the autonomy of the will as the legislative first principle of morality. But back of this will, what? Is it purely self determining? Is it influenced and controlled by external good? Is it subject to a higher mind, even the Highest? But he is clear enough upon the existence of this law of duty, and even discusses its limitations. Thus he maintains that although the law may be obligatory by itself, it is only so for us as far as we know it, and in the measure in which we know it. He accepts the ethical principle of Fichté; "Obey thy conscience; obey the actual conviction which thou hast of thy duty." But conscience is susceptible of training and accordingly the above rule presupposes this postulate, viz., that each shall try to bring his actual conscience to the state of an absolute conscience, which is identical with the law itself. Natural and essential good being the foundation of duty, this double proposition is justified. Duty consists in doing good; good consists in doing one's duty. In other words, duty consists in seeking what is naturally good; and the act morally good is that which is done by duty. For us as for Kant, the domain of good and the domain of duty are absolutely equivalents. This system Janet would like to call a *rational endemonism*, opposed on the one hand to the utilitarian philosophy, and on the other to the too abstract formalism of the Kantian ethics, but at the same time reconciling both. This doctrine is, he thinks, not only the true one, but is the one most conformed to tradition; it is the doctrine of Plato and of Aristotle, of Descartes and of Leibnitz.

The method of reconciliation followed by Janet may have some advantage in the way of checking the tendency to magnify special features of the problem, but there is in it always the danger of sacrificing truth for a purpose. The compromise is seldom successful; the eclectic method has its perils.

It is evident from Janet's writings, as from those of all moralists, that the connection between duty and pleasure is very close. That law which makes every act of duty bring the reward of satisfaction is beneficent in the highest degree. But all the skilful skepticism as to the immutability of moral distinctions cannot shake the deep conviction in the heart of the race that we have a sense of duty which is not resolvable into self love. The testimony of languages, ancient and modern, and the motions so different in kind excited by thoughts of duty and of self interest point to a distinction in fact between duty and pleasure, and to the supremacy of the former. The magnanimity of man as shewn by his conception of duty and its power over him, even when it conflicts with his interest, is not only the doctrine of a Butler and a Stewart but is also the philosophy of Milton and of Tennyson, and of the great students of human nature who have set the outposts of human thought and attainment farthest in advance. Duty is supreme.

"The path of duty [is] the way to glory;
He that walks it, only *thinks*
For the right, and *learns* to *dead*
Love of self, before his journey closes.
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outdden
All voluptuous garden roses."

ALIQUIS.

LOOKING BACK.

Down the valley creep the sunbeams, ever lengthening in their reach,

Lighting with a crimson fire every chestnut, oak and beech;
Glowing, fading, slowly dying is the mist of burning light,
Dying, dying, all the life of day to feed the breath of night.

Pause a moment from thy toilsome climbing on this wooded steep;

Mark the shadows that in silence slowly backward crouch and creep,

Most like lost and guilty spirits shut up in a world unknown,
Seeking hiding in a blackness deeper, darker than their own.

Where at noon thy footsteps wandered by the shining river-bed,
All its waters now are running, running sunless from their head.
Where are now thy bounding pulses set a-throbbing at a breath?
Dying, dying, all the light of life to feed the night of death.

Dying? Nay, not so; for, ever mounting by its strengthening light,

Has the day not helped thee hither to the hills whence cometh might?

Dying? rather let the backward story give thee future hope,
What from height to height advancing each day adds a clearer scope.

Dying? Let a clearer vision see beyond the darkness rise.
Living, living, all the vanished days to feed a fuller light!

B. B.