

keep the train stationary; thus much of good it can do. But the best brake can not push the train upgrade, while a false one, failing to lock the wheels, insures the descent and ruin of the train. Divine grace furnishes the only sure power for driving the train upward against nature.

I know that it is the trick of all erroneous philosophies to omit or deny this natural evil qualifying the moral disposition of man; to pretend not to see it, to philosophize as tho righteousness were as natural to man as sin is. To this arrogancy I shall not yield an inch. As a philosophic analysis, it is false; it dishonestly refuses to see a fact in human nature as plain and large as any other fact in psychology. This evil disposition now qualifying man's *essentia* is as clearly proved as any other fundamental instinct, faculty, or appetency. How do they find out that man, unlike the pig or the ox, is an esthetic creature? In the very same way, were they consistent, they should find out that he is by nature a sinning creature. All human experience, all expedients of legislation, all history, every candid consciousness, confirm it. I say, therefore, plainly, that I shall postulate, throughout this discussion, this tendency in man toward moral decadence. It is a fact, and my argument shall be that every dogma in theology, philosophy, politics, or business, which lifts off the soul any form of moral restraint, tends to moral corruption. Let us see whether each of these false philosophies does not abolish some moral check.

The key-note of Buddhism is, that since feeble man's pursuit of the objects of his appetencies results in failure and pain, his true virtue is to annihilate all appetencies, and thus win *nirvana*. Then, of course, not only the animal, but the social appetencies—sympathy, benevolence, pity, friendship, conjugal, filial, and even parental love—must be expunged out of the philosopher's soul in order to make him holy, forsooth! For the appetencies set in motion by these affections are the occasions of far the deepest and most pungent griefs of human existence. That is to say: the Buddhist saint, in order to be perfect, must make himself a cold, inhuman villain, recreant to every social duty. Such, indeed, their own history makes their chief "hero of the faith," Prince Gautama, who begins his saintship by absconding like a coward, and forsaking all his duties to his wife, his son, his concubines, his parents, and his subjects. But they say he afterward showed sublime altruism by offering his body to be eaten by a hungry tigress, which had not succeeded in torturing and devouring enough antelopes to make milk for her cubs. Bah! methinks he would have done better to care for his own deserted human cub!

Once more, the scheme founds itself on an impossibility. Man can not by his volition expunge native appetencies, because these furnish the only springs of volitions. Can the child be its own father? Eating results in dyspepsia; therefore, not only cease eating absolutely, but cease being hungry. That is the recipe for the distress of dys-