

that Mill's "consciousness of his subject is beginning to put on an infantile and innocent look," and, though of course utilitarians can be reckoned by thousands, there are few who care to blazon their creed. Yet Mr. Morley's nervous English is there to prove the inspiration which was once latent in those cold sentences. It is, perhaps, impious to assail a gospel—even a fallen one—in a paragraph. Yet to the present writer it does not seem possible to turn over Mr. Morley's pages without feeling that he has a heart higher than his confession of faith. Little need be said of the sanctions of the utilitarian. Duty, conscience, love of humanity, even Mill's awkward formula of "a subjective feeling in the mind," are only the disguises of God. The danger is lest the sanctions should be numbed by a chilling, unworthy standard. Happiness is a word which is apt to change its significance with the character of the speaker, and the habit of considering men in the aggregate leads one to forget that they are ends in themselves. To most people the use of such a standard as "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" seems to justify much of which Mr. Morley very heartily disapproves. Thus, for instance, if this is your standard of morality and if you also believe in Democracy, which is as much as to say that men are the best judges of their own interests, it is hard to see, in the event of your being outvoted, by what right you continue to exhort them, to choose the more excellent way. Ought you not rather to welcome the popular verdict and strive to bring your own opinion into conformity with it? Or, take again the question of international morality, which Mr. Morley has very near his heart. Few people would deny that the greatest happiness of the greatest number has been promoted both in Germany and Italy by the policy of unification. Yet this policy involved the incidents of the Ems telegram and the cession of Savoy and Nice. As to the affair of the telegram, nothing need be said here, for no moralist would attempt to defend it, whilst to Cavour the recollection of the price he had paid to Napoleon was always so painful that he could never endure any reference