

hand; because I have lowered my rents and assured the comfortable lives of my poor tenants, instead of taking from them all I could force for the roofs they needed; because I love a wood-walk better than a London street, and would rather watch a sea-gull fly than shoot it, and rather hear a thrush sing than eat it; finally, because I never disobeyed my mother, and because I have honoured all women with solemn worship, and have been kind to the unthankful and the evil; therefore the hacks of English art and literature wag their heads at me, and the poor wretch who pawns the dirty linen of his soul daily for a bottle of sour wine and a cigar talks of the effeminate sentimentality of Ruskin."

It is a treat to turn from the empty verbiage of literary Whitechapel to words like those of R. H. Stoddard: "What this charm is will be better understood by the intelligent admirers of what is best in the writings of this singular man of genius than by the most skilful and most acute of critics. It defies criticism, and it defies analysis, partly, no doubt, because it is of a chameleon-like character, but more, we suspect, because it is of a new and unknown kind. How so apparently a careless writer has contrived to master the resources of his mother-tongue is a mystery which no amount of reading bestowed upon his books is able to solve. He is the greatest living writer of English prose."

A weakness, but, after all, an excusable one, of Ruskin's is, or was, his inability to appreciate the true worth of modern science. This fact alone brought him censors. "The first business," he says, "of scientific men is to tell you things that happen, as, that if you warm water it will boil. The second, and far more important business, is to tell you what you had best do under the circumstances—put the kettle on in time for tea.

But if beyond this safe and beneficial business they ever try and explain anything to you, you may be confident of one of two things—either that they know nothing (to speak of) about it, or that they have only seen one side of it, and not only have not seen, but usually have no mind to see the other. . . . Take the very top and centre of scientific interpretation by the greatest of its masters. Newton explained to you—or at least was supposed to have explained—why an apple fell (*sic*), but he never thought of explaining the exact correlative but infinitely more difficult question how the apple got up there." One can readily see, however, why Ruskin is not in accord with modern scientific thought. He is conservative by instinct. Science is an iconoclast, shivering remorselessly our dearest fetishes. He is a lover of the beautiful. Science is wholly utilitarian. It cares nothing for Alpine heights or lichen-bordered snows, further than as a site for a possible tunnel, or the prospective food for a species of fauna. He is religious, and of necessity spiritual. Science is materialistic, an agnostic, to its finger-tips, caring for nothing it cannot prove, or weigh, or resolve into elements. The idealistic seer revels in heaven. The scientific enquirer delves beneath the coal beds. The religious enthusiast plays on golden harps. The sceptical paleontologist burrows for old bones. The artist and art critic takes the cloud and the dawn light and the bloom on the butterfly's wing for what they appear to be, and for what they were probably intended, until the Paul Pry's of humanity, tired of inactivity, begin to investigate the truth of the sentiment, "things are not what they seem," then they discover that cloud is nothing but hot water, the dawn-rose vibrating motion of ether particles—what they are the Lord only