

I fear I have already detained you too long, but I should like, before I close, to commend the study of Philosophy to you on the ground of the intense and varied interest which attaches to it.

And first there is the human interest—the interest of life. Man, in virtue of his peculiar nature, is necessarily a philosopher. As a rational being, he is not content till he has recognized in all things a reason answering to his own. Born into a world of mystery, he cannot rest without pushing the mystery farther and farther back. He craves for knowledge—ever higher and fuller—of the world, of God, of his own nature and duty and destiny. And in knowledge there is no such thing as satisfaction; it is a constant hunger and thirst, an insatiable craving. The very consciousness of mystery—of problems yet unsolved—is the consciousness of the need of solution. Man must *think*. It is the very law of his being. And to philosophize is only to think more deeply and more unweariedly.

In all literature—in the novel and the drama especially—we find this reaching after a complete view of human life, of the working of moral forces. Philosophy is just the attempt to reach a complete and reasoned view, where literature is content with “flashes” of insight, as much of emotion as of thought. It is true that life is always more than philosophy, and it may be that literature, in spite of the fragmentariness of its view, or perhaps just because of this fragmentariness, is truer to life than philosophy. For “in literature,” as my colleague, Dr. Alexander, finely remarked in addressing you on a similar occasion, “is to be found a treasure-house of aid—suggestions the more stimulating

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