

the slayer, and he is apt to think of his work with some of the gratification of satisfied anger rather than with remorse. So, at least, it has seemed to me, judging from instances that have come under my observation, both among savages and civilised men.

Unless something we have done brings to us misery of some kind, either poverty or danger or difficulty, we do not regret our actions. When we suffer from them, then, indeed, do we say, "Why the deuce was I fool enough to do it?" but in this bad world, bad works are not always followed by suffering, and it becomes a daily wonder to those who believe in the prompt return of a sowing of wickedness in a harvest of destruction, how the cause of wrong is so often apparently triumphant.

But I am moralising too much, and the