

stoutest champion. As the critical student of the French *philosophes*, as the biographer of Cobden, as the disciple of Mill, as the friend of Gladstone, Mr. Morley has a record second to none in the ranks of his party. He is, too, one of those rare spirits who have tried to weave the threads of his thought into a seamless robe, and who has worked a well-drawn political design into a not altogether congruous groundwork of ethics and historical reflection. We find in his writings all the genuine characteristics of Liberalism; its deep-set pity for suffering, its optimism, its passionate regard for truth, its belief in thought as the *sine qua non* of progress, its cosmopolitan humanity, its hatred of oppression, ecclesiastical or civil; together with its hastiness, its over-confidence in its own judgment, its scanty respect for other creeds and philosophies and methods of work, its readiness to substitute the artificial for the natural. To his democratic enthusiasms he unites, too, those aristocratic sympathies<sup>1</sup> which are seldom wholly absent from the man of culture—a latent protest against a creed which, if its plans were ever fully realised, would leave little soil or space for the higher growths of civilisation. Then, too, we may have something, also, to say of the literary presentation of these doctrines.

He tells us that he passed through his Oxford life when “the star of Newman” had set, and while “the sun of Mill” was high in the heavens. To those of us to whom undergraduate life is a much more recent experience, that which he took to be a sun seems little better than a brilliant meteor, which cheated for a little the anxious eyes of men with an illusive splendour, and now grows yearly dimmer as it passes, like other philosophies, down a path upon which there is no returning. We have, indeed, extraordinary difficulty in realising the intense enthusiasm which utilitarianism was once capable of exciting, so insufficient now seem its sanctions and so inadequate its standard. The popular philosopher of the day, Professor James, has gone so far as to tell us

<sup>1</sup> See especially the essay on Joseph de Maistre.