

the sake of his kind, and yet count himself and each of these as mere ephemeral units of no account, although their sum total is of such surpassing value that the hope of adding one iota to its happiness is to brighten and inspire all the toiling years of his life ! Alas for such high hopes ! Sum-totals are *not* happy, and they cannot be made so, though we die in the attempt.

Look at the matter as we may, we are confronted with absurdity, baffled in the effort to find a way out of the labyrinth of self-stultifying conceptions. Even the simplest of the precepts has its pitfalls.

"Live for others," said a high-minded teacher of the faith to his pupil.

"And what are the others to live for?" inquired the pupil.

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Live for others.

This maxim must here be considered in relation to the system of thought under review, and in this relationship it becomes almost foolish, losing all the profound meaning and truth that it really possesses. The "living for others" of the orthodox Comtist (in so far as he is really true to his doctrine) is living for *one* other: the Great Being. He must be ready to immolate himself and all "others" who seem to him to endanger the honour and glory of that Idol.

The philosopher of the opposite school (and few there are of them as yet) is concerned with the thinking, feeling individual man and woman; frankly including himself as one of the units, a brother soul who in order to give must also receive, and must not, dare not, despoil himself till he has no riches to bestow, till he must go begging his bread, a mendicant instead of a builder and creator of the life of the world.

But it is profoundly true that "living for others" in this broad and universal and yet individualistic sense is the one and sole mode of "living" in any satisfactory sense at all. No one can be happy in real selfishness, in shutting himself into him-