

of modern French art that finds its inspiration in the same philosophy is a more convincing, because a more universal case.

"But, an evolutionist triumphantly exclaims, materialism has been the philosophy of England for over three hundred years and yet her literature, especially her modern literature, is remarkably moral." Quite true, but it is not due to materialism that such is the case, but to the constitution of the English character. In this are two traits, utilitarianism, and a love of home, the first of which has been the direct source of English materialistic philosophy, whilst the second has prevented the logical consequences of such a philosophy from becoming realities in English life. Englishmen are essentially practical, and being so they wish to deal with tangible facts and material forces. The spirit world and the field of abstract metaphysics are, consequently, to a great extent, a *mare clausum* to them. Dealing constantly with matter, therefore, little wonder they should base their philosophy upon it. But, as has been explained above, the logical outcome of materialism must be to undermine morality. In its ultimate consequences, therefore, the Englishman's philosophy militates directly against that other distinctive mark of his, his love of

home. To be logical, he would have to cast off one or the other; he prefers to be illogical and to retain both, at least in part. He will admit all the principles of materialism, but attempt to apply them to his domestic and social life and he will bid you "Hold!" with true British gruffness. That English literature is moral is not, therefore, an argument in favor of materialism but against the logical power of the English mind, or rather is a proof of that Saxon stubbornness which refuses to be convinced of the evil consequences of a false but cherished system.

George Eliot in her works has embodied this trait of British character. She is English to the core and hence we see her cause her characters, though actuated only by materialistic or rather evolutionary principles, to read us lofty moral lessons. Of how little value this is in the practical affairs of life is shown by a study of her own career.

It would appear, then, that George Eliot was a woman of genius whose art bears evidence of lofty moral purposes, but who shot wide, very wide of the mark at which she aimed, owing to the false philosophy to which she adhered. She is but another of the many brilliant victims of materialism.

D. MURPHY, '92.



Days of life are like the billows,
Fleetly rolling on their way,
Always climbing and descending
'Till in life's declining ray,
Flow they swifter—swifter onward,
Thither where all currents cease,
To the haven of the blessed,—
Port of love and bliss and peace.

MARTIN H. GLYNN in *Fordham Monthly*.