

without them it would not be so great. They add no element to the situation, and yet, but for them, the situation would not be what it is. The fact is, they are useful for increasing the consciousness of the situation. To speak metaphysically, their *objectivity* influences my *subjectivity*.

Unconsciously I have in these words expressed one of the deepest phases of the relation between the Inside and Outside. For, put in ordinary words, it simply means this, that certain things apart from me, outside of me, and existing without respect to me, influence, not things in my mind, things on the inside of me, but the very Inside and Inner part of me, the thinker. When I sat down to write this essay, I did not intend to make it metaphysical, but I am afraid I have caught myself in a verbal trap, and I begin to wish that I were *on the outside*. For this very question is the centre and critical point of all questions. This relation of the outer and inner is that from which all heresies of thought or of action, from that of Eve downwards to those of Strauss and Renan, and these of idealistic Hegel and materialistic Comte, have had their origin. Materialism and Idealism are but different sides of the same question. What but this question was at the root of the School controversies of the Nominalists and Realists? And did it not lie at the bottom of the great revolution of the world's thought which began in the latter part of the 15th century? What was the doctrine of Papal indulgences, which was the prick that the German monk kicked at, but a question as to the relation of the Inner and the Outer?

It is nearly two months since the foregoing part of this essay was written. I had to put it aside, and then other matters came up and I did not feel in the proper essay-writing humour. And I hold that it is unjustifiable in a writer to obtrude upon the public what he has written when out of the humour of composition. For he is giving forth what is not of the best quality of manufacture; and no one has a right to detain the world with what is not his best. The world has too much to do, too much to learn and unlearn, to justify dallying over inferior matter. Time spent over what may be very good, but with better within reach, is time wasted, and relatively, if not absolutely, thrown away. So I waited until I should be in the humour, and then, as often happens, the humour found me just when some professional occupation prevented its indulgence. Here was a difference between the inside and outside—a difference which we see in every step and grade of life, with gentler or sterner manifestation. All of us, at some period of our life, have a consciousness of a contest between our mental inclination and tendency, and the external circumstances which circumscribe us. Many of us live in