

Professor Huxley in the same essay pronounces to be "imaginary."

I entirely agree with Professor Huxley's assertion that the language both of materialism and of spiritualism has only a relative truth. I believe the idealism which tries to expel our conception of matter to be as false as the materialism which tries to banish our conception of life or spirit. In this respect the language of the vulgar is infinitely more true and more subtle than the language of philosophers. I have spoken elsewhere of "the profound but conscious metaphysics of human speech."* And it has been all the more profound in proportion as it has been unconscious. Language is a self-registering index of the operations of mind. The conceptions of which it is a witness may be defined and traced, but are not to be explained away. All the truth that there is in the phraseology of materialism is reflected accurately in the ordinary use of language. When metaphysicians attempt to get behind that use, they generally do so only to "meddle and muddle." A man may speak of his brains as synonymous with his intellect, and nobody will derive an erroneous impression from language

* "Reign of Law," Fifth Ed. p. 303.

referring to a connection which is the most familiar of all facts, although its nature is incomprehensible. But this is a very different thing from attempting deliberately to confound connection with identity under the cover of some ambiguous word. The half-truth of materialistic phraseology ceases when that phraseology pretends to represent a whole-truth. Moreover, the fallacy which it then becomes is in the nature of nonsense. And this only is my point now. Nor is it surprising that when men try to explain away their own ideas, they should get into the atmosphere of bulls. When we try to get outside ourselves, our attitudes are not likely to be otherwise than ludicrous as may be seen in the case of our canine friends when they take it into their heads to gyrate in energetic pursuit of their own tails.

The metaphysicians and physicists with whom I have been dealing seem to me to be one and all men who walk up to some idea—some old and familiar acquaintance of the mind—recognise it, peer into its face, and then accost it, as the Irishman accosted his acquaintance in Miss Edgeworth's story: "When I first saw you, I thought it was you, but now I see you are another."

MR. HELPS AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY CANON KINGSLEY.

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IT is now nearly thirty years ago that Mr. Helps's name began to be revered by many young men and women, who were struggling to arrive at some just notion of the human beings around them, and of the important, and often frightful problems of the time. They admired him as a poet and as an historian; but they valued him most as a critic, not of art or of literature, but of men and the ways and needs of men. Dissatisfied with the narrow religious theory then fashionable in London pulpits, which knew no distinctions of the human race save that between the "unconverted" many and

the "converted" few, they seemed to themselves to find in his essays views wider, juster, more humane, more in accord with the actual facts which they found in themselves and in the people round them, and more likely, too, to result in practical benefit to the suffering and the degraded. And well it was for them that they did so. Some of them were tempted to rush from one religious extreme into another, which offered them just then not only the charms of novelty, but those of genius, of culture, of manly and devoted earnestness. Others were tempted in a very different direction. They