

affections, and the other active powers of human nature, that its separate and distinctive work is lost in the current of the whole. What God knows is the same with the love with which He loves and the resolve with which He wills. And in the greatest men, the men whose influence is most powerfully felt in the world, the supreme *virtue* is love. You cannot separate their mental and moral lives, for truth, when it is won, is not the ally of a single faculty, but the possession of the entire being.

It is in the forgetfulness of this fact that the "life of intellectuality" as Aristotle calls it, has come to be regarded as the inheritance of a few, in its very nature involving complete isolation from the vulgar masses. It is a painful descent, doubtless, from the Mount of Transfiguration, where the glory of knowledge has been revealed, to the sin and suffering down in the plains below. The ideal man, the dream of the philosopher, is sometimes as different from the actual man of flesh and blood as light is different from darkness. Unless there is some other bond of union between the scholar and the artisan there will be inevitably a sense of indifference and isolation. The man whom you meet on the streets, immersed in business anxieties and cares, is not much interested, I imagine, in Plato's ideal Republic or in Aristotle's theory of virtue. If he is in doubt or temptation he will not care to listen to a learned analysis of motives or a discussion of the relativity of evil. You will have to show that you possess a heart as well as a head if you are going to do him any good. Ever since the dawn of Greek philosophy, nay even before in the imaginative thought of Eastern sages, we have had an almost unbroken stream of theories of an ideal state, beautiful as a poem, splendid as the sun at noonday. But they have done comparatively little to elevate human life, and why? Not because they were base or degrading in their nature, not because they were devoid of a fascinating power, not because in some cases they were wholly impossible to realize. They failed, simply because they seemed to have no heart in them. They formed an exhilarating intellectual pursuit for their originators, but they were manifestly not intended to endure the wear and tear of every-day existence. And, therefore, when the philosopher from his lofty height evolved by calm process of thought his beautiful abstractions, the toiling artisan, the simple rustic, the perplexed and weary sufferer in the plains below naturally cried out: "We do not want idle dreams of an unreal Utopia. We want something which will help us now, to-day and to-morrow, and through all the changefulness of the months and years to come. We desire bread; mock us not, we pray you, with a stone." This is the cry of the people in the ear of the philosophers when they learn to love ideas more than they love their fellowmen, for

"He who feels contempt

For any living thing, hath faculties
That he hath never used; and thought, with him,
Is in its infancy."