

life in efforts to perfect humanity, and our paradise in anticipation of the state of bliss into which humanity, when perfected, will be brought. At a certain, however remote, date, universal wreck will be the end. Nor has the promise of perfection by evolution, such as another school of thinkers holds out, any advantage in this respect over the promise of perfection by effort. Evolution, like effort, comes at last to naught. That death is the renewing of the species, and apparently indispensable to progress, might be a satisfactory reflection if the species were everything and the individual were nothing. But the individual is something in his own eyes. Against any scientific theory that human organisms are simply vehicles for the transmission of life, the consciousness of each organism protests and rebels. Still less can any substitute for our hope of a personal immortality be found in demonstrations of the indefeasible vitality of protoplasm. The hope which we resign is personal. Protoplasmic vitality is not. Life more or less active may, as these comforters tell us, pervade all things; and in that sense we may continue to live after our dissolution and absorption into the general frame of nature. But what is the value of a life of which we shall not be individually conscious? There may be life in the fermentation of a dunghill. But who can imagine himself blessed in the prospect of sharing it?

Of death and of the perpetual renewal of the race the necessity is obvious so far as the present estate of man is concerned. Upon the succession of generations man's conjugal and parental character, among other things, depends. The existence of an undying man would be that of one of Swift's *Struldbrugs* infinitely prolonged.

John Stuart Mill, in a passage of his essay on "Immortality," highly lauded by Fitzjames Stephen, admits the possibility of conceiving that thought may continue to exist without a material brain, the relation of the two being no metaphysical necessity, but simply a constant co-existence within the limits of observation. Even if we suppose thought to embrace life, feeling, and affection, the mere admission that its disembodied existence is conceivable would be but cold comfort. Mill himself seems to fall back on the enjoyment of the present life, exalted by the religion of humanity and ending in what he calls "eternal rest." "If," he says in his essay on "The Utility of Religion," "the Religion of Humanity were as sedulously cultivated as the supernatural religions are, . . . all who had received the customary amount of moral cultivation would up to the hour of death live ideally in the life of those who are to follow them." What is the Religion of Humanity? How can there be

a religion
cannot be
of man
shipper is
than a fer
choice nat
increased
sent good,
is unreal l
of time dif
existence,
rest; it is
the prospec
Greek poet
with that o
return of sp
in his dark
it is not the
for ourselves
is handed on
pleted, when
affection tha
touch the Po
affinity to me
the personali
The mere c
were univers
It desires tha
all. If to es
own little bein
worse and wit
It is sad tha
is prime. T
nature full of
the waste of se
the destruction
which involves
children broug
which a large r