

tory teem with illustrations that a philosophic system is an unique and personal achievement, of which not even the servilest discipleship can transpose the full flavor into another soul? Why should we therefore blind ourselves to the invincible individuality of philosophy, and deny each other the precious right to behold reality each at the peculiar angle whence he sees it? Why, when others will not and cannot see as we do, should we lose our temper and the faith that the heavenly harmony can only be achieved by a multitudinous symphony ('multitudinous symphony,' like 'the imobled queen,' is good!) in which each of the myriad centres of experience sounds its own concordant note?"* Then, "as for barbarism of style, that too is ever rampant, even though it no longer reaches the colossal heights attained by Kant and Hegel. If Humanism can restore against such forces the lucid writing of the older English style, it will make Philosophy once more a subject gentlemen can read with pleasure." The new Humanism, however, is opposed not only to Barbarism, but to Scholasticism." For Scholasticism is one of the great facts in human nature, and a fundamental weakness of the learned world. Now, as ever, it is a spirit of sterilising pedantry that avoids beauty, dreads clearness and detests life and grace, a spirit that grovels in muddy technicality, buries itself in the futile burrowings of valueless researches, and conceals itself from human insight by the dust-clouds of desiccated rubbish which it raises. . . . Humanism therefore has before it an arduous

fight with the Dragon of Scholasticism, which, as it were, deters men from approaching the golden apples that cluster on the tree of knowledge in the garden of the Hesperides."† To crown all, this humane, gentlemanly, elegant philosophy may fairly claim, like its predecessor, to be a renaissance. "For it is clear that philosophy has still to be born again to enter on her kingdom, and that her votaries must still be born again to purge their systems of the taint of an inveterate barbarism." In short, in the representative of Humanism we have a new Erasmus, if not a new Erasmus, Luther and Melancthon all in one. As these champions of culture and religion and theology made resolute war with barbarism, scholasticism and despotism, so the new protagonist of Humanism does not conceal his antagonism to naturalism, and above all to absolutism. For "naturalism," he tells us, "is worthy of respect for the honest work it does, and has a real use as a partial method in subordination to the whole," whereas "absolutism has no use, and its explanatory value is nothing but illusion."‡ Thus speaks the illustrious author. As may already have suggested itself to you, the new philosophy, whatever other defects it may have,—if indeed it has any—cannot be charged with the crime of superfluous modesty. "The ancient shibboleths," exclaims our author, "encounter open yawns and unconcealed derision. The rattling of dry bones no longer fascinates respect nor plunges a self-suggested horde of fakirs in hypnotic stupor. The agnostic maunderings of impotent despair are flung aside with a con-

* Schiller's "Humanism," p. xxii. † *Ibid.*, p. xxiii.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. xxiv.