

thought that stirs a man's heart, the swelling wave that breaks at his feet, and the minster bell that travels over the green meadow and wreathes itself with invisible pulsations through the curiously convolved chambers of the ear?" Things tall and things short; things crooked and things straight; things material and things mental; colours, and sounds, and silence,—things the most contrary and unlike are said to be beautiful. Now what is it that makes them so? Must there not be some one quality in them all which entitles them to the same name? And if there is, what is it? But who is to decide the question? For every taste differs from almost every other. And hence,

In the second place, it may be argued from the want of agreement among men as to what is beautiful, that beauty is no property of things. There is no disagreement, it is said, among those in whose organization there is no defect, as to the colours and forms of things. Where one sees green, another sees green; and what one calls crooked, another calls crooked. It is the same with tastes, &c. We are all agreed that sugar is sweet, and that doctors' drugs in general are bitter; that ice is cold and fire hot; and that sounds are loud or low. If beauty, then, was a property of things and perceived by the senses, we should expect that there would be the same agreement among men as to its presence or absence. But what do we find to be the case? Where one may see it constantly and be thrilled by it, another may perceive nothing which he can at all admire, and a good deal perhaps which he does not like. A man of poetic temperament may gaze in rapture on a landscape, in which another, who is of a less imaginative turn of mind, and is bent on business and money-making, may see nothing that is fitted to arouse one pleasurable emotion. One may like a form and pattern which another would not look at. The uneducated speak of things as beautiful which cause loathing to the cultured, and vice versa. To one there is no beauty like that of a mathematical demonstration; another sees nothing that is attractive in it. The lover beholds a charm and beauty in the loved one, which no other mortal eye can see; and each one thinks his place the best. In short, what one regards as beautiful, another may think detestable.

But not only is there a difference of tastes in different individuals, there is a difference of tastes, often contradictory in the same individual at different times and in different places. Our taste