

ing expanse of the realms of thought. Baleful beacons are they serving well to warn the unskilled, or to deter with forbidding glare, the venturous mariner for Charybdis reefs and whirlpool of Scylla. History repeats itself. In To-day already walks To-morrow.

The same ontological problems, the same enquiries into the capacities, the *δυναμεις*, the conceptions, the desires, the aspirations, yea the destiny of the soul, face the eager enquirer of the 19th century—so it would seem to us—which vexed the mind of the broad-browed philosopher of the Academy—for do not we find in the Thætetus a shadowing forth—in dim outline, it is true, and with at times imperfect apprehension on the part of its author—of the ideas that even now voice themselves in iron-whispers of the thinker, fearless and often discordant with the utterances of oracles received with reverence in the old world—and indeed they have taken root in the virgin soil of our own land. For why should it be doubted that it is given to prophetic souls, bringing forth with many parturition pangs it may be—conceptions big with promise of future development—realizing themselves in the minds of men on whom destiny has flung the mantle of their illustrious forerunner. Thus was it given to Plato—then whom, after the misconceptions of centuries have in large measure been cleared away, none shine in the world of thought with lustre more undimmed.

Let us proceed to give a succinct statement—and with diffidence we do so, as indeed we may—of the salient features of the systems of Plato and Kant.

Here we take high ground in the bold statement that their differences are few and often but apparent, while their points of agreement are fundamental and far-reaching. For instance, we find them essentially agreeing as regards the absolute necessity of the *a priori* element, thought, or idea, as a constituent of every practical cognition. This they agree in claiming to be universally and unvaryingly real, in the highest flights of the world-compelling philosopher, as in the first faint flutterings of the infantile imagination,—in other words, that “the *Ego* appears now as the pit in which the various sensations, perceptions, conceptions, ideas are put away—the *Ego* that is present with them all, that is the centre in which they all concur. Spirit as conscious individuality, as *Ego* is the object of the Phenomenology of consciousness (which in smaller compass reappears here as intermediate between anthropology and psychology). One feels the difficulty in treating a theme so lofty and abstruse, of expressing oneself with clearness and yet with accuracy. The alternative is forced upon one, of either expressing oneself in language technical but accurate, or of using forms of expression which, though they might be plainer and more popular, would necessarily be vague and inadequate. We have chosen the former.

Let us proceed to specify. And first, in the region of the Transcendental Æsthetic, we are at the outset met by a demand for definition. The former being, and both agree in this indeed, an epithet applied to any cognition which shows us how a certain synthetical knowledge *a priori* is first, possible, or second, capable of application to objects. The latter designates the capacity for feeling, as distinguished from the understanding (*verstand und vernunft*), the region of the higher faculty of the purely mental being excluded from the comparatively limited sphere of our ordinary apperception. The existence of *a priori* sense elements is indisputable—elements, namely, that are universal and necessary.

Into the shady walks of the Academy there fell a beam of glorious light. Again it shone with renewed lustre upon the stone-paved streets of Koingsberg, “a light which never was on sea or land,” thence deflected with united ray have they, through all the years shone even to the day in which we live; and now they stand arrayed with serried rank presenting an unbroken front to the seething waves of crass materialism and shallow experientialism, which rise malarious from the reeking fens of the philosophy of Mill and Spencer.

Secondly—The question—Can the knowledge of nature itself be a part or product of nature—must not be confused with that commonly supposed to be at issue between spiritualists and materialists. We have here to cross the line from a particular genus of Infinitude, belonging to a single attribute, to the absolutely Infinite; but in doing this, it emerges from parallelism and, through the perennial conflict and concurrence of mind, secures an ideal equilibrium. There can be no doubt that the general trend of philosophy is in the direction we have indicated, while it is but fair to state that the following is the opinion of Hegel—“We have a knowledge of a world that is

external to us, the thinking subject. When we analyse this knowledge we find that what we directly know are objective mental representations, formed of certain sensations related to each other. It is discovered, that these relations do not exist among the sensations *per se*. The impressions succeed one another. The subject must be timeless.” But even Hegel himself, in his later philosophy, found reason to recede from this position and to return to the more solid foundation of the philosophy taught by his two illustrious predecessors whose affinities we are now considering. For he says: “Spirit is absolute so far as it has returned from the sphere of objectivity into itself, into the ideality of cognition, into the perception of the absolute idea as the truth of all being.” We feel that we are warranted, at this point, in formulating our conclusions from these premises which we modestly submit are impregnable.

I. To know it, consciously, brings us into closer and nearer relation with the past—the whole past being a possession of the present.

II. The actual true is the sum of all these :

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made;
And world-wide fluctuation swayed
In vassal tides that followed thought.

M. D. T. H. G.

NISI PRIUS.

THE LAWYER'S WOOING.

It is a learned old Q. C.
That on the threshold stands;
And first of all he rings the bell,
And then he wrings his hands.
In dread suspense he waits until
The door is opened wide,
He wipes the sweat from off his brow
And then he steps inside.

And now before her doth he stand,
Nor speaks but to his purpose:
“My heart is bound in passion's chains;
Oh, grant its *Habeas Corpus*!
Need I—*de novo*—all relate?
I loved you *a priori*,
And now again I view your charms
I love—*a fortiori*.
And now, my love, no more ado,
Your answer well I guess;
Come, let us now adjourn this court,
With ‘Yes; oh, yes! oh, yes!’”

The bright eyes smiled. “Alas!” she said,
“How fortune seems to try us;
But, don't you see, your court must be
A court of *nisi prius*?
For, not long since, there came to me
A bright-eyed lover, and I
Knew right at once, he came, my heart
With *animo furandi*.
Before the *forum* of my soul
He plead his case so strongly,
That *in futuro* I am his,
And, pardon me, not wrongly.
And now,—forgive me if I err—
We best had part, sir, *i. e.*,
We'd better close this useless court—
Adjourn it *sine die*.”

Sad, sad indeed; alas! how sad
His after annals are.
He tried to drown his bitter grief
By practice at the bar.
And, should you chance to question him,
He'd shake his whitening hair,
And tell you (privately) he thought
The fair 'un most unfair.

J. D. S.