

that he was engaged in planting under the venerable bastions of antiquity. Convinced that everything is experimental, and that caution should preside where the issues are uncertain and are so immense as to affect the entire future of humanity, he said: "It were good therefore that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived;" and he recommended that "novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect." But it is difficult to believe that when he said in his last will, "For my name and memory I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age,"—he did not anticipate the final success of a revolution compared with which all other revolutions were only the dust of the balance.

It would require volumes to recount the triumphs of utilitarian science founded on the philosophy of Bacon, including all the inventions and discoveries of modern times, which constitute the theme of common declamation. Doubtless the debt we owe to him exceeds all of our powers of computation; but it is not possible to make a gain in one direction without a corresponding loss in some other. If Bacon really had any misgivings as to the ultimate effects of his teachings, events have proved that his fears were not wholly without foundation; for the countless victories of science have failed to bring to our race that spirit of peace and contentment, rarer even than happiness itself, which has been the dream of the wise and the good ever since the world began. While we boast of our increasing knowledge, we must confess that our progress has raised up social questions that seem to defy solution, and that threaten to overturn the framework of society; that the present age is in profound revolt against ills of life that seem to be incurable, and that were formerly borne almost without complaint; and that the constantly increasing complexities of modern life tend continually to make of existence a more deadly and desperate struggle.

If it would be difficult to count up the debt that we owe to Bacon, it is equally impossible to compute what we have lost. A hundred years ago one of the first judges of the Supreme Court of the United States spoke of the Scotch philosophy of Thomas Reid as being as great a discovery as the discoveries made by Sir Isaac Newton. But alas for the mutability of things, the