

Narcisse and Iago, which he takes to represent somewhat the particular bent of Racine's and Shakespeare's genius.

In the chapters devoted to "Women" and "Love," Chasles becomes grand and impressive. In language both noble and sustained he advocates the necessity of improving woman's status, first defining her destiny, which is "to live of the life of others." Easily does he perceive that weak point in ancient polity, the contempt for woman:—"The faults of Greek antiquity are explained by its contempt for woman." Great truths are contained within the fourteen maxims which constitute this chapter; truths worthy of being thought over and put into practice, to be held dear by every right-thinking man.

Little mercy do La Rochefoucauld's maxims meet with at Chasles' hands, for widely apart are the two points of view from which these men look upon love. The former coldly bringing it down to selfishness, the latter indignantly combating the Duke's argument. "Love is not the desire of being happy ourselves at another's expense, as that monster born at the end of the eighteenth century affirmed. Love is the desire of completing another's happiness by means of our own." What better definition can there be than this? How it throws into the shade Chamfort's epigram and Lytton's sentence!

Love, according to Chasles, is all-powerful; far from being selfish, it is self-denying; it is a mighty influence that will change the sternest heart; it will ennoble a people or an individual, it will rescue them when sunk; it is cheering, sweet; it governs and regulates races; it is the sworn enemy of contempt: mix but the latter with it, you have poison. A race despising love is a race struck with death and rotten at the core. Love is a purifier, a strength-giver—destroying self, destroying egotism. It exalts and expands the mind; from it spring charity and truth. And love, charity, and truth are antagonistic to cruelty, envy, and falsehood, which narrow the soul and abase man. "Envy is self-confessed inferiority." "Lying is a beginning of madness."

The cry of the age is "Science!" Science everywhere, in everything. "The beautiful," says Chasles, " (triumphant art)