

"I am very much afraid such a patent would sell less advantageously than a new mangle," exclaimed the clergyman's wife.

"Or a new and improved carpet-sweeper," said my sister, joining her in the laugh against us.

"And yet it is calculated," returned the minister, "to mangle the remains of some of our text-book writers, and would probably sweep away many of the cobwebs which have obscured the study of mental science as far as the ordinary reader is concerned."

"I am afraid the ladies are right, however," said I, "as they usually are. The Samaritans have but few dealings with the Jews, and it is no doubt the Jews, as usual, who are to blame. The field of thought is, after all, but a very narrow enclosure, where only the loiterers seek to escape from what are called the practicabilities of life; at least, so it is looked upon by many of our commerce men, who have no time to loiter. To set up a market stall in such an enclosure would, I am afraid, only end for us in financial straits. Even the loiterers themselves would hardly look at our wares, and as for calling any of them new or original, the idea is preposterous. Discovery, forsooth! Why, in the opinion of some, there has not been a discovery in the realm of mental philosophy since the days of Plato and Aristotle. There has been nothing but a running round in a circle, in which there has been some overlapping of thought, but no getting beyond the long-trodden course. As for my suggestion, to start with an examination of the memory, as the world within us which we have made for ourselves, as the foundation of all that we have, it is no more a discovery than the manufactured glassware which some of our less reputable jewellers pass for diamonds. Besides, if it were a discovery, it would be sure, sooner or later, to betray some flaw or other, which in itself would be sufficient to send it to the ash-heap of unthinkable things. For instance, what a debatable ground there is in the definition I have given of accessory knowledge. Were our philosophers really to condescend to examine it, in order to see wherein it differs from knowledge possible and active, there would be little of me left either in reputation or character within the next three months. Talk of mangling! Why, there would be nothing left of me to mangle. The faintest traces of everything like knowledge in my mind would be declared as having been long obliterated. Indeed, to have made a false quantity in my Latin or Greek would be accounted nothing to the disgrace of my seeking to explain in concrete form what, in the estimation of so many mentalists, should never pass out of