

because we share in the very uniqueness of God's individuality and purpose. "We borrow our variety from our various relations to His unity."

And so we seek the true individuals but we do not find them. Our "eyes are holden" that we cannot see them. To the world of merely human sense and thought they are invisible. "They even now belong to a higher and richer realm than ours. Herein lies the very sign of their true immortality. For they are indeed real, these individuals. We know this, first, because we mean them and seek them. We know this, secondly, because in this very longing of ours, God too longs; and because the Absolute life itself, which dwells in our life, and inspires these very longings, possesses the true world, and is that world. For the Absolute, as we now know, all life is individual, but is individual as expressing a meaning. —We all, even now, really dwell in this realm of a reality that is not visible to human eyes. We dwell there as individuals." And "that this individual life of all of us is not something limited in its temporal expression to the life that now we experience, follows from the very fact that here nothing final or individual is found expressed." As individuals we dwell in God, and all the variety of life and love is an expression of the oneness of the Absolute will which lives in and through it all. Our present life is but a glimpse, a fragment, a hint, and in its best moments a visible beginning of our true individual life. There are in it prophecies of a future, but "how, when, where, in what particular higher form of finite consciousness our various individual meanings get their final and unique expression, I also in no wise pretend to know or to guess." He closes this brilliant lecture with the following statements: "I know not in the least, I pretend not to guess, by what processes this individuality of our human life is further expressed, whether through many tribulations as here, or whether by a more direct road to individual fulfilment and peace. I know only that our various meanings, through whatever vicissitudes of fortune, consciously come to what we individually, and God in whom alone we are individuals, shall together regard as the attainment of our unique place, and of our

true relationships both to other individuals and to the all-inclusive Individual, God himself. Further into the occult it is not the business of philosophy to go. My nearest friends are already, as we have seen, occult enough for me. I wait until this mortal shall put on—Individuality."

This summary is but an imperfect presentation of an exceptionally suggestive lecture. The author admits that there are in it many gaps that the reader must fill in by reference to his other published volumes. It is, however, a cause of unspeakable satisfaction that the testimony of one of the ablest philosophers and psychologists finds as a result of his investigations, that our personal and individual existence is not limited to this life. Nor ought it to be objected that he finds a veil of mystery hanging over and shutting out that unknown future. With him, as with St Paul, "we see through a glass darkly," and with St. John he admits that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is enough that the reasoned conclusions of philosophy on this great question support the teaching of revelation. It is an unreasonable demand that it should give us clearer and fuller light.

Professor Royce's views are, in many respects, not unlike those of our own great laureate poet, Tennyson. Few writers have felt more deeply the fact of our immortality, or realized more fully its mystery, than did he. In one of his latest poems, "Vastness," he says:

"What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence,
drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?"

And again, that the after-life is one of progress he fully believed, as expressed in the following lines, which he frequently quoted:

"The Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.
No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for
man,
But thro' the Will of One who knows and
rules—
And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the spheres—an ever-opening
height,
An ever-lessening earth."

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

—Wordsworth.