

whom we owe obligation. But it is said that reason, strictly interrogated, will not permit us to assert that God is a person; that an Infinite Person is a contradiction in terms; that we cannot call God a person without limiting him; and that to limit him is to deny his infinity and absoluteness.

Many a man in the Italy of Conscience has paused at its boundary line, on the glacial Alpine heights of thought, and has saluted, as did Sumner, the South, or the moral emotions and instincts; and then turned with a shiver, taking hold of the bones themselves, toward the avalanches of the North, or the icy syllogisms of reason and exact research. If we could only live on the Po always; if we could be effeminate forever; if the South were the only quarter of our nature fit to be trusted; if there were no majestic Northern tribes in the soul, that will have reason for their king, we possibly might be allowed in peace to hold the sentimental and effeminate faith that God is a person and that our hearts and his heart may come into contact—finite with infinite! But a German stands here, too, with our Sumner; and he removes his hat, and his salutation is in the opposite direction, and we must move on. It is asserted that hundreds and thousands of armies have tried to cross these Alps and have perished in the attempt. Herbert Spencer has taken up his abode on the summits, and insists that the avalanches are impassable. Mansel points us to army after army that has been stranded in these snows. Harvard University yonder has one brilliant Spencerian in it, who sits on the Alpine glaciers and denies that God can be known as a person, and pities any who seek to find Germany, with its cathedrals and universities and majestic memories beyond the glaciers.—(Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy," Vol. II, pp 395, 405, 407, 409.) His voice, however, is but the echo of Spencer's, although occasionally more articulate than that of the master! It is to Spencer that we must look chiefly, and to Matthew Arnold and to Manse, and to Alexander Bain for our discouragements, as we attempt to cross the Alps of Nescience. I have a faith, and I have it in the name of the general law of the survival of the fittest; in the name of what has been the steady outcome of philosophy, age after age; in the name of the sky of self-evident truths, which has in all parts but one curve, that we can cross those Alps. I have four tests of certainty: intuition, instinct, experiment in the large range, and syllogism. By instinct I feel authorized to say that God is a person. By experiment in the large range I feel authorized to say so. That belief works well. By syllogism, if John Stuart Mill is authority in logic, I am authorized to say that there is a person, whether he is infinite or not. A God exists who is a person, and whether we can call him literally infinite or absolute Mill does not determine; but there is a person behind the thought exhibited in the Universe. Syllogism, experiment, and instinct, three parts of the curve, are thus visible. But I never saw a curve yet that did not run through its fourth quadrant, according to the law of its three other quadrants. If we, in discussing the organic instincts of conscience and in looking into the uncontroverted facts concerning the moral faculty, find a sense of obligation and dependence pointing to a personal God; if all these agnostics, these Spencers, these followers of Arnold, these doubters, some of