

of a case and developing it with only an implicit reference to a background of commonsense. One who himself possesses this background and presupposes it in others will not be too quick to condemn an apparent exaggeration of one side of a question as altogether fantastical and wrong.

Another instance of how an editor may be misjudged owing to the circumscribed space in which he is permitted to express himself, was the short note on the Ideal and the Real in last issue. The implicit background of those remarks coincides, as most of us are aware, with the general tenor of lectures which we have heard this year on the Psychology of Language. Perhaps the article was put in too condensed form to be quite clear in meaning. An explanation was demanded of the last sentence. It means just what it says. We all believe with Spencer in the economy of nature. Nothing beyond this economy of things was implied. There was no insinuation against anybody.

The ultimate basis of this brief article may be stated in the words of Dr. McLellan (*Appl. Psych.* p. 155), "The soul of a human being is not pure spirit." The ideal or spiritual is only one side of Being, and impossible without the correlative material side. To realize self through action is to be. But the ideal is the highest form of the real. The term Realism, e. g. in literature, has been greatly abused. Some writers who have tried to reflect in faithful detail the superficial or presentative in Nature, the lowest aspects of the Real, have been honored with the name of Realists to the exclusion of those greater masters

who seek to penetrate to deeper realities, to the representative element in things. As though a true idealist were not a realist of the highest order. The so-called realists should many of them be styled rather detail artists. They are good reflectors, but poor radiators. There is no Real without the ideal element, which interprets the Real to itself. Nor can the Ideal exist apart from the Real.

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THE *Monthly* has been asked by a student yearning like Goethe for more light, to develop the relation between the artificial and the natural hinted at in the third number. A whole book might be written on the subject, and by a well qualified writer. By the artificial should be understood in this inquiry no perverted product of human powers, but the true and permanent work of genius. Such work is the crystallized expression of the eternities of the human consciousness summed together in creative minds, and transmitted by them to all time. Because they store the power of a race whose origins Time has forgotten, the bridge that spans Niagara, the cable that like the Midgard snake enfolds the globe, the books that hold the hearts of men are greater natural forces than individual man himself. They embody the consciousness of a social organism. In the human race Nature has evolved the divine power of thinking on self. This self-consciousness is the highest of all forces. And it is the artificial, the work of man, that interprets Nature to herself, that deepens and perpetuates the self-knowledge of things that are.

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WITH one more word the *Monthly*