

time he falls back upon that which is not essentially different from Stoicism. With the gospel of uncertainty in his hand, he requires of us a rigid strenuous life. Behind stern, set faces we are to conceal our doubting hearts. When, for all we know, Humanity may already have crossed the summit of human perfectibility, and have entered upon the inevitable decline, our belief in the future is to remain undimmed. Truth is relative, yet we are to pursue it with increasing endeavour, with the courage and confidence of those who seek the absolute. And, as if we had not contradiction enough, this proud, defiant creed, matured surely in the school of Prometheus and which could never be more than the property of the cultured few, is found in the mouth of an avowed democrat and put forward as the present philosophy for mankind.

Thus the style has all the charm of a strange, uncommon blend of democratic opinion and aristocratic sentiment, of religious doubt and dogmatic assertion, of dislike of the world, with shrewd observation of its habits. Thus, in the stops which dominate the keyboard of that rich pure diction, we catch the expression of many moods and passions. For there is nothing in the world to equal the strong man who is not hard, and, if he happens to have command of form, he can touch all chords from fine rage to unsubdued suffering. Such divine music must always dull, though it ought never to deaden, the discord of creeds and political confessions.

"Burke," says Mr. Morley in a vivid sentence, "has the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things and in making their lives at once rich and austere." No less might be said of himself.

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