

VII.

THE FIRST CAUSE AS PERSONAL.

CHARLES SUMNER—*magnum atque venerabile nomen*—in a biography which, if completed as well as it has been begun, will daze Trevelyan's "Macaulay," is represented as standing one morning on the Alpine verge of Italy. He was passing toward the highest glaciers, and noticed at the edge of the way a column, on one side of which were the words *Regno Lombardi*, and on the other *Tyrolense Austria*. He passed the monument, and, suddenly recollecting that he was leaving Italy, rushed backward, and with the enthusiasm which afterward sent him into the conflict with slavery, he removed his hat, waved it toward Lago Maggiore and Lago di Como, and toward Rome and Naples, Cicero, Sallust, Tacitus, and all the rest, and said, "I salute thee, Italy," and so parted from the land of flowers. A German, learned, pragmatic, far-seeing, noticing Sumner's action, walked back to the same barrier, removed his hat and turned his face toward the Fatherland, and said: "*Et moi, je salue l'Allemagne*." "For me, I salute Germany."—(Pierce, Edward L., "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner," Vol. II, p. 125.) Thus opposed in sentiment, these travellers went on. I suppose the German learned to love Italy, if he allowed himself to be bathed at all in Sumner's enthusiasms. It is certain that Sumner learned to love Germany; for, beyond the eternal, deadly glaciers, he found a land of cathedrals, stately universities, great religious historic memories, and of patriotism so intense that old Rome never conquered the German forests, but was sent back daunted by Hermann. Our fathers never yielded to the Roman Empire. In Germany Sumner, at last, when looking toward Italy from the north side of the Alps, remembered that one meridian joins Rome and Berlin, the North and the South, and that there is no leaving that meridian until we can outswim the bounds of the sky itself. Italy, Germany, are parts of one world; and they are fragments of men, they are travellers of a narrow range, they are provincial hearts and intellects who cannot embrace at once both the cathedrals of the Po and the Tiber and those of the Rhine and Elbe.

Conscience is Italy; reason is Germany; and between them Herbert Spencer and Mansel and philosophers of their school in every age have thrown up Alps, obstructing the natural transition of travellers from one to the other. Conscience teaches that God is a person. The organic instincts of the soul all point to a Being possessing personality and on whom we are dependent and to