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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF A KISS.

**M**EN'S actions are interpreters. They are but the phenomena whose hidden causes lie buried in the soul. By the outer man we know the inner. Man's soul is the hidden machinery—contains the secret springs that work out all the results of human life. The *plot* is laid in the soul—behind the screen of flesh, and when the actions of the man are natural, we read in the playing on the world's great stage the varied parts that individuals conceive in the hidden cells of their own bosoms. And it is by the study of the mass of individuals that we get to read *humanity*—that we are enabled to deduce the laws of the human mind, and even of mind in general—so that under the light of human actions and under the guidance of that Royal faculty—reason we erect a ladder that leads to some limited knowledge of angelic natures—even of that perfect Being in whose glorious image man was made—whose grandeur man though dimly reflects.

There is not a solitary human action for which there is not a cause; and our philosophy will only be complete when for every action the true cause can be assigned. One action left unexplained writes incompleteness on the best system—leaves a link wanting in the chain that human reason has ever been trying to forge. It is the doubtful link here and there in this chain that has led

thousands of sensible men to reject the mental sciences altogether as sciences. But yet men are philosophers in spite of themselves—and mental philosophers too.

The most ignorant peasant philosophises about matter, and where is the human being who does not pretend to read humanity by its actions? Nor is it strange—he has only to look within himself to read the apocalyptic vision that is passing within his fellow's breast. Man is man—whether rude or polished, as gold is gold, whether it be in its native bed or bear the guinea's stamp. All men divine motives from actions—they predict an individual's future conduct from his past conduct, and they act accordingly. The statesman and the professional man, the merchant, the mechanic, the peasant, even the child—all act upon the belief that human nature can be read—that life is no riddle.

True, men's actions sometimes are like the oracular responses of old—capable of a great variety of interpretations; but this holds rather of particular individuals when nature is disturbed by interfering causes, than of the acts of humanity in general. It is possible to tell which way the human current flows, though not always the direction of the particular waves upon its surface. It must now be evident that there is a