

The history of civilization is a history full of interest and pathos, if it be but rightly told; and it is one to which we should as often as possible direct the thoughts of youth. But in order that we may do this effectually we must, of course, realize ourselves all that we would have them realize. It is the glory of the Positivist school to be working unceasingly to bring these thoughts home to the minds of all men; and I can safely say that few more eloquent pages have been written in this generation than some which Mr. Frederick Harrison has consecrated to this theme: "Do you not think," he asks, "this collective power of man's life is itself a majestic object of contemplation? Does not our imagination stir when we think of its immensity? Does not our intelligence triumph in its achievements? Do not our souls melt to remember its heroism and its sufferings? Are we not dust in comparison with that myriad-legged world of human lives which made us what we are? Every thinker who ever wore out his life, like Simon, on his lonely column of thought, was dreaming for us. Every artist who ever lifted himself into the beautiful lifted us also. Nor was ever mother who loved her child in toil, tears and pain, but was wrong for us. Each drop of sweat that ever fell from the brow of a worker has fattened the earth which we enjoy. Martyrs, heroes, poets, teachers, toilers, all contribute their share. . . . There were Nazarenes in many ages and in many climes, and Calvaries have been the land-marks of each succeeding phase of human story. Moses, Buddha, Confucius, St. Paul, Mahomet, the ideals and authors of every creed, have been but some of the Messiahs of the human race. The history of every religion is but an episode in the history of humanity. Nor has any creed its noble army of martyrs which can compare with that

of MAN." In another place the same writer has said: "There is nothing new in this conception of humanity. From age to age it has been gathering into fresh distinctness and completeness. It was forming in the mind of St. Paul, when the Apostle to the Gentiles first conceived a religion that might embrace all mankind; to Augustine too, in some sense, when he saw the vision of the City of God. It has been growing in clearness in the minds of great thinkers and great natures of every age and every faith. It inspired the Catholic reformers, and the greatest of the Protestant reformers alike, St. Bernard, St. Francis. Pascal, Fenelon had some unconscious presentiment of it along with Zuingli, Fox and Wesley. It filled the air in that strange exaltation of hope which preceded the revolutionary storm. In the midst of the crisis it rose suddenly to the distinctness of a religious conception; and, in the absence of all other faith or conviction, it formed the real force of the highest spirits of the Revolution,—of Condorcet, Carnot and Hoche. Since then it has formed the practical unconscious religion of our time; it forms the unuttered hope of all earnest reformers and teachers, and at this hour it profoundly colours the current theology around us."

When, therefore, it is asked, as it so often is, whether culture can suffice for the direction of life, let us clearly understand in what sense the word is used. According to the views which I have been attempting to express, the only true and adequate culture is that which, first of all, trains the intellectual faculties to the recognition of law, and so places the individual in a natural relation to the forces and agencies, natural and human, by which he is surrounded, and, secondly, presents human history and society in such an aspect before the mind as to stimulate the social sympathies to