

'functions' and 'forces,' but not the some one or something, of which they must be functions and forces to be conceivable at all. Yet *naturam expellas furcâ* &c. Common sense insists on retaining the fundamental laws of human thought, not being able to get rid of them; and hence the haphazard, instead of systematic and orderly fashion in which the new philosophy deals with universal convictions, denying even that they exist out of theology and métaphysique.

Thus (in apparent contradiction to the statements quoted) on p. 632, June, we are told that it is 'man who loves, thinks, acts; not the ganglia, or sinuses, or any organ' that does so. But perhaps the essayist means that all the body together does so. He says a man is 'the consensus or combined activity of his faculties.' What is meant by this phraseology? It is just this 'his,' this 'consensus,' or 'combined acting' that is inconceivable without the focus of unity, in which many contemporaneous phenomena, and many past and present meet to be compared, remembered, identified as belonging to the same self; so only can they be known phenomena at all. Well, do we find in examining the physical structure of man's body as solid, heavy, extended, divisible, or its living organs and their physical functions, or the rearrangement of molecules of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, &c., into living tissue, or its oxidation, anything corresponding to the consciousness of personal moral agency, and personal identity? We put the two classes of conception side by side, and they seem to refuse to be identified—man as one and the same conscious moral agent—and his body, or the bumps on his skull; or is man indeed a function of his own body? Are we right in talking of our bodies as material things, and of ourselves as if we were not things, but persons with might, rights, and duties? We ought perhaps to talk—theologies and philosophies being now exploded—not of our having bodies, but of bodies having us, and of bodies having rights or duties. Perhaps Dundreary was mistaken, and the tail may wag the dog after all.

Mr. Harrison says: 'Orthodoxy has so long been accustomed to take itself for granted, that we are apt to forget how very short a period of human history this sublimated essence' (the immaterial soul) 'has been current. There is not a trace of it in the Bible in its present sense.' This reminds one rather of Mr. Matthew Arnold's contention, that the Jews did not believe in God. But really it does not much signify what particular intellectual theories have been entertained by different men at different times about the nature of God or of the soul: the question is whether you do not find on the whole among them all a consciousness or conviction, that there is a Higher Being above them, together with a power of distinguishing themselves from their own bodies, and the world around them—in consequence of this, too, a belief in personal immortality. Many in all ages believe that the dead have spoken to us from beyond the grave. But into that I will not enter. *Are we our bodies?* that seems to be the point. Now I do not think Positivism has any right to assume that we are, even on its own principles and professions.

Mr. Harrison (June, p. 626) has a very forcible passage, in which he enlarges upon this theme: that 'the laws of the separate functions of body, mind, or feeling, have visible relations to each other; are inextricably woven in with each other, act and react.' 'From the summit of spiritual life to the base of corporeal life, whether we pass up or down the gamut of human forces, there runs one organic correlation and sympathy of parts. Touch the smallest fibre in the corporeal man, and in some infinitesimal way we may watch the effect in the moral man. When we rouse chords of the most glorious ecstasy of the soul, we may see the vibrations of them visibly thrilling upon the skin.' Here we are in the region of positive facts as specially made manifest by recent investigation. And the orthodox schools need to recognise the significance of such facts. The close interdependence of body and soul is a startling verity that must be looked in the face; and the discovery has, no doubt, gone far to shake the faith of many in human immortality, as well as in other momentous kindred truths. It has been so with myself. But I think the old dictum of Bacon about the effect of a little and more knowledge will be found applicable after all. Let us look these facts very steadily in the face. When we have thought for a long time, there is a feeling of pain in the head. That is a feeling, observe, in our own conscious selves. Further, by observation and experiment, it has been made certain that some molecular change in the nervous substance of the brain (to the renewal of which oxygenated blood is necessary), is going on, while the process of thinking takes place—though we are not conscious of it in our own case, except as a matter of inference. The thought itself seems, when we reflect on it, partly due to the action of an external world or kosmos upon us; partly to our own 'forms of thought,' or fixed ways of perceiving and thinking, which have been ours so long as we can remember, and which do not belong to us more than to other individual members of the human family; again partly to our own past experience. But what is this material process accompanying thought, which conceivably we might perceive if we could see the inside of our own bodies? Why it too can only seem what it seems by virtue of our own personal past experience, and our own human as well as individual modes of conceiving. Is not that 'positive' too? Will not men of science agree with me that such is the fact? In short, our bodies, on any view of them, *science herself has taught us*, are *percepts and concepts of ours*—I don't say of the 'soul,' or the mind, or any *bête noire* of the sorts, but of *ourselves*, who surely cannot be altogether *bêtes noires*. They are as much percepts and concepts of ours as is the material world outside them. Are they coloured? Colour, we are told, is a sensation. Are they hard or soft? These are our sensations, and relative to us. The elements of our food enter into relations we name living; their molecules enter into that condition of unstable equilibrium; there is motion of parts fulfilling definite intelligible and constant uses, in some cases subject to our own intelligent direction. But all this is what appears to our intelligence, and it appears different, according to the stages of intelligence at which we arrive; a good deal of it is hypothesis of our own minds. Readers of Berkeley and Kant need not be told this; it is now universally acknowledged by the competent. The atomic theory is a working hypothesis of our minds only. Space and time are relative to our intelligence, to the succession of our thoughts, to our own faculties of motion, motion being also a conception of ours. Our bodies, in fact, as Positivists often tell us, and as we now venture to remind them, are *phenomena*, that is, *orderly appearances to us*. They further tell us generally that there is nothing which thus appears, or that we cannot know that there is anything beyond the appearance. What then, according to Positivism itself, is the most we are entitled to affirm with regard to the dead? Simply

that there are *no appearances to us* of a living personality in connection with those phenomena which we call a dead body, any more than there are in connection with the used-up materials of burnt tissues that pass by osmosis into the capillaries, and away by excretory ducts. But are we entitled to affirm that the person is extinct—is dissolved—the one conscious self in whom these bodily phenomena centred (except so far as they centred in us), who was the focus of them, gave them form, made them what they were; whose thoughts wandered up and down through eternity; of whom, therefore, the bodily, as well as mental and spiritual functions were functions, so far as this body entered into the conscious self at all? We can, on the contrary, only affirm that probably the person no longer perceives, and is conscious, *in connection with this form* we look upon, wherein so-called chemical affinities now prevail altogether over so-called vital power. But even in life the body is always changing and decomposing—foreign substances are always becoming a new body, and the old body becoming a foreign substance. Yet the Person remains one and the same. True, Positivism tries to eliminate persons, and reduce all to appearances; but this is too glaring a violation of common sense, and I do not think from his language Mr. Harrison quite means to do this. Well by spirit, even by 'soul,' most people, let me assure him, only mean *our own conscious personal selves*. For myself, indeed, I believe that there cannot be appearances without something to appear. But seeing that the material world is in harmony with our intelligence, and presents all the appearance of intelligent co-operation of parts with a view to ends, I believe, with a great English thinker, whose loss we have to deplore (James Hinton), that all is the manifestation of life—of living spirits or persons, not of dead inert matter, though from our own spiritual deadness or inertness it appears to us material. Upon our own moral and spiritual life in fact depends the measure of our knowledge and perception. I can indeed admit with Mr. Harrison that probably there must always be to us the phenomenon, the body, the external; but it may be widely different from what it seems now. We may be made one with the great Elohim, or angels of Nature who create us, or we may still grovel in dead material bodily life. We now appear to ourselves and to others as bodily, as material. Body, and soul or mind, are two opposite phenomenal poles of one Reality, which is self or spirit; but though these phenomena may vary, the creative informing spirit, which underlies all, of which we partake, which is absolute, divine, this can never be destroyed. 'In God we live, move, and have our being.' It is held indeed by the new philosophy that the temporal, the physical, and the composite (elements of matter and 'feeling') are the basis of our higher consciousness: on the contrary, I hold that this is absurd, and that the one eternal consciousness or spirit must be the basis of the physical, composite, and temporal; is needed to give unity and harmony to the body. One is a little ashamed of agreeing with an old-fashioned thinker, whom an old-fashioned poet pronounced the 'first of those who know,' that the spirit is organising vital principle of the body, not *vice versa*. The great difficulty, no doubt, is that apparent irruption of the external into the personal, when, as the essayist says, 'impair a man's secretions, and moral sense is dulled, discoloured, depraved.' But it is our spiritual deadness that has put us into this physical condition; and probably it is *we* who are responsible in a fuller sense than we can realize now for this effect upon us, which must be in the end too for purposes of discipline; it belongs to our spiritual history and purpose. Moreover, this external world is not so foreign to us as we imagine; it is spiritual, and between all spirit there is solidarity.

Mr. Hinton observes (and here I agree with him rather than with Mr. Harrison), that the defect and falseness of our knowing must be in the knowing by only part of ourselves. Whereas sense had to be supplemented by intellect, and proved misleading without it, so intellect, even in the region of knowledge, has to be supplemented by moral sense, which is the highest faculty in us. We are at present misled by a false view of the world, based on sense and intellect only. Death is but a hideous illusion of our deadness—

Death is the veil which those who live call life:
We sleep, and it is lifted.

The true definition of the actual is that which is true for, which satisfies the whole Being of humanity. We must ask of a doctrine: does it answer in the moral region? if so, it is as true as we can have it with our present knowledge; but, if the moral experiment fails, it is not true. Conscience has the highest authority about knowledge, as it has about conduct. Now apply this to the negations of Positivism, and the belief Comte would substitute for faith in God, and personal immortality. Kant sufficiently proved that these are postulates required by Practical Reason, and on this ground he believed them. I am not blind to the beauty and nobleness of Comte's moral ideal (not without debt to Christ's) as expounded by himself, and here by Mr. Harrison. Still, I say: the moral experiment fails. Some of us may seek to benefit the world, and then desire rest. But what of the maimed and broken and aimless lives around us? What of those we have lost, who were dearer to us than our own selves, full of fairest hope and promise, unaware annihilated in earliest dawn, whose dewy bud yet slept unfolded? If they were *things*, doubtless we *might* count them as so much manure, in which to grow those still more beautiful, though still brief-flowering human aloes, which Positivism, though knowing nothing but present phenomena, and denying God, is able confidently to promise us in some remote future. But alas! they *seemed* living spirits, able to hope for infinite love, progressive virtue, the beatific vision of God Himself! And they *really were*—so much manure! Why, as has already been asked, are such ephemerals worth living for, however many of them there may be, whose lives are as an idle flash in the pan, always promising, yet failing to attain any substantial or enduring good? What of these agonising women and children, now the victims of Ottoman blood-madness? What of all the cramped, unlovely, debased, or slow-tortured, yet evanescent lives of myriads in our great cities? These cannot have the philosophic aspirations of culture. They have too often none at all. Go proclaim to them this gospel, supplementing it by the warning that in the end there will remain only a huge block of ice in a 'wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world!' I could believe in the pessimism of Schopenhauer, not in this jaunty optimism of Comte.

Are we then indeed orphans? Will the tyrant go ever unpunished, the wrong ever unredressed, the poor and helpless remain always trampled and