

antipodes, and their human, brute and vegetable worlds; and every science and every art is alive with new ideas; history, philosophy, morals, and social economy, are lit up with new laws. We see the same thing to-day; but the sacred fire perhaps burns with a soberer flame; the wonder and the sympathy are a little dulled by use; and through the mountains of our materials the volcanic shock of a new truth is less distinctly felt.

The universal human interest of these men throbs in every page they write. Defoe is politician, romancer, theologian, economist, pamphleteer, and philosopher. Swift is all this, verse-maker, and many things beside. Voltaire is poet, historian, critic, moralist, letter-writer, polemist, arbiter in science, philosophy, and art in general; like Virgil's monster, with a hundred tongues and a hundred throats of brass. Diderot was a very encyclopædic Briareus. But the intense social aim comes out in all alike, however different in nature and taste. Cowper himself has it, as he sits beside his tea-urn, watches his hare and his spaniel, or apostrophizes his sofa. Fielding clothes it with flesh and blood, hot blood and solid flesh; it lights up the hackwork of Goldsmith, and sheds a fragrance forever through his lovely idyll of the vicar's home; Johnson in his armchair thunders it out as law to the club; Bentham tears up the old statute-book by passionate appeals to the greatest happiness of the greatest number; Burns sang for it the songs which will live forever in English homes; Hogarth, the Fielding of the brush, paints it; Garrick, the most versatile of actors, played it; Mozart, the most sympathetic of all musicians, found its melody; Reynolds caught every smile on its cheek, and the light upon its eye; and Hume, Adam Smith, Priestley, and Burke sounded some of its deepest notes.

Of all in this century, three men stand out, in three countries, as types of its vast range, of its organizing genius, of its hold on the reality behind the veil that we see: Kant in Germany, Diderot in France, Hume in England. For us here, Hume is the dominant mind of the age; with his consummate grasp of human life in all its moral, social, and physical conditions; by his sense, goodfellowship, urbanity, and manliness. This was not the age of the lonely thinkers in their studies, as Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, had been. Nor was it the age of Bacon, Pascal, Hobbes, and Locke; when philosophy was shaken by political and religious fanaticism. It was not the age of the wonderful specialists of our own day, when mountains of observation defy all attempts at system. It was an age more like the revival of thought and learning—but with a notable difference. Its curiosity is as keen, its industry even greater; its mental force is abundant. But it is far less wild; its resources are under command; its genius is constructive; and its ruling spirit is social. It was the second and far greater revival—that new birth of time whereof the first line was led by Galileo, Harvey, Descartes, and Bacon; whereof the second line was led by Newton, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, Hume, and Kant; whereof the third line will be led by those who are to come.

In the progress of Europe, especially in its mental progress, there is an incessant ebb and flow, a continual give and take. The intellectual lead passes from one to the other, qualified and modified by each great individual genius. In the sixteenth century it was Spain and Italy, in the seventeenth it was Holland and England, in the eighteenth it was France, and now perhaps it is Germany, which sets the tone, or fashion, in thought. For the first generation perhaps of the eighteenth century, England had the