

ands of years reached a certain point, should gradually recede, and be speedily surpassed by obscurer and apparently less favoured nations. Thus, nevertheless, it was ; thus it must have been.

We see no reason to doubt that, in the early struggles of mankind to force itself upwards, the power to do good on a large scale was as much wanting as the power to do much evil, great crimes being as impossible to the rude, untutored barbarian as great virtues. Races, which possessed the moral perceptions of Kafirs or South Sea Islanders were little likely to produce a Keble or an Arnold. They were as little capable of giving birth to a Caligula or a Napoleon. The power to be supremely good can only exist where there is also the power to be transcendently wicked. Widespread facilities for the manufacture and distribution of burning stimulants, subtle arguments in defence of criminal indulgence, blasphemous misrepresentations of the commands of God, and marvellous ingenuity in explaining away what is bad and injurious, could only be found in an age distinguished for mental activity and for great proficiency in the arts and sciences. The intemperance and fraud of England were impossible among the shepherds of Chaldea and the sojourners in the land of Goshen. But, then, the heroic efforts this century has witnessed to give freedom to the slave, to prevent the outbreak of international hostilities, and to stem the torrent of intemperance were equally impossible in less civilized ages. Generally speaking the savage is stupidly brutal and sensual. It needs well developed intellects to float fraudulent companies, to undermine subtly the morals of a nation, and to make hypocrisy one of the cardinal virtues.

We must not expect to find in the early history of extant nations evidences of widespread intemperance and national Pharisaism. We must, it is true, attribute the immunity of Celts and Teutons from the social evils we so greatly lament not to their repugnance to vice, but to their incapacity for obtaining wherewith to gratify their appetites. The flower of the Norman invaders of England did not die drivelling drunkards simply because the imperfection of the arts rendered the manufacture of