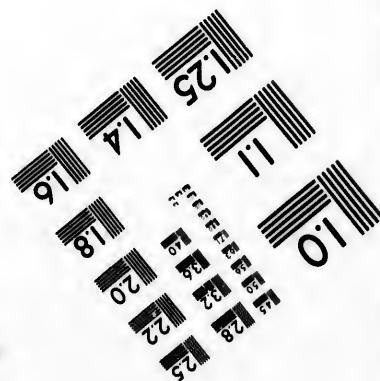
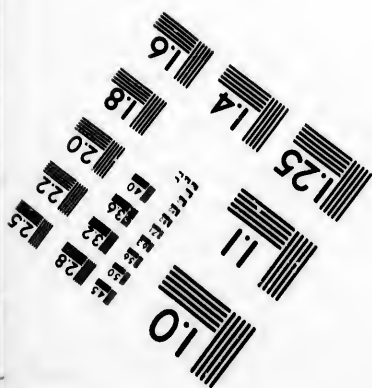
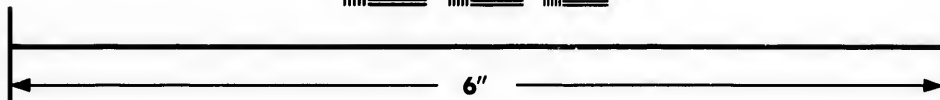
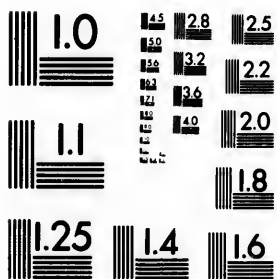


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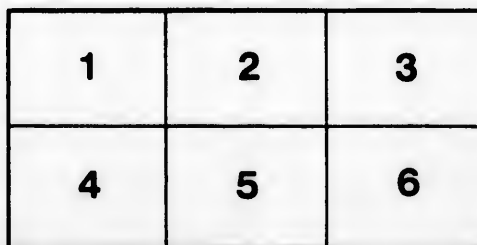
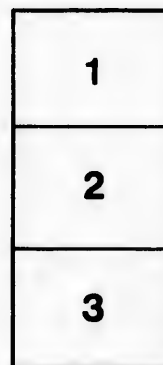
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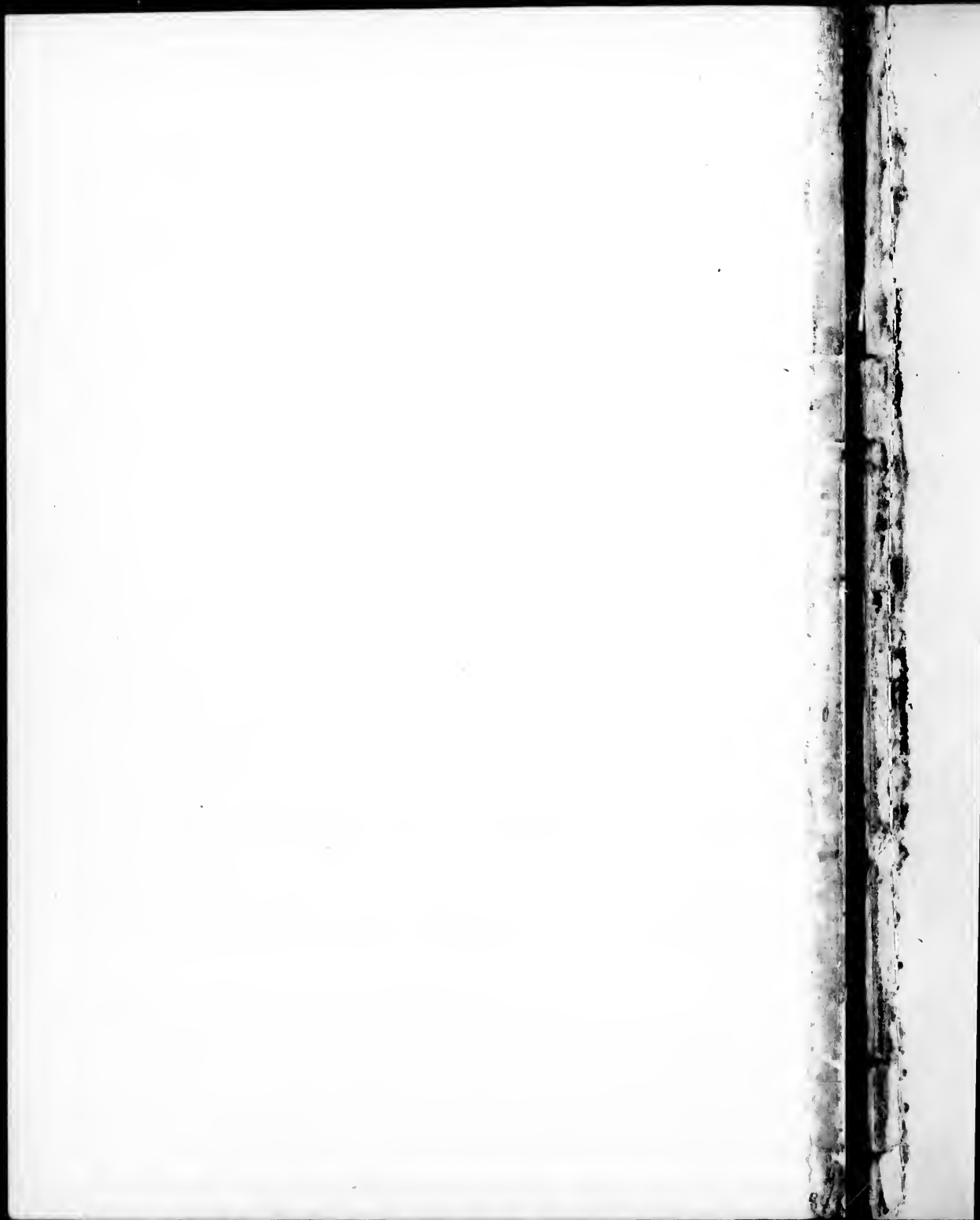
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THEORIES AND CRITICISMS;

BEING

BRIEF ESSAYS

ON

METAPHYSICAL AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

BY

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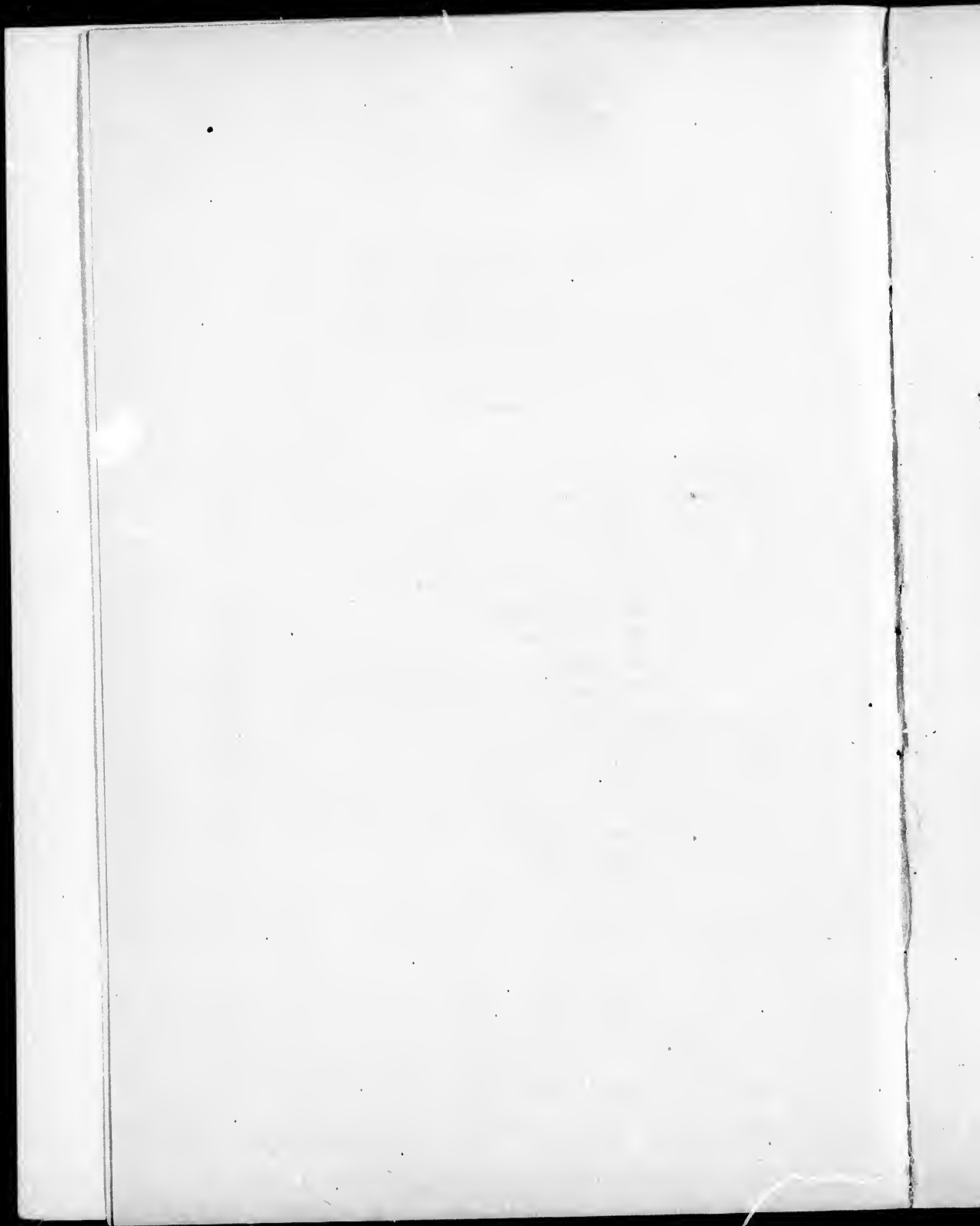
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METAPHYSICS.

IN thought, as in all other kinds of human action, there is a primary tendency toward right methods and a secondary tendency toward wrong methods. The tendency of thought toward certain wrong methods seems to be caused by a kind of innocent egoism which we may call philosophic egoism. We are so constituted that things about us, things to which we are closely related, appear to us more important than things to which we are less closely related. By nature we seem to see ourselves morally, physically, and intellectually, at the centre and apex of this universe: and it is only by slow degrees in the gradual progress of education that we unlearn this natural error. Of the moral part or aspect of it I shall speak in another place. Of the physical, nothing need be said, were it not that it may typify the spiritual. Every one knows how we mentally correct the picture given in vision by allowing for perspective.

In a sense, all error is intellectual inasmuch as all knowledge is intellectual. Intellect is the *organ* of it. But all knowledge that is immediately useful has some physical or spiritual subject. Metaphysical knowledge, *i. e.*, knowledge concerning the nature and basis of our knowledge, is more peculiarly intellectual in that intellect and its operations are the subject of it. It is not the less useful that it is mediately useful. All study of method is mediately useful. Until we

have a clear consciousness of our relation as knowing subjects to the objects of our knowledge, problems really simple will present themselves to us perverted and distorted in the most bewildering manner imaginable, and almost defy solution. An illustration,—it is really an example of the error in its physical phase—is the Ptolemaic theory. Not until men learned at least to suspect something more of the mobility and insignificance of this earthly ball than is revealed to the naked eye, was it possible for them not to mistake the orderly procession of the system for a whimsical gambol.

The error, in its metaphysical phase, may be defined as an unsuspecting confidence in the sufficiency of certain of our fundamental concepts, and a disposition to speculate upon them and combine them into axioms, instead of defining them. A fine illustration is the remark of the man who said that if the world turned round, east would come to be west after a while. It seemed to him that his ideas of east and west would be utterly unaffected even by so revolutionary a proceeding as that.

Illustrations equally fine have, however, been afforded by more famous metaphysicians. Dr. Brown, in his celebrated theory of cause and effect, assumed that he had a clear conception of a relation between cause and effect, whereof, according to his own showing, neither heaven above nor earth beneath afforded a single example; yet he never asked himself, nor, so far as I have heard, did any one ever ask him, how he had come by it.

Another example is the suggestion made, by Mill, I believe, that two straight lines might possibly enclose a space in some other order of things. He forgot that these concepts belong to the present order of things, and that until they suffer some change it will always

be the present order of things, so far as they are concerned; and when such change takes place they will be different things. He forgot that our concepts are provisional and temporary, being provided to represent phenomena, and dependent upon our relation to those phenomena for their value and authenticity. When that relation changes, they change; when it ceases, they cease. Yet he makes a supposition which utterly destroys that relation, and quietly assumes the concepts to be valid still.

A similar absurd attempt to carry our concepts beyond their legitimate sphere, is the well known question concerning substance, whether, if all its qualities were eliminated, there would be any remainder. It is not enough to say that no one can answer the question. No one can rationally ask it. We do not know enough about that which we call substance to know what we are asking. It is that which underlies qualities. But what is a quality? *Quale* means "what is it like." Quality is the likeness of a thing to something. Now if a thing have no quality, if it be absolutely like nothing, will it not be nothing? It need not, however, be like something else in order to have quality. It is enough if it be like itself. Now, if a thing be not even like itself, in any respect, it—but this gets too deep for us.

The celebrated argument, by which Des Cartes proved his own existence, is also a fine example. It implies that the "cogitator" has a full knowledge not only of both *cogitare* and *esse*, but also of their relations. In that case one fails to see why he might not as well predicate *sum*, as *cogito*, in the first instance.

The typical question of Metaphysics is that concerning our own existence, or the existence of things. It implies that the questioner has a full knowledge of

what existence is, apart altogether from any existence of his own ; for the point raised in his mind is whether the outward phenomenon corresponds with his idea. The solution of it may also be typical. He should rather enquire whether his idea corresponds with the phenomenon. When we remember that the idea of existence is merely a mental image of the state of things reported to us in consciousness, we see at once that the idea of proof is wholly irrelevant. The name is a vocable which we use to denote that state of things. When the astronomer discovers a comet and calls it Medusa, he does not sit down to consider whether or not that comet is Medusa. If he did he would do precisely as those do who doubt the existence of things. The question is not a dead one, it is still gravely considered by more than one professional chair on this continent. It comes under the head of theory of perception.

The same doubt exists, too, as to the reality of things. If the salt have lost its saltness, wherewith shall it be salted ? When we have translated the phrase wholly into one language, and find that the doubt is "*de RE-alitate RE-rum,*" or whether things are really like things, we begin to have some insight into the nature of Metaphysics, and to see how it is that the effect of introducing terms from foreign tongues in metaphysical discussion is so fine.

Bacon's treatment of this class of questions is masterly, as we would expect. "It seemeth to me," he remarks, and the previous context shows that he felt he was propounding a novel theory, "that the true and fruitful use (leaving vain subtleties and speculations) of the enquiry of majority, minority, priority, posteriority, identity, diversity, possibility, act, totality, parts, existence, privation, and the like, are but wise cautions against ambiguities of speech."

"That is all very fine, no doubt, and Bacon was a very wise man, and it is very necessary to define carefully; but what has that to do with the question whether or not I really perceive things as they exist?" It has this to do with it: it means that the only use of such a question is to define the terms of it—that if we define properly the words "really," "perceive," "things," "exist," we shall see that there is no such question. "Exist" means to be in the state of things reported to us in consciousness. "Things" are phenomena reported to us in consciousness. "To perceive things" means to have such phenomena so reported to us. The question then is, whether we really have phenomena reported to us in consciousness, as they are in the state in which they are reported to us in consciousness. For my part, I am quite of the opinion that we do.

Another result of this over-confidence in the validity of our concepts is seen in various theories of innate ideas and intuitive truths, and in a proneness to deductive philosophising and a disposition to overestimate the function of the deductive method. The condition of deduction is perfect knowledge, and we are always ready to assume that our knowledge is sufficient. So natural does it seem to assume this that we often fail to see that it is an assumption. It is even a common doctrine of philosophy at this time, that the ultimate basis of knowledge is to be looked for not in the inductive method but in the deductive. But *no fundamental truth, whatever*, can be in the deductive method, for every truth given in the deductive method is, of necessity, based upon prior knowledge. "Arguments consist of propositions, and propositions of words, and words are but the current marks or tokens of popular notions of things; which notions, if they be grossly and variably collected out of particulars" logic cannot "correct that error, being,

as the physician speaks, in the first digestion." When Des Cartes had laid all his beliefs upon the shelf, he was able, by examining his fundamental concepts, to reconstruct them again with great facility. He left, as deductive thinkers generally do, the "first digestion" to take care of itself. He did not begin at the beginning.

There is an appearance of self-sufficiency and mastery about the deductive method which fascinates. Induction involves a patient attention to little things, which, to the natural man, seems somewhat childish, because, to his self-sufficient mind, the things seem unimportant. Deduction is more subjective, it exercises the rational powers more fully, and is less dependent on external things. In the progress of the world's education it was inevitable that Aristotle should precede Bacon.

The question, what is the nature and function of the deductive method, and the subjects of innate ideas and self-evident truths, it will be more convenient to consider in another essay.

THE BASIS OF THE DEDUCTIVE SCIENCES.

With keen, primitive insight, an ancient apophthegm speaks of man as the measure of all things. Upon every measure there are certain marks which we may here call conditions of the measure. Now, it is competent for us to say that if a phenomenon fulfil certain of these conditions it will also fulfil certain other of the conditions. We acquire no knowledge of phenomena thus, but we have prepared ourselves to make one item of knowledge, two, when it shall be acquired. This is the function of deductive science. Suppose, now, that the measure were applied to phenomena and a number of measurements recorded in another series of marks upon it. It is obvious that any argument concerning these would be hampered by the consideration that the objects might be incorrectly or inadequately represented. It would be an imperfect representation of a thing real, while one of the other series would be a perfect representation of a thing imaginary; and it would be only concerning the thing imaginary that deductive argument would be possible. This superstructure of metaphor, though somewhat rickety, may perhaps convey to the unsophisticated mind a notion of the nature and function of deductive science, better than any abstract terms could do.

The conditions of a measure determine its applicability. The applicability of the human measure is obviously determined by the various senses and sensibilities through which knowledge comes to us; and those conditions of it which are capable of

becoming the subjects of deductive argument, are the ideals which are the inevitable accompaniments of these sensibilities.

A sensibility to musical sounds, for example, involves the existence of musical ideals. They are, indeed, a part of the sensibility ; for it is in a peculiar sensitiveness to those qualities of sound which constitute the ideals that that sensibility consists. Now this *sensibility* puts one into communion with nature, and enables him to observe and gather facts. That is inductive science. On the other hand, the *ideals* are the source of the laws of musical criticism. Music, to be pleasing, must conform to these ideals. Its laws are deduced from them, and that is deductive science.

There are also our other senses, physical and psychical, as the sense of smell, taste, touch ; or the sense of humor, of the sublime and beautiful, and the so-called moral sense. All these afford ideals ; but none of them has any common standard, nor, consequently, any basis for a science ; unless we take the Golden Rule as our standard of morality, in which case Ethics becomes a deductive science. We may in any case work out the casuistry of the Golden Rule, and it will be a deductive science ; but there remains, of course, the question as to its relation to general Ethics.

Assuming that it is correct to take the Golden Rule as the ideal of virtue, the principal deductive sciences are based upon our ideals of (1) Knowledge, (2) Virtue, (3) Value, (4) Relations of Quantity, (5) Form. The simplest ideal Relation of Quantity is the relation of equality. The simplest ideal Form is the Straight Line. Now, consider how these concepts are formed. The concept matter is struck out in crude outline upon our first consciousness of its resistance, and is afterward fashioned and extended and general-

ised to endless particulars, until it finally comes to something like scientific knowledge. But the idea of Truth is formed in a very different manner. Probably first awakened in the mind by experience of a falsehood, it is formed instantaneously; and, once formed, is never, can never be, changed. The sight of one straight line, or even of a crooked one, is sufficient to suggest to our minds the idea of perfect straightness; and no conceivable study of straight or crooked lines could afterward affect it in the slightest degree. So of the idea of Equality, the *to ison*, which we seem to remember rather than to learn. So also of the ideas of Justice and of Value. They are not generalized, but abstract ideas. They are rather ideals than ideas. They are not knowledge, but forms of thought, imposed on us by the structure of our constitution and the nature of things. They represent not what is, but what we imagine. Hence it is that the knowledge which they constitute is in its measure complete and full. There is nothing lacking to it. Other knowledge, real knowledge, is not certainly perfect, and argument based upon it is, therefore, valid only within a certain range.

Since man is the measure of all things it is obvious that every fundamental definition must be in terms of the measure, that is to say, it must show how the thing defined is related to man. Thus, defined Truth is the consistency of knowledge with itself, or the agreements of our perceptions with each other. The truth of a part is tested by its agreement with the other parts; but the truth of the whole is its consistency with itself. From this definition all the rules of Logic may be demonstrated. They derive their authority from the fact that they are but applications of this one principle.

Again, Value is the quality of that which is desirable and more or less difficult to procure. The ideal

of Virtue has been already sufficiently defined, for our purpose here.

Again, Equality is the quality of things fulfilling the same conditions of quantity. From this definition we can easily prove a whole series of axioms concerning equals. As for example, that equals of the same are equal. A and B are equal to C . Because A is equal to C it fulfils same conditions of quantity. But B fulfils the same conditions; therefore B is equal to A . And the rest in like manner. Moreover, the idea of Equality involves the contrasted idea of Inequality, of which *greater* and *less* are but the opposite phases. Define these and it at once becomes clear that the whole is greater than its part. Indeed, axioms are but definitions in an incorrect form.*

But further, the idea of Equality involves the idea of number. Things that are equal, or alike, must be counted. Unlike things may be described, but like things must be numbered. In these fundamental concepts we have all the material necessary to construct the science of Quantity.

From these definitions we can readily understand how it is that the ideas are innate, or rather constitutional, and at the same time quite easily and fully accounted for by the simple perceptive power of intellect. No concept is created by any special act of intellect. If they are peculiar, it is because they have a special relation to some part of our nature. The peculiarity of the idea of truth is, that in this world of falsehood, intellect could not work without it. When the mind, in examining a number of phenomena, comes upon one which is like a preceding, how could it help noting the occurrence? Not only does it take

*Another illustration of the natural tendency to take our concepts as we find them and speculate upon them, instead of defining them.

a certain pleasure in the resemblance, but it finds its labor lightened by so much, as when a copyist puts a couple of dots for a lengthy description. The idea of Equality is no more to the mind than any other idea, except as it may be taken advantage of to save labor. Hence the mind adopts the ideal. We shall find it still more easy to account for the constitutional concept of a straight line.

A Straight Line is the apparent course of Vision. This involves two things: First, it appears to the eye as a point. Second, it is such that an object invariably appears larger as we approach to it, and smaller as we recede from it. By this definition we can at once prove that two straight lines cannot enclose a space. For if they could, we might place the eye at one of the points of contact or section, and see the whole perimeter of the space, yet see only a point, wherein is no space enclosed. In the same manner we may prove that two straight lines cannot coincide in part without coinciding altogether.

These points are amply provided for by the common definition of a straight line. But there is another difficulty, for which they make no provision. There is another and greater gulf fixed in the early pathway of geometers which has never yet been bridged by any thing so respectable as even the *pons asinorum*. In some editions of Euclid the difficulty is met by an axiom; namely, that two straight lines cannot be drawn through the same point, parallel to the same straight line, without coinciding. But this is manifest fraud. Euclid himself, more honorably, met it by a postulate, a plain confession that the thing had baffled him. A postulate should, however, be something in its nature not susceptible of proof. He asked us to admit, that when a straight line falling upon two other straight lines makes the interior angles upon one side less than two right angles, the two lines shall, if produced, meet

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upon that side. This, it will be seen, is the converse of the proposition, that any two angles of a triangle are together, less than two right angles. Neither postulate nor axiom is needed but once ; namely, to prove that lines which are parallel to the same straight line are parallel to each other. It matters not which we use, for by either we can prove the other. The real problem is the same in each ; and may, indeed, be put into a variety of other forms, apparently different, yet ever the same sphinx riddle emerges from them all.

A recent geometer makes this difficulty the point where Geometry branches into three parts, dealing with three different kinds of space, in one of which the three angles of a triangle are together greater than—in another, equal to—in a third, less than—two right angles. Now Geometry is *not the science of space*. It has nothing to do with space. It is the science of *Ideal Forms*. Triangles and circles are not spaces, but forms. Their size is of no account to the geometer, but their shape, or form. A line or plane superficies occupies no space, and belongs to no particular space. Even solid figures are not spaces, but figures ; that is, forms. But to return.

An object invariably subtends a larger angle of vision when it is near at hand than when it is more remote. Therefore, of two objects which subtend the same visual angle, that which is near is invariably less in that dimension of it which subtends the angle, than that which is more remote. Therefore, any two lines of vision starting from the eye, diverge continually ; that is to say, lines that converge, converge continuously, up to the point of section. Hence, it is obvious that convergent lines at any finite distance from each other, must meet if produced far enough. Therefore, parallel lines do not converge, but are

equidistant. By this we can readily prove that lines which are parallel to the same, are parallel to each other.

Consider now what basis is necessary to construct the science of Geometry. We need: (1) Definitions of Terms; and we ask no permission to use whatever terms are thought necessary, if only they be clearly defined and consistently used. (2) One Postulate: Let it be granted that any figure whether possible or impossible, may be imagined to exist and be represented by a diagram. Not a very difficult postulate. All Geometric figures are imaginary. Practically, drawings assist our weaker capacity, but theoretically, the only purpose of them is to afford a nomenclature. (3) Some truths from the science of Quantity. To give a plane or solid figure a certain form, it is necessary to give its angles a certain size and its boundary lines a certain ratio of length. For these things we must have help from the science of Quantity. The truths needed for this purpose are all easily proved, as we have seen, by definitions given above.

On this basis then, of Definitions and Postulate, the science of Geometry is of absolute authority. Any definition is absolute proof within its own limits. But the science of Geometry claims something more. It claims, or at least should claim, that inasmuch as its fundamental definitions are based upon important facts in the constitution of man, it has deep and vital relations with human life. Its principles are not merely conventional and arbitrary, like those of chess for example. And the above definitions indicate this fact, and attach the science to the facts of life. They do so because they are formed on the only scientific principle of definition, the principle of the relativity of knowledge. They show how the thing defined is related to man.

With respect to a straight line, indeed, no other definition is adequate; no other adequate definition is possible. To be adequate, it must involve, first, that straight lines are such that two cannot coincide in more than one point without coinciding altogether; and second, that they are such that two which do not meet, if produced, are equidistant. Now, we cannot prove, and we have no right to assume, that the two things are compatible. To be sure everybody knows that they are; but what everybody knows is nothing to the Geometer. He wants proof.

METAPHOR IN MENTAL SCIENCE.

Suppose a number of persons enclosed for life in a row of similar and similarly furnished cells. Suppose them neither to know, nor have any means of knowing, what each other's apartments are like, any more than a conjecture that they are probably all of the same type, but to have a common outlook. Suppose them to be able to converse freely, and to have a complete nomenclature for all the objects within their common view. Having exhausted all the available subjects for conversation afforded by these objects, their curiosity is aroused concerning each other's apartments. How shall they proceed? One of them, wishing to speak of a particular object in his cell, looks for something outside where all can see, having a resemblance to the article within, directs his neighbour's attention to that, and tells him of something like it. His neighbour, having observed the object as directed, finds at once a resemblance to the corresponding article in his own cell, and thus a connexion is established. The article is now known by the name of its external type. In this way names would be given to everything in the cells; and their system of communication would embrace, not only the great external world, but also the little miniature worlds, whereof each had one to himself.

It is in this way that we name the things we see by the light of consciousness in our minds; from a likeness or analogy or relation to outward, sensible things. How else could we possibly name them? We may attach any vocable to a material object for a

name, because we have unmistakable indications of what it is to represent. But we cannot put our finger on the phenomena of consciousness. We can only call them up to our neighbour by mentioning their likeness to something else. A thought from the inner life of man, once finding expression thus in fitting metaphor, wakes the same thought in every mind that receives it; and thenceforth becomes a living and working principle in language. Talk about such things "coming down from the schoolmen!" They come out of the soul of every one that uses them. The schoolmen may have meant anything by them for aught we know, but we mean by them what we feel within us; that or nothing.

By this process all the faculties of mind have been named and classified. Here we have a system of practical Psychology which has the double advantage of being the result of unconscious (*i. e.*, un-selfconscious) thinking, and the joint production of innumerable thinkers, which none of the professed systems can ever displace. Who, for instance, would estimate a man's mental powers on the basis of Sir William Hamilton's classification? The world may be willing enough to follow him in what it calls theory, but in practice, like some stupid, wise, old grandam, it prefers to walk by its own light.

We may note here the corollary that philosophers should seek light from the usages of common speech on this subject. The primal division of the practical powers of the soul—into head and heart, or cognitive and conative—has been thoroughly understood by philosophers as well as gossips. But in the classification of the powers of intellect there are one or two points that the gossips have clearly apprehended, which the philosophers have as yet failed to grasp. In appraising a man's gifts of intellect, how common it is to say that he has a splendid memory but no

judgment, or that his judgment is good but his memory not so good as it might be: *i. e.*, we include all the powers of intellect except memory under one general head. The perceptive power is one and the same whether acting with memory in recollection or reminiscence, or by itself in forming a concept, a judgment, or an inference, or in that more rare and peculiar act of discernment which constitutes inventive genius, or creative imagination, or detects a principle widely applicable, in a few phenomena—shoots it, so to speak, like a flash of crystallization, away into unexplored regions, there to be a base for new formations and departures. Something like this doctrine is found in Sir William Hamilton's doctrine of consciousness; but it is in a scarcely satisfactory form. Of course the philosopher understands this as well as the gossip when he turns gossip himself, in his unconscious moments, if he has any. It is only when he puts on his philosophic spectacles that he fails to see it.

The nomenclature of mind is then a natural outgrowth of the nomenclature of matter. From this fact we derive the rules for its use. Suppose that one of our prisoners should by mistake use the wrong word in speaking of the internal thing and confusion arise, it is evident that there must be a return to the typical external in order to identify the article meant, and enable the conversing parties to make sure that they understand each other. This would make it desirable that, except in the case of things so continually spoken of that mistake would be impossible, one word should be used to signify both. So the names of mental things should retain a trace of their origin. There should be in them an unmistakable suggestion of the metaphor, first in order to give beginners a clue to our meaning, and second, to give life and reality to our thoughts for learners of all ages, to make our words suggest things. It is not for nothing that

language grows by natural law. When a new meaning is added to a word, the old is a kind of check or balance to the new. It makes us perceive the new idea as it was first perceived, which is sure to be the best way. This advantage is lost if a new term be adopted. Thus, had we instead of the two terms "conscience" and "consciousness," one word with the two meanings, we should understand conscience better. The confusion which such double meanings produce is mainly imaginary. They ought to cause confusion, according to all the rules of sound deductive philosophising, but they do not. Hence we find that in common speech, where natural laws are least interfered with, all words and phrases pertaining to mind, except a few which occur very frequently, are metaphors, "still fluid and florid." And even in the exceptional cases we continually vary the phrase by introducing a metaphor, as though our very thoughts were metaphorical. Philosophers, on the other hand, have complained of the use of metaphor in mental science, as though that were the chief evil in connexion with it, instead of being the only thing that has saved it from utter ruin and scholasticism:

Our conceptions of material things are intuitive, and we name them by names merely conventional. Our conceptions of those mental things whereof we have a clear consciousness are also intuitive, but we name them by symbols; that is to say, the names which we give them, we give in virtue of some previous meaning,—they are not mere, but symbolic. But there are many things connected with mind of which we are not at all, or at most but very vaguely and dimly, conscious. Such are the effects of education upon the mind, or of a religious life upon the soul. Of these things and such as these, even our conceptions are symbolic; the so-called idea is a sign by which we represent an unknown quantity. We

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know not the thing itself but its conditions or results, and by these we think it. Hence though in dealing with phenomena which consciousness reports clearly, we might after a time be able to drop metaphor, yet here we must have it to *represent our ideas to ourselves*. Our thoughts seem to melt away into thin air when we try to avoid it. Nothing can be more baffling than the attempt. To illustrate: Space, as the place of bodies, belongs to the world of matter, and is an intuitive conception. Time is an intuitive conception to the extent of our experience, and for the rest a symbolic conception. When we "look far back into other years," notice how inevitably time becomes a *stream*, a *train*, a *course*, or the like. We cannot even in thought turn to the great names of history but they will be beacon lights twinkling in long succession or the like; they will dance you to tune of some fantastic metaphor, do what you will.

This pretty passage from "The Mill on the Floss" is highly illustrative:—"It was Mr. Stillman's favorite metaphor that geometry and classics constituted that culture of the mind which prepared it for the reception of any subsequent crop. . . . It is astonishing what a different result one gets by changing the metaphor. Once call the mind a mental stomach, and the ingenious conception of the classics and geometry as ploughs and harrows seems to settle nothing. But it is open to anyone else to call the mind a sheet of white paper, or a mirror, in which case ones knowledge of the digestive processes becomes wholly irrelevant." Yet how is one to escape metaphor?

If a metaphor be purely artistic in its purpose, it must, of course, be symmetrical. In rant, a mixed metaphor cannot be endured. But when metaphor is used, not for ornament but for expression, there is no law against mixing. Read Hamlet upon Osaric:—"Thus has he and many more of the same *bevy* that I

know the *drossy age doats* on, only got the *tune* of the *time* and *outward habit of encounter*; a *kind of yesty collection* that carries them through and through the most *fond* and *winnowed opinions*; do but *blow* them to their *trial* the *bubbles* are out." Beside this, it were comparatively easy to "take arms against a sea of troubles. Yet the thought is admirable; and not only so, but the manner is matchless; every word tells; every new metaphor adds a new idea. Its surpassing excellence is that you never think of the manner, but give your whole strength to the thought. Read, again, Col. ii. 7, "So *walk* ye in him *rooted* and *built* up in him and *stablished* in your faith even as ye *were taught*." Here, too, the metaphor is the perfect expression of the thought, and it is no more. The balance between the two is perfectly held. Man begins in spiritual science, by speaking in metaphor and thinking in metaphor, and so gets poesy for knowledge. Failing this, he rushes away to the opposite extreme of abstract thought and abstract speech, and gets metaphysics for knowledge. Finding this a worse failure than the other, he settles down toward the golden mean of pure thought and metaphorical expression.

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THE CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES.

All knowledge is either knowledge of matter, or knowledge of mind. This is the first general division of knowledge. Again, all knowledge is either subjective or objective. We may study matter directly, by observation, or we may study it indirectly, by studying our forms of sense perception; and we may study man as the abstract human being, or as "that various creature, man;" in the structure of his mental constitution, or in the practical working of that constitution, with its endless varieties, in every day life. We have thus a double two-fold division of science, giving these four parts: First, the Objective-Material, Physical Science; Second, the Subjective-Material, Mathematics; Third, the Subjective-Spiritual, Mental Science; Fourth, the Objective-Spiritual, Humanity, or the science of men. The first three of these four departments are commonly spoken of as branches of science; their individuality, so to speak, has been sufficiently recognized. It is not so, I think, with the fourth. Yet it is not a mere sweeping together of promiscuous remnants. It has its parts as firmly bound together by broad and important principles, as any of the others.

The various sciences which go to make up this branch differ widely as to the amount of genuine matter which they contain. Some are all kernel and no husk, and some are pretty much all husk; and there are not a few who, blinder than Bunyan's man with the muckrake, value a science just in proportion as it furnishes husks.

The first place belongs to the science of human nature, as we study it in the living specimen. Apparently it will never be reduced to a formal science, because it seems, the better part of it, to be a kind of understanding in sympathy which eludes every attempt to put it into words. Hence every one must go to the originals for himself. It is always in its primary stage of original investigation. Men may read Shakespeare, and yet go away and straightway write Sunday school books, whose philosophy of man is something like this: A man is either good or not good, that is, bad; a good man will do what is good, and a bad man will do what is bad; it is foolish to do what is bad, therefore the bad man is foolish and the good man wise and sensible! It is comforting to reflect that when many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased, when there shall be nothing else to learn of which some votary shall not stand ready and anxious to teach, this best and greatest of the sciences will always be fresh and inviting to the investigator who wishes to be independent.

Of the rest we can only indicate the order in the most general manner. Among the first may be named the study of mobs or assemblies of any sort. There are few more interesting subjects for observation and study than an assembly of men when interested or excited. But we study it in vain, unless we catch upon our sympathy the feeling which makes the individual mind surrender, to some extent, its individuality, and which still guides it as part of the whole. Next may come the study of habit, or settled modes of action adopted by single minds. Next, the study of biography—especially autobiographies—and general literature, in which we examine the workings of single minds as they may be represented to us by words only, without the sensible

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indications of countenance and demeanor. Then history, and finally settled modes of action adopted by bodies of men, including—modes of thought and feeling exhibited (in literature and otherwise) by different races in different ages, etiquette and fashion, customs, laws, religions an dlanguage. All these are the outcome of humanity, built, like coral, by many lives, and we must study them as human or we shall miss the lessons they are intended to teach. Unless they teach us man they are but "loads of learned lumber."

Further they can only teach us man in proportion as we know man previously. "To him that hath shall be given." The theory of induction is that we are led up to principles by examining details; but practically we conjecture the principles from one or two details and apply them to the rest for verification. Often we can find no clue to certain of the details until we approach them with the proper principles. Thus it is here. It is by studying the living man that we are to get the hints useful to open up dark and difficult problems in philosophy, history, literature and philology. The lesson of this is that a true, real, wide and deep knowledge of men is absolutely necessary to true thought on any humanitarian subject—that the heaviest abstract reasoning or the loftiest eloquence, unaccompanied by such knowledge, is worthless, and may with perfect safety be disregarded.

The four departments of knowledge are connected into a circle. Physical Science is nearly connected with Mathematics, which again is closely linked with Metaphysics and Logic; the line between the two branches of the science of the soul—they might be called after the manner of the logicians, Pure and Modified Psychology—it is almost impossible to trace; and when we study humanity in general, we

come inevitably upon "this muddy vesture of decay" which "doth grossly close us in" the "Garment" which "represents Spirit to Spirit," and we are back again to the beginning. On the other hand, the opposite parts, Humanity and Mathematics, Physical Science and Mental Philosophy, are utterly unlike and disconnected. Every member of the circle stands in a relation of partial resemblance and partial contrast with his neighbour on either hand, and of full contrast with the remaining opposite one. I think something corresponding to this is observable in men's various tastes and talents.

All science is of the understanding, but each of these four departments appeals to the understanding in a special way. The first is the science of sense, the second of pure intellect, the third of consciousness, and the fourth of sympathy. Sympathy, "the one poor word which includes all our best insight and all our best love," is, unlike the others, a composite faculty, calling our whole nature into exercise. It is, for scientific purposes, the power of appreciating, as like our own, the actions and emotions of others. These are the psychological relations of knowledge.

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ELEMENTS OF RELIGION AS TRACED IN HUMAN NATURE.

PART I.—OF HUMAN NATURE.

That every one should love his neighbor as himself, that each should have at heart the interests of every one as he has his own, and that humanity should be thus bound together in love as a living whole,—this, I suppose, is the ideal of humanity.

It would be in accordance with Shakspeare's theory, that "nature is made better by no mean, but nature makes that mean" to call this the natural state of man. It is natural as opposed to perverted or distorted. It is more common, however, in this connexion to use the word natural as opposed to cultivated or trained. In this sense the natural state of man is very different from the ideal state. The primary impulse of every human being, and we may as well say of every sentient being, is a desire for self-gratification. Our natural affections may seem exceptions, but they are not so. The primary impulse is to make them merely ways and means of personal enjoyment. Mark that I am not saying that all men are utterly selfish. Far from it. I speak merely of the instinctive impulse, as yet unaffected by religious or moral training. In all our natural desires the fundamental principle is something which looks to self alone and makes no provision for another, and which looks to the present alone and makes no provision for the future. This is man's total depravity. This is what Paul meant by the carnal mind.

Now to follow blindly the leadings of these natural desires, is the sure way not only to miss in large measure the very gratification we seek, but to bring upon ourselves unnumbered ills. (It is to be remembered here and always that every principle of the science of human nature must be understood with an "other things being equal," and that the "other things" are never equal. I suppose this is why mathematicians and logicians are so often utterly unable to find a principle in it at all.) I need not insist upon this familiar doctrine. It is one which almost all the world's great moral leaders have never wearied of repeating—which we should call commonplace were it not too sacred. Yet, what is happiness but gratification? And man was made to be happy. Here is the riddle of existence which, "to your unregenerate Prometheus Vincit of a man," seems ever so full of perplexity.

The perversity of the natural man arises inevitably from the simple and manifest circumstance that we are sensible of our own present pains and pleasures and insensible of another's and of the future. The former we have by direct consciousness; the latter through intellect, by an inference. This view of the case suggests the remedy. Intellect—the understanding of man—is nature's mean for making nature better. Did man live in accordance with the dictates of reason, he would esteem his future welfare equally important with his present happiness;—he would regard his neighbour's feelings as equal in every respect to his own, and treat them so; that is to say, he would love him as himself—he would live the perfect life. The teachings of reason and not the promptings of passion are in accordance with the constitution of man, and the true guide to happiness. Because we are constructed upon regular principles,

according to definite laws, which must be observed. Laws are the province of intellect. Passion knows them not; it is not subject to any law, neither indeed can be. Now it is precisely the antagonism here indicated between passion and reason, between the law of the mind and the law in the members, the flesh and the spirit, which makes man a fit subject for moral probation. Without it he would be either an angel or a brute. The natural impulses of the brutes are precisely analogous to those of man, yet they follow their guidance with almost perfect immunity from the miseries which a similar course brings upon him. They have no struggle. But man's superior intellect enables him to carry his self-gratification to a more ruinous excess, and, in connection with his finer and more varied sensibilities, it makes him capable of higher pleasures, which are lost by such a course, and breeds nausea and disgust. Hence arises a struggle between the two parts of his nature. Hence he is a moral being. The moral nature is not a *part* of the whole, like the mental or physical, but a *quality* of the whole. There is nothing in the fact of man's moral nature to disprove his descent from the brutes. The keen observer of animal nature notes well that the similarity between his nature and theirs is intended to teach him very important lessons concerning his own nature and duty.

Accordingly, some tell us that education is the proper remedy for vice. Instruct the intellect, say they, and let it rule. But how if intellect be the slave and not the ruler of the passions? There is no allowance here made for the fact that the testimony of sense is a thousand-fold more impressive to the uncultivated mind of man than the testimony of intellect. No one is able to believe in another's susceptibility to pain and pleasure as he believes in

his own. Theoretically he may, but practically he does not. Burns' lines

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us"

are forever applicable. Our passions warp our judgment. So much is this so, that in the majority of cases the opinions of men on any subject requiring thought serve merely to indicate their feelings and prejudices. That much and justly lauded quality, common sense, consists far more in an equitable balance of the passions than in any superiority of intellect. Now this warping tends, as invariably as the attraction of gravitation tends toward the centre of the earth, in the direction of our own enjoyment, and though, like gravity, it may sometimes seem to produce effects exactly the contrary of those which it usually produces, yet, like gravity, it is always present and always to be allowed for. In the man of feeble intellect, it will lead to gross blunders. The more highly gifted, by a longer process and with greater subtlety, will yet arrive at a strikingly similar result. Thus it happens that man is always prone to underestimate his own duty if it be irksome to him, as almost all real duties are in some way. But note, it does not follow that he will underestimate his neighbour's duty—rather the contrary. That is not irksome to him. He will more probably over-estimate it, especially if it be a duty to himself. And it may easily be that between two of his neighbours his judgment will be perfectly unwarped and just, as horizontal motion is utterly unaffected by the action of gravity.

Since, then, mere intellect is so little successful in rectifying character, it must be supplemented and supported somehow. But how? Chiefly, of course, by the effect of personal character passing from man

to man. The essential power of Christianity through all the ages has been and still is the moral force of Christ's human character. But this is a matter which lies outside our present plan, inasmuch as the power acts upon us independently of our consent or coöperation. What I wish noted is, that intellect in its struggle with passion is largely supported by its own forethought and contrivance. Any one may observe in the present order of things a gradual triumph of mind over force, and there are not wanting indications that in this lies as much as we shall ever be able to grasp of its meaning. Now, mere intellect has no power to resist force until it learn to use force for its own purposes. But having learned that, it retains the knowledge, and makes use of it on all future occasions. Thus it gradually increases its power. It is so in the struggle of intellect to subdue passion. Intellect works for eternity ; passion for the moment. We have, moreover, the benefit of the suggestions of earlier thinkers. In the individual soul all this must be taken advantage of. There must be a persistent and systematic cultivation of habits and affections contrary to the flesh and in agreement with our higher nature, according to the best rules and with the best helps available. In one word, there must be RELIGION.

PART II.—OF SELF-CULTURE.

Some desires we have, the gratification of which not only does not interfere with the enjoyment of others, but even gives pleasure. It is obvious that reason can have no quarrel with these. Yet even the pleasure which they afford is transfused with a spiritual element when we taste it with a superadded delight in the pleasure of others. It is not strictly

with the desires that reason is at strife, but with that regard for self and disregard of others which is their radical principle, and which is the result of their purely personal nature. It is out of this selfishness, on the one hand, and reason on the other, and by means of a struggle between them, that spiritual strength—strength of character—is developed. Every selfish wish, mastered by a higher purpose, is transformed into spiritual power. The natural disposition to rule our actions which resides in the intellect is strengthened into virtuous character by opposition overcome, and our natural selfishness supplies the opposition. We make, as St. Augustin said, “a ladder of our vices.” (Here comes in that mysterious factor of the will which eludes every analysis; any explanation of the matter must therefore of necessity be superficial.) The stronger our passions are, the greater the self-denial necessary to restrain them, and the greater the spiritual strength thereby gained. You may notice it in men and women that those who take keenest delight in the pleasures of earth have, when they rule their own spirits, most power over their fellows for good or ill. Man has been endowed, not with a high and holy character, but with the material out of which such a character may be formed, and, to some extent, the power to form it for himself. A self-made holiness should have, it would seem, an individuality and a power that one merely created never possess. For this are we put in probation.

This same subjugation of the passions to reason is the fundamental principle of all worldly prudence and the secret of almost all worldly success. “It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that the man of intemperate mind cannot be free.” It was by sowing “blind hopes” in the hearts of men that Prometheus prevented them from foreseeing the future. Consider how Napoleon’s cold, *calculating* indifference

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to the feelings of men helped him to success, and how, on the other hand, his own unreasoning selfishness wrought to his fall. Or consider Raleigh's action with that celebrated cloak. Had he been one of the many, thoughts of the value of the garment would have come over him like a spell, and ere he could have seen that the occasion might make an even greater sacrifice profitable, the opportunity would have passed by. Or Cæsar's action in dismissing his mutinous soldiers. With that sublime confidence in eternal laws which marks every great mind, he saw, even in that hour of peril, that if he failed to subdue them he would still be in no worse plight than if he failed, as he certainly would, to cajole them. He was not the man to adopt "that *via media* which to timid minds seems safe and judicious because not going to extremes, but which does yet, like all weak things, manage to embrace the evil of both and the good of neither." "Barring his pestilent ambition," he was the most rational of men. Other men might, as he says, believe what they wished true—*vere libenter homines id quid volunt, credunt*—he, like Thucydides, was "concerned with the everlasting fact." In short, all the grand working qualities of genius, that continual *presence of mind* which makes us ready for any unheard-of emergency, that high intellectual courage which never shrinks from facing an unpleasant truth, that stern reliance upon facts which endures no manner of humbug,—they mean simply the strong rule of the intellect over all weak feeling. They are spiritual—not in the sense in which religious sentimentalists use the word, nor in the sense in which those use it who complain that the present age is lacking in spirituality, meaning that its faith in the supernatural seems to wane, or who complain that certain great thinkers, as George Eliot and Confucius, are lacking in spirituality because they dwell chiefly

on the eternal realities of this life—but spiritual in the true apostolic sense of the word in which it denotes the rule of the higher parts of our nature over the lower. I do not say they are virtues, but the lack of them is always a fault. If a man “do not love himself,” as Iago says, how can he know how to love his neighbour? “’Tis in ourselves,” he adds, “that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions. But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.” Observe that he makes no distinction between reason and will. Because will is merely desire guided and formulated by reason.

But there are matters of worldly success that are beyond the reach of mere worldly prudence, matters in which its whole tendency is to defeat its own ends. There are desires which must be utterly renounced before they can be gratified. How many a youth, for example, has to learn, as Whately did, to bear his embarrassment and awkwardness in company before he can take the first step toward getting rid of these great troubles. Again, there is perhaps nothing which is dearer to the hearts of men in general than force of personal character or power with their fellows. But nothing can more effectually deprive us of this power than an eager desire to possess it. He that loveth it, loseth it; he that hateth it, findeth it.

If a man be over-anxious to be thought highly of by others, his opinions of men and things will be influenced, magnetized, by theirs. When this is so men instinctively recognize it, and the opinions go for nothing. Above all things men love to find a man with opinions and sentiments that are his own. They are most apt to think him right who cares least what they think. Again, the highest and truest oratorical or literary success is greatly hindered by the passion for fame. Its tendency is to make one a mere servile imitator, to degrade genius into ingenuity and breed bombast and affectation. It may be "the last infirmity of noble minds;" it is none the less an infirmity.

The general principle under which these cases come is that any anxiety concerning our own value and importance in the world tends to defeat itself. That value is like the morrow, one of the things which we should take no thought for. It will take thought for itself.

PART III.—OF CHARITY.

In a subjugation of the passions to reason there are two things involved; first, self-denial; and second, that our self-denial be reasonable; that is to say, that it have a sufficient purpose to justify it. Now, the only thing primarily valuable to man is the happiness of sensitive beings. "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural." The only object, therefore, which can justify self-denial is the attainment of an equivalent of happiness for self or for another. The chief sacredness as a duty, of self-denial for ourselves, consists in the fact that it is a duty to our neighbour. Our power of giving happiness depends upon it. We all feel that we have a right to

ask our friends that they shall cultivate their powers and keep them in the highest possible efficiency. Therefore we owe the same to them. Hence all the duties that form and strengthen character are included in this, to love our neighbour as ourselves. It is our own holiness to seek another's happiness. To seek the good of men is the highest good of man.

So Paul said with a reiterated distinctness which shows how anxious he was not to be mistaken. (Rom. xiii. 8-10 ; Gal. v. 4.) His reasoning shows his drift more unmistakeably, if possible, than his statement. Love is the fulfilling of the law, because it *worketh no ill to his neighbour*. But Christ made two statements of the whole duty of man which seem to conflict. When asked about the great commandment in the law, he gave in answer two commandments. (Matt. xxii. 37-40.) In the Sermon on the Mount he summed the law in the Golden Rule, which coincides with the second of the two commandments, omitting the first altogether. Why is this ? I suppose because the one is equivalent to the two. In the first is to be found the great moving principle of life, but that which it moves us to do is in the second. The first contains the second ; the second fulfils the first. When he summed the law in the two he was giving instruction to the intelligent lawyer. There is the deliberation of thought about it. It is the theoretical truth. They are commands embodying the unattainable ideal. They are the fundamental principles of all that is contained in the law and the prophets—it hangs upon them. When he summed the law in one he was preaching to the people. There is the deep earnestness of work about it. It is the practical truth. It is a rule to direct us how we may ever strive toward the ideal. All the precepts of morality amount simply to this, this *is* the law and the prophets.

Many orthodox theologians have held that Christ and Paul were not strictly correct in saying that the Golden Rule is the sum of all virtue. Indeed, the church in all ages has been profoundly sceptical in this matter. Bishop Butler, for example, shows conclusively that strict truthfulness at all times is not included in benevolence. There are times when to be wholly truthful is to be wholly selfish. Yet he esteems it a virtue. That the whole duty of man is to seek the happiness of others as he does his own is the very hardest thing for human nature to believe. Because it is the very hardest duty to perform. Men would have something easier. In ten thousand ways and upon ten thousand pretexts will they evade the point, making the commandment of God of none effect through their tradition. One will have it that the way of salvation is by receiving absolution. Another, that it is by baptism. A third, that it can only come through the endless genealogy of apostolic succession, A fourth, forgetting that the church was made for man, and not man for the church, insists that the one thing needful is faith in an authoritative visible church. For man is a religious being. He cannot rest without doing something for his soul's salvation. So he cheats himself with tricks like these. We may surely have confidence enough in God's goodness and truth to say that the truest belief will be most beneficial to the soul. But a belief in these things is not more beneficial to the soul than a belief in the Anglo-Israel theory. Another class finds the essence of all evil in social amusements and the essence of all good in "proclaiming the gospel" to people who have heard exactly the same thing in exactly the same way a thousand times already. Even the author of *Ecce Homo* is found saying that edification is greater than charity, inasmuch as it is better to make a man holy than to make him happy.

But should he not have made allowance for these two things : first, that it is far more within our power to make him happy than to make him holy ; and second, that the best, indeed almost the only true means of edification is the example of charity ; that edification apart from charity is but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal ? Others again hold theories metaphysically correct, perhaps, but lacking moral stamina ; that is to say, they do not set themselves squarely and sternly against the evil with which they have to deal, viz., our selfishness. For instance, Goethe's doctrine of culture takes but little account of it, and makes no provision for guarding against its deceptive powers, which is equivalent to a fallacy. Moreover, if we take care to do good, culture will take care of itself. We may safely be *altruists* in creed, for we are constitutionally *egoists*. The keynote to a man's religious belief is his doctrine of original sin, for that involves his conviction as to his need of a religion. Once more. There is nothing which men more, or more continually crave than sympathy. Therefore sympathy with those about is the most important duty of life. Yet how many are utterly unable to look upon it as a religious duty at all, at least in so far as the little things of which life is chiefly made up are concerned. On the other hand, they find no difficulty in looking upon prayer as a duty. Yet it is not included in the second commandment. If a man seek to form his life on that commandment, prayer is best left to the healthy longings of the soul. "It is a necessity of our humanity rather than a duty. To force it as a duty is dangerous. Christ never did so ; never did it till asked." His mention of prayer indefinite is not commendatory. The great essential truth of Christian orthodoxy is that to do as we would be done by is the whole of a religious life, and they are the true *heretics* and *schismatics* who would *divide* and *rend* the

church for a minor matter ; who having "swerved" from the broad principle of charity, "have turned aside unto vain jangling, understanding neither what they say nor whereof they affirm," because they are without the guidance of that principle.

But more and more the world is coming to grasp this truth. Doubtless there is and will be strenuous resistance. It was so of old ; how should it be otherwise now ? But there is a steady movement onward. There is less of the Divine and more of the Human, or to speak more correctly, less of pietism and more of charity in the religion of the present than of any past age. The feelings of awe and reverence play a less and less important part in the life of man, and science a more important one as time goes on. Men are ruled less by impulse and more by principle ; less by emotion and more by thought. It is part of the great plan by which all things are being brought under the dominion of intelligence. It is not that awe and reverence and emotion are being withered out of life, but that the restraining power which they once exercised has come to be vested in the intellect, while they fulfil their own more peculiar functions. Men are learning that they must—not leave the Divine and turn to the Human, but—seek the Divine in and through the Human. They can no longer be content with their own devout imaginings, but look to be told with a secular reality and a business-like clearness what their duty is.

The maxim which Christ affirmed to be the law and the prophets has been noted to occur in previous writings some thirty or forty times. With scarcely an exception, however, it is either in the negative form, or with a limited application. It may be that logically the two forms amount to the same thing, but practically they amount to two very different

things ; and the feelings which naturally take the one form of expression or the other are two vastly different things. The negative is often merely a maxim of self-defence. It was a stock argument with the orator Isocrates. The desire to base our rights on a rational principle leads directly to it. It has been used by many quite independent thinkers. "If you do not wish me to treat you so, do not treat me so." I have heard it enunciated quite distinctly by men who had never heard of the Golden Rule. Because it is the merest of common sense, involved in the natural reason of every one Is it any wonder, therefore, if it be found in ancient writings? or that when Aristotle was asked how we should behave to our friends, he answered: "As we would have them behave to us?" A response so apt, so fitted to inspire the dilettante questioner with disgust at a study that, instead of affording fine-spun and beautiful theories, was so disagreeably practical and common-sense, certainly did not require an insight specially prophetic for its utterance.

But Epictetus, some of the rabbins, Confucius and Buddha made it a maxim of morality ; though their proneness to use the negative form, which suggests a dignified passivity rather than a Christian activity, is marked. Confucius, however, teaches the positive form, if not explicitly, yet in effect ; and what is of far more vital importance, he taught that it was the whole of morality. It is clear to almost any mind when once it is suggested that it is a part of our duty ; but to see in it, as Paul saw, the fulfilling of the law, is a much rarer insight, as the history of theology can show. To crowd it silently out with other maxims is a favorite method of slighting it. Confucius shows that he clearly understood the matter. His expositions are admirably lucid, brief and slight though they are. His was a mighty

intellect, with a grasp of moral subjects unsurpassed. But he was little more than a great intellect. He lacked moral power and earnestness. He did not half appreciate the difficulty of obeying, even approximately, his maxim; and of the absolute necessity there is for every man to obey it to the utmost of his power, he seems to have had no thought whatever. As a moral leader, too, he was weak. He reminds us continually of those modern philanthropists who are forever teasing somebody to help put their pet schemes in operation. But the glory of an intellectual truth is that it may at any time be touched to life by a practical application, and I cannot doubt that many an earnest Chinaman has been helped by the clear light of that wonderful intelligence shed on the upward path to a higher and better life than he would otherwise have attained. Should not such a one be grateful to his helper. The hold which he has obtained over the millions of China is a continual puzzle to those who have not sufficiently considered his intellectual completeness. It is a singular illustration of the strong, and above all, the enduring quality of that fame which depends on the intellect alone.

“To be able to judge of others by what is nigh in ourselves, this may be called the art of virtue.” So said Confucius. A sapient and learned author of our own day, in a long and elaborate work on the same subject, (Sidgwick's *Methods of Ethics*,) devotes a dozen lines to the subject, dismissing it with the profound observation that while it indicates clearly the proper course in the relations of two persons with each other, it makes no provision for the case in which two should “agree upon a course of sin.” But what sin is that which is not included in the relations of two persons with each other? It must be of a kind that worketh no ill to his neighbour. The precept is obviously applicable to our relations with

all whom our actions may effect. Had he said, "injury to a third" instead of "sin," the fallacy would have been manifest, but by the vagueness and unreality of the word "sin" it could be concealed.

The perfection of the method of thought implied in the maxim is the thing to be specially noted. We are prone to favor our own cause. By putting ourselves in the place of our neighbour we invert the error so that it may cancel itself. It is the proper corrective to the depravity of human judgment. It is a two-edged sword, being a corrective both to our actions toward others and our desires from them. By bringing the two into harmony it corrects both. It is, of course, still the depraved human judgment which makes the correction, and it is often impossible to put ourselves in the place of our neighbour in any wise adequately. In such cases the only course is to make sure that the error, if any, is against ourselves, and let it go. We are not likely to err greatly in this direction. A too nice calculation in any case is not highly Christian.

Observe the beauty and simplicity of the scheme. The wants of our nature are made the rule of our life, but with this correction—which strict reason demands, why should we be happy more than another?—that we are to seek not our own good merely, but the good of all. Notice how our conception of goodness is formed by thought following in the track of this correction. *Good* is first that which is agreeable to us, then the quality of the person who brings us pleasure. First the natural, then the spiritual.

A volume might be written on the Ethics of the Golden Rule. Here we shall only remark that it obviously includes everything that is for the good of man.

PART IV.—OF FAITH.

The word faith has two meanings—a primary and secondary, each of which may be best explained by means of the word with which it is usually contrasted. It is contrasted first with sight, and the difference is that faith is belief in spite of apparently strong evidence against it. Of course it is not belief in spite of evidence. It is understood that the evidence on which it rests lies deep and immovable, though it be not striking or impressive; and it is implied that the evidence on the other side is of the opposite character. Thus the scientist, when the result of an experiment, or some strange phenomenon observed, seems to contradict some established principle, feels sure there must be a mistake somewhere; he has faith in the principle. Or, when a man whom we have long known and found upright, is accused of acting dishonorably, we refuse to believe it, having faith in the man. Apparent lack of evidence may have the same effect as apparent negative evidence. So the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews defines it. So Wordsworth uses the word with strict poetic accuracy:

“’Tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.”

But the primary and typical faith is the belief in the quiet and unimpressive testimony of reason as against every form of vivid and striking but lying witness of blind imagination; and the typical phase of that faith is the belief on the ground of reason and despite all the warping influences of selfishness that our neighbour has all those sensibilities and wants of which we are so keenly conscious in ourselves, that they are just as important as ours and are to be so regarded by us. We can see easily enough how it is in the abstract principle or between two of

our neighbours—that is not faith, but sight—but in our own case, on a practical occasion, it suddenly becomes faith. Another phase of this typical faith appears in matters prudential. I have spoken of Cæsar's confidence in external laws. Mr. Bartle's opinion was that women are lacking in it, "thinks two and two 'll come to make five if she cries and bothers enough about it." Men have more of that which is selfish or prudent. Women have more of that which is unselfish or affectionate. Imagination helps them to believe in another's feelings when no feeling of their own prevents. Women have finer and better impulses than men; but men, as they have more need, so they have perhaps more power of walking according to reason.

This typical faith exists to a certain extent in every one, though it be—as Thomas A. Kempis says of the good which has remained in man from the fall, "*tanquam scintilla quedam latens in cinere.*" It is involved in the very existence of a reasoning faculty. Or, to continue the quotation, "*Hæc est ipsa ratio naturalis, circumfusa magna caligine, adhuc iudicium habens boni et mali, veri falsique distantiam, licet impotens adimplere omne quod approbat nec pleno jam lumine veritatis, nec sanitate affectionum suarum potiatur.*" Before it can be effective, it must pass from that "latent" state in which it originally lies to a conscious and definite rule of life. There must spring up in connection with it a faith in the absolute necessity of acting upon it, and a determination so to act to the utmost of our power. In our young enthusiasm, indeed, before we have felt the deadly weight of temptation, this is not matter of faith but of sight. But afterward, when the power of evil has risen like a blinding mist between us and our goal, sight is dimmed to faith.

Thus developed faith transforms the character. 'It is God's merciful law that feelings are increased by acts done on principle.' . . . "Let a man force himself to abound in small offices of kindness. . . . By and by he will feel them become the habit of his soul," which is character. But the good habits of the soul are not shackles of cast iron as evil habits are. Their strength is of the will, not of passion. They consist rather in an everlasting tenderness of heart, and freshness of feeling, and readiness of sympathy, and alertness of vision. We do not rise above the necessity of a struggle in this life, but only into the region of higher struggle.

This is nothing more than what I have already said in another form under the head of self-culture. The subject is indeed but another phase of the same subject. Strong faith means strong self-command, and feeble faith means feeble self-command. And this is true not only of faith, as I have defined it, but on any definition, even on that most imbecile of definitions—the modern theological definition, which makes it merely belief in a person.

The life of faith is not the perfect life. It were better, doubtless, to have the feeling than to act on principle. But the feeling is not within the power of our will; and it is as Father Atwell said, "a great thing to act right when you feel wrong." We cannot love our neighbour as ourself; if we could we should need no rule. But as we must walk by faith. Christ gave the rule. No one

" Keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears."

But we may still keep our ideal and ever press toward it.

This brings us to consider the secondary meaning of faith. Formerly it was contrasted with sight;

and we found it to be sight limited and hindered by the working of the carnal mind, by our selfish desires. Now it is contrasted with works, and the principle of the contrast is the same. The righteousness of works is the keeping of the law, as limited and hindered by the power of the flesh. If a man with full purpose, no matter with what success, act upon his belief,—if it be a living faith, filled out to completeness by works, he has the righteousness of faith. This is all that man can do, therefore it is all that can be required of him. Hence we are justified by faith and not by the deeds of the law. The righteousness of our ideal is imputed to us.

This, of justification by faith, is the special doctrine of Christianity; but it is to be remembered that Christianity goes further. It assures man that whatever his past life may have been, if he now repent, change his mind, he is reconciled to God and regenerated. There is a provision in man's nature too for this, else his moral probation were a delusion.

It is the special doctrine of Christianity yet it is older than Christianity. It had been taught in substance by the Psalmist ages before in the sweetest and truest poetry that earth has ever heard (Ps. CIII., 8-18) "He knoweth our frame."

VOLITION AND RESPONSIBILITY.

Many of the words and phrases commonly used in considering the subject of the Will are bad beyond remedy. By a beautiful arrangement which philosophers have been lamentably slow to understand and take advantage of, there is a tendency to use the word denoting any act of mind, in a generalised sense to denote the peculiar mode of mental working which produces that act. Thus "Judgment" is a general term, including all judgments, and denoting thus the special mode of mental action by which we form judgments. So the term "Volition" should be used to denote the action of the mind in willing. But we must be ever on our guard against erecting these generalized ideas into conceptions of independent existences, as we are liable to do; and we are tenfold so liable if, as has been done in the present instance, we reject the term furnished by this natural law for an ordinary individualising name. We find accordingly that "The Will" has been universally treated as an existence instead of a mode of action and much confusion has been the result. Philosophers speak of a self-determining power of the Will, of Liberty of the Will or the like. How could a mode of mental action have a "self-determining" power. Or how could it be bond or free any more than, to use Locke's simile "sleep could be swift or virtue square?" In short by this means the whole discussion has been rendered futile, for by conceiving of the Will as an existing thing metaphysicians have enabled themselves to drop mind entirely out of their

calculations, and so have utterly missed the real question, which is not concerning the nature of Will but concerning the nature of the relation between mind and Will, or more properly, between mind and Volition.

It may be stated thus:—Is there a connexion between mind with its circumstances, and Volition, such, that if the former were given the latter might therefrom certainly be deduced and fore-known? Are our volitions, a full knowledge of the case being supposed, traceable to possibilities in mind and its environments, or are they not? Is there, in brief a relation of cause and effect, or is there not? There are, of course, two theories. Let us test them.

To be valid, a theory of Volition must be not inconsistent with its observed conditions; to be complete it must fully account for them. These observed conditions are two: Moral Responsibility and Free-agency. But Free-agency is accounted for by the existence of volitions, nor can anything be inconsistent with Free-agency which is not inconsistent with Volition? Free-agency cannot, therefore, be made a test. Moral Responsibility, therefore, is the only proper test of a theory of Volition. And it is interesting to note, in this connexion, that the question has only an interest within the sphere of morality. The corollary is that the case of an action morally indifferent, as actions in supposed cases are apt to be, has no direct bearing on the subject.

Before proceeding to apply the test, it may, perhaps, be well to notice that Moral Responsibility is a fact. Every human being believes that he who has treated him well deserves well, and that he who has treated him ill deserves ill; and that is sufficient for our purpose. That belief can only be accounted for by the fact.

Try the negative theory. Suppose that our volitions are not traceable to possibilities in mind and its environments, what connexion have my volitions with me more than with Jack Ketch? Obviously none. They spring from chance, and chance might as well have given them to that celebrated personage as to me. I am no more responsible than he. Responsibility is annihilated instead of being accounted for by that theory.

The affirmative. Suppose that our volitions are traceable to mind and its environments. If our volitions have sufficient causes in our nature and we are responsible for the volitions, we are also responsible for their causes, and so on up to the first. If that be Scylla on our right hand, this is surely Charybdis on our left, and the case of your poor philosopher reminds one of that long-eared thinker of scholastic renown hesitating between two bundles of hay. These are the only two theories possible to human understanding. We may, indeed, take an eclectic middle course, and hold that both are partly true. But it is obvious that so far as the negative is true we are not responsible, and so far as the positive is true we are not responsible, and between them they seem to cover the ground.

It may be of interest to note here how the supporters of each side are irresistible in attack and imbecile in defense. Edwards, for example, confines himself for the most part to showing that the Libertarian view is untenable, in which he is entirely successful. In one place, however, he defends his own view by remarking that not the source of the action but the nature of it makes it blameworthy or praiseworthy. Surely a child might answer, true; but it is the source which attaches the praise or blame to us.

The whole controversy, notwithstanding the vast literature it may boast, may be thus briefly summed:

Against the Positive or Predestinarian theory, there is Responsibility; for it, the law of Cause and Effect. Against the Negative or Libertarian theory, Responsibility and the law of Cause and Effect; for it, nothing. The evidence preponderates for the Positive, manifestly. Of the two it is perhaps the less absurd, and it has been the more ably supported. We may, perhaps, find it profitable to examine a little some of the arguments advanced in support of it.

Efforts have been made to trace in consciousness a connexion between mind and Volition; or, in other words, to find a criterion enabling us to determine beforehand what, in a given case, our volitions shall be. Could such a one be found, it would obviously decide the issue. That most commonly accepted is expressed in the statement that "the Will is always determined by the strongest motive." The term strength, as applied to motives, is figurative. It is that which produces results. The only true measure, even of physical strength, is the extent of its effect; and as for strength of motives, we have no way of knowing even what it means, save as we see its results. The criterion is, therefore, *after the fact*, worthless as last year's almanac. Another version of the same is that "Volition has always for its object that which appears most desirable." But how are we to know what appears most agreeable, save by the fact that we choose it. Unless this knowledge be derived from a different source, it is a definition concerning words only and not a judgment of comparison, concerning things, and the criterion vanishes. Edwards elsewhere says that the Will is determined "by that view of mind which has the greatest degree of previous tendency to excite Volition." But what evidence have we that there is any such "previous tendency?" None, except its results, and they become evidence only when we argue from them by the axiom

that every effect has a cause. But precisely the point in dispute is whether the axiom holds in the case before us or not. What may seem like such a "previous tendency" in consciousness is itself of the nature of Volition.

But there is a concession to be made. When the good or agreeable things between which a choice is to be made, are good or agreeable in the same kind, the issue is manifestly dependent on the judgment, and may fairly be conceived of as calculable. A merchant—and we are all in so far merchants—will certainly take, other things being equal, that course of action which he believes will yield him most profit. But the action is by supposition morally indifferent. A choice between pleasures has no moral quality. To be morally commendable or reprehensible it must be a *choice between right and wrong*. Or if this be objected to as rant, on the ground that if we choose right or wrong it must be because we consider them good, then the meaning of the term *good* is made dependent on our choice, and the criterion becomes after the fact. The good of doing right is like no other good in the universe, and comparable with no other on any standard known to man. It is of the spirit; the other is of the flesh. And what sort of umpire should the understanding be between flesh and spirit in any form; between faith and sense, or pity and revenge, or sympathy and envy; between calm judgment and heated passion, or far-sighted prudence and blind desire?

We may even admit that the power of the flesh is in some degree calculable. There is such a thing as knowledge of human nature, and no one would dream of saying that it does not extend to actions having outwardly a moral quality. "Character tends to final permanence." The influence of early habits and

associations may be traced in after life, But we are not responsible for these things and such as these, nor for the actions to which they lead us, but for our consent to those actions. If we do that we would not, it is no more we that do it but something else. This consent is not even conceivably calculable beforehand. There can, of course, be no such thing as doing that we would not in the broad daylight of full consciousness. Here must the struggle be. But the human heart is confessedly deceitful above all things, and amid the darkness and misty moonshine of our ignorance and half knowledge it cheats us continually, causing us to do countless things that we allow not, whose moral effect upon ourselves and others is evil. Of these actions human nature does afford some sort of criterion. They can be foretold with quite as much accuracy as is observed in the predictions of Vennor. They can be traced to causes in our nature. The skilful anatomist of human character knows the sources of them all. Now if actions of consent and dissent have in like manner causes in our nature, how is it that we are responsible for the one and not for the other? It is incumbent on those who hold the necessitarian doctrine to explain.

They will probably do so—that is, supposing them to admit the necessity of any explanation—by saying that the cause is in the one case a moral cause and in the other a physical. Let us understand the difference. There are a number of phrases similar to “moral cause,” such as “moral compulsion,” “moral necessity,” “moral obligation,” “moral restraint,” and the like. All these are “moral” as distinguished from “absolute,” and the distinction consists in this, that they act upon us only in so far as we are susceptible to moral influences. The idea arises from the fact that all earthly morality is an imperfect morality. Knowledge of right and wrong is a moral cause. It

keeps a man from sinning only in so far as he desires not to sin. To that extent it is—not a physical but—an absolute cause, and effects Responsibility precisely as any other cause does. Beyond that it is nothing, not even a moral cause.

It appears, then, that the issues of life are of two classes, and that those of the one class have a moral quality, but no previous criterion discoverable; while those of the other seem to have previous criteria, but have no moral quality for which we are responsible. In other words, it appears that we are in no wise responsible for moral tendencies of our natures, but only for the way in which we deal with those tendencies; or, as we may say, only in so far as we are the work of our own hands. We might here remark that there can obviously be no previous criterion of an act for which we are responsible. A criterion implies a cause, and a cause draws back the Responsibility.

But here we are confronted with the inevitable. Whence is this *we* whose workmanship *we* are? It must be the creation of a previous *we*, and that of another, and so *in infinitum*. Such, I fancy, would be Edwards' argument. With this he demolishes the theory of a free choice in the Will. He rings the changes upon it repeatedly, and every time he slays a Philistine. It never fails him. It is, however, a part of the law of compensation that very effective weapons are dangerous to handle. If it be true that a free choice must be accounted for by a previous free choice, and that by another, and so *in infinitum*, it is equally true, by a strict parity of reasoning, that if it be accounted for by another cause, that cause must be accounted for by a previous, and so *in infinitum*. Everything that may be said for or against a first free choice may be equally and similarly said for or against

a first cause. If it be said that a first cause is a self-existent cause, the answer is ready that the first choice is a self-determining choice. If it be said a self-determining choice is no other than a self-choosing choice, the answer is that a self-existent cause is no other than a self-causing cause. And so *in infinitum*.

We have sufficiently seen, I think, that the act of man's moral Responsibility is irreconcilable with either of the two theories. Upon either as premises an irresistible logic demonstrates it impossible; and further, no other premises are logically admissible. That the difficulty arises from no incidental blunder is amply proved by the fact that it emerges from every possible statement of the case, and has troubled thinkers in every age. It is impossible that there should be a contradiction in the nature of things. It must therefore arise from some limitation of the human faculties. It may be that the relation between mind and Volition is not fully comprehensible to our present understanding. We asked, is it a relation of cause and effect or is it not? and we assumed that if it is not, it is no relation, that no other is possible. But is this necessary? Certainly no other is conceivable, but in no conceivable way can the conditions of the problem be satisfied. Are there not causes in the world which seem to be to some extent first causes, such as we might call secondary first causes. The human mind is certainly very prone to this way of thinking. A child's opinion concerning the wind is that it blows itself; that is, he conceives of it as a living thing. A single germ of life seems to have unlimited power to develop itself and to direct and control physical force. Intellect, too, is creative. We trace to it ingenious device or brilliant fancy, and rest. It seems to produce effects and yet retain its virtue. Are there not here indications of a *via media*? If the logical reader find nothing in this attempt to

trace them but a suggestion of one or other of the old theories under a different form, let him remember that it could not by any possibility be otherwise, such an attempt being in its very nature an attempt to conceive and express the inconceivable. Moreover, there are other facts which seem to hint at such a limitation of our faculties. Pure spirit is unthinkable save by means of metaphor. But our question is in a worse case yet, for it concerns some unknown difference between matter and spirit, and what material metaphor can represent that? We are fain to take a plain contradiction for metaphor and say a secondary first cause or the like.

Such being the case, it seems pretty evident that our investigation of the matter is not likely to lead to anything very definite. The reader perhaps even now recalls the saying of Dr. Johnson upon Soame Jenyns:—"How the Origin of Evil is brought nearer to human conception by any inconceivable means, I am unable to discover." But no pretence is here made of bringing anything nearer to human conception. It is enough if we have seen that there are, as I have said, indications of the possibility of a *via media*.

The mystery remains, but meanwhile there is somewhat of importance to be noted. So long as it remains, so long as our feeling of Moral Accountability—our feeling that he who does a noble action deserves to be rewarded, and he who does a base one deserves to be punished, cannot be accounted for by and consistently with its precedent phenomena—so long science fails to be a satisfactory explanation of this universe. It is not only that it is imperfect—that were pardonable—but that at one point, and that a vitally important one, it proves itself to be utterly an *ignis fatuus*. So long as this mystery is unexplained, it is a sufficient apology and justification for

belief in a hypothesis with a like mystery. Such is the doctrine of Infinite Goodness united with Infinite Power notwithstanding the existence of moral evil. "Most people," said Mill, "save God's goodness at the expense of His power." But we may save both at the expense of our own faculties. And the warrant for so discrediting our faculties is, that they fail to account for our Responsibility. To account for our Responsibility is to account for the origin and existence of evil on any the most orthodox hypothesis. The problems are identical, having one solution. Another statement of the same is the difficulty of reconciling Divine sovereignty with human personality. Indeed, all the great problems of speculative thought are but variations of this one problem of the human will. The mystery is the same, through all its variety of outward forms, and it lies not away in the far regions of the infinite, but at home, within us, girt about on every side with patent and indisputable facts. Man himself is the mystery. There is no other mystery. We might refuse to accept another, but this we cannot refuse; and having accepted it there is no more to be said. The great fact of our Responsibility so strangely difficult to human logic, so strangely simple to human consciousness, is the rock whereon modern theistic belief may plant itself, with the firm assurance that the gates of materialistic fatalism shall not prevail against it.

THE "WORDS OF THE PREACHER."

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The Hebrew mind is naturally sententious. It delights in an aphorism with a strong figure of speech. The Aryan mind is systematic. The vivacious Greek, the strong Roman, the mediæval scholastic, and the modern scientist are all systematic. Every great mind is naturally systematic in its method. Every great mind has also a tendency to be sententious. Some of the greatest minds combine the two for didactic purposes. Bacon's great work is an example of the aphoristic method engrafted upon the systematic. "The Preacher" is an example of the systematic method engrafted upon the aphoristic.

The peculiarity of method must ever be borne in mind while studying the book. It has somewhat of a system. But it is far from being rigidly systematic. It is scarcely systematic enough to be satisfactory to the average Western mind. Disconnected aphorisms and sentences are numerous. To some extent, they are arranged in subjects. But aphorisms are as difficult to arrange as books. In most libraries, the largest class is grouped under the heading "Miscellaneous." The Preacher's system is, however, something very different from the mere classification of aphorisms. He is unconsciously systematic because his mind revolved ceaselessly around one root idea. Mostly, he turns not to a new subject, but to a new phase of the old. Many of his apparently disconnected sayings are but illustrations of the one grand

principle which constantly fascinated him. We shall best catch the key-note of the treatise by reading in conjunction two texts which state a paradox. Of these, the first to be considered states the truth, a deep and glorious truth, that is in Epicureanism: "Behold that which I have seen: it is good and comely for one to eat and drink and to enjoy the good of all his labor which he taketh under the sun, all the days of his life, which God giveth him; for it is his portion." As we desire happiness, we inevitably desire the gratification of all those sensibilities which are channels of happiness. Those desires are not only natural, but also perfectly proper and right, so long as they are kept within bounds. It is perfectly right also to enjoy the pleasures which they afford. They are our "portion." The power to enjoy them is "the gift of God."

But there is another side of the case. Man was not made to seek his own pleasure merely, but for something higher; and hence he has been mercifully so constituted that pleasures too eagerly or greedily pursued pall. The Preacher had found it so. He had set himself, not without a charitable design of using his peculiar advantages for the benefit of his less happily situated fellows, to seek the *summum bonum*, to find what was good for the sons of men which they should do under the sun all the days of their lives; and he had found that there is no such thing. All the passionate selfishness of man, seeking only its own good, ends in vanity and vexation of soul. That ceaseless, restless clutching after something good, which keeps human hearts unquiet, which troubled the great Hindu sage and led him to the contrasted conception of Nirvana, of which the ever-coursing sun, the ever-whirling winds, and the ever-flowing streams were the fitting emblems and analogues, was all vain and barren. God has so

arranged it that man might be led to something higher. "There is nothing good for man which he may eat and drink, and (whereby he may) make his soul enjoy good of all his labor which he taketh under the sun. This, also, I saw that it was from the hand of God."

The persistent mistranslation of this verse is the saddest blunder in the history of Hermeneutics. That it is a blunder may be very easily made plain and level to the judgment of the simplest English reader. The Hebrew adjective has no comparative form. Comparison is expressed by the positive with a preposition. "Better than" is, in Hebrew idiom, "good from." That preposition is not found in the original of this verse. There is a difference between "There is nothing good for a man that he should eat and drink" and "There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink,"—the same difference that is between *yes* and *no*. The context, too, requires the above rendering. The writer has just recorded the failure of his own search for something whereby he might make his soul enjoy good. How could he tell us that that enjoyment was all that was left? Rather, he tells us that it is non-existent, the impossible; that his failure was not accidental, but typical. He is not the dog returning to his vomit, but the prodigal leaving his hooks. Here is his paradox: Pleasure is good; primarily, the only good. The search for pleasure is vanity and vexation of spirit. Pleasure is gained, not by seeking it, but by serving God. "God giveth to a man that is good in his sight wisdom and knowledge and joy." This is no strange doctrine. We are all familiar with it, as the result of some of the latest and best thinking of John Stuart Mill; and more familiar with it, I hope, in the oft-repeated words of the great Teacher, "He that loveth his life shall lose it; he that hateth his life for my sake shall find it."

This is clearly the best, one is tempted to say the best possible, statement of the doctrine. It is affirmative, and therefore, to weak humanity, helpful. It is suggestive, without being too painfully defined; and therefore it affords food for the mind without any unpleasant strain on the attention. And, lastly, it considers the matter practically, with reference to what is to be done. The Preacher's statement is philosophic. He was interested in observing the universal law. It is poetic. He was fascinated by the awful inflexibility of the law. He meditated, if that may be called meditation which is not thought, but feeling (it is, in fact, the truest meditation, and most poetic), on man's utter impotence before that law, his ignorance and blindness enhancing his weakness, and his perversion and self-love thickening the scales of his blindness. There is a time for everything, and man knoweth not his time. Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But to this question of inflexible law and man's ignorance thereof there is also another side. Be obedient to the law, so far as you know it. Do so much for the object you have in view as you can do, and leave the rest to that same inflexible law. Sow the seed, leave it to the forces of nature to make it grow. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good. Sow plentifully and wait patiently. Bread cast upon the waters will be found after many days. In fine, fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole lot of man. It is that for which he is made, for which his constitution is adapted. It is that, too, which gives most of this world's joy; for it gives him the power to enjoy. "Natura regenda est, pariendo." The service of God is the truest way to happiness. Such is the Preacher's theme.

True, he dwells upon the dark side of it. It appears to me that his peculiar prophetic work was that of a poet-philosopher rather than reformer; and to this end he was more prodigally endowed with the gifts and graces of genius divine than any other writer, unless we except Shakspeare. I cannot help thinking also that, along with his exquisitely fine and varied tastes, he had that slightly indolent temperament which so often accompanies them, making him all the more sensitive to the ceaseless unrest of things. His mind and heart and soul were contemplative rather than active. He loves to dwell upon life and mind and their deep problems, not as a mere anatomist, delighting in his own skill chiefly, but with wonder and human love. In him, thought and feeling, science and emotion, are inseparably blended.

That, in my opinion, his intellectual reach is of the vastest, the reader has already gathered. Farther discussion of that point may be deferred until it shall appear whether he is likely to be any better understood in the future than he has been in the past. Upon his poetic excellence, one may speak with much more safety. The English language has nothing more musical to show than the first eight or ten verses of the first, ninth, and twelfth chapters of our version. Shakspeare approaches it occasionally, as in :—

"Duncan is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

George Borrow has occasionally something that seems like it, as when, in *Lavengro* he speaks of "the wise king of Jerusalem, who sat in his shady arbors, beside his sunny fishpools, saying so many fine things." But the peculiar excellence of the Preacher's poetry, especially of that supreme passage which

describes the last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history, is, that the music of the words is not in the words, but in the thought. Let the words be changed, let synonyms be put for synonyms in mere wantonness, but the music remains. Ill pronounced Latin and worse pronounced Greek and unpronounceable Hebrew, provided the thoughts be in our minds and seem to be in the words, are all alike musical. The very conceptions are rhythmic. We catch precisely the same tone in the words, "Love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave." The thought is musical. Clearly, this book and the "Song of Songs" are from the same hand.

I am not going to discuss the question of authorship. If it was not written by that wise and erratic son of the sweet singer of Israel, and the wife for whose love he had sinned so deeply, then we may well moralize upon the treachery of fame. In my ignorance, I cannot help thinking that there are other considerations quite as weighty as a use of the late form of the relative. The autobiographical portion has, at all events, more appearance of genuineness than that of the apocryphal "Wisdom of Solomon" (Ecclus, vii. 1-4). It had not occurred to the Preacher that those points were likely to be called in dispute.

SOME THINGS ABOUT BACON.

1. Bacon's was an orthodox, conservative mind. Be not startled, reader, at least not into making rash statements. Of course no man of great mind can accept any belief merely because it was his father's belief; yet he may be inclined to accept such a belief more readily than another. Bacon was. His Confession of Faith shows this. It is just such a one as pattern theological students often write. If any such were written in his time, as is likely, it would not probably differ more from them than they from each other, except for one or two felicities of expression, or subtle analogies indicated.

How are we surprised, then, to find our greatest English historian saying that his attitude toward theology is "highly significant," that is to say, somewhat like that of the famous "sensible man," who keeps his opinions to himself. "From his exhaustive enumeration of the departments of Human learning he has excluded theology and theology alone." This is certainly a curious way of saying that he treated it in a separate chapter under the head of "Divine Learning." That Prof. Green should find Shakspeare's silence on religious subjects "significant," we might expect. But Bacon had not, like him, that highly heretical quality of mind which consists in a vivid knowledge of all the ways and means of human self-deception. True, he gives a pretty full account of the various *idola*, and among others of the *idola tribus*, yet he himself was far from being free from them. Hatred of the Brownists was one of the idols

of the tribe in his day. Bacon and Shakspeare both mention them. Bacon gives thanks to God that, "they are now, through the good remedies that have been used, pretty much suppressed and worn out." Shakspeare makes Sir Andrew Aguecheek say: "An it be any way it must be by valour, for policy I hate; I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician." Would not, think you, some Brownist-hater who heard the foolish knight's speech, recognize it as natural that he should hate the Brownists precisely because he was foolish, and go home feeling a little ashamed of himself. Bacon write Shakspeare's plays indeed! He was a great thinker, certainly, but not great enough to put that speech into the mouth of Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Moreover, he was in full sympathy with the religious sentiment of his age. His spontaneous commendation of the preaching of the "last forty years" attests this unequivocally. He was at the farthest possible remove from that aggressive Byronic temperament which delights in believing, or seeming to believe, what others do not believe. Even when his opinion differed from that of his age, he puts it forth with the utmost simplicity, as if it were a commonplace, often scarcely hinting at the existence of the contrary error. It is so that we like to have our errors corrected. We naturally do not wish the man who sets us right to be too particular in telling us where we were wrong. The only doctrine or discovery which he continually speaks of as new, is his exposition of the inductive method; and it is a familiar criticism that that was not so wholly new as he claimed. He was an adept, too, in that skilful handling of words by which new doctrines are reconciled with old formulæ. He admits that *oportet credere docentem*, which indicates a truth, though it states a falsehood, but he neutralises the falsehood by

adding the balancing truth, that *oportet judicare edoctum.*" This, of course, leaves *credere* to mean nothing more than a belief in the teacher's good intentions, a belief not always satisfactory.

2. He was not a severely logical thinker. He had an exquisite feeling of principles which seemed to have been embedded in his mind almost unconsciously, a process which goes on in every observant mind. But his grasp of them lacked logical incisiveness. In his utter abhorrence of the vicious assumption which is the fault of the deductive thinker, he saw not the danger on the other hand. He had the vice of the inductive thinker, namely, he overvalued the evidence of probabilities, and underestimated the importance of the distinction between positive and probable evidence. Hence it sometimes happened that evidence strictly scientific failed to convince him, because the thing seemed in the highest degree improbable. Here was a fine field for such prejudices as could exist in the light of his mighty mind, to operate in. It was this looseness of thought that wrought his fall.

But he was an unparalleled observer. He had, as I said, an exquisite feeling of principles. Touch him where you would and instinctively he based his judgment on some broad principle, which perhaps had hitherto lain dormant among the facts in his memory. Most of his thinking, like that of most practical men, was but the working up of those principles into clear light and order. This is the kind of thinking which best educates the thinker, but it is not much available for literary purposes, except to men of supreme insight, like Bacon. It is apt to be authoritative or dogmatic in tone, to "write science like a Lord Chancellor." When we have an idea which we are sure is truth, though as it is based upon scattered facts, or dependent perhaps upon personal insight, we

are unable to prove it by logical argument, we are apt to fall back upon mere asseveration. What else can we do? It is scarcely to be wondered at if we even add a touch of vehemence, or, as did Bacon, who was not pugnacious, a lofty contempt. "If men will be fools let them," remarked a philosopher of this class in my hearing once, and indeed my experience goes to convince me that this is the only feasible plan.

On the other hand your deductive reasoner, with his wrong assumption hidden away, from himself as from others, in some unsuspected corner of his argument, is perfectly calm; and with his syllogistic vise relentlessly presses you into shape. In the abundance of his confidence, he will even treat your objections rather favorably than otherwise. In Jonathan Edwards' masterly treatise on the *Will*, for example, there is no dogmatism, no vehement asseveration. It is all calm intellectual reasoning, cold logical demonstration. And how generous he is with his opponents! His openness, his real anxiety to hear every word they may have to say for themselves, and his patient demonstration of their errors, even when absurd, is only less wonderful than his unparalleled precision of argument.

Very similar was the method of Socrates, as exhibited in the *Gorgias*. His victim kicks and plunges vigorously, yet none the less industriously he spins the thread of his argument, and slowly but very steadily winds him down. Christ's teaching, again, as the author of *Ecce Homo* has noted, was "with authority." This does not mean that it was above or independent of reason, but that it was based on principles which he did not expound, which are indeed almost incapable of exposition, being felt rather than understood, but which he that had eyes to see and ears to hear withal, might learn and know for himself. I speak of his moral teaching.

So Bacon speaks, with a lofty assurance ; but he was as far as Christ was from wishing any one to believe on mere authority. His aphorisms have a magisterial sound, but he never forgot that *oportet judicare edoctum*, that the statement was nothing more to the hearer—could in the nature of things be nothing more—than a suggestion. It is only those who, being accustomed to take things upon authority, are unable to receive the suggestion, who find the assertion oppressive.

3. The main idea of his *Novum Organon* had been deeply impressed upon his mind while he was very young. We read of him sketching at twenty-one, and while still engaged in his law studies, a tract entitled, "*Temporis partus maximus.*" "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." "O the dreams we dream!" How many of us have sketched our T. P. M., epic, tragic, or speculative, within a few years on either side of twenty-one, when we should perhaps have been studying law. And, sad to think, how many of these Greatest Births of Time have proved abortions, and been nothing in the world but a heart-corroding grief to the authors thereof.

Something of the effect of this youthful enthusiasm is traceable in the work, as he left it in his ripe age. To this it is partly to be attributed that he over-estimated its originality. He grew into a habit of thinking and speaking of it as new, which remained with him. The natural impulse of his later years would, I think, have been to treat it less as a startling novelty, and more as a philosophical truth merely. In part, however, this over-estimate was due to his mental conservatism. He did not at all understand how far the world had advanced from the errors which he combated. He seems to imply that his discovery would make as great a change in the methods of science as the invention of gunpowder, for example,

did in the methods of war ; and certainly the use of the inductive method has made an even greater change. This was perhaps all that he really meant to imply. The term *Novum Organon*, which seems to imply that the method was new, is to be explained by a reference to the "Organon" of Aristotle. It was a *new exposition* of the method of science. It was the recognition of it as a scientific, and, for the facts of nature, the only scientific method, that was new. Critics have shown that his method is simply the method which every man of natural intelligence naturally uses, as if it were a detraction from his originality. It is the chief point of his originality. There is a difference, I take it, between originality and novelty.

We may also admit that he over-estimated the practical value of the method. Far as he dipt into the future, it was impossible that he should see the development of such a science as Mathematical Physics, for example, in which the conclusions of the inductive method are anticipated by deduction. Metaphysically, Mathematical Physics is an inductive science, because the final proof of its truths is in observation. The various deductions from its one main principle are really conjectural, until proved by experiment, when they become *instantiæ* under that principle. He did not foresee how much the discovery of truth is helped by a happy conjecture. The process of making and testing suppositions, as Kepler so notably did, had not occurred to him as part of the inductive method at all, yet it is of the very essence and spirit of it. He has fully explained the collection of facts and the application of them to proposed principles ; but it did not occur to him that the great practical difficulty would be to find a principle at all. Partly this was because to his own fertile mind principles were ever ready ; partly because, from his

lack of logical precision, he did not sufficiently appreciate the difficulty of getting a principle to apply exactly; and partly because he never suspected how strange and improbable great principles are apt to look at first sight. We know how he treated the Copernican theory. He had not learned how the world labors with the birth of great principles, how facts are accumulated year after year, growing more and more unwieldy and troublesome, till the gifted thinker comes; and under his glance, like some chemical compound just ready to crystallize when the proper re-agent is applied, they marshal themselves into order and sequence, and the thing is settled forever; and what was difficult to sages hitherto, is now plain and simple to a child. Instead of this he conceived of a process almost mechanical, by which the collection and classification of facts could be carried on by the dullest intellect nearly, if not quite, as well as by the brightest. He was not utterly mistaken, for science owes something to specialists of very mediocre powers of mind. But even in the collection and classification of facts, far more and far more vitally important work has been done by men whose research has been carried on under the inspiration of a proposed theory. Newton did not attempt to calculate the force necessary to hold the moon in position, until he had thought of the law of gravitation.

4. It is unnecessary here to re-hash for the twentieth time what Macaulay has so well said concerning the spirit of practical utility which pervades his philosophy, or to canvass for the hundredth time the details of his life. What is to be remarked is, that this spirit of practical utility in his philosophy was but one phase of a lofty faith which pervaded his whole character. He looked upon his philosophic work as a duty. He felt that he had an account to give of the way in which he used his powers for the

good of man ; and that his special gifts, and therefore his special province of labor for the good of man, lay first in the department of human learning, and after that, in the conduct of affairs. The union of the life contemplative with the life active was his ideal; the conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn being the conjunction of the two most powerful planets. We cannot deny that in the carrying out of his faith there were sad shortcomings. He was guilty of unparalleled carelessness. The conservative tendencies of his mind, too, had their effect. His opinions on matters of practical morality were certainly not ahead of—perhaps behind—those of his age. Moreover, it must be remembered, in the case of his relations with Essex, how little he desired or sought the Earl's friendship. He felt from the beginning that it was going to be a source of trouble. There was nothing in the fact that the headstrong noble would be his friend, to bind him through thick and thin, through right and wrong, as Macaulay so rhetorically assumes. At all events, he himself could see nothing to bind him. He seems to me to have felt it a great hardship, after having been troubled with the friendship of the rash Earl, to be accused of every manner of meanness in behaving toward him as he did in his trial. He continually assured Essex that his duty to him came always after his duty to his sovereign ; and it was surely a question of Queen *versus* Essex. There are, we may remark, persons of such a temper, that if they should be called upon to judge Manlius in sight of the capitol, they would feel and resent the very presence of the scene as if it were an attempt to bribe them from their uprightness, and would be tenfold more severe on that very account.

Throughout all he was conscience-clear ; he felt that he meant the right. His high confidence in his own integrity is shown in his lofty appeal to posterity,

and in his still more lofty self-criticism. "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years, but it was the justest sentence that was in England these two hundred years." They are not the utterances of one whose soul could harbor anything mean. There is a grandeur of truth about him which was as far above the reach, above the comprehension I had almost said, of the little minded poet whose satiric line has been so often and so unthinkingly quoted, as heaven is from earth.

WORDSWORTH'S THEORY OF POETRY.

Frederic Robertson opens his sermon on Religious Depression as follows :—

“ The value of the public reading of the Psalms is, that they express for us indirectly those deep feelings which there would be a sense of indelicacy in expressing directly. . . .

There are feelings of which we do not speak to each other ; they are too sacred and too delicate. . . . If we do speak of them they lose their fragrance—become worse ; nay, there is even a sense of indelicacy and exposure.

Now the Psalms afford precisely the right relief for this feeling. Wrapped up in the forms of poetry (metaphor, &c.) that which might seem exaggerated is excused by those who do not feel it ; while they who do, can read them applying them, &c.”

In these words the great preacher touches the true secret of poetry. It is the utterance of emotion ; but all utterance of emotion is not poetry. It is the utterance of emotion at a time when there is no call for it in the outward circumstances of life, but only in the inward yearnings of the mind ; when, therefore, an open and matter-of-fact expression of it would seem indelicate or even silly. The use of the forms of poetry excuses the utterance of feeling, even though there be no practical reason to call it forth. It furnishes an ostensible reason for our words, which serves to prevent the real reason from taking an unpleasant prominence in our common thoughts, the

thoughts which speak without words, in meeting glances. It soothes the whole being to a peace which allows our emotion, or our sympathy with emotion, a fuller and stronger play in the depths of the soul. It ranks with

“Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For thought to do her part.”

Fancy, for example, *Annie Laurie* in prose. The thought is too horrible. It would be worse than *Vaudracour and Julia*. Yet as a song, it is tolerable enough. I remember a sapient religious journalist once accounting for that incident in the Crimea, when

“Give us a song the soldiers cried,”

by the power of a refrain. “Any one could see,” he said, “that this was a mere love song.” It is most true, and yet—the thoughtful reader may perhaps see in the circumstance a somewhat striking illustration of the principle I have endeavored to expound.

On the other hand it is this expression of emotion out of season, so to speak, when it is called for rather by the inward feelings than by the outward surroundings, which constitutes the only valid justification of the use of the forms of poetry. We do not use them amid the realities of life, no matter how deeply our feelings are stirred. No one ever made proposals of love in verse in any novel I have ever read. When Wellington gave the order for the final charge at Waterloo, he did not say

“Strike till the last armed foe expires,
STRIKE for your altars and your fires,
STRIKE for the green graves of your sires,
God and your native land.”

He said: “Up lads and at them.” And it is more than probable that the exact words of Marco Bozzaris were of a similar type. But we prefer the poem.

Or, when, again, we would make an observation like that of Thompson Green to Harriet Hale, when

“He, in a casual sort of way,
Spoke of the extraordinary beauty of the day;”

or remark,

“Nor could my weak arm disperse
The hosts of insects gathering round my face;”

or,

“My drift, I fear,
Is scarcely obvious.”

The forms of poetry are unnecessary. There is no use for them. They are a mere impertinence.

In all true poetry there is a balance between these two things: on the one hand there is that quality of thought which makes the too free and plain recital of it distasteful to our finer feelings; and on the other hand, the forms of verse. This quality of thought may depend not so much upon the thought itself as upon the way it is conceived of. It may be so conceived of as to touch the deepest and strongest feelings of our nature in such a way that it must be rhymed; or it may be conceived of as a mere matter of science, a fact of an utterly prosaic order. Nor does it matter what forms of verse are used. It is enough that the speech be musical. The words,

“Because man goeth to his long home,
And the mourners go about the streets,”

fulfil all the conditions.

Either of these things is unendurable, to any fine taste, without the other. But they may exist together in various degrees of intensity. They may both be found in a very high degree, as in the finest songs of Burns, and in some other Scotch songs. (And it is curious, is it not, that the Scotch, the most matter-of-fact people in the world, who even “stop a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy’s country,”

should have written the finest lyric poetry the world knows anything about.) In some of the most impassioned lyrics, however, even the highest verse-forms are insufficient to preserve the balance; and it becomes necessary to add the effect of music. Again, they may both be found in a lesser degree, as in such poems as "The Light of Asia," or "The Idylls of the King."

Shakspeare exhibits the nicest sense of this balance. When Orsino says :

" If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting
The appetite may sicken and so die
That strain again ; it had a dying fall ;
Oh ! it came o'er my ear like the sweet South
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

his words are "musical as is Apollo's lute." But when Hamlet discusses the question whether or not it were better for him to put an end to his earthly existence, though his thoughts are far more deep and moving than those of the love-sick Orsino, yet the circumstances are so real and life-like, and the arguments are so practical, that poetic form is almost unnecessary. He scarcely keeps up even the appearance of it. And when he gives his admirably practical and common-sense directions to the players, he discards it altogether.

A curious instance of a slight lack of this balance is found in many of the hymns of Keble's *Christian Year*. They are poetic, most emphatically; but the poetry of the thought and the verse-forms are utterly apart and disconnected. They are not adapted to the forms used. They do not require so elaborate a versification. "Prose poems in verse," was the expression that haunted me when I first read them, and I scarcely know how better to convey the idea. Sentences drag on with an utter disregard of metrical pauses; yet it would be far worse if they did not. It

would give the verse an unsanctified lilt, which is rightly abhorred. They should have been in blank verse, where the metrical pauses are indifferent. Properly speaking, they are blank verse, the rhymes being of little account,—“something between a hindrance and a help.”

It is, I believe, according to Mr. Leslie Stephen, one of Wordsworth's special merits that “his ethical system is as distinctive and capable of exposition as Bishop Butler's.” But suppose Bishop Butler had put his system into verse! This *systematic* truth has, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has well noted, “none of the characters of *poetic* truth.” The methods of Science and of Poetry are utterly alien. Poetry deals with the emotions, Science with the intellect. Poetry considers things as they may move the feelings, Science considers them as they may exercise or inform the understanding. Science goes into details. Poetry avoids them. Poetry is suggestive. Science is exact. In Elizabeth Whittier's poem to Dr. Kane, at Cuba, there is this stanza :

“Fold him in rest O pitying clime ;
Give back his wasted strength again :
Soothe with thine endless summer time,
His winter-wearied heart and brain.”

“Summer” and “winter” are not very scientific terms by which to describe the torrid and polar regions, but they are intensely suggestive. Wordsworth has this stanza :

“No motion has she now nor force,
She neither hears nor sees ;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks and stones and trees.”

Instead of thinking, as a poet should, of the things which are continually before our eyes, and which link themselves by long association with our deepest thoughts, he thinks of the Copernican theory. One

wonders, too, in passing, whether "the spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime" with the doctrine stated; but that is probably an oversight.

Now the method of philosophy is the scientific, and not the poetic method. Poetry and philosophy may be, and have been to some extent, united, it is true, but it is as Burns says, "kittle wark;" and it must be done as the author of *Ecclesiastes* has done it, by making philosophy poetic, and not by making poetry philosophic. Poetry must have its own methods, or it has no reason for existing at all. But Wordsworth makes his poetry philosophic. He deals with details which touch no human passion whatever, unless an enlightened curiosity be reckoned as such. He deals with matters of purely psychological or political interest; things which, so far from our having any delicacy about speaking of them, we are accustomed to use as rallies when conversation flags. He tells us that of the "personal themes" which he finds in books,

"Two shall be named preëminently dear,
The gentle lady married to the Moor
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb."

Montaigne has told us some very similar things, but in how different a manner? What is there to touch our feelings in his or any one's preferences for any literary character? And Montaigne rates them at their proper value, and tells them in a style to correspond. Wordsworth lacked that nice sense of the fitness of things. The whole sonnet, indeed the greater part of his poetry, expresses ideas which might just as well—that is to say a great deal better—have been expressed without rhyme. They have no "innate necessity to be rhymed." They are *sermo merus*, utter prose. Even the great ode, notwithstanding its Pindaric turns, embodies a distinctive theory

in a scientific manner. It would have been admirable in prose, such prose as Cardinal Newman's, for example. Poetic prose, doubtless; but should not poetic prose be prosaic poetry? When to this one adds what Mr. Arnold has justly remarked, that the theory "of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; has no real solidity," one wonders how it comes to be the "high-water mark" of—I have forgotten what—nearly everything.

He had no finer sense of what it is to be a poet than merely to be a writer of verse. Whatever he had to say he put it into verse, and supposed he was writing poetry. Yet he had the weakness to cherish a life-long ambition to be a poet. "Verse," mark, "verse was what he had been wedded to." He constantly speaks of himself as a poet. He poetised continually and self-consciously. He is as ready to write on The Pillar of Trajan, as on daffodils. He studied nature as preachers study their Bibles,—ever on the lookout for a text. He writes lines at a short distance from the house, and sends them to his sister by his little boy. He leaves verses upon a seat in a yew tree, to be carried away by the wind, probably, before even one stray worldling shall have had the opportunity to bestow upon them an unsympathetic glance.

This was no merely incidental weakness; it was but one phase of a radical weakness of his whole mental character. He enquires what is the reason the former days were better than these, which is the unvarying mark of a weak thinker. He complains that,

"Pelion and Ossa may flourish side by side
Together in immortal books enrolled,"

while English mountains have been neglected by the

muses. His note to the lines on Trajan's pillar is curiously characteristic. The subject had been given at Oxford for a prize-poem. "I had a wish that my son, who was then an undergraduate at Oxford, should try his fortune, and I told him so; but he, not having been accustomed to write verse, wisely declined to enter on the task; whereupon I showed him these lines as a proof of what might be, without difficulty, done on that subject." If the son was wise in declining to enter upon the task, what is to be said of the father in urging him to enter upon it; and how are the lines a proof of what might be, without difficulty, done on that subject? He begins a poem by saying—would he had done as he said—

" And I will dare to tell,
But in the lover's ears alone,
What once to me befell."

Oh for a single hour of that Macaulay who scarified Robert Montgomery, to ask what this might mean. He says of Rob Roy :

" Then say that he was wise as brave,
And he was brave as strong ;
A poet worthy of Rob Roy,
Must scorn a timid song "

Yet what words could more finely display timidity than just these? Coleridge, in his most daring flights of fancy, as in *Kubla Khan*, for instance, gives himself up wholly to the inspiration. He is as grave and solemn as a kitten playing with its tail. But Wordsworth turns round upon us in the midst with an apologetic smile as if to say, "Of course I know better; I am really a man of common-sense; this is poetry;" and the consequence is, that he misses both the common-sense and the poetry.

This radical weakness of mind runs through all his work, vitiating and weakening it. The funda-

mental principles of criticism have never been more profoundly conceived or pithily expressed, than by Ruskin, in the words that "nothing can be well said, but with truth; or beautifully said, but by love." Moral indifferency of art, indeed; it is in their morality, their truth and love, in their perfect spiritualization of vision, in that having loved their neighbor as themselves, they can see him as he is, that the very and essential glory of Shakspeare and Homer consists. Wordsworth had only in a very partial degree either the truth or the love. He certainly tried to be true, and to love as well. He was a good man. He sought to form his life to the highest that he knew. But this is not what we require of an author. It is in this way that we judge ourselves and our friends, by what we try to do. But when we procure the services of others, in any department of life, we want something more. We want to know what they can do when they do try. And it is thus that we judge an author. We want to know whether he had any natural aptitude, any genius, for truth and love; if he is going to give us (to use Mr. Arnold's fine phrase) a "criticism of life." If he have not, his criticism of life will be vain and idle. Wordsworth had not. Byron, with all his wickedness, had far more. His fierce misanthropy, which was but love inverted—see Sartor Resartus and the Phædo—is more poetic and human, more forgivable from a poetic point of view, than the mere aversion which Wordsworth expresses in the sonnets on "Personal Talk," and in that most aimless of satires, his poet's Epitaph. Doubtless "so soon as he reflects, he is a child." But reflection is not what we ask of Byron. Nature never intended him to reflect. He was a man of action and of the kind of thought that mingles with action. He was an *Improvisatore* and his improvisatore judgments of men and things

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are larger and sounder and his criticism of life stronger than Wordsworth's. His flippant cynicisms have done far more to move the world's thought on the line of progress than all Wordsworth's mild murmurings. Wordsworth was, apparently, much the better man. But Byron is by far the better teacher of moral truth. As often happens. God has so ordained it that we might know how divine a thing strength is.

ENGLISH PROSODY.

The classification of ordinary English rhythms is exceedingly simple. They are either dissyllabic, or trisyllabic, according as every alternate, or every third syllable is accented; and as any syllable may be accented, there are, of course, two varieties of dissyllabic measure, and three varieties of trisyllabic measure. The first variety of dissyllabic measure, the Trochaic, is that in which the first syllable of each two is accented, as in

“ War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,” &c.

The second variety of the dissyllabic measure, the Iambic, is that in which the second syllable of each two is accented. It is the most common measure. No poem of any length has been written in English in any other measure, except by Longfellow, who has written three; and in short poems it very far outnumbers all the others combined. The first variety of trisyllabic measure, the Dactylic, is that in which the first syllable of each three is accented, as in

“ Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,” &c.

The second, or the measure of the Amphibrach, is that in which the second syllable of each three is accented, as in

“ How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,” &c.

It is a very beautiful measure. The third, the Anapæstic, is that in which the third syllable of each three is accented, as in

“Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,” &c.

It is the favorite of trisyllabic measures, as the Iambic is of the dissyllabic, the accent being thrown as far forward as possible, in both alike.

These measures are also more slow and stately than the others. Strike upon the table a light rap followed by a heavier one, several times; then a heavier followed by a lighter; and notice how, when the light rap follows the heavy one, it seems to cling more closely to it and makes the movement more rapid. Genuine trochaic measure is very lively and sprightly. The syllables of the line, “Honor but an empty bubble,” seem to crowd off the tongue like school-children out of a school-room door. So the Dactyl is quick. It has been remarked that in Hood’s “Bridge of Sighs,” the very levity of the rhythm is made to add to the intense pathos of the poem. The Amphibrach, again, is less rapid than the Dactyl, but not so slow as the Anapæst.

While all this is true, it must also be remembered, that in a great many cases, the distinction between these different varieties of rhythm is overlooked entirely; and still oftener, only the one distinction, between dissyllabic and trisyllabic, is regarded. For example, the line

“This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,” &c.,

is technically Dactylic, and it starts Dactylically. But as we go on, we find that it is neither Dactylic, nor Amphibrachic, nor Anapæstic, but simply and

merely trisyllabic. It has none of the Dactylic rush and speed, so strikingly manifest in

“ One more unfortunate ;”

or,

“ Pibroch of Donuil Dhu ;”

or,

“ Where shall the lover rest,” &c.

The poet did not want it. He could not have used the true Dactylic measure on his subject at all.

The rhythm of quantity has been compared to the motion of the feet in walking. Time was its principal element. It allowed no way of making a word emphatic. I should think it must have been rather a flat affair—a sort of la-la-la-la-la-la. The rhythm of accent adds to the element of time the element of motion, in that the action of pronouncing an accented syllable differs considerably from the action of pronouncing an unaccented syllable. This gives rise to a rhythmic movement of the organs. No such rhythmic movement would be required to pronounce a succession of long syllables, in every way equal; nor would the occasional introduction of two short syllables in place of one long one mend the matter, unless they were introduced on a regular principle. Even then, the effect would be small. This may, indeed, be the reason why it is necessary to have a Dactyl in the fifth place of a Hexameter. But it is very evident that the principle held a very subordinate place in classical notions of rhythm.

The rhythm of accent should be compared rather to the motion of waves of the sea. A classical verse is distinctly marked off into feet. The beginning and end of each foot is definitely determined. They are as integrally distinct as bricks in a pile. But in accentual verse, all that is determined is the position of the accented syllable. The intermediate syllables

are, in a great many cases, not more connected with one accented syllable than with another. The feet, or more properly, the beats, have, like a wave, no definite beginning or ending. They may begin or end in any part.* Where the line is short and begins and ends at the same part of the beat, is, in other words, neither catalectic nor hypercatalectic, the unaccented syllables generally connect themselves sufficiently with the appropriate accents to bring out the peculiar quality of the rhythm. Yet, often, "sufficiently" is surprisingly little. The following line, for example, reads as naturally, and goes as trippingly on the tongue, is as unmistakably Trochaic, when read as marked, as when read in Trochees :

"Take—the good—the Gods—provide thee."

And when there are too many, or too few unaccented syllables, there is nothing to determine even the character of the rhythm, further than that there is a certain number of syllables in each beat. Taken by itself, such a line as

"The hand and heart that penned and planned them,"

is similar in character to the line from *Evangeline*, quoted above. It is neither Iambic nor Trochaic, but simply dissyllabic. English grammarians have not yet sufficiently cleared their minds of classical notions of Prosody.

To these ordinary and regular measures of English poetry is to be added another, not spoken of in the

* This is precisely the difference between the syllabification of the Indo-European languages and that of the Semitic languages. The central point, the pivot, of our syllable is the vowel sound. The intermediate articulations are not connected with one syllable more than another. The syllables run together. But the consonant is the basis of the Semitic syllable, and therefore each syllable is integrally distinct, has a beginning, a middle, and an end. Whether this implies a special adaptation in each to the similar verse-measure—whether the rhythm of quantity may be of Semitic origin—might be worth enquiring into.

books, the tetrasyllabic. It has the peculiarity of having two accents, a lighter and a heavier, to each beat. Each alternate syllable is accented, and the accents are alternately light and heavy. *Hiawatha* is an example :

“ Should' you ask' me whence' these sto'ries,
Whence' these lé'gends and' tradit'ions,” &c.

Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic* is an example :

“ As' we drift'ed on' our path',
There' was sí'lence deep' as death'
And' the bold'est held' his breath'
For' a time'.”

In the fifth line of each stanza of this poem, there is an unaccented syllable omitted from the beginning of the third beat :

“ It' was ten' of A'pril morn'—by' the chime'.”

This puts a drag upon the line, which imparts dignity to the measure, and adds greatly to the strength of the verse. The two last lines of the stanza have somewhat the effect of a similar line. Another example is that one of the *Bab Ballads*, which sings of Agib, Prince of Tartary :

“ Of A'gib who' am'id' Tartar'ic scenes'
Wrote' a lot' of bal'lad mu'sic in his teens'
His gen'tle' spi'rit rolls'
In' the mel'ody' of souls'.
Which' is pret'ty, but' I don't know wha't it means'.”

The line,

“ His gentle spirit rolls,”

like the line

“ Of Nelson and the North,”

omits an accented syllable at the beginning, a minor accent. In every case in which I have found this measure, the heavier accent follows the lighter, exhibiting again that tendency to throw the accent forward, which we remarked in the general preference

of the Iambus and Anapæst. And in every case, except in *Hiawatha*, an unaccented syllable is omitted from the beginning or end.

This measure is not to be disposed of as merely a variety of the dissyllabic measure. It is a variation of the dissyllabic measure, yet it has a distinct difference. Any schoolboy will repeat you the *Battle of the Baltic*, or any miss will read you *Hiawatha*, with an unmistakable tetrasyllabic beat.

Besides these regular measures, there are a number of what we call regular irregularities which are sometimes found in English. One of them I have mentioned already, namely, the omission of an unaccented syllable from its place in the line, in the *Battle of the Baltic*. The poet seems to have had another in his mind, though he has not carried it out fully. Of all the stanzas, except the first three, the first line is on the model of this :

Brave hearts, to Britain's pride,"

which is quite different from the other lines of the poem.

Another pretty example is found in Tennyson's *Poetical Invitation to F. D. Maurice*. The measure is pure Iambic, except that the last line of each stanza seems to fall naturally into two dactyls, an accented monosyllable, and an Iambus :

" Emperor,—Ottoman—which—shall win."

" Valor and—charity—more—and more."

The poem "*The Daisy*," is much like this in structure, but differs, in that the second instead of the first syllable of the last line is accented. The line differs from a pure Iambic, therefore, only in having an additional unaccented syllable. This is an improvement on the pure Iambic, but the further change is

still more of an improvement. I suppose it occurred to him with the line—

“ Making the little one leap for joy,”

The use of a monosyllable as a beat is also to be noted, not merely in such exceptional lines as Hood's,

“ Work—work—work,”

but as a regular portion of the verse. The hymn beginning,

“ There is a happy land,
Far, far, away,”

is an example. The first two words of each line except the sixth are distinct beats.” It is a pretty, but childish, measure.

It is in hymns that the lyric spirit has been most assiduously cultivated. We might expect to find, therefore, verse-forms carried to a high degree of perfection in hymns. The following is a fine example of methodic irregularity :

“ I know not the hour when my Lord shall come
To take me away to His own dear home ;
But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom,” &c.

The first two lines consist each of two Anapæsts and two Iambic, or more properly, perhaps, of four Anapæsts, with an unaccented syllable omitted from the first and last of each line. In the third these syllables are supplied, making a full Anapæstic, and giving a swell to the line that has a magnificent effect,—that is inimitable. One more example of a regularly mixed measure, a very curious and beautiful example, we take from Byron :

“ There be none of beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming.”

The model on which the first, third, and last four lines of this stanza were evidently intended to be formed, is an octosyllabic line, of which the third, fifth, and seventh syllables are accented :

“ There be noné of beauty’s daughtérs.”

I fancy that he caught the measure from this and the next lines, which suggested themselves to him spontaneously. The second line is of six syllables, of which the third, fourth and sixth are accented. It is not quite perfect, inasmuch as it requires both syllables of the word “magic” to be accented. This is to be done, not by mispronouncing the word, but by making up the effect of an accent on the second syllable, with a slight pause—a rhythmic pause—after it. The fourth line is perfect.

Some of the octosyllabic lines of this poem read fairly well in tetrasyllabic measure. The line

“ And like music on the waters,”

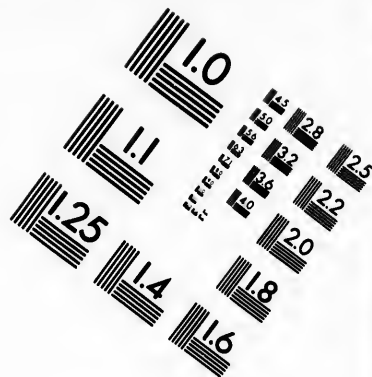
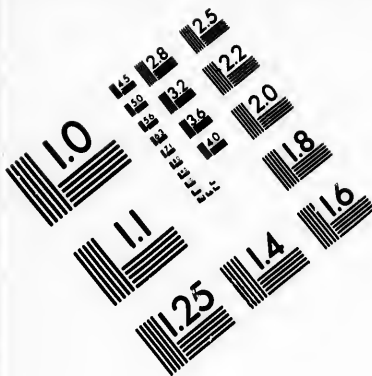
would fall into rank in *Hiawatha* anywhere. But this is a mere coincidence, just as it is a mere coincidence that the line

“ There is a happy land,”

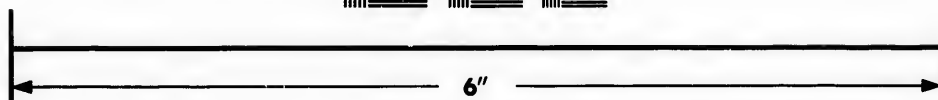
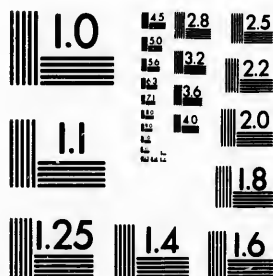
reads very well as Dactylic measure.

I suppose those whose souls are occupied with the grander and mustier facts of quantity will consider this investigation trifling. The subject seems to me of some importance. It teaches, for one thing, that English rhythm is only beginning to develop itself. There is great room, amid these mixed measures, for our budding geniuses to be original. Let them be on the alert.





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AN ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH VOWEL-SOUNDS.

The vowel-sounds used in English are eighteen, and are used in the words *keen*, *kin*, *hen*, *can*, *calm*, *come*, *con*, *core*, *cook*, *coon*, *cur*, *cane*, *kine*, *coin*, *cow*, *cone*, *care*, *car*. Of these the first eleven are simple or single vowel-sounds; the last seven are diphthongal sounds. The last of the eleven simple vowels, the vowel sound of *cur*, is a peculiar vowel. It is heard in English only before *r*, and it is an exception in other respects, which will appear subsequently.

The first ten vowels, in the order named, constitute a series which has several curious and interesting qualities. In the first place, it is a series of the vowels as they are pronounced farther towards or farther backward in the mouth. The sound of *e* in *keen* is pronounced farthest forward and that of *u* in *coon* farthest back. The position of the lips in enunciating these vowel-sounds follows the same order. In pronouncing long *e* the mouth is drawn to its greatest longitudinal extent, and shortens all along the series, till in pronouncing long *u* it is closely puckered. Again, in pronouncing long *e*, the lips are drawn closely in upon the teeth, but are gradually protruded till we come to long *u* when they are pouted. In another respect, the position of the lips in pronouncing these vowels, divides them into a double series. In pronouncing the first and last vowels \bar{u} and \bar{e} , the lips are nearly closed; but as we proceed from either toward the middle of the series, the mouth opens, and in pronouncing the vowel-sounds of *con* and *calm*, it is wide open. This is why

these sounds are favorites with singers. Once more; \bar{u} and \bar{e} , the extreme, or, as we may call them, the close-mouthed vowels, are never heard before r . The next vowel of the series is invariably substituted. And \bar{a} before r has the sound of u in full invariably, unless the sound of u in *cur* is inserted after it. So *mere* is the same as *mir* in *mirror*, or it is *mee-ur*. The most distressingly correct speaker, unless he be put up to it, will not distinguish between *serious* and *Sirius*. Next to each of these extreme vowels are three other vowels, all of which are, with perfect ease, pronounceable before r . Indeed one of them, the sound of o in *core* is only heard before r . The remaining two vowels of the series—the sounds of *come* and *calm*—are not commonly heard before r , and are pronounceable with slight difficulty. It is, perhaps, safe to say that, as they are ordinarily pronounced they are never heard before r . The two sounds are really very much alike, the point by which they are practically distinguished being that the one is a short vowel and the other a long vowel. The sounds are not quite the same, but they are so nearly the same that but for this difference of quantity they would be practically undistinguishable. When both are pronounced short, I fail to detect any difference. Now the u pronounced long is sometimes heard before r from people of Scotch birth or education; but this, I think, is the only case where either of the vowels is heard before r in English. This, also, I take to be the only case in which anything like quantity is to be found in English.

The remaining simple vowel-sound, the sound of u in *cur*, is exceptional. It is pronounced with the lips nearly closed, and seems thus to be connected with the ends of the series, but in other respects it belongs to the middle of the series. Further, it is only heard before r .

Of the diphthongs, the sound of *a* in *cane* is composed of the sound of *e* in *hen* with the sound of *e* in *keen*. This may be proved by pronouncing the word *very* without the *r* which, thanks to a modern affectation, can easily be done. The sound of *i* in *kine* is made up of *u* as in *calm*, with *e* as in *keen*, and the sound of the diphthong *ou* as composed of *a* as in *calm* with the vowel-sound of *cool*. That is to say they have that composition when heard before a subtonic or semi-vocal consonant, or before a vowel, or at the end of a word. Before the surd or hard consonants, *u* as in *cut* takes the place of *a* as in *calm*.

The diphthong *oi* is composed of the sound of *o* as in *con* with long *e*, and the sound of *o* in *cone* is composed of *o* as in *core* with long *u*. In all these diphthongs the second vowel is either long *e* or long *u*, consequently none of them are ever heard immediately before *r*. The words *fire*, *Moir*, and *power* will occur in illustration. In the remaining two diphthongs the final vowel is *u* as in *cur*; they, therefore, are heard only before *r*. In *a* as in *care* it follows *e* as in *ken*, and in *a* as in *car* it follows *a* as in *calm*. In every case, however, the final vowel of a diphthong is a close-mouthed vowel. The principle of its formation is that it is a relapse of the wide open mouth.

The vowel-sounds of *cane*, *calm*, *come*, and *cone*, are never heard before *r*. The sounds of *care*, *car*, *cur* and *core* are only heard before *r*. A phonetic alphabet would not therefore need to distinguish between *a* as in *care* and *a* as in *cane*. The presence or absence of the *r* would be ample distinction. And so of the others. Fourteen characters would fully represent the eighteen sounds.

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