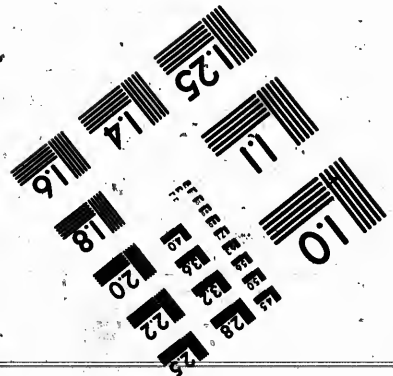
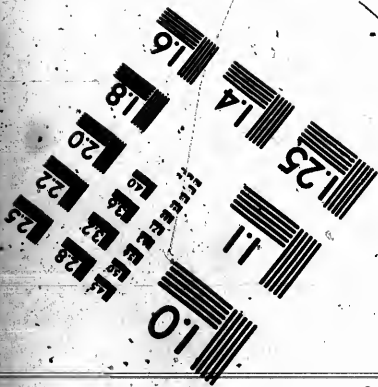
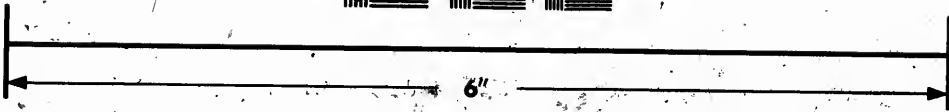
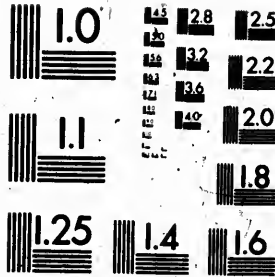


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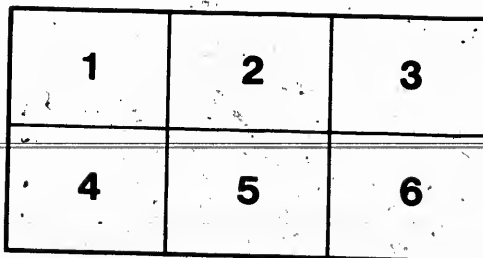
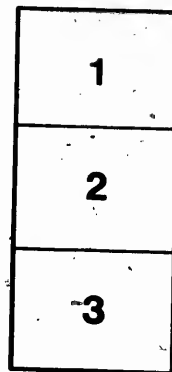
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VII.

THE FIRST CAUSE AS PERSONAL.

CHARLES SUMNER—*magnum atque venerabile nomen*—in a biography which, if completed as well as it has been begun, will daze Trevelyan's "Macaulay," is represented as standing one morning on the Alpine vergo of Italy. He was passing toward the highest glaciers, and noticed at the edge of the way a column, on one side of which were the words *Regno Lombardi*, and on the other *Tyrolense Austria*. He passed the monument, and, suddenly recollecting that he was leaving Italy, rushed backward, and with the enthusiasm which afterward sent him into the conflict with slavery, he removed his hat, waved it toward Lago Maggiore and Lago di Como, and toward Rome and Naples, Cicero, Sallust, Faustus, and all the rest, and said, "I salute thee, Italy," and so parted from the land of flowers. A German, learned, pragmatic, far-seeing, noticing Sumner's action, walked back to the same barrier, removed his hat and turned his face toward the Fatherland, and said: "*Et moi, je salue l'Allemagne.*" "For me, I salute Germany."—(Pierce, Edward L., "Memoir and Letters of Charles Sumner," Vol. II, p. 125.) Thus opposed in sentiment, these travellers went on. I suppose the German learned to love Italy, if he allowed himself to be bathed at all in Sumner's enthusiasms. It is certain that Sumner learned to love Germany; for, beyond the eternal, deadly glaciers, he found a land of cathedrals, stately universities, great religious historic memories, and of patriotism so intense that old Rome never conquered the German forests, but was sent back daunted by Hermann. Our fathers never yielded to the Roman Empire. In Germany Sumner, at last, when looking toward Italy from the north side of the Alps, remembered that one meridian joins Rome and Berlin, the North and the South, and that there is no leaving that meridian until we can outswim the bounds of the sky itself. Italy, Germany, are parts of one world; and they are fragments of men, they are travellers of a narrow range, they are provincial hearts and intellects who cannot embrace at once both the cathedrals of the Po and the Tiber and those of the Rhine and Elbe.

Conscience is Italy; reason is Germany; and between them Herbert Spencer and Mansel and philosophers of their school in every age have thrown up Alps, obstructing the natural transition of travellers from one to the other. Conscience teaches that God is a person. The organic instincts of the soul all point to a Being possessing personality and on whom we are dependent and to

whom we owe obligation. But it is said that reason, strictly interrogated, will not permit us to assert that God is a person; that an Infinite Person is a contradiction in terms; that we cannot call God a person without limiting him; and that to limit him is to deny his infinity and absoluteness.

Many a man in the Italy of Conscience has paused at its boundary line, on the glacial Alpine heights of thought, and has saluted, as did Sumner, the South, or the moral emotions and instincts; and then turned with a shiver, taking hold of the bones themselves, toward the avalanches of the North, or the icy syllogisms of reason and exact research. If we could only live on the Po always; if we could be effeminate forever; if the South were the only quarter of our nature fit to be trusted; if there were no majestic Northern tribes in the soul, that will have reason for their king, we possibly might be allowed in peace to hold the sentimental and effeminate faith that God is a person and that our hearts and his heart may come into contact—finite with infinite! But a German stands here, too, with our Sumner; and he removes his hat, and his salutation is in the opposite direction, and we must move on. It is asserted that hundreds and thousands of armies have tried to cross these Alps and have perished in the attempt. Herbert Spencer has taken up his abode on the summits, and insists that the avalanches are impassable. Mansel points us to army after army that has been stranded in these snows. Harvard University yonder has one brilliant Spencerian in it, who sits on the Alpine glaciers and denies that God can be known as a person, and pities any who seek to find Germany, with its cathedrals and universities and majestic memories beyond the glaciers.—(Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy," Vol. II, pp 395, 405, 407, 409.) His voice, however, is but the echo of Spencer's, although occasionally more articulate than that of the master! It is to Spencer that we must look chiefly, and to Matthew Arnold and to Mansel, and to Alexander Bain for our discouragements, as we attempt to cross the Alps of Nescience. I have a faith, and I have it in the name of the general law of the survival of the fittest; in the name of what has been the steady outcome of philosophy, age after age; in the name of the sky of self-evident truths, which has in all parts but one curve, that we can cross those Alps. I have four tests of certainty: intuition, instinct, experiment in the large range, and syllogism. By instinct I feel authorized to say that God is a person. By experiment in the large range I feel authorized to say so. That belief works well. By syllogism, if John Stuart Mill is authority in logic, I am authorized to say that there is a person, whether he is infinite or not. A God exists who is a person, and whether we can call him literally infinite or absolute Mill does not determine; but there is a person behind the thought exhibited in the Universe. Syllogism, experiment, and instinct, three parts of the curve, are thus visible. But I never saw a curve yet that did not run through its fourth quadrant, according to the law of its three other quadrants. If we, in discussing the organic instincts of conscience and in looking into the uncontroverted facts concerning the moral faculty, find a sense of obligation and dependence pointing to a personal God; if all these agnostics, these Spencers, these followers of Arnold, these doubters, some of

them orthodox with Mansel, are right in admitting, as they all do, that our organic instincts force us to act as if we were responsible to a Higher Person, then assuredly we are right in saying that the arc of instinct, in this circle of tests of truth, points to God as a person. Having a clear view of this one quadrant only, I will dare to project the majestic curve; and into the avalanches, into the midst of the gnarled heights, into all that is Alpine here, I will pass boldly on the line of that quadrant, sure that beyond the summit I shall find a Germany, one with Italy in the beloved South.

1. While it is admitted by the highest authorities that Conscience teaches that God is a person, it is affirmed by a few of these authorities that reason teaches that he is not.

2. It is affirmed that to call God a person is to limit his infinity; and that an infinite person is a contradiction in terms.

3. In this state of the discussion concerning Conscience, if its organic instincts as to its obligations to God as a person are to be justified intellectually, it becomes of the utmost importance to show that reason, as well as Conscience, teaches that God is a person.

4. For the purposes of such proof it is highly advisable now to separate the whole topic of Theism into three parts—namely, the demonstration that the cause of the universe possesses intelligence, the demonstration that it possesses unity, and the demonstration that it possesses infinity.

The question at the outset is not whether God is infinite or finite; but whether he is intelligent or not. It is my object to establish the proposition that Conscience reveals not merely a Somewhat, but a Someone; and, having proved from the point of view of instinct that it does, I must now justify the proof by showing that reason can make no objections to that conclusion.

While we are considering intelligence as cause, I leave out of view entirely the enquiry as to its infinity. The question is not even raised in the opening of an argument such as I am presenting to you whether God is infinite or not. Can we prove that he is Someone? That is the initial inquiry. Can we demonstrate that there exists in the universe an intelligence not ourselves? After demonstrating that the cause which stands before the present universe has intelligence, we must ask whether it has unity. After having proved the intelligence and the unity, we must treat the infinity as a wholly different thing. Separate proofs are adapted to these several traits. Do not overload the definition of God when you begin your argument from reason for his existence as a person.

5. The universe exhibits thought. There cannot be thought without a thinker. The cause of the universe, therefore, is a thinker. And a thinker is a person.

6. But the universe exhibits, so far as human observation extends, perfect unity of thought. Gravitation is the same everywhere, and so are light, heat, and the other natural forces.

7. The universe, therefore, exhibits one thought, and but one.

8. Its cause, therefore, is one Thinker, and but one. That is, one Personal Intelligence, and but one.

The philosophy dominant at Yale College and at Harvard, at Berlin and at Halle, at Edinburgh and Oxford and Cambridge, is well represented by these incisive sentences from the ablest book on metaphysics Yale College has given to the world. "The universe," says President Porter, "is a *thought*, as well as a *thing*. As fraught with design, it reveals thought, as well as force. The thought includes the origination of the forces and their law, as well as the combination and use of them. These thoughts must include the whole universe. It follows, then, that the universe is controlled by a single thought, or the thought of an individual thinker."—"The Human Intellect," p. 661.)

Let us pause and cast ourselves abroad on the wing of imagination, through some small portion, at least, of the range of truth, disclosed by the facts that thought implies a thinker and that the thought of the universe is one. Take in your hand the mystic instrument called the spectroscopé, and bring down light from the two planets which last evening I saw near each other in the infinite azure. Here arrives a far-traveled ray from Mars; here one from Saturn; here one from Sirius; here one from the North Star. It left that orb fifty years ago, and has not paused, and is here at last. Certain metals, when burned, always produce definite dark lines in the colored lights of the spectroscopé. We know that zinc produces a line in a particular place, lead in another place, iron in another place; and we bring down this light of Mars, of Saturn, and of the North Star, and here are the very lines of zinc and iron and lead. Matter yonder, fifty years distant for light, we thus know to be much what it is here. Meteors have fallen on this earth; the dust of meteors has been absorbed into planets; and, for aught I know, in your arm there are particles that come from Sirius. The universe has light in it; and the laws of light are the same here and at the furthest point visible to the telescope. Light moves in straight lines here and in straight lines there. Gravitation is the same thing here and yonder. We cannot imagine a spot in the universe where the whole is less than a part, or where two straight lines can enclose a space, or where any self-evident truth is false. Thus we feel that the universe exhibits not only a plan, but a uniform plan. It exhibits not only thought, but harmonious thought. It is a *thing*, but it is a *thought*; and it is not merely a thought, without further definition. It is one thought, interiorly self-consistent; and not a fagot of self-contradictions. This immeasurable but incontrovertible unity is before our eyes. It demonstrates unity in the thought of the universe, and therefore unity in the Thinker. The universe exhibits one thought, and but one. Its cause, therefore, is one Thinker, and but one; one Personal Intelligence, and but one.

Adhere, without a particle of wavering, to the proposition that there cannot be a thought without a thinker. That is Des Cartes' fundamental axiom the corner-stone on which he placed himself face to face with all skepticism and unrest, and is the point of philosophy where certainty is firmest up to this hour. There cannot be a thought without a person. I think; therefore, I am a person.

There is thought not our own in the universe; therefore, there is a person in the universe not ourselves. The thought is one; the thinker, therefore, is one. Sometimes, when I stand under the dome of that truth, I am moved as the constellations never stir me. The old songs once sung in the Temple yonder on a hill that has influenced the ages more than Athens or Rome come into my thoughts; but these calls are altogether too feeble to start the enthusiasm which bursts up face to face with the scientific method in our day. We must expand David's outlook upon the universe. No doubt he beheld the moral law more vividly than we do. No doubt he had interior insight such as belongs to that strange race of which he was a representative. The Greek knew art better than we do. Compared with him, we are uncouth. Compared with the Hebrew in his best estate, we are morally imperceptive. But these grandeurs of law which God seems to have revealed to us, the Aryan race; these grandeurs of co-ordination which make us, in our fragmentariness of endowment, sometimes almost content with a mere Cosmic Deity, without much thought of a person—we must unite them all, the modern with the Greek and Hebrew organ-pipes. But the music proceeding from them all together—falling, expanding, filling the dome of the universe—that is but a shepherd's pipe, compared with the melodies that rise in any full-orbed soul whenever we look aloft into the azure represented by the simple certainty that there cannot be in the universe thought not our own without a person not ourselves; and that, as the thought is one, so that personality is one. Let us be glad. Let us lift up our hearts. Let us say to the eternal gates of science: "Lift up your heads, that the King of Glory may come in." The day is coming when another age will say this to the gates that have foundations. The day is coming when our transitory stage of thought—simply the sophomore year in human investigation, in which we can ask more questions than we can answer—will be looked back upon with disdain. The day is coming when the iron lips of science will utter the words of the Psalmist and the words of all natural law: "Lift up the gates on which the Pleiades are but ornaments! Lift up the gates on which all the immensities and the infinities of the eternities are but so much filagree! Lift up these gates, and the King—Immortal, Eternal, Invisible, not ourselves, and who loves Truth, Beauty, and Righteousness—will come in!"

9. The Infinite and the absolute are words which mean nothing unless we understand by them that which is absolute or infinite in some given attribute.

Stuart Mill was no partisan on the side of Theism; but his dissatisfaction with Mansel's and Spencer's use of the words Infinite and Absolute is well known. Space we call infinite; and we mean not vaguely that it is the infinite or the absolute, but that it is infinite in one particular quality—namely, extension. If you speak of space as the Infinite or Absolute, without stating in what quality the object meant is infinite or absolute, you at once confuse men, because you are not expressing a definite idea. Herbert Spencer, Mansel, and their followers are constantly telling us we must think thus and so concerning the Infinite and the Absolute. Now substitute for these terms the Infinite being,

the Absolute being, and very often their expressions will not make sense, or make nothing short of blasphemy. The Absolute, it is said, must contain everything. "There is a contradiction," says Mansel, "in conceiving the Infinite and Absolute as personal; and there is a contradiction in conceiving it as impersonal. It cannot, without contradiction, be represented as active; nor, without equal contradiction, be represented as inactive."—"Limits of Religious Thought," Lect. II.) "To define God," said Spinoza, "is to deny him." If we limit God by saying that he cannot do evil, we are putting a bound upon his nature and he is no longer infinite. Well, all this dense and often deadly vapor arose from a false definition of the Absolute and the Infinite. Say an infinite being, one who is infinite in goodness, cannot be evil, and then say that such an affirmation implies limitation of God! Say that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and then affirm that such an affirmation involves limitation of the qualities of the object that is infinite, and you confuse all thought, simply because you are yourself confused. The Absolute, the Infinite, are words that have no real significance unless taken in connection with some quality. You must come down to the concrete always to get the meaning of these abstract terms; and the men who sit among the glaciers of the Alps, and tell us the Alps cannot be passed, are sitting not on the concrete rock, not even on the snow, but on the fog. We speak of time as infinite; but we mean only that it is infinite in one respect, duration. In a similar sense, the one Thinker who stands behind the one thought of the Universe has been termed infinite in the sense of possessing infinite power, and absolute in the sense of absolute, finished, completed goodness and knowledge.

10. It is certain that infinite space is space; infinite time is time; infinite power is power; infinite knowledge is knowledge; and infinite goodness is goodness.

11. What is affirmed, therefore, in calling the divine attributes of power, knowledge, and goodness infinite is intelligible and involves no self-contradiction.

12. Except the element of infinity, any given quality is the same in its infinite, as in its finite development. We cannot adequately conceive the quantity, but we may the quality of an infinity.

Space is just the same in its infinite as in its finite development. Power is just the same in its infinite as in its finite development. Indeed, we never hear objection to likening God to man brought against this attribute of power. We are told that we are constantly falling into anthropomorphism, but that the tendency of science is to de-anthropomorphization. This is getting to be a very popular word, my friends, so we must accustom ourselves to it. Anthropomorphization—that means simply an excessive tendency to liken God to man, and de-anthropomorphization means the opposite. Spencer and his school often forget that there is anthropomorphism in their own characterization of the Cause of the Universe as a Power. Goethe said we never know how anthropomorphic we are; and I think Matthew Arnold himself does not know how anthropomorphic he is. He is constantly employing phraseology that implies

personality in God. "The Eternal not ourselves loves"; "the Eternal not ourselves hates." "The Eternal not ourselves" he personifies constantly. Of course, he exclaims that by personification he means only poetry. But this poetry is organic, instinctive, constitutional. Matthew Arnold's famous proposition that the Jews did not believe in a God except poetically; that they always knew there was no person beyond the Eternal Power, not themselves, which they thought made for righteousness, is one of the absurdest of all the eccentricities of the school of Nescience. It really has made no impression on scholarly thought, much as we revere Matthew Arnold and his father. If his father were alive, I think some logical chastisement, at least, would be applied to his son. For his father had a stalwart grasp upon philosophy, as well as the historic sense. Dr. Dale told me the other day that Matthew Arnold once said to him, in a parlor in London, "I stand about where my father did"; and he considered that remark of Arnold's an indication of a lack of careful habits of discrimination. Dr. Dale replied: "Matthew Arnold, your father believed in the personality of God and was inspired by that truth to heroic life; and he believed that God has manifested himself in human history; and these things make a difference between your own views and his." And Matthew Arnold's only reply was given in a dazed, uncertain way: "Well, perhaps they do." Now, it is sure that when Arnold's best expressions agree with the biblical language his instinct moves him toward the attitude which the Bible words express; and that attitude is adoration before God as a person. That the Jew did not believe God to be a person is a proposition just as rational as that the Greek did not believe art to be a worthy field for human effort. We might as well say that the Roman Empire never existed as to say that the Jew did not believe in a personal God.

18. What is inconsistent with goodness will be inconsistent with infinite goodness.

Just here I must pause to show you the stalwart manliness of John Stuart Mill. Mansel, you know, believing in Sir William Hamilton's phrases about the Infinite and the Absolute, a few passages which the Master never expanded into a system, undertook to assert that God may be so different from man that, if there is objectionable truth in Revelation, we must not apply to it very sternly the human standards of morality. I revere Mansel; but his book on the "Limits of Religious Thought" seems to me, as it seemed to John Stuart Mill, one of the most mischievous of modern productions. In the name of the limitation of the human faculties and the relativity of all knowledge—a truth which I do not deny, in the sense in which Sir William Hamilton admitted it—Mansel affirmed that we never can know intellectually that God is a person. His goodness may not have laws represented by the self-evident truths of conscience; and, therefore, if difficulties arise in Revelation, we must regard the universe as a scheme imperfectly comprehended, and, in case of the Bible, treat it leniently in detail after its general authority is once proved.

Stuart Mill, remembering that infinite goodness is goodness, and that what is inconsistent with goodness must be inconsistent with infinite goodness, sat

down one day and wrote his opinion of Mansel's book: "To say that God's goodness may be different in kind from man's goodness, what is it but saying, with a slight change of phraseology, that God may possibly not be good? To assert in words what we do not think in meaning is as suitable a definition as can be given of a moral falsehood. If, instead of the glad tidings that there exists a Being in whom all the excellencies which the highest human mind can conceive exist in a degree inconceivable to us, I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that the highest human morality which we are capable of conceiving does not sanction them, convince me of it, and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which he shall not do; he shall not compel me to worship him. I will call no Being good who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow-creatures; and, if such a Being can sentence me to Hell for not so calling him, to Hell I will go."—(Mill, John Stuart, "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," Vol. I, chap. vii.)

There was an earthquake rent, into which this whole philosophy of Nescience will ultimately be cast, in the name of logic and with the acclamations of all thinking men.

14. The attributes of knowledge, power, and goodness, each of them in an infinite degree, can be intelligibly and without self-contradiction attributed to one thinker and to but one, and that one he whose thought the origination and preservation of the universe exhibit.

15. Immense distinctions exist between the Absolute defined as the unrelated, or that which exists out of all relations, and the Absolute defined as the independent, or that which exists out of *one set* of relations—that is, out of all relations of dependence.

16. It is in the latter sense only that scientific Theism asserts that the One Person whose existence is proved by the one thought of the universe is absolute.

17. Great distinctions exist between the Absolute defined as that which is capable of existing out of relation to anything else, and defined as that which is incapable of existing in relation to anything else.

18. It is in the former sense that scientific Theism calls God absolute.

19. It is in the latter that Herbert Spencer, Mansel, and others, who deny that we can prove intellectually that God is a person, call God Absolute.

20. This false definition overlooks the distinction between infinite and all, and leads Mansel to Hegel's conclusion that God's nature embraces everything, evil included.

21. The definition which Mansel and Spencer hold is repudiated by scientific Theism.—(See Martineau, "Philosophical Essays, Science, Nescience, and Faith"; President Porter, "The Human Intellect," last chapter; President

McCosh, "The Divine Government"; Hodge, "Systematic Theology," Vol. I, pp. 381-432; Nitsch, Rothe, Trendelenburg, Dorner, Ulrich, and Julius Muller *passim*; and especially Mill's "Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy," Vol. I, chapters i to vii.)

22. With that repudiation all the alleged difficulties that arise from asserting the personality of God vanish.

23. Herbert Spencer and others of his school admit that the Eternal Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness in the universe, is omnipresent, self-existent, omnipotent, and in this sense infinite and absolute.

In a recent volume of most searching applications of the scientific method to philosophical thought Thomas Hill writes: "Spencer says that our belief in an Omnipresent Eternal Cause of the Universe has a higher warrant than any other belief—that is, that the existence of such a Cause is the most certain of all certainties; but asserts that we can assign to it no attributes whatever, and that it is absolutely unknown and unknowable. Yet, in his very statement of its existence, he assigns to the Ultimate Cause four attributes—Being, Causal Energy, Omnipresence, and Eternity. And afterward he implicitly assigns to it two other attributes, repeatedly expressing his faith that the Cosmos is obedient to law, and that this law is of beneficent result, which is an implicit ascription of wisdom and love to the Ultimate Cause. All thinkers concede that human reason is competent to discover the existence of an Ultimate Cause, to form the inductions of its Being, its Causal Energy or Power, its Omnipresence and Eternity."—(Hill, Thomas, ex-President of Harvard University, "The Natural Sources of Theology," pp. 38, 42.)

24. The intelligence, the unity, and in a correct sense the infinity of the Cause of the universe are, therefore, proved in entire harmony with the scientific method, on the one hand, and Christian Theism on the other.

Our best conclusion is adoring silence before the slowly-lifting gates through which the Eternal, who holds infinities and eternities in his hands as the small dust in the balance, is passing into science, into politics, into the perishing and dangerous populations of the world, into the Norse American, as well as into the Puritan American, into literature, into woman's heart, into Conscience, into the future, and into that world into which all men haste. He is there, he is here; and our best speech before him, in the name of science, is silence and action.

VIII.

IS CONSCIENCE INFALLIBLE ?

THERE is a celebrated oration by Massillon, in which he adjures his hearers, at a certain point, to imagine the doors of the temple in which he was speaking to be closed. He then directs them to look upward, and imagine the roof opening up on the azure, and the last day appearing in the infinite spaces. The judgment is set, and you are alone; and how many here will judge themselves to be among the elect? Massillon was philosophically wise in what you call a strange rhetorical device; for it is certain that only in solitude, only in the hush of the visible presence of death and the judgment, can we understand conscience. Voltaire admired this oration of Massillon's. When Louis XIV. heard it, in the chapel at Versailles, he covered his face with his trembling hands. When it was delivered in the Church of St. Eustache, in Paris, the whole audience rose with a sudden movement, uttering a deep, wailing cry of terror and faith, as if a thunderbolt had suddenly fallen in the middle of the temple.—(Massillon, "*Sur le Petit Nombre des Elus.*" See Le Cardinal Maury, "*Essai sur l'Eloquence de la Chaire.*")

The inner-sky, like the outer, is studied best in its depths when God shuts up the world in his ebony box, to use George Herbert's phrase. Our secret thoughts are rarely heard except in secret. No man knows what conscience is until he understands what solitude can teach him concerning it. Thomas Paine could not bear to be left alone. Many an inmate of the Charlestown prison-wards yonder dreads solitary confinement more than anything else. The secret of solitude is that there is no solitude. At Mount Holyoke and at Wellesley and in Vassar College every pupil is advised to be a certain period each day alone, with the Bible and with God. If any here think they have sounded the depths of their own natures; if any suppose they have mapped all the constellations in the heavens, even of transcendentalism, let them try thoughtfully and persistently the experiment of looking out of the cool, deep well of solitude into the sky. And even at noon-day they will find there vast depths and constellations visible, fit to blanch the cheeks. These are facts. That is the way human nature acts. Therefore, Massillon shall call pause here to-day, while I ask whether conscience is infallible, and whether in its infallibility we have not the touch and the vision of a personal God? Imagine the doors closed and the judgment set.

1. Conscience is that which perceives and feels rightness and oughtness in moral motives—that is, in choices and intentions.

2. The word motive has three meanings—allurement, appetite, invention.

3. When Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, his allurements, or objective natural motive, was the political prize of supreme power in the Roman Empire.

That was wholly outside of himself. He was not responsible for its existence. Nevertheless, it was a motive to him, in the sense of allurements.

4. His appetite, or subjective natural motive, was made up of his constitutional endowments, including ambition and love of power.

He did not create these. They were wholly outside the range of his choice.

5. In neither of these senses of the word motives does conscience judge them; and in neither of these senses are we responsible for them.

6. But Cæsar's intention in crossing the Rubicon was determined by himself; he put forth his own choice; his preferences or moral motives were wholly his own, and were, as he was pleased to make them, either honorable or dishonorable, good or bad.

7. In this sense of the word motives we are responsible for them and conscience does judge them.

8. Most mischievous confusion of thought arises from not distinguishing the three things signified by the word motives.

Here is a library, and there is a whiskey den or some other Gehemna breathing-hole. I stand in the middle of the street between them, and freely choose into which I will go. I am a human being. There is whiskey yonder; that may be an allurements. I did not put it there; I am not responsible for its intoxicating power. In one sense it may be called a motive to me; but call it simply an *allurement*, and you will speak with greater accuracy. I have disordered appetites; I have inherited bad blood, it may be from some intemperate ancestors; and I have not taken care of myself. I have allowed nerve-tracks of intemperance to groove themselves into my physical organism, and there is a powerful tendency on the part of my diseased blood toward that place of temptation. I am not responsible for that. I may have been for its origination, or for the undue intensifying of a natural appetite for excitement. I did not create it; nevertheless it moves me. If you call appetite motive, I am not responsible for it; but outward allurements and inward appetite are not the only forces concerned here. Finally, I make up my mind that I will go in there and drink. It is my *intention* to go in there and drink. I put forth a choice. I step freely into that place of temptation. I come out a beast. I am responsible for that. I did that from my own intention, and by my own motive, choice, and purpose, in obedience to an elective preference which I put forth. Here is motive, in the sense not of *allurement*, or *appetite*, but in that of *intention*; and this is what conscience judges. Intentions are the zenith of the human inner sky; and, looking up into their depths, whoever uses the eyes of science will see a Throne, and the book opened, and a judgment bar. These are incontrovertible facts of human nature.

But here is a library, and there are books in it. I know their value. They are a motive to me, in the sense of allurements, or what the writers on ethics call an objective natural motive. But I did not place the books on the shelves; I am not at all responsible for their attractive powers; they are an allurements only. Moreover, I have intellectual curiosity, or some moral desire, it may be, for study; and this moves me toward the library. But I am not to be praised for that. Perhaps I inherit it. I may have intensified the power of these natural desires; but an intellectual and moral equipment belongs to me as a human being, and as a motive I am not responsible for it and conscience does not judge me for its possession. It is an appetite, or what the books call a subjective natural motive. But now I make up my mind to go into that library. That is my act. I intend to go there, and I have the good motive of obtaining information to increase my usefulness, or, it may be, the base motive of acquiring knowledge to enlarge my powers of self-display. I have a motive, a secret intention, a purpose, which I alone am putting forth, and for which I am alone, before conscience, responsible. Thus in the whole range of his free intentions, a man finds conscience always standing before him, with the doors closed, and the skies opened, and the judgment set.

You know that these are facts; and, if you please, they are just as important facts as anything about the Ichthyosaurus or the Plesiosaurus. They are as important as speculations about any object in the Zoological Museums in Cambridge yonder; they are as important as anything we touch with the microscope or scalpel; and, indeed, quite measurelessly more so. Let us distinguish the three classes of motives, or allurements, appetites and intentions; and be unalterably sure that, however much force the first and second may have, we are responsible for the third.

A distinguished theological teacher once illustrated the difference of the three kinds of motives by the case of a boy climbing an apple tree to steal apples. The apples are the objective natural motive; the boy's appetite is the subjective natural motive; his intention is his moral motive. The boy climbs the tree to get the apples, and there is his exterior natural motive. He climbs the tree because he is hungry, and there is his interior natural motive. He climbs the tree because he has a mind to, and that is the motive for which he is responsible.

A shallow and often vulgar semi-infidel paper in Boston has lately discovered that motives and intentions are not the same, and that we are not responsible for our motives. Certain haughty critics of this lectureship, who assert that we are never responsible for our motives, will do well to look at any common vocabulary of philosophy—such as Fleming's and Kranth's—under the word Motive, and they will find that the distinctions on which I have now insisted are not invented for the occasion, but are as old as Plato.

But so closely does the topic of Conscience touch that of the Will that we need yet further definitions. We are now on contested ground, where ambiguity of phraseology has been an exhaustless source of debate.

9. Will is the power of putting forth choice or imperative volition.

10. Choice is agreeable elective preference. It is preceded by a comparison of, at least, two objects, and by an excitement of the sensibilities in relation to the objects compared. It may be followed by acts tending to gratify the choice. All choice implies ratherness. Therefore, the choice of an object involves the refusal of its opposite.

Choice cannot be defined. You cannot define the word white. You can give a nominal definition of it, but not a real one; and so of choice we can give no real, but only a nominal definition. However, let choice be called agreeable elective preference. It is important to put into the idea of choice this trait of agreeableness, for mere resolution is not choice. The love which the nature of things and the Scriptures command us to have for virtue is choice. That is, we are so to choose it as to be happy in doing so; we are to make duty a delight. We are to choose good and to be glad in it. No man chooses good unless he likes to choose it. Every choice implies free ratherness. That act of the will which we call elective preference is always agreeable. Forced preference is a phrase involving self-contradiction. Agreeable elective preference, that and nothing less, is choice. This meaning harmonizes well with all the proverbs of the nations. "What a man loves, he is." Show me what a man chooses, and I will show you what he likes most and what he is most like.

Our sense of what ought to be invariably requires us to choose what conscience commands.

To choose is to love.

Since, therefore, there is a personal God in conscience, to follow the still, small voice is not only to believe that God is a Spirit and that he touches us, but to be glad that he is and does so.

These three propositions are the unassailable foundations of the religion of science.

As to the truth that all virtue consists in choice, New England philosophy stands in contrast with European. Very often by choice European philosophers mean volition, resolution; and when New England philosophy, represented by transcendentalism, as well as by Jonathan Edwards, asserts that all virtue consists in choice, it was once not always understood in Scotland, and still less often in England and in Germany, that by choice Edwards meant agreeable elective preference of virtue. We say that all sin is in choice when we mean by that word an agreeable elective preference. We *choose* darkness rather than light only when we love it more. We *choose* light rather than darkness only when we love the latter the less. The innermost love of the soul is indicated by its elective agreeable preference.

11. Intention may be defined as a resolved choice. When the fixed plan of executing that choice is entertained by the mind, the intention is called a purpose.

12. *Motives, defined as intentions, choices, and purposes are perceived by conscience to be right or wrong.*

Can we prove this proposition? Is it possible to demonstrate that we have

within us a faculty which points out the difference between right and wrong in our intentions, choices, thus defined, as the faculty of taste points out the difference between the sweet and the bitter? If we can do that, we have our hand upon a corner-stone of religious science. We shall then have in human nature itself one sure support for a religion that will bear the examination of the ages. I am appealing to proof-texts from the oldest Scriptures—that is, the nature of things. Some silly person wrote the other day, from Cambridge, England, that, in this lectureship, it is not thought worth while to cite the Bible, and that the attempt is merely to build up a religion without any reference to the Scriptures. The castle of the Scriptures stands here, and there are defenders in it. After nineteen centuries of victorious repulsion of assaults, it needs no assistance from me. But haughty science comes forward with other weapons; and I have been placed here by my brethren, not to instruct them in anything biblical or scientific that they do not know, but to go down into the field before the castle, and, with the very weapons of these arrogant foes, to meet them in their own redoubts. You said, some of you, that there was not a one-seventy-fifth objective microscope in the world. Boston has made such an instrument, and it happened that I used it, by the kindness of Dr. Harriman, in this temple. When it was my fortune to state, the other day, that this city had constructed a one-seventy-fifth objective microscope, the assertion was doubted. It was scouted, almost. Such an instrument was called an optical impossibility. Nevertheless, it is a fact. And, if you please, a one-seventy-fifth objective is a one-seventy-fifth objective, even if it is in Christian hands. The object of the use of such an instrument is not to discredit one-seventy-fifth or any other fraction of the Scriptures; nor to lessen the light of the ten-millionth magnifying power that is thrown on all these themes by Revelation. When religious science, with only the equipment that natural science can give it, comes down to the field, foregoing the aid to be derived from its own fortress and willing to meet all objections on the ground of bare Reason, it is merely a begging of the entire question to say that the Bible has been given up. On Sundays I go into that fortress, if you please.

It will not now seem other than scientific to assert, in view of the propositions already put before you, that

13. All sin or holiness consists not in volition, but in elective preferences, choices, intentions, moral motives.

External acts possess expediency or in expediency, harmfulness or mischievousness, and their character in these respects I must ascertain by a combined use of judgment and conscience. I do not know by conscience whether you are a good man or a bad man; I do not know by conscience whether I ought to defend the President's Southern policy or not. It is a question of judgment what I had better do concerning the South. I must gather all the facts; I must look at human experience; I must take the entire light I have or can get; and then, in the action I choose, conscience will tell me whether my intentions are good or bad—that is, whether I am willing to follow all the illumination I possess or can

obtain or not. I know what my motives are in my political action; I know what I intend to effect; and you all judge men by their intentions in the last resort. It is a stern fact that unscrupulous intentions no human being is able to respect. We cannot help calling a man respectable who is possessed of good intentions; nor can we help finding him not respectable who is not possessed of them.

Conscience guarantees only good intentions. Are they enough? If conscience, when truly followed, does not give us soundness of judgment, really it is not a very important faculty, you say. But let us notice what can be proved beyond a doubt—namely, that a man who follows conscience we are able to respect, and that we are not able to respect any other man. There is Stonewall Jackson, and here is John Brown. Now, let us suppose that Stonewall Jackson believes that John Brown is utterly honest; and let us suppose that John Brown believes the same of Jackson. Brown's action appears to Jackson to be very mischievous; and Jackson's action appears to Brown to be equally so. In fact, they are crossing bayonets in a civil war; but they are both men of prayer, men of confirmed religious habits, and we have reason to believe that they are endeavoring to be conscientious. I do not believe Stonewall Jackson followed all the light he had; nor do I believe John Brown did. But, suppose that Jackson did follow all the light he had or could get, and suppose that John Brown did; and that each is convinced of this fact as to the other, then, although they are ready in the settlement of practical measures to cross bayonets, you cannot help their coming together, when the measures are settled, and shaking hands with each other as respectable men. You know that to be the fact. External acts differ to the degree of crossing bayonets; but, as each does the best he knows how, each respects the other, and absolutely cannot help doing so. This is a singular fact in the soul; but this is the way we are made. We find that Governor Wise, when he looked into the eyes of John Brown and saw honesty there, and that others who noticed his mood in his last hours, were thrown into a kind of awe by that border warrior. He meant right; and respect for that man's soul is not confined to the circle of the mountains between which he lies in my native county in Northern New York. I have heard the summer wind sighing over the grave of John Brown; and have stood there and gazed upon Mount Marcy and Whiteface and Lake Placid; but because I believed that this man's conscience was a Lake Placid, and his resolution to follow it firm as Marcy, firm as Whiteface, firm as any of those gigantic peaks in my native Switzerland, I felt sure that his soul was marching on and that when his spirit smote slavery the tree after that was timber. It did not fall, but it was no longer alive.

There was a persecutor of the Early Church who verily thought he ought to do many things against Christianity. He himself teaches us that he needed pardon, but that mercy was shown him because of his ignorance. Who will say that he did not suppress light? Not I. He did immense mischief while his judgment was not corrected; and if he suppressed light or tutored it his motives

were not good. This is most dangerous ground. I know on what treacherous soil I tread unless definitions are kept in view. Choice means love; conscientiousness is glad self-surrender to a personal God in conscience, or to what ought to be in motives. Let us take the precaution of using pictures, as well as metaphysical phrases. There is a point in the bounding, resonant Androscoggin at which is an island, and on it lives a hermit. Twenty savages are sailing down in the midnight to surprise him and put him to death. A Maine legend says that he puts a light below the deadly Lewiston water-falls, that lie just beyond his island. The Indians think the torch is in his hut; row toward it; and all of them make a sudden, dizzy, unexpected plunge to death. The Indians were in one sense right—they wanted to land where the light was; but the light was below the falls and not above. It is tolerably important to know where the beacon is—whether below or above the cataract.

Conscience is your magnetic needle. Reason is your chart. But I would rather have a crew willing to follow the indications of the needle and giving themselves no great trouble as to the chart, than a crew that had ever so good a chart and no needle at all. Which is the more important in the high seas of passion, the needle Conscience or the chart Reason? We know it was the discovery of the physical needle that made navigation possible on the physical seas; and loyalty to the spiritual magnetic needle alone makes navigation safe on the spiritual seas. When we find a needle in man through which flow magnetic currents and courses of influence that roll around the whole globe and fill the universe, causing every orb to balance with upright pole, we know there is in the needle something that is in it but not of it; and we may well stand in awe of it and refuse to tutor it. Show me a crew without a chart, but willing to follow the needle, and I will show you safe navigators; but show me a crew with a chart, who will not look at the needle, and I will show you navigators near wreck.

Give me a Lincoln, and I will trust a nation's welfare to him, for the judgment of the leader will grow right by following all the illumination he possesses. Give me a Lord Bacon, with never so wide windows of merely intellectual illumination, and no purpose of doing the best he knows how, and I dare not trust him where I would trust a Lincoln, of far inferior intellectual powers. You know that it is a right heart that, in the end, makes a safe head; and the ancients used to say that the punishment of a knave is that he loses good judgment.

14. John Stuart Mill, although a determined opponent of the intuitional school in philosophy, admits that at least one of our perceptions—namely that a thing cannot both exist and not exist at the same time and in the same sense—is "primordial," and not the result of experience.

The assumption of the associational school in philosophy is that all axioms are merely the result of experience, and might have been different if we had been boxed about differently in our contact with life. It has been taught that there may be worlds where two and two do not make four, and where the whole

is not greater than a part. But John Stuart Mill, who is the foremost Corypheus in the associational school of metaphysics, admits that our incapacity of conceiving the same thing as existing and not existing "may be *primordial*. All inconceivabilities may be reduced to inseparable association combined with the original inconceivability of a direct contradiction."—(Mill, "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," Vol I; chap. vi.) This is a far reaching concession. Here is a square; it cannot be a circle. Here is a circle; it cannot be a square. At one and the same time one and the same object cannot be black and white. Mill says this perception is *primordial*. It does not arise from experience. A thing must exist or not exist; and the proposition that a thing can exist and not exist at the same time and in the same sense Mill says is perceived to be true by a *primordial peculiarity* of the mind. If any one of Kant's or Hamilton's unsuccessful critics is dissatisfied with the use of the word *intuitive*, I will be satisfied with the use of Mill's word, *primordial*.

15. If we are so made that the distinction between a whole and a part is *primordial*, or perceived by a power which we possess antecedent to all experience, it may be proved that conscience, within the sphere of motives or intentions, is *infallible*.

16. To follow conscience is to suppress no light; that is, to follow the whole, and not a part of our light.

17. Precisely this *primordial* or *intuitive* knowledge, therefore, is that which is involved in the direct vision conscience has of the moral character of motives.

18. Every man does know infallibly whether he means to do the best he knows how or not in any deliberate choice. By a *primordial* faculty not derived from experience, he knows whether the purpose or intention of following all the light he has exists or does not exist in his mind.

Called upon to choose what I will do, I have a certain amount of light. The interior of my soul is like the interior of this temple; and now I am to decide whether I will act according to all my illumination candidly or not. I know whether I turn away from the light or not. I know whether I look on the whole or a part only of this illumination. Mill says that our direct perception of the difference between a whole and a part is *primordial*. Well, I say that, if it is *primordial* in physical things, it is *primordial* in spiritual things. I have illumination, and I know whether I suppress a part of it. I know whether the whole is taken as my guide, or whether I turn away from some section of the radiance. The distinction between the whole and a part is *primordially* perceived in the fields of mental vision as certainly as it is in the field of physical vision. It is just as infallibly perceived there as here. The perception in both cases is a direct vision of self-evident truth.

There is an ancient Book that speaks of the mischief of the suppression of light. There is a volume which says that "this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light." All this is said in connection with the most subtle doctrines concerning "the Light that

lighteth every man that cometh into the world." I find, therefore, that this general view of conscience, as something which always pronounces it right to follow all the radiance we have, and wrong to suppress light, coincides marvelously with the profoundest thought of Christianity, that whoever tutors "the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" is acting against light which "in the beginning was with God and was God."

19. Conscience invariably decides that to suppress light is wrong; and that to follow all the light we have or can obtain, and to do so without the slightest tutoring of the radiance, is right.

20. The perception of the difference between meaning right and meaning wrong in this sense is primordial or intuitive; and the difference exhibits the three traits of all intuitive truth—self-evidence, necessity, and universality.

If the proposition that a whole is greater than a part is self-evident, necessary, universally believed as soon as men understand the terms, so the distinction between following the whole or a part of our light is self-evident, necessary, and universally admitted as soon as men understand the terms. Therefore, if you use the word primordial as to the small things of physical vision, I will use it as to the great things of spiritual vision. If you use the word necessary as to self-evident truth here, I will use it as to self-evident truth there. If, in the same connection, you use the word infallible here, I will rise into the upper heaven and use the word infallible there.

21. With equal clearness conscience always points out that we ought to follow good motives and follow bad, as here defined.

22. Within the field of intentions or the moral motives, therefore, conscience has the infallibility which belongs to the perception of self-evident truths; and, in Kant's language, "an erring conscience is a chimera."

There are men who do not know that when they tutor the magnetic needle they are tutoring currents that enswathe the globe and all worlds. There are men who do not know that when they tutor conscience they are tutoring magnetisms which pervade both the universe of souls and its Author. Beware how you put the finger of special pleading on the quivering needle of conscience and forbid it to go north, south, east, or west. Beware of failing to balance it on a hair's point; for whoever tutors that primordial, necessary, universal, infallible perception tutors a Personal God.

CONSCIENCE AS THE FOUNDATION OF THE RELIGION OF SCIENCE.

At the Diet of Worms Martin Luther, when requested to recant, began the modern discussion of conscience by saying: "Here I stand. I can do no other. It is not safe for a man to violate his conscience. God help me!" In these words Protestantism put her foot upon a piece of granite which modern scientific research is now convinced takes hold on the core of the world. Theology, in that speech of Luther's, took its position upon self-evident truth in regard to the moral sense and asserted three things:

1. That a man has conscience.
2. That God is in it.
3. That it is not safe to disobey a faculty through which God looks, as of old he looked through the Egyptian pillar of cloud and fire in the morning watch, troubling the hosts of all dissent.

More and more fruitfully, since Luther's day, religious investigation has taken up the topic of conscience from the point of view of the scientific method. It is a sentence which is often cited, a famous saying of Dormer, of Berlin, that we have now ascertained scientifically that the truth is not so much that man has conscience as that conscience has man.

Bear with me, my friends, if, in discussing conscience as the basis of the religion of science, I take you over definitions which may appear at first dry, but out of which, possibly, may germinate umbrageous foliage, in which the very birds of heaven may sing, and under which, at last, we, in the dust and heat of these tempestuous days of debate, may sit down in peace and be refreshed.

1. Sensation and perception always coexist.
2. Sensation involves perception—first, of the sensation or feeling itself, and, second, of an object causing the feeling.
3. The intensity of sensation and that of perception, when both are exercised at the same instant, are in an inverse ratio to each other.
4. These are the laws of touch, taste, sight, and all the physical senses.

"Knowledge and feeling, perception and sensation," says Sir William Hamilton ("Lectures on Metaphysics," p. 886), "though always coexistent, are

always in the inverse ratio of each other. That these two elements are always found in coexistence is an old and notorious truth.

It is sometimes asked how I can possibly define conscience as both a perception and a sensation. We perceive the difference between right and wrong intentions. We feel that the right ought to be chosen and the wrong rejected by the will. Both these acts, I affirm, proceed from conscience. A being incapable of either act we could not say has a conscience; and this proves that both the powers must be named in any definition of conscience. But there are two opposite activities, some say. Must not conscience be either all intellectual or all emotional? Is it not all a perception or all a feeling? What is conscience, in the last analysis—perceptive or emotive? Suppose that you ask that question concerning the sense of the beautiful. What is intellectual or emotional? You will find the same difficulties concerning that power of man which perceives beauty that you find concerning his capacity to perceive the right.

5. The sense of the beautiful involves a *perception* of the distinctions between beauty and deformity and a *feeling* of delight in the one and of distaste for the other.

6. The sense of the right involves a *perception* of the distinction between good and bad motives and a *feeling* of delight in the one and of distaste for the other.

We must not confuse together conscience and taste, the moral and the aesthetic, the sense of the right and that of the beautiful; but there are most subtle and significant resemblances between the laws of these two faculties. I have some strange object presented to me, and I perceive it; and I feel at once that it is either ugly or beautiful. A crooked line, a gnarled, jagged figure is not as beautiful as a circle. If you attack me here, I can only reply that these are self-evident truths concerning beauty and taste. I have a sensation, and connected with that sensation is a perception of beauty or deformity. The sensation of your gnarled, jagged line gives me a perception of what I call deformity; and the sensation of the circle gives me a perception of what I call beauty. So, too, the sensation within my soul of a motive which is not harmonious with all the light I possess gives me the impression of moral ugliness; and the sensation of a motive perfectly contented and harmonious in all particulars with the best illumination I have gives me the impression of moral beauty. Jonathan Edwards described the love of right motives considered as morally beautiful, or as admiration for goodness as beauty of a spiritual sort.

7. The perception and feeling and love of aesthetic beauty are pleasurable.

8. The perception and feeling and love of moral beauty are blissful.

Thus, the question as to whether the sense of right is feeling or perception answered by attention to analogy and fact. Feeling implies perception. The sense of the beautiful includes both perception and feeling. It is not proper to ask concerning the sense of the beautiful whether it is intellectual or emotional.

It is both and the sensation involves the perception. Just so the sense of right involves perception necessarily. Just so, in my power of physical touch and taste, sensations involve perception.

9. By physical sensation and the involved perception we have a knowledge of physical realities outside of us.

10. By æsthetic sensation and the involved perception we have a knowledge of æsthetic realities outside of us.

11. By moral sensation and the involved perception we have a knowledge of moral realities outside of us.

12. All the certainties of physical science depend on the trustworthiness of the self-evident truths visible to us in the perception which is involved in physical feeling.

13. All the certainties of æsthetic science depend on the trustworthiness of the self-evident truths visible to us in the perception involved in æsthetic feeling.

14. All the certainties of moral science depend on the trustworthiness of the self-evident truths visible to us in the perception involved in moral feeling.

15. The three classes of certainties—physical, æsthetic, and moral—depending equally on self-evident truths visible to us in perceptions involved in natural sensations, are of equal degrees of authority.

16. The ultimate tests of certainty in physical, æsthetic, and moral science are, therefore the same in kind.

When I take in my hands any physical object, I, in the first place, feel it and am conscious of the sensation; in the second place, I am sure that something is the cause of that sensation and that the something is not myself. It is outside of me. There is the beginning of the range of sensation. This feeling involves perception, not of all the qualities in the external object, but of the fact that there is an external object. I do not know what is in a book by touching it; but I know that I touch somewhat, and that the somewhat is not myself. It is so in sight and in hearing: I am conscious first of the affection of my own personality; and then of a something outside of myself causing that impression, I have no control over the laws perceived by physical sensation.

Just so, rising into the range of taste, I find that the laws of beauty are not ordained by myself. I see what I call ugliness, and I cannot help finding it distasteful. I see what I call beauty, and I cannot help having a delight in it. That law of distaste or of delight is not subject to my will. It is above me. I feel that it is something outside of me, and that it has authority in the universe without my consent. It is one of the laws of things, just as much as the law of gravitation.

We are all agreed up to this point. We have an experience of sensation involving perception of the law of physical gravitation. We do not know all about it; but what little we do know about it is sure as far as it goes. Just so I do not know all the laws of the beautiful; but I know there is a distinction between deformity and beauty, and that this distinction is outside of me and in the nature of things. Well, now, by just the same evidence by which I find out

that there is a physical law of gravitation outside of me, and that there is a law of beauty outside of me, so, when I rise into the higher faculties of the soul, I find that they have sensations; and that their sensations involve perception; and that yonder, in the loftiest part of the azure of the sky within us, there are laws, just as surely as in this mid-sky or the region of taste, and just as surely as upon the earth on which we tread. Here are physical things—sensation involves perception; here are æsthetic things—sensation involves perception; just so there are moral things, and sensation there, as elsewhere, involves perception. Therefore, if you follow the scientific method based on the trustworthiness of your sensations and the involved perceptions in physical things, and follow the same method based on the trustworthiness of your sensations and the involved perceptions in æsthetic things, I will go further and affirm, in the name of the universality of law, precisely what you have affirmed over and over again—namely, that sensation involves perception; and I will apply this principle to moral as you have to physical and æsthetic perception, and thus I will find in the upper sky a law by the scientific method, just as we find one in the mid-sky and on the earth.

17. If objective reality is guaranteed by a constant experience in the one case, it is in the other.

18. We have a constant experience that our natures are made on such a plan that we distinguish between rightness and wrongness in motives.

19. We have a constant experience that we are made on such a plan that we feel irresistibly that we ought to follow right motives, and not follow wrong.

20. We have a constant experience that pain or bliss follow duty neglected or duty done.

21. We have a constant experience that a sense of an approval or disapproval higher than our own follows duty performed or duty disregarded.

22. We have a constant experience that our faculties forbode our personal reward or punishment in another state of existence, according as we do or do not follow conscience.

23. The constant experience of moral sensation and perception is as perfect a ground of certainty as to moral law as a constant experience in æsthetic sensation and perception is in regard to æsthetic law, or as a constant experience in physical sensation and perception is in regard to physical law.

It is a profound remark of Nietzsche, the great German theologian, that "the religious consciousness perfects and justifies itself when, in the immediate life of the spirit, what is contained in the original feeling of God (*Gottesgefühl*) objectifies itself in a constant manner."—(*System der Christlehre*," p. 25.) The far-reaching law that a constant experience is the guaranty of all scientific certainty bears all the tests applied to truth within the range of physical investigation. Your Tyndall, your Huxley, your Spencer have in physical science no grounds of certainty that do not depend upon a uniform physical experience. We have dreams, to be sure, in which certain strange things occur to us; but the dreams proceed according to laws which are not a constant experience. We

find that they lack verification in other positions of our consciousness. We are not always treated by the external world as we are in dreams. But when we as individual men, and waking, have a constant moral experience; when, age after age, we as a race walk waking through all the environments of history; when, age after age, we walk waking under all the winds that beat upon us from out of the skies of moral truth; when we find constantly that there is a difference between right and wrong, and that we feel we ought to follow good motives and not follow bad; when constantly we are beaten upon in the same way, then these impressions made upon us are revelatory of the moral plan not only of our natures, but of our environment, and the constancy of moral experience is to be looked on, as is the constancy of æsthetical and the constancy of physical experience, as a source of scientific knowledge.

Pardon me, my friends, if I say that modern skepticism appeals to Cæsar, and to Cæsar it shall go. You believe, you say, and you adhere unflinchingly to all self-evident propositions within the range of physical research. Sir William Hamilton and Kant and many another philosopher have divided our faculties into the understanding and the reason. By the reason, as understood by Kant, we do not mean the understanding, but *the faculty of perceiving self-evident truth*. Now there are self-evident truths in the range of morals as surely as in the range of physics. Kant's Practical Reason, or faculty by which we perceive self-evident truths of the moral kind, is only another name for conscience, or the moral sense. There are self-evident truths in the range of æsthetics as surely as in the range of morals. We have a faculty by which we perceive self-evident truth; or, rather, our whole nature is so made that we cannot but believe self-evident propositions. Look for a moment at these different lists of propositions. Take a few merely intellectual self-evident truths, such as the geometrical and mathematical axioms. We are all convinced—not merely by evidence, but by self-evidence—that the whole is greater than a part, and that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and that every change must have a cause. Just so in the range of æsthetics, although the intuitions there have never been as carefully studied as in the range of mathematics, we are sure there is a difference between beauty and deformity. We do perceive by direct vision that a circle and an ugly, gnarled line are different, and that the one must be put on the right hand and the other on the left before any judgment bar of taste. All men agree in these feelings, and say the self-evident truth involved in them is that there is a distinction between the right hand and the left in everything touched by our sense of the beautiful. But we rise into the region of morals, and there is yet greater clearness than in the region of taste. Here is an intellectual axiom, you may say; but it is really a moral one: Sin can be the quality of only voluntary action. There is a perfectly self-evident moral truth. You cannot prove it by anything that does not assume it. It is not only evident, but it is self-evident. It is a moral axiom, and you are just as sure of it as that two and two make four. Sin is free, or you cannot make sin out of it.

Tyndall now publicly agrees with Hackel in maintaining that the will is never free. Echoes are already beginning to be heard, even in Boston, of his Birmingham assertion that the robber, the ravisher, the murderer, offend because they cannot help offending. They are to be punished, indeed; but they are no more blameworthy than honest men and reformers and saints and martyrs are praiseworthy. In this city I read in an editorial last Saturday the statement that the criminal offends because he cannot help offending, and that such a doctrine permeating society would free us from a large amount of theological quackery. Will the teachers of this atrocious shallowness insure the prisons against the effects of their own quackery? Will they lift off from trade and social life the weight of this false science, which, if trusted, will ride greed and fraud as never nightmare rode invalid? When the last word of the Hackelian evolutionists—opposing Darwin, opposing Dana, opposing Owen, opposing every anti-materialistic theory of evolution in England or Germany, and all similar schools in metaphysics—is a denial that the will is ever free, and an assertion that the murderer and the robber and the ravisher offend because they cannot help offending, it may be said with justice that the materialistic cattle-fishes are trying to attack the leviathans of self-evident truth by throwing off ink into the sea. They will succeed in making things clear only when the sea is all of their own color.

We say, then, that, if a man is to be loyal to axioms, if a thinker is to require of himself consistency, if there is to be clearness or straightforwardness in thought, we must demand that the scientific method, rising thus from the physical to the æsthetical and into the moral, shall hold fast to self-evident truth yonder, just as in the mid-sky and on the sods of purely physical research. I will not admit that the whole world belongs to the men who follow scientific truth only in its physical relations. Heaven forbid that I should deny that they are making important discoveries. They mine into the earth; they sink wells down and down; but at the bottoms of their wells, looking upward, they do not see the whole range of truth. It is important to recognize the merit of men who sink wells far into the earth; but, if they, as specialists, are to have sound mines, they must—as a most suggestive writer, Newman Smyth, a friend of mine, in his fresh, keen book on "The Religious Feeling," copies of which I wish were scattered broadcast throughout the land, says—come often to the curbstone, and at least put their heads out and gaze around, north, south, east, and west. They will find the mid-sky a fact, as well as the bowels of the planet. They will find an upper sky a fact, as well as the mid-sky, and as well as that inner vein which they have been working. We are not out of the range of gravitation when we are out of the physical specialists' well. We are not out of the range of self-evident truth when we rise out of the mine and look around us and above us. Forever and forever we must acknowledge the unity and universality of law; and, therefore, self-evident moral truth will be to us always a pedestal from which the Philosophy of Religion will be visible to its very turret, if only we carry up her telescope to that summit along the line of the only rent

through the clouds that God's own hand seems to have made when he stretched forth his creating arm and implanted these self-evident truths in the human constitution.

24. We know incontrovertibly, therefore, by a constant experience of a moral law and of a Personal Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, that the plan of our natures and the environment we have here and hereafter require us to choose what ought to be.

25. But to choose is to love.

26. To follow the plan of our natures or conscience, therefore, we must love a personal God, revealed in the imperative commands and in the pains and blisses of conscience.

Here we stand face to face with the very latest scientific ethical research in Germany. If any philosophy now, in that most learned land of the globe, appears more likely than any other not to disappear, it is that of which the fundamental thought is an ethical representation of the universe. All the philosophy of Herman Lotze turns on the central principle that the ends of the universe are moral. This is the deepest ethical teaching of your Julius Muller and of your Dorner, your Rothe and your Ulrici, that we never understand anything until we connect it with the moral purpose had in view by the Author of all things from the first. Study physical science only, and perhaps you may be tempted to conclude, as Stuart Mill did, that God is limited in power and that there is a doubt of his goodness. But when we turn from external nature to the moral law, revealed by the scientific method; when we fasten our attention upon the great tendencies and influences which are to give ethical causes supremacy and make the right victorious; when we remember, with Matthew Arnold, that the Eternal Power which is outside of us makes for righteousness, and makes imperatively for it and victoriously for it, we see the end is not yet; that the scheme of the universe is not fully executed; that the perfection of the moral law prophesies the perfection of the ultimate arrangement of things; and that, therefore, looking within us, we find in conscience an observatory higher than that of physical science ever was, from which to gaze upon the supreme harmonies of the universe.

He who enters into the depths of his-conscience, and there muses, pacing to and fro, is more likely to meet God and to understand the plan of the whole universe, physical as well as moral, than he who paces to and fro among the Seven Stars, or puts hand upon the sword-hilt of Orion, or flies with Cygnus across the Meridian, or follows Bootes as he drives his hunting dogs over the zenith in a leash of sidereal fire.

He who fastens his attention on the uppermost range of natural law will understand the lower, into which the upper sink down with supreme power. He who gazes only upon the planets will understand neither the planets nor the suns. Begin with the loftiest that is known to us; take the scientific method up into the constellations, which in all ages have had constant forms in the human inner sky; study the sense of dependence and obligation which point to a

Personal God, and you will find that the universe has everywhere an ethical tendency; you will find that the ethical aim of all things is the justification of all things, and in conscience will discover the Copernican system of the moral heavens.

Repetition of experiment! That is the scientific test of deepest significance. Religious Science does not flinch in the application of it. In that test she finds all her victories. She asserts that there is a Power that makes for righteousness, and points to all history as a repetition of tests of that truth. She asserts that conscience crowns whoever yields to its demand of personal self-surrender to the Moral Law and the Personal Lawgiver revealed in moral sensation and perception. Her assertion she justifies by repetitions of experiments in individual lives, age after age. The more perfectly you adhere to experiment, the more are you fortified in belief of all the great truths concerning conscience. Who are these skeptics who revere the scientific method and are unwilling to try experiment even once concerning this upper realm of truth? I assert that it is a fixed natural law that when you yield utterly to God he streams into you, gives a new sense of his presence, and imparts a strength unknown before. Will you try such self-surrender; and then will you repeat the experiment as opportunity offers?—I care not how often. Every path of choice divides before me. The right hand or the left I must take, and I take the right. Immediately the path divides right and left again. I take the right. Immediately it divides. Every choice as to the path has a moral character; and so sin rolls up fast or the habit of virtue grows fast. Every day you put forth billions of choices, and in every choice there is a moral motive. But now I affirm that in these billions of opportunities for experiments, in these ten thousand times ten thousand chances to test whether I am right or wrong, you will not find one chance failing to give you this verdict: that, if you yield utterly to God, he will stream through you. Whenever your conscience is made gladly supreme, its yoke, by irresistible natural law, will transform itself into a crown. This constant experience you will have at every forking of the ways; and so every forking will be to you, if you choose to make it such, a repetition of experiment and a verification of the trustworthiness of the scientific method applied to the innermost holiest of the soul. Rising through that constant experience, we may, even in our present low estate, approach the bliss of the upper ranges of being, and of those who never have sinned, and of that Nature which was revealed on earth once as the fullness of Him who filleth all in all. His bliss is the brightness of all infinities, and is symbolized to us by our own intellectual, æsthetic, and moral gladness when we are right with a universe in which all law is one thought, and that his own. It should be asserted by science, in the name of experiment, that man may become a partaker of the divine nature. Adjust the conscience to the law it reveals, and he whose will the law expresses will invariably produce in the soul the largest measure it can receive of his own bliss and strength.

THE LAUGHTER OF THE SOUL AT ITSELF.

"The innermost laughter of the soul at itself it rarely hears more than three times without hearing it forever. What is the laughter of the soul at itself? Do you not know, and do you wish me to describe this convulsion of irony, of fear, it may be of despair, which sends cold shivers through all our nerves, causes a strange perspiration to stand on our foreheads, and makes us quail, even when alone, as we never are? You would call me a partizan if I were to describe an internal burst of laughter of conscience at the soul. Therefore, let Shakespeare, let Richter, let Victor Hugo, let cool secular history put before us the facts of human nature.

Here is Jean Valjean, principal character in Hugo's "*Les Misérables*," one of the best works of fiction the last century has produced. Hugo is no theologian. He is not even a partizan teacher of ethics. He is a Frenchman. His ideals have been obtained largely from Paris. But you open his chapter entitled "A Tempest in a Brain," and you find him asserting that "there is a spectacle grander than the ocean, and that is the conscience. There is a spectacle grander than the sky, and it is the interior of the soul. To write the poem of the human conscience, were the subject only one man, and he the lowest of men, would be reducing all epic poems into one supreme and final epos.

It is no more possible to prevent thought from reverting to an ideal than the sea from returning to the shore. With the sailor this is called the tide. With the culprit it is called remorse. *God heaves the soul like the ocean.*" Elsewhere this modern Frenchman writes: "Let us take nothing away from the human mind. Suppression is evil. Certain faculties of man are directed toward the Unknown. The Unknown is an ocean. What is conscience? The compass of the Unknown."—("Les Misérables," chapter entitled "Parenthesis.")

Valjean here has been in the galleys. He has escaped, assumed another name, and has become the mayor of a thriving French town. In his business he acquires the respect of all who know him. But one day an old man who has stolen a bough of apples, and who looks like Jean Valjean, is arrested as Valjean himself, and is in danger of being condemned to the galleys for life. There is a striking resemblance between the faces of the two men. The true Valjean is brought face to face with the question whether he will confess his

identity or allow another man to go the galleys in his place. Valjean has tried to recover his character. A bishop, who taught him religious truth, seems to hover in the air over him. A couple of golden candlesticks which the bishop gave him he treasures as possessions priceless for their reminiscences. He goes to his room; shuts himself in; and, as Victor Hugo affirms, he was not alone; although no other man was there. Valjean meditates on his duty, and his mind becomes weary under the tempest of conflicting motives. Shall he go back to the galleys? Shall he be whipped up the side of the hulks every night in loathsome company? Shall he feel the iron on his ankles and on his wrists? Shall he hear nothing but obscenity and profanity the live-long, hard-working day? Shall he give up the opportunity of being a benefactor to a wide circle of the poor? Ought he not to make money, that he might give it away? We have forgers who ask that question. It is said that some men have thought it a convenient modern trick in trade to endeavor to persuade one's self that the infinite weight of the word *ought* lies on the side of philanthropic forgery. But Victor Hugo does not represent Jean Valjean as of that opinion. In spite of all the temptations found on that side, Valjean at last concludes that it is his duty to declare his identity and save this Champmathieu from the galleys.

But then, as you remember, there comes another thought to Valjean. Fantine, a ward of his, and her child, Cosette, depend on him exclusively. The mother has suffered nearly everything and deserve to suffer much; but without Valjean her life and that of her child will be a ruin. "Is it not," he asks, "a clear case that this old man, who has but a few years to live, is worth less than these two young lives? Throwing himself out of the case, Valjean must leave either him or them to fate. Reasoning thus, he at last adds his former selfish temptations to these unselfish ones. He remembers his duties to himself and his duties as a benefactor. He sums them all up, and says that after all, nobody knows that he is Jean Valjean. He has only to let Providence take its course. God has decided for him. He makes up his mind not to declare himself. "Just there," Victor Hugo says, "he heard an internal burst of laughter." Hugo affirms that a man never hears that more than three times.

Valjean, however, persists in his resolution not to declare himself. He repeats his reasoning in self-justification; he thinks that he speaks from the depths of his conscience; "but still he *felt no joy*." This sign of self-deception does not induce him to pause. He takes down his old galley suit, burns it; finds the thorn stick, with its iron-pointed ends, which he had used when a vagabond, burns that; gazes on a coin which he had robbed from a boy, puts that in the fire; and, finally, he prepares to destroy the two golden candlesticks, which years before were given him by the bishop, who now seems to be in the air at his side, not able to face him quite, but whispering behind his ear. He takes these candlesticks, bends over the fire, almost stupefied by the violence of his emotions; warms himself at the crackling flames; throws them in. "Valjean!" He looks up, and there is no one there. There was some one there, Hugo says; but He was not of those whom the human eye can see. "Do this," continued

the voice, which had been at first faint and spoke from the obscurest nook of his conscience, and which had gradually become sonorous and formidable, and seemed to be outside of him. "Put into the flames all that suggests reminiscences of the devout sort. Make yourself a mask, if you please. But, although man sees your mask, God will see your face; although your neighbors see your life; God will see your conscience." And again came the internal burst of laughter. "That is excellently arranged, you scoundrel."

Midnight struck. Valjean heard two clocks. He compared the notes, and he was reminded that he had seen, a few days before, in a shop a bell having on it the name Romainville. Hugo is a subtle poet. He says much between the lines. Suddenly Valjean remembered, says Hugo, "that Romainville is a little wood near Paris, where lovers go to pick lilacs in April." Valjean falls asleep and has a dream. He is near Romainville. But all the houses are of ashen color, all the landscape is treeless and ashen; the very sky is of leaden color. He enters Romainville, where the lilacs grow that the lovers pick in April (deep allegory this, by a Frenchman, no partizan, no theologian) and around a corner where two streets meet he sees a man, leaning against the wall. "Why is this city so silent?" The man makes no reply. Valjean enters a house. The first room is empty; in the second room, behind the door, he finds in his dream another silent man, leaning against the wall. He asks him why the house is deserted; but no reply is given, and all the walls are ashen color and the sky continues to be leaden. He wanders into house after house. He finds a fountain bursting up in a garden, and behind a tree a man; but he too is silent. There was behind every corner, every door, and every tree, a man standing silently. Before entering Romainville he meets on the plain near the city a horseman, "perfectly naked"—Hugo writes and he knows what he means—and with a skull, instead of a head; but yet the veins were throbbing around the skull, and in his hand there was a wand, Hugo says, supple as any grape-vine, yet firm and heavy as lead. With that wand this horseman was to chastise the inhabitants of this city. Valjean, in his dream, went out of the city in horror, and, looking back, he saw all its inhabitants coming after him. They saluted him on the open plain, under the leaden sky, and this was their language: "*do you not know that you have been dead for a long while!*" Men who have heard the internal burst of laughter as forgers, as lepers, as those who dare not open their souls to their neighbors, find behind the doors and in the booths and even on the street-corners silent men; and when these criminals, known to God, under their mask, walk into solitude, those silent men come after them; and when once conscience has been finally insulted, the cry of all the nature of things is represented by those of the inhabitants of Romainville in Victor Hugo's dream. Instead of lilacs in April, you have the leaden sky; you have all the earth dun color; you have a brazen sod on which to stand; you have this horseman, with the whip lithe as a grape-vine and heavy as lead, before you; and behind you this host with the cry: "*Do you not know that you have been dead a long while?*"

Valjean finally confessed his identity, and the court and audience, when he uttered the words "I am Jean Valjean," "felt dazzled in their hearts," Hugo says. "and that a great light was shining before them."

Take Richter's "Titan," another of the six greatest works of fiction the last century has given to the world, and perhaps the greatest of them all. Roquairol, the fiend of the book, dies by suicide. He utters no words which the Titanic Richter, no partisan, no theologian, does not put into his mouth. Richter's human horologes have crystal dial-plates and transparent walls, which allow us to see the mechanism within. More than three times this Roquairol has heard the laughter of the soul at itself. "I cannot repent," says the leper, with his pistol at his own brain. "Should that which time has washed away, from this shore cleave again to the shore of eternity, then it must fare badly with me there. I can change there as little as here. I do verily punish myself, and God immediately judges me." Here he suddenly points the weapon at his forehead, fires, and falls headlong. Blood flows from the cloven skull; he breathes once, and then no more. Albano, the serene, vast soul which represents Richter's views of conscience, stands at the side of the corpse and seems to hear the words from the suicide's breast and iron mouth: "Be still. I am judged." —("Titan," *Cyclo.* 180.)

But you say William Shakespeare would not be as melodramatic as this Frenchman, Hugo; nor as serious as this German, Richter. He was an Englishman. Although Tennyson has lately praised Hugo in a sonnet, and although Mrs. Browning has said that Dickens learned to write fiction from Hugo ("Letters from Mrs. Browning," Vol. II.), you will follow no French authorities as to conscience. John Calvin was a Frenchman, and did not teach fatalism either. Shakespeare more than once has represented the despair of the soul under the law of its own nature:

"Oh!" my offense is rank, it smells to Heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
In the corrupted currents of this world.
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
Oh, wretched state! Oh, bosom black as death!
Oh! limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, Angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees."

—*"Hamlet," Act 3, Sc. 3.*

And they cannot! But the knees that cannot bend are before the hosts of which Hugo speaks, "Do you not know that you have been dead a long while?" The knees that cannot bend are dead. Is the laughter of the soul at itself a laughter from which it can flee? In the next life shall we escape these internal bursts of laughter—from conscience? Never, unless the soul can escape from itself. While we continue to be spiritual individualities we must keep company with the plan of our natures, and this plan is expressed in that allegory of Romainville, lilacs in April, and the question from the half-headless host: "Do you not know that you have been dead a long time?"

There is in Conscience, Bishop Butler says, a prophetic office, and it is to be regretted that the foremost Christian apologist of the late centuries did not develop this stupendous thought, which he only suggests in his famous sermons. "Conscience, without being consulted," Butler says, "magisterially exerts itself, and, if not forcibly stopped, naturally and always, of course, goes on to anticipate a higher and more effectual sentence, which shall hereafter second and affirm its own. But this part of the office of Conscience," continues Butler, "is beyond my present design explicitly to consider."—"Upon Human Nature," Ser. 11.) Now, precisely where Butler paused in his consideration of the prophetic office of Conscience Shakespeare seems to have begun:

"To be, or not to be; that is the question.
To die, to sleep;

To sleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

The dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than to fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

—"Hamlet," Act 3, Scene 1.

You say that Shakespeare here is speaking poetically? But again and again he utters the same thought. You remember Clarence's dream:

My dream was lengthened after life,
Oh! then began the tempest to my soul,
Who passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman the poets write of,
Unto the Kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud: 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he squeaked out aloud:
'Clarence is come: false, fleeing, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury.'

Seize on him, Furies; take him to your torments.
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me about, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries that, with the very noise,
 I, trembling, waked, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in Hell."

—"King Richard III." Act 3, Scene 1.

The internal burst of laughter! Shakespeare knew what it was in its earlier smiles, or he could not have written these passages concerning souls that seem to have heard that laughter at least three times.

Out of the multitude of historical examples of the laughter of the soul at itself take only two. There is Charles IX. of France. He consented to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. He is dying. He is twenty-four years of age. He is in such of agony remorse that the historians say there is documentary evidence of the fact that he sweat blood. Not only did the blood pour out of nostrils and the corners of the eyes, but in many places through the corrugated veins did the blood ooze. That is history, and not poetry. He recalled the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, to which he had assented. "How many murders! What rivers of blood!" And he went hence, as Clarence went out of his dream. "*Quella preuve*," adds a French historian to his narrative of this scene (Dury, "*Histoire de France*," Tome 2, p. 120), "*de l'impuissance du crime a tromper la conscience du coupable*." You say that this is a very penetrating gleam into the recesses of natural law, if it be a fact. You know that facts of this kind are numerous in history, and no philosophy is sound that does not match itself to all the facts of its field. The blisses and pains of conscience! We know the pains better than the blisses; but the nature of things weighs as much for us as it does against us. The weight of the word ought is as great when it is against us as it is when it is for us.

John Randolph fought a duel with Henry Clay. He walks into the Senate Chamber staggering in his last illness. Mr. Clay is rising to speak. The two men have not addressed each other for months. "Lift me up," says Randolph, loud enough for Clay to hear him. "I must listen to that voice once more." He was lifted up. Clay finished his speech; and the men shook hands and parted almost friends. Randolph was taken to Philadelphia, and his biographer ("*Life of Randolph*," Vol. II. last chapter)—I am citing no newspaper clamor—says that on his death-bed he asked his physician to show him the word remorse in the dictionary. "There is no dictionary in the room," says the physician. "Very well. Here is a card. The name of John Randolph is on one side of it. Write on the other the word which best symbolizes his soul. Write remorse in large letters. Underscore the word." After that was done Randolph lifted up the card before his eyes and repeated in a loud voice, three times: "Remorse, remorse, remorse!" "What shall we do with the card?" says the physician. "Put it in your pocket, and when I am dead look at it." You say he was crazy. After all these things he dictated his will, manumitting his slaves; and at that day such a will could not be drawn except by an acute and clear head. It was technically perfect. "You know nothing of re-

morse," said John Randolph, no theologian, no partisan, a man of the world. "I hope I have looked to Almighty God as a Saviour and obtained some relief. But when I am dead look at the word which utters the inmost of my soul, and you will understand of what human nature is capable." He had heard the internal burst of laughter twice. It may be not the third time.

To summarize now, as we part, what these examples prove:

1. There is an Eternal Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness.
2. An entire agreement exists between Conscience and the Issues of Things.
3. Our Consciences are thus in harmony with that Power.
4. We are compelled to judge ourselves according to the Moral Ideals authorized by this Eternal Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness.
5. We cannot escape from this Power.
6. We must be either in harmony or dissonance with it.
7. If in dissonance with it, we must bear the pains which are the inevitable penalties of such dissonance.
8. Conscience thus makes cowards of us all.
9. It does so not only by the fear of moral penalty in this life, but by the fear of something after death.
10. The constitutional fear of "something after death," of which Shakespeare and Butler speak, is a proof that there is something there.
11. While the prophetic action of Conscience thus intensifies all the pains of Conscience, it may also intensify all its blisses.
12. It is true, on the one hand, that the innermost laughter of the soul at itself it rarely hears more than three times without hearing it forever.
13. It is true, on the other, that the innermost benediction of the soul upon itself it rarely hears more than three times without hearing it forever.
14. The innermost laughter and the innermost benediction come from the depth of Conscience.
15. But the weight of the word ought is a revelation of the nature of things.
16. The nature of things is only another name for the Divine Nature.
17. The laughter of the soul and the benediction of the soul, as to itself, in the innermost of Conscience, are the laughter and benediction of the nature of things; that is, the benediction and the laughter of the Lord.
18. The laughter of the soul at itself is a laughter from which it cannot flee.

SHAKESPEARE ON CONSCIENCE.

Whom does Shakespeare make us admire? An author is what he causes us to love. Do we find ourselves retaining to the end our respect for Falstaff? Henry V, who had toyed with vice in Falstaff's company, rejects the gray-haired lecher after becoming king.

The King to Falstaff.—I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.
 How ill white hairs become a fool and jester,
 I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
 So surfeit swelled, so old and so profane;
 But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body hence and more thy grace.
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest.
 Presume not that I am the thing I was;
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turned away my former self;
 So will I those that kept me company,
 I banish thee on pain of death,
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
 Not to come near our person by ten miles.

—*"King Henry IV," act v. sc. 5.*

Although Falstaff is pictured in detail, Shakespeare plainly intends that we shall not permanently admire him. In the end he crushes even our animal regard for Sir John by making him die a loathsome death. "Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death!" says Shakespeare. "Then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon it she never shrouded any but lazars."—(*Troilus and Cressida," act ii, sc. 3*) Do we love Iago? Shakespeare pictures him, too, in great detail; but, on the whole, our feeling in his presence is that which comes to us when we look into a serpent's eye.

There are roysterers and feather-heads reflected in the lower half of Shakespeare's mirror; but if you will fathom your own experience with this writer, you will find that it is not the lower, but the upper half of his far-spread and astoundingly faithful glass that captures you permanently. I am not advanced enough in life to understand Shakespeare, perhaps—it is said that no man under forty can read Shakespeare; but, as I grow older, I am more and more attracted to the upper half or, I may say, to the upper quarter of his mirror. He holds up the picturing glass to all that is; and, undoubtedly, in a full re-

presentation of human nature, especially, as it was forced on Shakespeare's attention in a roystering court and in the life of the London of the days of Queen Elizabeth, there will be blotches in the lower half of the reflecting glass. But the final impression Shakespeare seems to make is that the upper half of the mirror was himself. He dwells in his advanced years more upon the Unseen, upon the moral law, upon the great characters of all his tragedies, and less and less, except as a foil, upon the lower traits and the coarser in human nature.

Indeed, if I were to select out of all Shakespeare's characters the one person whom he most resembles, I should take Henry V. That soul was equipped for peace or war, for sport or earnest, for the light things of the day of harmless play or the stern things of loud-resounding contest. And he grew better, Henry V. did, as he grew older. It is true he had been a companion of Falstaff; no doubt his youth had many things in it which he deserved to regret; but he grows as his years advance, and when kingship comes to him he is a hero, one of the most full orb'd of all the characters delineated on Shakespeare's canvass. Hamlet? He was like Shakespeare in several very great things; but he did not love action. He was almost insanely dilatory in cases of the highest importance; but Shakespeare had decision, as well as gentleness. A not-unsuccessful practical activity, we know, filled considerable part of his life. For the benefit of a softer and less strenuous age than his own, and almost as if the false standard of the school of Genialitat in literature were foreseen by him, he drew in Hamlet, I think, a balanced criticism of high intellectual power and subtle intensities of emotion not conjoined with sufficient executive capacity.

Shakespeare knew better and better, as he grew older, what Kant affirmed in his last years—that the best melody of the harp never is obtained until the cords are stretched tightly and the plectrum with which the resonant wires are struck is made firm. Madame de Stael says of Schiller that his muse was Conscience. His poetry has several of its high, crystalline fountain-springs in the heights of Kant's philosophy. But even Schiller once complained that Kant's system of ethics occasionally takes on the aspect of a repulsive, hard, imperative morality and is not attractive. Kant replied that the two objects of moral training are to give "hardihood" in the application of conscience to the motives, and "gladness" in prompt and full obedience to the moral sense.—"Metaphysics of Ethics," edition by Calderwood. Hardihood! That is the stretching of the cord tautly in the harp. Hardihood! That is the firmness of the plectrum which smites the cord. Hardihood! That is the first object of moral training. Gladness is the second; but that is only the music derived from the tightly-stretched cord and the firm plectrum. More and more, as Shakespeare grew older he tightened the moral cords in the colossally wide harp of his nature, and the stretched cords he struck with the firm plectra, and their far-resonant upper notes at last are harmonious with the deep base of the Moral Law in the nature of things. That is Shakespeare. Here is the last tone shed from Shakespeare's harp within the hearing of this world: "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my creator; hoping and assuredly believing, through

the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."—*Shakespeare's Will*.

Undoubtedly he was an American in his youth. He thought that good music could be produced by leaving the cords in delightfully uncertain positions. A firm plectrum! Why, no; it would not be liberal to make the plectrum solid! It would not be in harmony with advanced thought to tighten the cords! Hardihood! Why, the very word is odious to luxurious liberalism! Hardihood! Schiller protests against Kant when he misunderstood him, not knowing that hardihood is the mother of gladness in the harp.

Shakespeare in his youth, no doubt, married too early, and yet none too early; and to this keen, self-imposed curse he has again and again made allusion. I beg your pardon. You must meditate in secret over these stains of blood in Shakespeare's writings. Do you remember that he says that on certain conditions Heaven will bless a marriage, and on certain other conditions will not? Perhaps Henry V. did not perceive the kingship that was before him. Undoubtedly, Shakespeare, who was forgotten for a hundred years after his death, did not understand what kingship was awaiting him. As Henry V. strengthened himself the moment he became king, so Shakespeare would have done if he could have seen in advance the enduring responsibilities of the regnancy which literature was providing for him. But, had he foreseen this, he could not have tightened more strenuously than he did one cord in his harp.

If the fact, without the form of marriage, exists before

"All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the Heaven let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The Union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both. Therefore, take heed
As Hymen's lamps shall light you."

"*Tempest*," act iv. sc. 1. See "*Winter's Tale*," act i. line 278, "*before her troth plight*." Also White's "*Shakespeare*," Vol. 1, pp. 29-36.

Shakespeare did not know through how many hundreds of years these words would be read over his tomb in Stratford-on-Avon, and how many times they would recall the crime of a woman eight years older than he, and his own infamy; but he would not have erased them could he have foreseen all.

When men in our day strike the lower cords of their nature loosely; when we are taught by advanced materialists that we are not responsible, whatever we do; when Hackel asserts that the will is never free; when a professor, possessed of excellent literary capacity and revered throughout the civilized world as a leader in physical science, stands up and maintains, as Tyndall did at Birmingham lately, in so many words, that "the robber, the ravisher, and the murderer, offend because they cannot help offending," then I like to look across that green shield, sir, (turning to the Rev. Mr. Rainsford) called England, circled by the azure deep, and to Remember that Birmingham and Strat-

ford-on-Avon lie not far apart, as bosses on that buckler of the world's good sense. Lord Bacon said that he wished a science of the human passions could be elaborated. Gervinus, the best German commentator on Shakespeare, affirmed that, if Bacon had turned to his neighbor William, he might have had such a science; and that one, to-day, might be constructed from his works. Tyndall stands at Birmingham, and proclaims, as Haekel has taught, that the science of the human passions must include the assertion that the will is never free. Lord Bacon, I think, feels uneasy on his pedestal at such science. At any rate, Gervinus on the Rhine, in his tomb, whispers yet to civilization that William Shakespeare, Bacon's contemporary, will teach us the true theory of the passions. When Tyndall utters at Birmingham his famous assertion that the robber, the ravisher, the murderer offend because they cannot help offending, I turn to this grave at Stratford-on-Avon—a grave honest, for we have seen the epitaph its occupant has put upon himself, and how little he excused any of his own misdeeds—and I listen: I hear words, three hundred years old, indeed; but I recommend them, in spite of their antiquity, as a motto for Tyndall's address:

"This is the excellent foppery of the world that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars;" "as if we were villains by necessity." Professor Tyndall hears that at Birmingham! "Fools by heavenly compulsion," "knaves, thieves, and teachers by spherical predominance;" "drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence;" "and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on." Does Tyndall listen? "An admirable evasion of abominable men, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My nativity was under Ursa Major; so that it follows, I am rough. Tut! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my birth."—"King Lear," act i. scene 2.

But it is impossible to condense a tithe of what ought to be said concerning Shakespeare's views on conscience into the hand's breadth of time allowed me here. Let me read the leading questions to which he gives answers, although I cannot recite all the replies.

1. Whom does Shakespeare make us admire?
2. Whom does he make responsible for sin?
3. Does Shakespeare make the word ought heavier than any other syllable?
4. Does Shakespeare teach that there is a God in Conscience?
5. Does he give Conscience a prophetic office?
6. Does Shakespeare make judicial blindness one of the inevitable penalties of the suppression of light?
7. May Conscience, according to Shakespeare, make cowards of us all?
8. How, according to this poet, does Conscience color the external world?
9. Does Shakespeare admit that Conscience may cease to exist or to act in the incorrigibly evil?

10. What, according to Shakespeare, are some of the physical effects of Conscience?

11. Does he teach that Conscience may produce despair?

12. Is Shakespeare supported in his conclusions by other poets?

As one would touch the multiplex array of banks of organ keys at random to test the tones of some mighty instrument, so I open a copy of Shakespeare at random, with no partisan plea to make. What massive and overawing tones are these first ones I happen to strike?

"In the great hand of God I stand."

Why? Because I am following my Conscience, in opposing a bloody tyrant.

"And thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice."

—"Macbeth," act ii, sc. 3.

But here is a contrasted tone, strangely deep:

"What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No; yes; I am;
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why?
Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
Oh! no, alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself."

—"King Richard III.," act v, sc. 3.

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, aches, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death."

—"Measure for Measure," act iii, sc. 1.

"The dread of something after death
puzzles the will.
Thus: conscience does make cowards of us all."

—"Hamlet," act iii, sc. 1.

"Conscience is a thousand swords."

—"King Richard III.," act v, sc. 2.

Strike the peaceful, cheering, mysteriously-commanding notes once more:

"What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

—"2 King Henry VI.," act iii, sc. 2.

"Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr."

—"King Henry VIII.," act iii, sc. 2.

"Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the *intent* of bearing them is just."

—"King Henry IV,"

"My wooing mind shall be expressed
In russet yeas and honest Kersey noes."

—"Love's Labor Lost," act v. sc. 2.

"That which you speak is in your conscience washed."

—"King Henry V.," act i. sc. 2.

"What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honor. Oh! thine honor, Lewis; thine honor."

—"King John," act iii., sc. 1.

"A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

—"Henry VIII.," act iii., sc. 2.

Strike the contrasted notes again:

"*First Murderer*.—So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out."

"*Second Murderer*.—Let it go. There's few or none will entertain it."

"*First Murderer*.—How if it come to thee again?"

"*Second Murderer*.—I'll not meddle with it. It is a dangerous thing. It makes man a coward. A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him. 'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom. It fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing."

"*First Murderer*.—Zounds, it is even now at my elbow."—"King Richard III.," act i., sc. 2.

"My conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me: 'Budge not.' 'Budge,' says the fiend. 'Budge not,' says my conscience."—"Merchant of Venice," act ii. sc. 2.

"I, I myself, sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch."—"Merry Wives of Windsor," act ii. sc. 2.

"Put up thy sword, traitor,
Who mak'st a show, but durst not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt. Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop."

—"Tempest," act ii., sc. 2.

"O Heaven! put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world."

—"Othello," act iv., sc. 2.

"The color of the king doth come and go
Betwixt his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds twixt two dreadful battles set,
His passion is so ripe it needs must break."

—"King John," act iv., sc. 2.

"The grand conspirator,
With clog of conscience and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labor,
With Cain go wander through the shades of night."

—"King Richard II.," act v., sc. 2.

"The worm of conscience still begnaw my soul."

—"King Richard III." act i, sc. 3.

I open the book again, and hear Shakespeare answer the question whether blindness sent as a judgment results from the suppression of light. Lady Macbeth says:

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe-top full
Of direst cruelty! Make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on Nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, 'Hold! hold!'"

—"Macbeth," act i, sc. 4.

The prayer was answered. Never, since it was written in the Bhagvat Gheeta, that "repeated sin impairs the judgment," and that "he whose judgment is impaired sins repeatedly;" never, since the Spanish proverb was invented that "Every man is the son of his own deeds," has the law of judicial blindness been proclaimed with such sublimity as in this utterly unpartisan and secular passage. Macbeth himself, under similar circumstances, says:

"Come sealing night,
Cancel and tear to pieces the great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wings to the rooky wood."

—"Macbeth," act iii, sc. 2.

A fiend in human form, in "Titus Andronicus," has made evil his good:

"Lucius.—Set him breast-deep in earth and fash him;
There let him stand and rave and cry for food;
"Aaron.—I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform if I might have my will.
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul."

—"Titus Andronicus," act iii, sc. 3.

Elsewhere Shakespeare affirms most definitely that it is a pervasive natural law that—

"When we in our viciousness grow hard
(Oh! misery on't!) the wise gods see our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion."

—"Anthony and Cleopatra," act iii, sc. 13.

Is there a God in conscience?

"Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerful sound within an organ weak."

—"All's Well that Ends Well," act ii., sc. 1.

"I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint!"

—"Measure for Measure," act i., sc. 5.

When Shakespeare is called on to paint despair, he makes the elements themselves draw the picture.

"Oh! it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
The deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prospero: It did bass my trespass."

—"Tempest," act iii., sc. 3.

You know Arthur was about to be murdered, and that Hubert was suspected of the murder; and when there is a confronting of that crime with the light of Conscience, Shakespeare makes one of his characters say:

"Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou did'st this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert."

Really, I beg pardon for reading this in Boston, and so near Indian Orchard.

"If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or, would'st thou drown, thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean—
Enough to stifle such a villain up."

—"King John," act iv., sc. 1.

This serious observer represents ruin as possible to man:—

"Oh! she is fallen
Into a pit of ink; that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul, tainted flesh."

—"Much Ado about Nothing," act iv., sc. 1.

Shakespeare is nowhere a partisan. He lived between two conflicting currents—men that were sometimes called fanatics, but who have founded New England (quite a piece of work in the world), and the rough, roystering

circles of the court. Shakespeare was no fanatic; but he was no roysterer. In few words he sums up—in a passage more terrific, probably, than any other in his dramas—the whole effect, mental and physical, of an upbraiding Conscience. How does this man, speaking to roysterers in his own audience and writing under the fear that he was to be called illiberal and sneered at for sympathizing with fanatics—how does this man, to whom human nature lay open, draw the picture of a soul accusing itself?

"*Macbeth*.—One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen!' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen'
When they did say 'God bless us.'"

What are the physical effects of an outraged moral sense? Shakespeare has answered:

"*Lady Macbeth*.—Consider it not so deeply.

"*Macbeth*.—But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen?'
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

"*Lady Macbeth*.—These deeds must not be thought
After these ways. So, it will make us mad.

"*Macbeth*.—Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleav's of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

"*Lady Macbeth*.—What do you mean?

"*Macbeth*.—Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house.
Glamis hath murdered sleep, and, therefore, Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

"*Lady Macbeth*.—Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must be there. Go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

"*Macbeth*.—I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

"*Lady Macbeth*.—Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit. Knocking within.

"*Macbeth*.—Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out my eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No: this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red."

—"Macbeth," act ii. s. 2.

But, if Macbeth had read Professor Tyndall's speech at Birmingham, undoubtedly advanced thought would have washed his red right hand.

To summarise all ~~that~~ Shakespeare has said, therefore take this opinion from Gervinus:

"The deity in our bosoms Shakespeare has bestowed, with intentional distinctness, even upon his most abandoned villains, and that, too, when they deny it: To nourish this spark and not to quench it is the loud sermon of all his works.—Gervinus, "*Commentaries on Shakespeare*," p. 910.

Do you say that, after all, Shakespeare was morbid on a few points? Well, if he was, Lord Byron was not. We, therefore, will take Byron as answer to our last question whether other poets sustain the prophet and philosopher of Stratford-on-Avon. Lord Byron had guilt of which, he knew the extent, and which God has not suffered to be known to men at large, and I hope never will suffer to be known. But this poet, understanding very well that the world was listening, and that on every sentence of his concerning the moral sense and remorse a microscope would be placed age after age, does not hesitate to say:

"Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through God's silence, and o'er glory's din;
Whatever creed he taught or land he trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God."

—BYRON, "*Island*."

"But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws
So much as when we call our old debts in
At sixty years, and draw the accounts of evil,
And find a deuced balance with the Devil."

—BYRON.

Here are the most incisive words Byron ever wrote concerning conscience:

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close;
Till inly scorched by thousand throes,
And inly maddening in her ire,
One and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourished for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,
She darts into her desperate brain.
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like scorpion girt by fire;
So writhes the mind remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoomed for heaven;
Darkness above, despair beneath;
Around it flame, within it death."

—BYRON, "*Giaour*."

MAUDSLEY ON HEREDITARY DESCENT.

RUFUS CHOATE and Daniel Webster were once opposed to each other as lawyers in a suit which turned on the size of certain wheels. Mr. Choate filled the air with the rockets of rhetoric and dazzled the jury; but Mr. Webster caused the wheels to be brought into court and put behind a screen. When he rose to speak, the screen was removed, and his only reply to Choate's eloquence was: "Gentlemen, there are the wheels." Life or mechanism--which? is the question in debate concerning living tissues. We have many specious, glittering pleas made in support of the mechanical theory of life. In reply, the opponents of materialism bring into court the living tissues themselves. They exhibit the results of the latest exact research into the difference between the living and the lifeless forms of matter. They spread out in biological charts the resplendent certainties which illustrate the laws of the growth of all living things [referring to charts on the platform]. Gentlemen, there are the wheels.

Aristotle defined life as "the cause of form in organisms." Herbert Spencer defines it as "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external coexistences and sequences." I prefer Aristotle's definition. It has been a part of the audacity of this platform to define life in connection with physical organisms as *the power which co-ordinates the movements of germinal matter*. Permit me to recur to that definition in replying to Maudsley's pretense, and that of Spencer, and of the whole school of materialistic, as distinguished from theistic evolutionists--namely, that axioms, intuitions, necessary beliefs, self-evident truths are themselves only the result of our habits; an outcome of inheritance through physiological causes, brought into activity as we have been, age after age, boxed about by our environment from the jelly speck up. There has been one conscience in this world such that the ages have felt that its laws reveal the very nature of things. "Development," as Newman Smith remarks, "must account not only for man, but for the Son of Man." The conscience, which was the author of Christianity, must have been the result of development, if materialistic theories are correct. The moral sense, we are told, is only the sequel of an accumulation of nerve tracks in the brain. We cannot say that our fundamental beliefs would not be different if our environment had been so. The central propositions, or necessary beliefs, on which all scientific discussion has relied

up to our day are now themselves to be brought into question in the name of hereditary descent. Stuart Mill used to affirm that there may be worlds in which two and two do not make four. Even the mathematical axioms he would explain as the result of operations of the laws of association. Herbert Spencer thinks it very wild to account for our necessary beliefs by individual experience merely. It is now pretty generally conceded that what we take in from our finger tips and other senses will not, by the laws of association merely, account for these primary beliefs, and especially not for our convictions that certain truths hold good beyond the range of experience. It is asserted, however, that if our individual experience will not thus account for our necessary beliefs, that of our ancestors will. We have not had a trial long enough to account for our certainty that every change must have a cause, and that two straight lines cannot enclose a space; but our race has had a trial sufficiently long for that purpose. We are giving up in the conflict with the materialistic and with the associational school in philosophy any very elaborate attacks upon the theory that all our necessary beliefs come from individual experience. Faint and few are the soldiers that stand in the line of the defence of that proposition at the present day. But many and bold and exceedingly hopeful are those who would account for our necessary beliefs by hereditary descent, by the experience of the race, not only since we became men, but during all that time we were being lifted by the law of development from inorganic matter.

You will allow me to give a general reply to this precious theory that our necessary beliefs are derived from the experience of our ancestors, and then to descend little by little into detail. If all my necessary beliefs, intuitions, first principles, come from experience, either of myself or of my race, then my convictions ought not to outrun the range of the experience either of myself or of the race. You cannot logically put more into your conclusions than you have in your premises; but it is beyond all controversy that the experience of myself and of the race has been finite. A little while ago there was no life on the planet. That principle of life which has culminated in me has not had experience beyond the North Star. But we have some convictions that have a far wider range than the circuit of the polar light. Stuart Mill does not deny that we are bound to believe, or incited by our organism to have confidence that every change must have a cause beyond the North Star, as well as on the earth. We feel very sure that two straight lines cannot inclose a space in the sun, any more than they can on Beacon Hill. We have entire confidence that *si* in the Pleiades, just as here, can be the quality of only voluntary action. We believe that necessary truths, self-evident propositions hold good for all time and all space. Just as we sweep the law of gravitation through the whole physical universe, we sweep these self-evident truths throughout the whole range of the infinities and the eternities, and we are as sure of their truth beyond the range of our experience as we are inside the range.

Thus far there is no dispute. All that the other school says in reply is that these convictions which outrun experience are illusions. Goethe said—and it is

the keenest speech Mephistopheles ever made; "Whom God deceives, is well deceived." It is assumed that our convictions which outrun experience are the result of illusions, represent no outward reality, might have been different had our environment been different; and thus we are thrown into unrest as to self-evident truth itself. Thus we find what we thought adamant under our feet rocking on a deck afloat. We are not sure that every change must have a cause. It is assumed by some that all we can assert is that every change has a cause, not that it must have; and by others it is supposed simply that every change within our field of vision has an antecedent which we call a cause. But we are not allowed by that school to assert that there is any efficient connection between what is called the cause and the effect.

Now, my friends, it is our duty to ourselves to test these unnatural theories by clear ideas. We are not bound in this assemblage to any school in philosophy. We have here but one fundamental tenet—the clear first, the clear midst, the clear last, and in the clear the true. We care not what school goes up or down. We care for clear ideas. Let us study some part of the uniform experience of the race, and see whether it has taught us any proposition which we cannot reverse in imagination. I suppose the sun has always risen in the east. My ancestors, probably, never saw it rise in the west; and by my ancestors I mean the polyps. If the sun ever has risen in the west, no record of the fact has been preserved. The colossal circumstance has made no impression on human history. We may, I think, fairly suppose that the sun has always risen in the east. There has been a uniform experience of the race, from the first, of sun-risings and star-risings in that quarter of the heavens. Well, it turns out that it is very natural for us to look for the sun in the east; but is it impossible for us to imagine that the sun might rise in the west? Not at all. It is perfectly possible for me to imagine that to-morrow morning the orb of day might come up from behind the pines of the Rocky Mountains, instead of from beneath the watery shoulder of the planet visible from this Massachusetts coast. I can imagine such a geological convulsion as might reverse the motion of the earth, and give us a new order of celestial phenomena, in spite of the perfect uniformity of our experience as a race in regard to these celestial movements.

But, now, can I imagine it possible that two straight lines can inclose a space? Not at all. The moment I understand what two straight lines mean, I see that they cannot enclose a space. It is impossible even to imagine that a whole is less than a part. But my race has had as uniform an experience as to the sun rising in the east as about a whole being larger than a part. It is possible, however, to imagine that the sun might rise in the west, and not possible to imagine that a part is as great as a whole. There is an inconceivability in regard to the latter proposition which does not exist in regard to the other. My ancestors have had no greater number of instances of experience of the whole being greater than a part than they have had instances of experience as to the heavenly bodies rising in the east. Four thousand heavenly bodies, visible to the naked eye, rise in the east every day.

Experience has been just as uniform about the sunrise as it has been about any mathematical axiom; but you can, in thought, reverse the motion of the sun, and you cannot reverse, even in thought, a mathematical axiom. You cannot imagine the possibility of a whole being less than a part. Here is a self-evident truth, of which the opposite is not conceivable. It reaches beyond all experience, for we feel sure that it is true beyond the North Star and in all constellations. It was true in all past time and will be in all time to come. Now, if the uniform experience of ourselves and ancestors is the origin of both these classes of convictions in our minds, why is there such a difference in the way the mind acts when we bring it face to face with the conceivable and the inconceivable as to each class? There are propositions of which the opposite is utterly inconceivable. These only are truly self-evident truths. They reach beyond the range of experience infinitely in time and in space. Experience cannot account for what goes beyond experience. The universal, self-evident truths of the intellect and conscience, therefore, cannot be deduced logically from the finite experiences either of the individual or of his ancestors.

Allow me to recapitulate very briefly the differences between living and lifeless matter.

1. Living beings retain their identity in spite of the constant change in the particles that compose their organisms. Inorganic masses lose their identity with the change of their particles.

Plymouth Rock is composed of atoms of granite; and, if you wash away all these atoms, and little by little substitute others for them, when you have effected a change of physical identity, Plymouth Rock is no longer Plymouth Rock. But here is Webster, who stands on Plymouth Rock to make his oration, and there is not in his brain, or in any part of his living tissues, a single atom that was there seven years previously, or perhaps not a single one that was there twelve months ago. But Webster is Webster in spite of the frequent loss of his physical identity. Your living being retains its identity in spite of the change of its particles. Your dead matter does not. And here is one hint of the breadth of the colossal chasm between living and lifeless forms of matter.

2. In living matter the component atoms are in a state of unstable equilibrium, which chemical and physical forces are constantly endeavoring to overturn. In lifeless matter these forces reduce the atoms to a condition of stable equilibrium. The tissues of all living things, when exposed to chemical forces alone, tend to revert to the condition of inorganic matter. When life departs from the body, chemical law reduces the organism to dust. This shows how unstable is the combination produced by the bioplasts and how inadequate chemical forces are to account for the power which in life prevents that equilibrium from being overturned.—(See Bowne, Prof., "The Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," pp. 95-106.)

3. If chemical combinations account for living tissues, what accounts for the chemical combinations? *

Let science never cease to make petitioning signals at all doors where th e

law of cause and effect puts up bells and knockers. To him that knocketh in the name of that law it shall be opened. Again and again we are told by materialistic science that some doors are not to be approached; that some laws are incomprehensible; that it is absolutely beyond the capacity of the human mind to understand the cause of certain changes which result from the action of bioplasmic matter or germinal points. Adhere unrelentingly to clear ideas. If chemical combinations cause the formation of living tissues, it is very sure that something has caused the chemical combinations. Have they caused themselves? Dare you adopt the Dicer's theory face to face with the wheels?

4. Organic matter grows; inorganic matter does not. The former increases by selective assimilation; the latter by accretion. What is added to the one gains no new properties; what is added to the other takes on new powers. When I roll my snowball in the snow, what is added is snow, after it is added. When Plymouth Rock is rolled in the sand, the particles which are taken up acquire no new properties. But when new matter is added to living tissues it takes on new properties. It is as different from the old as life is from death. Gases, food of various kinds, are absorbed by the bioplasts and changed into germinal matter which has a power of weaving all the tissues of the body. Such new properties are given it that we have in one place a nerve, in another a muscle, in another a tendon, in another a cellular integument. This is altogether different from the action of inorganic matter, and implies a power higher than chemical and co-ordinating all these activities.

5. Established science teaches that the molecular atoms are always the same. Clerk Maxwell has written a famous essay on molecular atoms; there has been elaborate investigation of this topic by many physicists; and it is now generally conceded that the ultimate particles of matter never change their shape or their properties. They change their combinations, but not their individual qualities. If you accept this position of science, it follows that you cannot draw life out of these molecular atoms at the end of any process unless you put it in at the beginning. Here are the atoms. They do not change their qualities, but only their combinations. Very well, then—if you will allow me to use an algebraical symbol—we know that in the combinations of atoms A is always A, and not A plus B or A minus B. Whatever combination a molecular atom enters into, it is always itself, and not itself plus something or minus something. Unless life is involved in the molecular atoms of inert matter, you will not evolve it out of their combination. Spencer admits this, and so brings forward the theory, in his biology, of "compound molecular units," whatever that may mean. Compound units! "*E pluribus unum*," indeed! A man cannot be in the American Union if he is in none of its states.

6. Living tissues are co-ordinated. This fact is beyond dispute. They are co-ordinated according to definite plans. But there is a co-ordinating force, therefore, behind the action of the bioplasts in each organism. That force has as many types as there are types of organisms, vegetable and animal.

We do not find in chemistry the co-ordinating power which is the cause of

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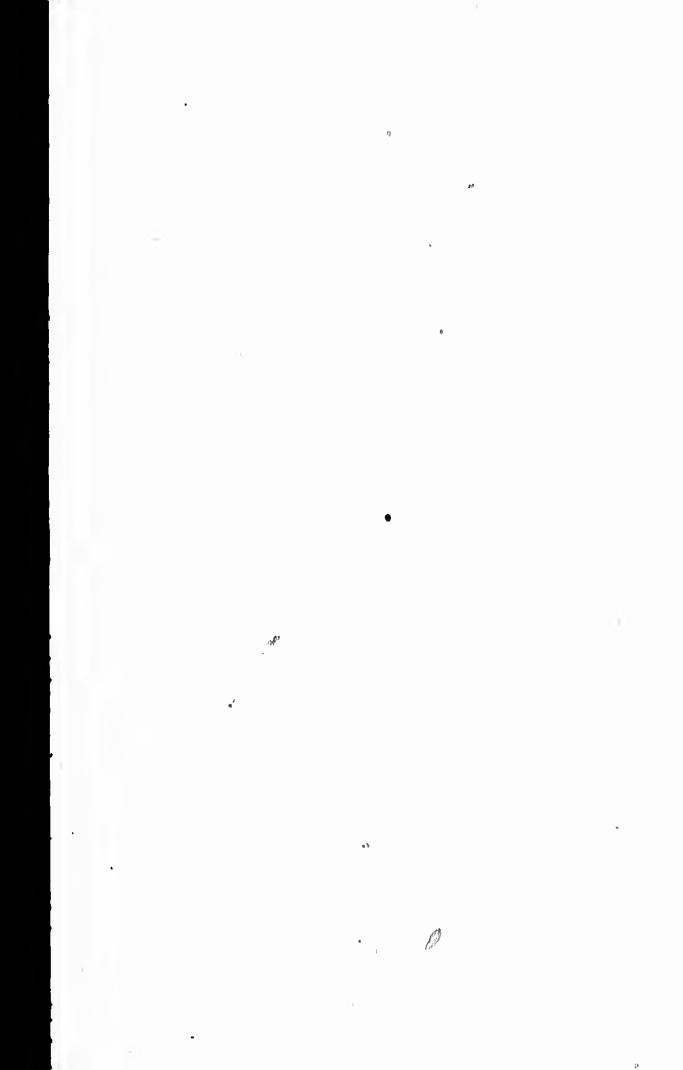
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