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Thomson, William
The worth of life

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The Worth of Life:

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE OPENING OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTH SESSION

OF THE

LEEDS PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY,

ON TUESDAY, THE 23RD OF OCTOBER, 1877,

BY

WILLIAM LORD ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Printed by order of the President and Council of the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

LEEDS: THOMAS HARRISON & SON.

1877.

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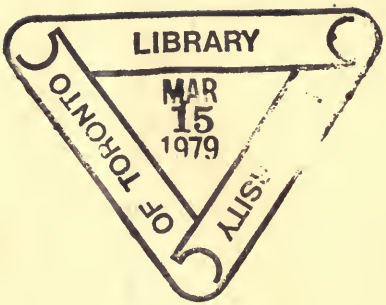

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THE WORTH OF LIFE.

The course of human thought is like that of the storm upon the sea: it seems to move in a straight line of progress, and it really sweeps round and round in eddying circles. At present, as at some former periods of history, the wind sets from the quarter of science, and men turn with impatience from speculative philosophy. The material world is the great object of study, and the methods of study are thought sufficient if they are adjusted to that object. The sum of the natural forces being constant, incapable of addition as of loss, there would seem to be no room for a human will; and the laws of these forces can be studied in the phænomena themselves, and therefore do not require that we should seek the first cause of the chain of causes, nor the absolute ground of what is phænomenal and relative. The results of this philosophy, presented in the vulgar tongue, are that man cannot know anything about God, and that if he thinks he has any power of free moral action, he is much mistaken. It is worthy of note that this line of speculation, which seems, in depriving men of their freedom of action in this life, and in cutting off all speculations about another life, to abase them to an almost brutal level, has its place in an age when wealth is great, and arts have triumphed over natural obstacles, and luxurious living has been carried further, and is more general, than in any previous time.

Under these conditions there has sprung up in many minds a strange, profound discontent and discouragement, which, whatever be the causes of it—and I will not pretend to have explored them all—

are spreading among the cultivated classes, and threaten to exercise a deep influence on the coming generation. Such feelings have existed before in the world's history. But they have been associated either with religion or with some historical crisis. The peculiarity of their present development is that for the first time they have taken their place in philosophy; and are beholden neither to the force of religious aspirations after a higher world and life, nor to the storm and stress of a trying period, for the influence that they have obtained. I will sketch, in a few words, the opinions to which I refer, as they appear in the writings of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, without attempting, in so brief a space, to discriminate between these two thinkers, in their many points of difference. When the balance of pleasures and pains in life is struck, it is greatly on the side of pains. The profound and incurable melancholy of life is written upon every face, even upon the aspect of nature itself. If a man were asked whether he would accept a renewal of his waning life, upon condition that he was to enter upon some lower form of being, as that of the horse or the dog, he would refuse the offer, because he knows the weak points of that lower form of existence, and no illusion stands in the way. He ought to be prepared to make the same answer as to accepting a renewal of his own life, for he would know, if he were a fair judge, that his past days have been full of profound sadness and melancholy. But here several illusions come in, and hinder a true survey of the past. In the first place, sorrows are readily forgotten, and the hopes of youth from the future expel the recollections of severe pain and suffering in the past. A certain pride forbids us to admit a failure. Moreover, nature means to preserve us until our task is done, and lulls our discontent to sleep with the illusions which she breathes over us. We do not, from whatever cause, admit that our life has been a failure, that a veil of sorrow

hangs over it all, and that deliverance from it would be a sweet rest. Leibniz and others have endeavoured to show that evil is purely negative—the want of good; but this might be said more truly of the pleasures of life. They are a mere negation or cessation of pain. Pleasures are generally below our expectation, whilst our pains are above it. The wretchedness of the people, to which much attention is now directed, lies in this discovery—that all the strife against misery can only procure a cessation of pain. Their misery is thus increased by their intelligence. There was a time when the wretchedness, ten times greater than at present, was borne in silence, because unconsciously. At every turn we are the subjects of illusions; the man of thought and reflection can see that he is made the puppet or the instrument of a greater purpose. For this the individual life must be prolonged, and the victim of destiny, so to speak, must not be allowed to step aside out of the course, and to escape out of his profound disappointment by an act of suicide, or by the ascetic self-destruction of a Çakya Mouni, until his task is done and his work can be dispensed with. Accordingly, he feeds contentedly upon petty pleasures, and thinks the feast divine. He forgets his disappointments and dissembles his misery. Nature intends him to found a home, wherein to rear those that are to take his place after his own share of work is completed; and as this task requires long years of unselfish effort from which many would shrink, nature surrounds it with the most elaborate network of illusions. The heart bows down with chivalrous devotion, as before the peerless queen of humanity, in the presence of the one, in whom the rest of the world sees nothing quite divine, and the touch of the dimpled, waxen fingers of the babe draws from every fibre of the mother's being, as from a well-tuned lute, a music too sweet to be compared to any earthly strain. At the bed of a sick child the most frivolous mother becomes fervid in her devotion. Casting aside the

bracelets from her wrists and the tiara from her brow, and letting fall the robe of silk, all so carefully endued but two hours since, she passes without a thought of reluctance into the mere nurse. All this time, father and mother, and child alike, seen without the glamour of love by the calm eyes of bystanders, are of very ordinary mould; but each bystander suspects that in his own home he owes something to the same glamour, and is therefore indulgent to the common illusion. Then, as to the freedom of the will, without which there could be no morality, there is an illusion here. A man says: "I can turn to the left or to the right if I will. When I have turned to the right, I know that I could have turned to the left if I had willed to do so." This is true, no doubt; but the difficulty begins higher up, with those causes working obscurely within you which have already decided what your will in this matter shall be, and which forbade you effectually to turn to the left, although it was true that your limbs would have obeyed your will by turning to the left, if you had not been bound to act otherwise by a secret train of causes. Life being a matter of practice and not of metaphysics, we are ready to seize on the fact that we can act what we will, and are very reluctant to go through the hard reasoning which tells us that our will is but the outcome of causes hidden within us, which are as inexorable as the path of the stars. Schoponhauer lays stress upon the will being *in its nature free*, whilst *as a phænomenon* it is bound; which means, whatever else it may mean, that our apparent acts are all bound hand and foot; and the occult metaphysical consolation which may lie in that phrase, "in its nature free," will not be of much practical use. Intelligence, then, reveals to us that the world which is our scene of action is illusory; that every effort of will frustrated is a pain; that life is full of such frustrations; that the affections are the seat of illusion; and that freedom of action has no existence.

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be." *(Byron.)*

It is not alone in man and his fortunes that this predominance of misery is seen. Nature is full of it. In the American forest—so rich with all life and beauty—the clinging *liana* strangles the noblest trees, and the *clusia*, growing on the tree itself, smothers and destroys it. Storm and blight sweep off the marks of cultivation in our fairest fields. The locust in his march leaves a broad track of ruin behind him. At this moment we are trembling for the advent of a little striped beetle, before whom one of the staple articles of food for the whole nation is expected to go down. Warfare everywhere; the very plants war against each other like Russian and Turk. In the animal kingdom war is universal. The bird impales upon a thorn alive the insects that it may want within the next few days. The wall-wasp brings to each of its grubs ten or twelve little caterpillars, wounded, but living, to be eaten one each day, until the grub passes into the state of a chrysalis. In a vast district of Africa the cattle cannot live because of the *Tsetse*, an ordinary looking fly. "No one," says Perthes, "has yet attempted to bring before the mind of the present age a lively picture of the horrors of nature, and the cruelty of her operations; and to show that they who would infer the existence of God, from the goodness and wisdom therein displayed, must needs fail unless they would be satisfied with mere rhetoric."

But why, you will ask, should these painful and dispiriting views be brought before us? They are drawn from exotic systems, that will never find root upon English ground. Let Schopenhauer and Hartmann air their ideas in a country where wild ideas are plentiful as wild blackberries; and let us go on in our own line of practical progress.

My answer must be that, in choosing for my subject to-night the Worth of Life, I was met by the growing prevalence of a so-called pessimism. The principal work of Schopenhauer, published just 58 years ago, lay dead upon the shelves of its publishers for a score of years. It is now widely known, and that kind of second publication which quickens a still-born book into an authority cannot be the work of the author. It is a measure of the public interest in the subject. Of Hartmann's work the fate is still more remarkable. He is now only 35 years old. His work was published eight years ago, and it has now reached its seventh edition—a rare distinction in a country where scholars and thinkers are too much engaged in printing their own books to buy those of others. A whole literature has gathered round these two important works. Mr. Sully, in his volume on Pessimism, has lately brought the knowledge of them nearer to us; and M. Nolen has translated Hartmann into French. The cyclones of human thought commence by an agitation in the upper strata of the air; and there is no great rashness in supposing that a system which is occupying so great a share of attention amongst the leaders of thought, will soon penetrate to lower regions. But this is not all. The sense of despair is oftener associated with well-being and prosperity than with times of struggle, even the sorest. It was a king who said, "I the preacher was king over Israel in Jerusalem. . . . . I have seen all the works that are done under the sun, and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit. That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered."* In the story of Çakya Mouni, the founder of Buddhism, it is a prince of heroic achievements in the games, of great culture, beloved of a fair wife, heir to a sure throne, upon whom the sense of the pain

* Eccles. i.

and misery, and futility, of the world, breaks with full force, and drives him from riches, and wife, and crown. In the midst of the prosperity of the age of Augustus, when the great empire threatened to fall asunder by its own weight, a strange, restless lassitude fell upon Roman society. "That extravagant expense, those wild debaucheries, that research for comfort, that delicate taste, that refinement of luxury, that excess of every kind to which an unlimited prosperity tempts, are not only a public danger, they become from time to time an intolerable fatigue, and for those who can no longer dispense with them they become at last as painful as they are ruinous."* The author whom I quote goes on to describe the restlessness which is one of the commonest symptoms of this ailment, and which he finds in the Augustan age. But these conditions, the luxury, and the extravagance, and the self-pampering, the restlessness that scatters our people over every hill-top, and through every difficult district, all meet in us, at present. If the weariness of life has not reasoned itself out into a philosophy amongst us, the soil in which such a philosophy might grow is at least prepared. Add to this, the promises of much social progress that have been held out to us by science, by political economy, promises doomed in a large measure to fail of performance; add besides, the consideration that for some time past materialistic philosophy has prevailed, of which it may be said that it reduces the world and even man to as very a machine as those which you employ in your own workshops, and that the reality of man's will is formally denied; and it is difficult to doubt that we are preparing for ourselves one way and another a condition of profound discouragement. In France it already prevails. Its works of fiction from Balzac to Zola are, with many bright exceptions, a cynical display of human follies, crimes, and

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* Gaston Boissier, Religion Romaine, I., 243.

miseries—drawn without love, without a tear of sympathy, without the flush of indignation, without a ray of hope.

It is to this condition of the mind that one would be glad to give some word of succour. And there is a need. Worn out with theories of necessity, of materialism, which not only claim to explain nature but to replace all other philosophy, many are inclined to give up all search for truth, and to limit their self-education to the pursuit by which they win their bread. Low aims bring low performance, and the happiness of man depends far more upon what he aspires to than upon what he achieves.

First then, it is dangerous to estimate the value of life by what are usually called pleasures and pains. The system of Schopenhauer is built upon the argument that as all life is an effort, and all effort in its nature is painful, the pains of life must preponderate. But it would be more true to say that pleasure of some sort accompanies and completes all natural activity, and that there is no real pleasure that is not part of an active condition. A man who finds himself in pleasant quarters, with all the means of indulgence at command, is smitten with a desire to climb a mountain, high, dangerous, almost inaccessible. His task commences at sunrise; before it is half done he is forced to rest by the wayside, panting, exhausted, footsore, craving for water. Does it occur to him that he would have done well to have spent his hours lounging in a garden full of shade and breezes in pleasant company or with a pleasant book, with a cunning draught for his thirst, and the accustomed incense rising from his lips in rings of smoke? No, he has chosen his own good, and a few passing inconveniences do not take it away from him. He knows that an effort such as he is making is a present delight, and will give material for a delightful retrospect. He knows that the other pleasures that he has put aside are sure to turn sour and corrupt from standing still. In short, from every effort that

a man freely undertakes, he hopes for some satisfaction which, whether it is classed with what are usually called pleasures or not, must swell the balance of good. Activity is the cause of all the best satisfactions of life. What may be called the more active pleasures—I mean those on which the mind bestows more effort—are those which last the longest, which strengthen the nature, which bring no self reproach; whilst the less active, such as we consider mere indulgences, bring satiety, require to be stimulated with stronger doses of provocation, and carry with them a sense of shame. The love of life which persists even in the midst of deepest pain and degradation is a wish to conserve our means of activity. Schopenhauer was bound by his own principles to seize the first opportunity that fairly offered of "shuffling off this mortal coil," and, indeed, his reasons for condemning suicide are lame and inconsistent. The cholera came to Berlin; here was a door to *nirvana*—cessation of existence—open before him. He packed his portmanteau like the veriest optimist, and found in safer quarters renewed pleasure in the activity of his denunciations of all activity as pain. He is not the first philosopher who has refuted *ambulando* his own theories. History has nothing fairer to show us, nothing more ennobling than the spectacle of some hero, charged with high duties, engrossing alike all the time and all the powers, borne down by age and suffering, able almost to number the sand grains that yet remain in the hour-glass of life, yet striving, labouring, watching, as in days when there were youth and hope to hold up a guiding light on either hand. It is a brave spectacle, but surely not a spectacle of misery. Milton, describing to Cyriac Skinner his blindness, says:—

> "Yet I argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
> Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
> In liberty's defence."

I do not address you to-night as a theologian; but no one doubts that the strength of Christianity in attracting the world lies in that self-denying Cross reared at the end of a vista of pain and sorrow. Then, when the pains were greatest, the love for man was also greatest; and who would dare to say that the misery prevailed above the joy over a saved world? If you shrink from that analysis, St. Paul has made it for you in his own case. He gives you a manly estimate of all that he has undergone, of the outcast position of the Apostles. But he tells you as plainly that joy and peace are consistent with such troubles. He does not whine for release, though the prize stands clear before him when his work shall be done. "What I shall choose I wot not. For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better; nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is more needful for you."*

Upon the whole, it appears that in making the world the scene of our activity, the Creator opened out to us a field of enjoyment arising from, and part of, the activity itself, and that even serious annoyances and failures are not enough to deprive of this satisfaction. It may also be said that the higher and more engrossing the pursuit the greater is its power to lift us over lower troubles, so that a life might appear to be full of suffering to careless eyes, which was, in fact, so filled with noble efforts for the general good that the sorrows went almost unperceived.

In one point this new philosophy may happen to render great service. It presents to us a power external to us, guided by a far-seeing purpose, using men and things for that purpose, persuading and compelling them to take up even with delight and earnestness the pursuits that are requisite for its end, and making pain seem pleasure, and sordid things seem lovely in our eyes, to induce us to persevere. The

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* Phil. i., 22, 23.

preservation of the man, the succession of the species, the progress of the race in knowledge and civilisation—all these we are doing, when we think we are only following our own bent and trying to make the most of our life. The picture which Von Hartmann draws of the marks of purpose in the world is very forcible; his book rightly used is an armoury of arguments for design and final causes. No one discourses more eloquently of the eternal purpose that runs through the ages. But he calls his work "The Philosophy of the Unconscious," and thus escapes from the recognition of this guiding intelligence as God. His own method of inquiry does not give him the means of affirming that the supreme intelligence is or is not "conscious;" for he draws all that he knows of the world from the impressions that it makes upon us, and this metaphysical nicety can certainly not be inferred from the phenomena of experience. But supposing that there is some ground for saying that the divine intelligence is "unconscious" in the sense of having a different kind of knowledge from that of created human beings, the question is, as M. Janet puts it, whether the supreme intelligence is something higher or lower than our consciousness. If lower, then the world is a mere machine, and could not be other than it is. Complaints against it, whether a philosopher or poet complain, are as foolish as the act of the infant who whips the floor that it falls down upon for hurting it. If, on the other hand, as Von Hartmann would probably admit, the supreme knowledge is something far higher than our consciousness, then the protest of the pessimist is as impious as it is blind, for what is it but the outcry of the lesser intelligence against the greater; of the narrow and limited against that whose experience is boundless as the eternity behind it, and whose foresight is unlimited as the eternity before? The only answer that it can receive is a command to wait; for "now it sees through a glass darkly, but hereafter face to face."

But I will take from this new philosophy so much as it is in a condition to prove, that a power greater than our own, and proceeding on the lines of a fixed plan, before which all our small plans are bent and wrought up into the greater purpose, exists in the world, and acts constantly with us and on us. By this light we can divide the acts of life into two kinds: those which are and those which are not in accord with the divine plan. Whether we are able to pursue this division into its details is another matter. There must be such a division in point of fact, and a life which consists in furthering the great plan will differ from one that is passed in preventing it, inasmuch as it is on the side of the eternal, and its work shall endure; whilst the other is against the good, and shall be crushed as a mere impediment in the working out of the divine will. And when we are assured that the creation and progress of the race are the intention of the supreme will, we cannot doubt as to the broad and general lines of duty which tend to the furtherance of this great design. That a man should cultivate that part of him which he has as man, at the expense of the lower parts of him which he shares with the lower creatures, has been thought by M. Francisque Bouillier* to constitute an intelligible and universal principle of duty. I do not feel content with this as complete; but self-restraint, and thrift, and the pure and chaste home, and love and help to the weak, and national industry, and peace between nations—all these are of God, for they are on the side of that great design which we read upon the world's record. To work for God, and no longer against Him, is more than a rule of life: it is an emancipation. Any life—the humblest—is dignified by it, and stamped with something divine. That I have power left me to act—that I know I am acting on the side of good—

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* Revue Philosophique.

these are thoughts to dry up all hysterical tears from the cheek; nay, they give strength to bear the real, as distinct from the ideal, sorrows of life. The sighing and the mourning over the hardness of our fate belong mainly to literature and to certain phases of life where there are many vague longings, and the path of duty has not been found; but you cannot act and weep at the same time. The poet's words are trite by this time, but they are profoundly true:

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

Our life is precious to us for the activity that we are capable of, and still more because that activity may be so adjusted as to give us the consciousness of acting in harmony with the Divine mind.

There is yet a third condition: We must be free to act. That brilliant speaker, Professor Tyndall, lecturing at Birmingham the other day, adopted frankly the theory of necessity, and in the name of science dismissed free-will from all civilised society. To the obvious remonstrance of the murderer against his punishment, that we hang him for what he could not help, the Professor answers: "We entertain no malice against you, but simply with a view to our own safety and purification we are determined that you and such as you shall not enjoy liberty of evil action in our midst. You who have behaved as a wild beast, we claim the right to cage and kill you as we would a wild beast. You offend, because you cannot help offending, to the public detriment. We punish, because we cannot help punishing, for the public good." Whether such reasoning would have a moral effect on a murderer

or not, I will own that it carries no persuasion to me. You have no right to kill a man for doing what he could not help, simply because you dislike his ways, or because they threaten society. That is only answering murder by murder. On those terms one does not know where it may stop. It may be extended to bores. "You have bored me at my house and at my club; you waste my time; your opinions are antiquated, and therefore unendurable; you are of no use to anybody, and very much in the way of the spread of a refined materialism. 'The public safety'—(here I revert to the Professor's own words)—'is a matter of more importance than the very limited chance of your moral renovation, while the knowledge that you have been hanged by the neck may furnish to other' bores 'the precise motive that may hold them back.'" "But," says the unhappy bore, "by what right?" "The reply is," says Professor Tyndall, "the right of society to protect itself against aggressive and injurious forces, whether they be bond or free, forces of nature, or forces of man." Of course the neck of this bore is safe in the Professor's hands, who is much kinder than his own truculent logic. But the answer is—No responsibility, no guilt; no guilt, no punishment; punishment without guilt is blind revenge or warfare.

Let not my hearers fear that I shall ask them at this late hour to join the select band of those that

> "Reasoned high
> Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

But the *Times* newspaper, in an admirable article on that lecture, showed that between the scientific portion and the metaphysical there was a wide difference of treatment; that the one rested on reasoning and the other only on persuasion; and I wish to illustrate that. The lecturer speaks of "the iron necessity seen everywhere reigning in physical

science," an expression which goes far—very far—beyond the principle of the conservation of energy, that all the forces which make up any phenomenon are to be found in antecedent phenomena. It is one thing to say that what we see comes from a chain of causes; it is another to say that all the causes at work in the past could not by other combinations have produced anything different from what we see. M. Cournot's speculations on chance are at least worthy of a careful consideration. He admits the strict dependence of each phenomenon upon its own line of causes, but doubts whether there is a necessary lateral connection between the various lines of causes. The strict succession of cause and effect being admitted in any given line, the intrusion of other causes belonging to some other line may not be actually necessary, and this gives a place for what we are used to call chance. "Thus," he says, "chance would not be, as is so often repeated, a phantom created by us to disguise our own ignorance from ourselves, nor an idea that has relation to the variable and always imperfect state of our knowledge, but is, on the contrary, the notion of a fact, true in itself, of the mutual independence of several series of causes and effects, which fortuitously concur to produce a given phenomenon, to bring about a given encounter, or to determine a given event." I do not venture to say that this independence can be proved; but I venture to say that it has not been disproved, whilst the disproof of it is indispensable to establish the "iron necessity" in which we are supposed to be bound.* In the power to make the independent streams of causes meet may lie the power of the will of man. In the power to make them meet, and afterwards so to harmonise the results that the progress of the whole shall suffer no interruption, may consist the voluntary power and function of the supreme Mind. But if this "iron

* See Cournot, Idees Fondamentales, with Renouvier's able criticism, Logique Generale, vol. ii.

necessity" is an unreasoned imagination or figure of speech, and not a scientific fact, shall we surrender for it that belief in freedom which is a fact of constant observation? Our deliberations on what is best to do, our self-content at a successful act of ours, our shame at failure, our precepts and lessons to our children, our rewards and punishments, the laws that we make, the judgment-seat that enforces them, the scaffold that punishes the breach of them, the prayers to God wherein we offer Him mind and will and obedience—all suppose that man is free.* Time forbids us to follow up this tempting theme. The will is the man. To become convinced that one is a link in the chain of a blind necessity is to lose all self-respect—even personality itself. It is death to the better part of us. Would you be assured of your own freedom? Love God and live upon His laws. That activity which we are in search of, an activity according to the divine purpose, gives man back to himself and makes him free. "Liberty," it has been finely said, "is a kind of natural sovereignty which God has given us over ourselves, to govern ourselves according to His orders."† This search after God is order, peace, and love; in that region the will knows that it is free. It sees the good and chooses it, and is enabled to follow it, and to love it. All these are acts of a will: we know the truth, and it makes us free. Outside this path all is passion, confusion, selfishness, darkness; no wonder that the will is doubted, where it is not used, where the personality is abdicated, and the soul finds no guidance.‡

We have reached the conclusion of this most imperfect sketch. The worth of our life is to be measured by its opportunities for activity

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* See J. Simon, Le Devoir.

† André Ed. Cousin.

‡ See Secretan, Philosophie de la Liberté, 1866; Fouillée, Liberté et Determinisme, 1872.

in the path of the divine laws and purposes; and in that path freedom is found, the freedom without which there is no real life for the man. The measure of the worth of life is not the joy or misery found in the world, but the satisfaction that follows free and right activity. Pain and misery abound in the world; and we know not why they should exist at all. But amongst these thorns grow flowers of beauty for brave hands to pluck; and valour and humility and succouring love may be learned in the school of sorrow. Amid the jangle of many systems which rise and fall, each having many critics, and not one thorough-going disciple, the practical spirit may at some time observe how the morality of Christ gives scope to free activity, to love divine and human. Lange, the able historian of materialism, admits that in the tragic passion of the Son of God "there is an element of the true religious life, and one more essential than all the rest." This Institution bears witness to your love of knowledge and improvement; and I venture to bid you fearlessly to follow that noble inclination. It is not science that is dangerous, but science using false methods and holding out excessive pretensions. Science painfully reading the world to us will bring us truth; and with an intelligence enlarged by means of it our activity may be greater and more fruitful. Science tricked out in the old clothes of an antique materialism, pretending to tell us that there is nothing but matter, and no God, whilst she confesses in the same breath that she has no method of knowing more than she actually sees, we will not respect; nor that philosophy which, by denouncing the world as bad and foolish, exposes its own presumption. But we will not answer system by system. Out from the school, made sultry with too much wrangling, we will go to breathe inspirations deep and sweet of the wholesome air of practice and of obedience. Religion does not grudge you the results of science. Take them, and open and read; but read aright. There is another word, however, paramount to the word

science; it is the word duty. Science is for the few; duty is universal. Science shall adorn and delight some leisure hours; but duty is about us at every step.

> The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
> The charities that soothe and heal and bless,
> Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.

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