

IS THERE A PHILOSOPHY OF EVOLUTION? *

(Second Paper.)

IV. THE RELATIONS OF MIND AND BODY.

I have now surely spent time enough in explaining a positive doctrine about mental life. I came here, however, not to defend teleology as such, but to point out a problem of philosophy. Observe then, next, how all this bears on the doctrine of Evolution. I know many thinkers who regret the tendency in our day to apply the doctrine of the transformation of species to humanity, who fear the apparently materialistic results of the discovery that the human mind has grown. For my part, it seems to me of little significance that a man should say that the human mind has grown from animal or even from unconscious physical conditions. What it is important for him to see is that this transition from an unconscious condition to the consciousness of the human mind is inevitably assumed to be an Evolution; that is, a real history, a process having more than mere causal sequence in it. And now I conceive that the same considerations which, as I have shown, lead the psychologist to find in every moment in life more than mere mechanical sequence, must force the Evolutionist to

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insist upon the doctrine that, throughout the growth from the unconscious physical conditions which preceded organic life to the state of things in which there existed a Shakespeare, there has been all the way along a true history, a process that must be described as that of the self-realization of ideals. When reason grows, it grows because the ideals of reason are effective. When knowledge appears, it appears because the purely logical and ideal conditions, which are necessary to constitute the significance of life, are efficient in determining the series of events in the growth of the mind, in so far forth as this series comes to have significance.

And now, once more, do not misunderstand my intention in making the foregoing assertion. I do not make it because I am especially anxious to prove to you the efficiency of ideals. The ideals are quite able to take care of themselves, and require no apology from me. My interest in this problem is just now the philosophical interest. I insist that in these facts of psychology, and in these presuppositions which the thinker must make about them, philosophy has, in a modern form, not indeed a final and demonstrated doctrine, but a novel and significant problem. Evolution, I say, must *assume* the presence of ideals. Physical science, as such, must *assume* the existence of rigid unvarying causation. Here in psychology the two assumptions meet on common ground. The psychical facts must be caused; the psychical facts must be significant. As significant, they are teleological; as caused, they have no significance. The problem is, *How can these two apparently so opposing doctrines be rationally reconciled?* How can philosophy, whose highest interest is consistency, admit this double doctrine of consciousness? Here in the realm of consciousness one finds, as one reflects, a problem precisely similar to Kant's famous problem concerning the double existence of the Self. "I am," said, in effect, Kant, "at once *phenomenon* and *noumenon*. As *phenomenon*, I am subject to law, lost in the time-series, a mere succession of determinate conditions. As *noumenon*, I have moral significance, and, moreover, I

transcend time; yes, I am without time." This problematic relation between the two selves Kant advanced as an hypothesis of a purely ethical nature. Our own present consideration forces the double nature of the self upon us as a matter of theoretical presupposition. Unless psychology is to remain a chaos, this double nature of self-consciousness must be not merely recognized, but comprehended. Philosophy as a mere apologist for the noumenal self is, to be sure, wholly out of its office. The double existence of the self, as in time and as transcending time, is not a *discovery* of philosophy. Every intelligent baby, two years old, assumes as much as this even without reflecting on its assumption. But this double existence is a *presupposition*, which to philosophy is a mystery that must be explained, an issue that must be comprehended, a growing contradiction that must be reduced.

And again, as I say, every new study of human life in this historical age forces the problem upon us afresh. I have no lack of sympathy with those who try either to explain the human mind so far as they can mechanically, or who try to trace its past history in the infant or animal. What I perceive is that, with every new explanation, there ever arises afresh the problem, How can this fact which is thus causally explained have at the same time ideal significance? The mystery increases, the philosophical issue sharpens, with every new book on Evolution. The more we know of psychology, the more will the doubleness of psychological law oppress us. There are some, indeed, who are content when, by any device of dialectics, or by such a line of argument as the foregoing, they have defended the existence of the time-transcending, absolute self. Such may be practical men, theologians, or what you will, but so far they are not philosophers. The business of philosophy is not to prove the existence of the noumenal self, but to comprehend the presuppositions involved in its existence. Philosophy is not there to vindicate the ideals, but to make them comprehensible, when once their existence has been, as inevitably it must be, recognized from our modern historical point of

view. My purpose, then, in presenting to you the foregoing facts, has been to bring you face to face with the great problem of recent philosophy,—not to appear as an apologist for man's spiritual nature, a nature which is fully able to vindicate itself, and which asks from philosophy not defence, but critical comprehension.

Time presses, but I cannot leave the problems of psychology without pointing out yet another and more popularly obvious aspect which the great issue between the mechanical and the significantly historical now assumes in this science. The connection between body and mind is a favorite topic for research at this moment, as it has so frequently been before; and usually those who now discuss this subject from a popular point of view are anxious to demonstrate either that mental phenomena do actually depend in a causal sense on material phenomena, or else that certain mental phenomena are independent of material phenomena. To prove either the thesis or the antithesis of the great antinomy seems to be enough for popular purposes. Does the mind depend on the brain for each one of its states? Then immortality is abolished, and to-morrow we die. Is the mind in any respect not yet physically explained? Then, at least until nervous physiology takes one more step, we are at peace. Now, to my mind, this fashion of defending one view alone against its opponent is as natural as it is unphilosophical. At the present time, so far as I can discover, we stand in the presence of a fundamental paradox. Both the thesis and the antithesis appear to be equally demonstrable. Nervous physiology, taken alone, makes it already fairly probable that to a great extent our mental life has a physical basis. The proof given by nervous physiology has indeed limitations, some of which have been recently very ably pointed out in a book which is far and away the best of our recent psychological treatises written in English. I refer to Professor Ladd's *Physiological Psychology*. It is tolerably obvious, in fact, as Professor Ladd insists, that the unity and inner causal activity of mental life, as exemplified in the consciousness of each instant of life, cannot at

present be expressed as the result of any physical causation. Yet I confess that, when I join to the study of nervous physiology a consideration of the facts of mental pathology, I am forced, not indeed to take up a position which opposes in all respects the fundamental view of Professor Ladd, but a position which somewhat modifies the dualistic doctrines maintained in the admirable closing discussion of his book. For, after all, even the inner functions of consciousness itself are subject, as mental pathology proves, to such thorough-going and profound primary derangements that, for my part, I cannot see any physically describable, any phenomenally manifest part of the mental process upon which we can seize, and declare, "This, as mere occurrence in the phenomenal world, is independent of nervous conditions." Apperception and unification suffer in certain insane conditions as primarily, as directly, as fundamentally, as do the emotions or the senses in other mental derangements. There is an insanity of reason, *paranoia*, where the insane consciousness is irresistibly the prey of a false logic, and interprets correct premises in hopelessly erroneous fashions. There is an insanity of self-consciousness, as clear and primary as the emotional derangements of melancholia and mania, or the sense derangements of hallucinatory delirium.* There is thus no element of consciousness which, in its phenomenal character, is not subject to a derangement of nervous origin. The *Ich als Erscheinung* of Kant appears to be bound fast to the brain. Its highest functions, like its lowest, are in one aspect a mere succession of mental states, and in this aspect they appear to depend absolutely upon nervous conditions. In this sense, therefore, it is true that, as all the mental diseases are very assuredly nervous diseases, so all the mental phenomena as events, in a world of sequent events, are distinctly the product of nervous functions.

But now, while this is true, I, for my part, can in no wise accept it as a final result. For equally true it is that the one element about mental life which nervous functions can

* See a recent article by Orschansky in the *Zeitschrift für Psychiatrie*, Bd. XX., Hft. 2, p. 337.

never explain is just that element which constitutes the whole inner significance of consciousness. Were consciousness a mere series of events, we should be obliged to say that it mysteriously corresponds as a fact, throughout and in all respects, to nervous functions. But consciousness is not a mere series of events. To the *Ich als Erscheinung* one must oppose the rational *Ich* of the *transcendentale Apperception*. Consciousness is a *significant* series of ideas. And, when I insist upon the significance of consciousness being an element which the nervous system can never explain, I do not mean precisely the same as what I understand Lotze and Professor Ladd to mean by the unity of consciousness, although in certain respects I have no doubt that these two conceptions correspond. For a Spinozist, who maintained as his master did an objective unity of the physical processes, there would be a metaphysical formula according to which the unity of consciousness, in so far as it is simply an event filling indivisible moments of time, might be a series of facts corresponding to the objective unity of the organism. The right of a Spinozist to declare that the material world *has* an objective unity I do not just now question. It is a difficult, but, historically speaking, not an impossible metaphysical conception, which maintains that, apart from anything ideal or teleological, there is an objective unity in things. Spinoza's Divine Substance is One, even on its extended side. Space for Spinoza was a real unity, an objective, indivisible organism. Even so for such a point of view, which I do not accept, but do not just now condemn, the body of a man might be an objective, organic, and still physical unity, in which there should be no teleological, but only causal elements. Spinoza, then, asserted this, and thus undertook to solve the problem of the relation of mind to the body by saying: "The mind is one because the body is one. Corresponding to the objective physical unity in the extended attribute of God is the objective mental unity in the thinking attribute of God." But now every student of Spinoza knows that this doctrine — which, were it true, might conceivably be asserted against Lotze or Professor Ladd —

utterly breaks down in Spinoza's *Ethics* at precisely that point where Spinoza is obliged to admit the existence of Reflective Ideas.

My mind may perfectly correspond to my body, even in respect to my mind's unity, *if only my mind will not make itself its own object*. If I can first have some complex thought *in one indivisible instant of time*, this complex thought might be conceived as a mysterious but actual function of my bodily unity; and, if only it were true that I have such thoughts, nervous physiology would force me thus to regard them, or else indeed to give up forming any theory on the subject. But now, if (as is actually the case, and as our own previous discussion has shown) *in each moment of my thought I reflect upon the significance of a previous moment of my consciousness*, my thought may indeed physically depend upon my body, but this *significance* has nothing to do with such dependence. The logical object of my thought is always, in part at least, *not* my body, but my past thought, not my state in this indivisible time-moment, but a sequence of states. The unity of my momentary consciousness might be physically determined, but the logical significance of my thought as a reflection on my own past is not physically determinable, simply because this significance is no event in time at all, but a transcending of time.

In short, then, were my mind a mere series of mental events, even though these events constituted a unity of momentary consciousness, the mind might be physically caused. But the same considerations which a moment ago forced us to say, "Consciousness, even where it appears to be momentary, is not in a physical sense momentary, but fills up, transcends time, is a significant unity, which goes beyond the content of any moment of mathematical time,"—just these same considerations force us now to say, "Every such case of a unity of consciousness, that has a unity in succession, and that transcends time, is wholly incapable of being expressed in physical terms." So, then, to what result do we come? Every atom of consciousness is on the one side, as phenomenal event, dependent on nervous conditions; but

consciousness is not the sum total of its atoms. Every momentary unity of consciousness, in so far forth as it is punctually or mathematically momentary, is indeed a function of the nervous system ; but every significant successive unity of mental life involves a truth,—namely, just this significance, which can only be expressed in ideal or teleological terms, and which is positively no part of the causally explicable truth of the universe. Mental life, as an event in time, appears to be a function of the organism ; mental life, in so far as it transcends time, cannot be such a function.

I might throw some faint light upon such notions as I have on this ultimate problem, were I to add a speculation which has in recent days occasionally occurred to me. Spinoza, as we just saw, tried to express the relation of mind to body by saying that the mind corresponds fact for fact with the state or rather with the unity of the body. Similar views have found expression in recent discussions, though all fail, because, in so far forth as consciousness reflects upon itself, it does not correspond with the body : it corresponds with its own self. On the other hand, to make consciousness, in any respect as a phenomenal event, independent of the body, is to run counter, in so far as experience is concerned, with the facts of nervous physiology and pathology. Why, then, could we not express the relation by saying?—The mind is a Comment on the Teleological Significance of the series of physical states of the body, in so far forth as these states are represented in the conditions of the highest bodily organ, the brain. If one could, then, in some wise suppose this comment to be not simply existent but effective, so that in some respect the brain altered according to the ideal comment that was made upon it, then one would have an expression of the relation between mind and body which would come much nearer to expressing the facts. I do not say that it would be a fully satisfactory conception : I suggest it as a possible one. If the whole business of the mind in this life were commenting on the state and significance of this bodily organism in its unity, then, to be sure, the ideal comment, like any other, would transcend the momentary truth about the

bodily state, would anticipate the future or regret the past, would have to reflect, would have to be significant. Yet, on the other hand, all the data upon which the comment depended would be at each moment physically determined. The patient afflicted with melancholia would be, because of the state of his brain, inevitably and fatally disposed to misery, because, with the highest possible conscious free-will, he would then be quite unable to invent for this diseased organism any future condition but one of decay and destruction. The deliriously confused patient would be making a teleological comment upon a disordered brain. Its chaotic functions would be represented in his chaotic condition, as this brain would have even for an angel, and even for an effective angel who should be endowed with anything less than divine powers, only a confused and chaotic significance, the significance of a hopelessly shattered organism. The mind which expressed the comment of the delirious patient would be as chaotic as the brain function. But the point in my very tentative speculation lies, after all, only in this: I am trying to suggest that, whatever the mind is, it has during our present life only this body as the correspondent physical fact upon which its phenomena depend; while, on the other hand, the mind makes of this, its physical object or correspondent, an ideally significant something which the physical nature of the body can never by any possibility express.

If you choose to continue my speculation, and to express in terms of it a possible immortality, you have nothing to do but to suppose this body connected, through agencies of which I need form no special image, with a higher extramundane organism, a spiritual body. You may suppose that the consciousness which here comments ideally and perhaps effectively upon the conditions of this organism, hereafter comments ideally, and as effectively as the divine order permits, upon the significance of that other organism, which may have, if you like, some extremely subtle relation with this one. Such vague speculations have only value, as Kant said in a similar case, "*um die Anmassungen der Sinnlich-*

keit einzuschränken." Philosophy admits fanciful hypotheses, in order that nobody may dogmatize. Philosophy keeps such fanciful hypotheses confined to a narrow range, in order that nobody may presume too far upon human ignorance.

V.—CONCLUSION.

But I return once more, and finally, from the special field of Psychology to the world of general philosophy. What impresses itself upon me, I say, as I examine recent thought, is that those issues which the design argument and the discussion of the freedom of the will have in past times confined to special problems, now cover the whole field of human speculation, and that the doctrine of Evolution is the schoolmaster which teaches us to face at last the real question of the universe. This question is the issue between physical causation and the ideals. From the earliest infancy of humanity, each man has made, in a dimly conscious way, two essentially opposing assertions about the world. The one assertion is that this is a world which needs him, and every other good man, to do work in it, for some end, high or low, human or brutal. The other assumption, felt from the first, and in our days often pretending to speak by the mouth of science, is the assumption that everything in the world is so completely explicable that the ideals are not only unnecessary, but untruthful,—empty comments of the gambler on the fall of the dice of nature. The most of our popular thinkers are, however, at present ardently devoted to the notion that, while the mechanical or explanatory view of nature has finally triumphed, and has displaced teleology, free-will, and all the rest of the ideal activities, the world is nevertheless a world of history. But now, as we have seen, the presupposition of history is, all the while, the Ideal. Unless the series of events in nature is significant as a whole, and gives us genuine stories, it is no history. Whoever asserts, whether in the analysis of a conscious moment or in the history of the Evolution of humanity, that a significant process, involving many successive events, has taken place, asserts also that causal explanation is not everything,

and that the teleological view of the world is just as true as the causal. Therefore, as I insist, philosophy is forced, in view of all this, to face squarely the ancient issue in this new guise.

Teleology and mechanism,—how violently they oppose each other! It would appear to be war to the death between them. Again and again each has sung the pæan over its dead and buried foe, yet again and again they have stood, as they stand to-day, with sword in hand, contending for the rational mastery. But to-day each is armed with all the weapons of empirical knowledge. Each lays claim to every fact. Such doctrines as that of the universal conservation of energy insist that all explanation is mechanical, and that nothing occurs which was not from all eternity predetermined by the world-formula. So, I mean, such doctrines assert in the mouths of their popular expositors. Many physicists are far more modest; but the philosophical presupposition in the minds of those who accept these laws is still the same. On the other hand, we find men saying, "The history of a thing is its whole explanation"; and, when they say this, they too often know not what they do! *If history is the only explanation, then no causal explanation as such has any essential value, and the ideals are all in all.* Can human thought remain in the presence of these two conflicting views of reality, and still make nothing of their conflict?

But, you will say, in this way I have come here merely to state a problem: I have suggested no final solution of the opposition between teleology and the world-formula. Well, when the solution is a system of philosophy, should I not be presumptuous to undertake to expound one at the close of an evening? To be sure, I have in mind a partial solution of the great issue, but I cannot expound it here. One thing only I venture to point out before concluding my too lengthy address. I passed over, in my inadequate historical sketch, the philosophical movement from Hume to Hegel. I am sure that I am not one who accepts the results of that movement as pure gospel. In fact, I think its most significant

doctrines still inadequate to meet the modern issues in their new form. What I do feel, however, is that this great period of speculation, coming as it did between the mechanical philosophy of an earlier time and the evolutionary doctrine of to-day, has an historical significance which no serious philosophical student can afford to overlook. The doctrine of that great constructive age, as you all know, turned out to be a doctrine of Objective Idealism, which insisted that the world is the expression of one all-embracing thought; whereby, to be sure, it was not said that thought is the only element in the life of the Absolute, but that by thought all the rest of the life of the Absolute gets its meaning. To be sure, the greatest thinker of this constructive period, Kant, recognized *his* Absolute only in the practical sense. Yet in essence he was the greatest constructive idealist of them all; and, to my mind, in Kant, and especially in the doctrine of the transcendental self, which finds expression in his great "deduction of the Categories," there lies the beginning of a doctrine which will become more and more nearly equal to the solution of our great human issue.

I say this, not, of course, as if I supposed that this doctrine of Kant, in so far as it is a solution, will ever be expressed by any one man, in a final, absolute form. The solution of the issues of human passion is a progressive solution. In no near time can it reach an ultimate expression, or, if it did, that would be only because humanity had ceased to grow. What I mean is that in some sense we dimly grasp to-day, in novel form, with far-reaching illustrations and in deeply significant strength, a great conflict between the two deepest interests of the human mind,—namely, the interest in Explanation and the interest in the Ideals; and that in his own way and time Kant also understood this conflict, and that he indicated, in his conception of a transcendental unity of self-consciousness, the direction in which human thought must search for a progressive improvement of its position with respect to this conflict. For the rest, the outcome of Kant is essentially idealistic, as subsequent speculation showed. *Consciousness* then is, after all, the great

solver of paradoxes. If, for instance, an examination of possibilities could be carried on without consciousness, it would be easy to demonstrate, before the existence of any conscious being, that such a paradoxical creature was essentially impossible; and yet here is consciousness, with all its paradoxes! Assume, then, that the world is the expression of one all-embracing, conscious life, and can you not hope to adapt your doctrine to our present difficulty, the most profound and significant of the paradoxes of reality? So, then, I say, the warfare between the conception of nature as a causally explained whole and the conception of the ideals as the morally significant — yes, as the only significant — elements of reality may possibly some day be reduced towards the far-off state of peace by assuming that both causal explanation, in so far as that is real, and the ideals, in so far as they are effective, *have existence in and for a Universal Conscious Life, which is the world, and owns the world, and makes and solves its own infinite paradoxes.*

But I have detained you far too long with these vaguely stated issues; and I have come here, strange as that may now seem to you, with a certain practical purpose in mind. These mysterious metaphysical issues may seem very remote from the business of life; and yet, after all, since I stand in the presence of philosophical students, I have no fear in maintaining that this our effort to reflect on life is not devoid of genuinely human and practical significance. Our issues are not invented by ourselves; our paradoxes are not mere dialectical subtleties. Though they be expressed in abstract terms, still they stand for the very things that men think of in the toil and heat of daily life. This issue between the ideal and the explanatory views of things, what more familiar, what more practical element in human affairs? Every day, with fresh hope, in the morning, men arise and go to work, bearing their ideals. Each one feels in his own person "the need of a world of men for me." Every day, worn with the toils and defeats of life, men learn to recognize before evening the iron chains of necessity which bind them. The cruel physical world, which not so much hates as

ignores the ideals, and the ideals, which seem to struggle so vainly with the iron necessities,— these make up everyday life. The philosopher desires to know *Why* this eternal apparition of a hopeless contradiction in life is not only necessary, but justified. In the hope of comprehending, he at once simplifies and magnifies the conflict. Common sense sees it occasionally: the philosopher, whose eyes are once opened, sees it everywhere. No philosopher ought to be optimistic, who is not thoroughly acquainted in his own reflective person with the significance of pessimism. No philosopher may venture to say that he has solved the issues of the eternal conflict until he has appreciated the universality of this conflict itself. And what I desire to insist upon to you, as students of philosophy, is that we fail of our philosophical duty if we cheapen the issues of speculation by narrowing their scope, or by insisting hastily upon this or that solution.

Herein, in fact, lies the difference between philosophy and apologetics. The apologist, busy like other heroes in the individual conflicts of life, sharpens his weapons and slays his enemies where he can find them. The philosopher, concerned with the right and wrong of the conflict, must see all, even the ideal interests of men, *sub specie æternitatis*. His solutions must aim to be absolute if they aim to be anything. Do not then, I beseech you, permit yourselves, with regard to these great issues which I have discussed in the present paper, to take easy, one-sided views. It is so easy to say, "Evolution has proved itself true here or there, and many men who believe in Evolution believe also in the doctrine of the universal Conservation of Energy: therefore, the mechanical world is the only world. And, meanwhile, this mechanical world realizes all the ideals that our world needs to have realized. Natural selection creates a better world than old theology ever knew. All is for the best, or will be: the past warfare of philosophy is forgotten, and the world is simple and straightforward." By such devices you indeed simplify your world, but by sinking not only beneath the rank of the philosophical student, but far beneath the

dignity of the plainest common sense. For common sense knows that its world is problematical, paradoxical, full of uncomprehended truth, and of bitter conflict. Common sense knows that all is *not* well; and that, if the old theology in any wise erred in not satisfying the longings of the human heart, most modern views succeed no better. The optimism of common sense, to be sure, where one finds it, is fairly justified. It is the optimism of toiling men, who must occasionally forget their troubles, and must become cheerful in order that they may keep up their strength and courage. But the flat, tedious optimism of the average modern popular evolutionist, with his miserable insistence upon the glorious future of a world where "natural selection" shall have killed off all the courageous and serious men, and shall have finally left only those who are able to enjoy themselves, — such an optimism seems to me infinitely contemptible. It is the optimism of a man who has neglected common sense, and who is yet incapable of philosophizing. The philosophical world is no world for mere cheerfulness. It is a grave world, where problems beset us on every side, and where solutions, if they come, will make new demands on our courage, and test afresh our seriousness, rather than gratify our senses or amuse our ease.

On the other hand, if this cheerful optimism of the popular evolutionist seems to you, as it ought, insignificant, do not, I pray you, make your work in another sense easy by saying at once: "Then, since mechanism fails to meet the interests of the ideal, the ancient teleological philosophy will suffice to express both our theological and our popular interests." No, the true ideals will not soon have the problems of their nature finally cleared up by finite beings. In the infinite world Teleology belongs, I doubt not, within the realm of the knowable; and the ideals are to be comprehended by philosophy. But the comprehension is not yet complete; the problem is not yet solved; the issues are still pressing; and the ideal philosophy has meanwhile not so much to apologize for the old as to apperceive the new. Philosophy demands of us to-day not easy solutions, but hard work.

I have been especially anxious to lay stress on the novelty of the present situation, not as if the warfare in question were other than ancient, but because the universality of the conception of Evolution in modern times introduces the problem in a hundred places where we did not before expect it. The ancient design argument, and the argument for the freedom of the will, have not, from my present point of view, lost such philosophical interest as they ever possessed. But, in a newer view of the place of design in nature, this ancient teleology will form only part of a far larger system, in which the Divine order will be grasped with a clearness and universality such as our fathers never conceived. Religion is as deeply interested as philosophy in the advance of such a teleological comprehension of things. It is for philosophy, meanwhile, not to give over its own office wholly to the technical apologist for tradition. We cannot admit that any account of design in nature is sufficient, which has not been just to all that the law of Evolution has yet to show us about things.

So, then, I insist that it is a grave and yet an enticing world of problems into which modern philosophy has introduced us. The philosopher cannot make reality, but he can make and shatter views of reality. "Ah, Love," says Fitzgerald, in his metamorphosed stanzas of Omar Khayyám,—

" Ah, Love, could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the heart's desire? "

What the ideals of Omar Khayyám's fatal world in vain longed to do with the divinely lamentable but necessary order of things, we, the philosophical students, have a right to do with whatever is transient about past human conceptions of this order. The world of any age is seldom so near the real world but that for posterity it will bear having some of its choicest regions "shattered to bits, and then remoulded nearer to the heart's desire." I ask you, not to shatter for the sake of shattering, nor yet to remould for the sake of caprice, but to undertake this work along with your

fellows, and to do it seriously, feeling that in endeavoring to comprehend the truth of the Divine order we do God service. And, as for these mysteries and contradictions that so violently defy us when we enter upon the dark plain of philosophical speculation, let us treat them as Browning's hero in his "Childe Roland" treats the uncanny monsters and the trooping shadows of that misty region where lies "the Dark Tower." As he enters there, in the midst of lying enemies, into a world where numberless friends of his former days have met destruction, so we, the philosophical students, wander amidst obscurities, and the deceiving assumptions of human pride, knowing well that numbers before us have met their fate, yet still we seek the "Dark Tower." And, if our end be like the end of Browning's hero, perhaps that also will be none the worse, if to the end, like him, we have kept true. You remember Browning's words. So philosophers ought, if fortune permitted them, to die:—

"The dying sunset kindled through a cleft:
The hills, like giants at a hunting, lay,
Chin upon hand, to see the game at bay,—
'Now stab and end the creature — to the heft!'

"Not hear? when noise was everywhere! it tolled,
Increasing like a bell, names in my ears
Of all the lost adventurers, my peers, —
How such a one was strong, and such was bold,
And such was fortunate, yet each of old
Lost, lost! one moment knelled the woe of years.

"There stood they, ranged along the hillsides, met
To view the last of me, a living frame
For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
I saw them, and I knew them all. And yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew '*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*'"

JOSIAH ROYCE.