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of the sons of God." "Then shall the righteous shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

At best such seasons of rapture are only brief and infrequent, and may be, as is often the case, thrown into vivid contrast with the shadows which constantly linger beside the light. They who are privileged to enjoy them may soon meet with discouragement when they go down from the hill into the valley of spiritual strife and temptation, even as the disciples descended to a world of sin, and disputing, and unbelief below. It is then encouraging to remember that the happy converse and communion which excited Peter's mistaken and impracticable desire only typifies the state of fellowship with the Lord, and participation in His glory which awaits all His true disciples, and which will not only realize but infinitely surpass their most enlarged desires. For if a brief glimpse of the heavenly glory so overpowered and entranced the disciples on the Mount, what will be the blessedness of those who "come to Mount Zion—the heavenly Jerusalem—to an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant," where they shall see Him as He is, and be with Him and like Him for ever! Oh! how good shall it be to be there, abiding not in a quickly dissolved tabernacle such as Peter would have made, but in a building from God—"an house not made with hands—eternal in the heavens"!

T. A. Stowell.

Art. IV.—PESSIMISM.

PESSIMISM may be popularly described as philosophy turned sour; and the smaller the beer the sooner it turns sour when the electric tension of the weather is severe. Pessimism for ever contemplates the back of the canvas on which the tapestry is wrought. It dwells by preference in darkness, feeds on darkness, is a product of darkness, and to darkness returns. All the greater names of human tradition are against it. The entire array of the fathers and masters of human thought, since philosophy first awoke in the half-legendary Seven Sages, condemn it with one voice. The sages of feeling, the poets, who interpret humanity to man on its sentimental side, are equally unequivocal and (with one modern exception) unanimous in its condemnation. Tap the spring of

Parnassus where you will, from the first sprightly runnings down to the very dregs, you will hardly find an infinitesimal percentage of sympathy with the teachings of Schopenhauer and Hartmann. From Homer to Shakespeare, from Shakespeare to Goethe, from Goethe to Longfellow—I take my stand purposely on those whom death has removed from the sphere of envy and on whom time has set his final seal—the grand chorus of those who teach us through the imagination abhor the theories of the pessimist as degrading that human nature which they ennobled, as sinking man just as far below the brutes as they would exalt him above them. Spinoza is as dead against it as was Plato; Lucretius in his "Alma Venus genitrix,"[1] as Milton himself in the words, "These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good."

Of course, we find poetry streaked and veined with all the products of human consciousness. Even Homer in one passage proclaims "nothing more miserable than man," and whoso will may, if they please, erect "Timon of Athens" into the normal standard of the humanities of Shakespeare.[2] And poetry, as a whole, could not be itself if it missed the dark pathetic background on which the joys of our common nature are thrown out. Nobody denies the mixed experience which poetry idealizes, and in which the minor as well as major keys of emotion find their place in the gamut. The marvellous capacity of man for suffering and his power of sinking into the bathos of despair have their interpreters at full length, or tragedy would be an unmeaning name. But the greater masters of emotion leave not the balance unrectified. Prometheus is unbound at last, Œdipus is justified and consoled, Orestes receives expiation, the "ballot of Pallas" turns the scale, and the Furies depart appeased. This is the moral of all the grander teachings of tragedy. Although

> Never was a story of more woe
> Than that of Juliet and her Romeo,

yet the reconciliation of the deadly feud of the rival houses is sealed in their blood; they have not lived and loved in vain.

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[1] Lucretius in the much-admired passage, iii. 936-7, in precise terms denies what Schopenhauer affirms:

> Et *non* omnia pertusum congesta quasi in vas,
> Commoda perfluxere atque ingrata interiere.

[2] Of course, isolated utterances may be met with in passages of gloom—and what would poetry be without shadow to interpret its light? Thus we find Sophocles, Œd., Col. 1225-6, saying: *μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον τὸ δ', ἐπεὶ φανῇ, βάναι κεῖθεν ὅθεν περ ἥκει πολὺ δεύτερον ὡς τάχιστα.* In a similar spirit dark glimpses of inner thought break from Heine and from Herder here and there.

But, to give the pessimist his most hopeful poetic embodiment which modern times have furnished, take Byron. One specimen—an extreme one—will suffice. He says:

> 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.

His own career is the great refutation of the pessimist spirit which haunts his poetry. He believed with all his heart in the resuscitation of his beloved Greece, and died in the act of consecrating himself to her service. Vilify him as we will as rake, debauchee, demoralized and demoralizer, he found a noble aim at last, and laid down his life in the effort to realize it. As it were with foot in stirrup and lance in rest against tyranny and barbarism, his turbulent spirit passed away. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis* might truly be written on his tomb, as an effectual answer to the pessimistic twaddle which he was fond of preaching in his verse. Indeed, as he chewed tobacco to keep himself from growing fat, so he chewed the cud of pseudo-melancholy to keep himself interesting—to isolate himself from other men, in an affectation of the lonely grandeurs of sorrow. But this after all mere morbid fancy of Byron's was not pessimism proper, but only a subjective echo or, as it were, bastard variety of it. It is not pessimism to croak as Byron did, and raise a coil about his ideally lacerated feelings and fine-porcelain woes, and enjoy the lonely dignity of being the darkest of sinners and dreariest of sufferers. Pessimism is essentially objective. It works on gloom like Rembrandt, and makes black threads its web and woof. It "puts bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, darkness for light and light for darkness." "Evil, be thou my good" is its leading sentiment. It seeks to traduce the goodness of the Father of Lights by a Mephistophelic caricature. From the standpoint of the Gospels it seems to touch the confines of the unforgiven sin, and to quench hope in the Shadow of Death—that "hope" which "springs eternal in the human breast."

The one poet who can be quoted as pessimist in spirit and feeling is one hardly known by name probably to the great mass of our countrymen, Leopardi the Italian. It is a curious fact that over thirty years ago he received the tribute of a high encomium from the present Prime Minister; but it seems likely that common sympathies for Hellenic freedom was the root out of which this sprang, and that the panegyrist stood wholly apart from the pessimistic point. Leopardi began literature as a Christian Apologist and Hymnist. Yet despair

is his key-note even now as a quasi-Christian lyrist. "Now I go from hope to hope," he exclaims, "erring every day and forgetting Thee, although always deceived. A day will come when, having nowhere else to turn to, I shall place all my hope in death, and then I shall finally return to Thee." But he soon lost even the shadow of personal faith which these words bespeak, and finding all traditionary bonds of thought hanging like broken bandages loose about him, re-moulded his theory of life on the grand conception that it was not worth living, and passed on the secret to the world that whatever is is wrong, in a volume of poems. Here is a fair specimen of his fretful cavilling which can only pass for argument with those whose minds are already poisoned by the fatalistic poison of pessimism:

> What is a great name? A name which often represents nothing. The idea of the good is constantly changing. As for scientific works, they soon become stale and are forgotten. The most middling mathematicians of our day know more than Galileo and Newton. Glory is a shadow, and genius of which it is the only recompense is but a mournful gift to its possessor.

Here is nearly a false statement or a false argument in every separate clause. That many have deserved the fame of a greatness which few comparatively have found would be a harmless truism; but to say that a great name often represents nothing, gives the lie to all the personal records which time has found worth preserving. It is a statement which flies in the face of human history. Again, had it been urged that a great name is often wholly independent of the moral worth of him who bears it, the maxim is obvious. But moral worth seems of no account in pessimistic eyes. They only recognise Will under the form of force. All moral systems from Plato to Paley are equally dead dust in their finely critical balance. Again, the "idea of the good" is, like all ideas, only a function of the human mind. What he really means who charges it with "constantly changing" is merely that human minds fluctuate and oscillate perpetually. The question of a *summum bonum* objective and external to such minds is untouched by such fluctuations, as the orb of the moon is unshaken by the fluctuations which shiver her watery image into molecules of light. Again, "Scientific works become stale"—he instances Newton. The *Principia* are never stale. They live a new lease of life in every new chapter of science which further study unfolds. The one thing which gets stale is experimental research in material physics, Bacon's method survives and governs still. His actual "experiments special of hot and cold" are the old clothes of modern science, only fit for the rag-picker. Mind in its purer products remains supreme.

Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and others "rule our spirits from their urns" by purely mental power. But the Timæus in its greater part, the Physica, the Ptolemæan astronomy, and all the older interpretation of nature are now mere mummy-cases to us. Mind in its grander manifestations is never "stale," is never "forgotten," until it connects itself with matter and material results. It is even then a lump of camphor in a mass of decaying vegetables. The refuse may overpower it and cause it to be flung contemptuously aside. But its own perfume taken *per se* is abiding and undying.

If we seek the true cradle and sphere of adult development of pessimism, we must look for it in the far East. The Buddhist school of philosophy there counts its 500 millions out of the estimated total of 1,250 millions of humanity, and as formulated by its author is wholly pessimistic. Nor have the recent revivers of this oriental conception added much to the germ planted at Benares some 2,300 years ago. Schopenhauer has interwoven some results of modern thought into the system, and has fitted it concentrically round an axis of physical science. He, like others who deprave philosophy, perverts its terms. Will, with him, stands for Force. The object of this is to enable him to start with an assumption of the negation of Will in the sense of reasonable choice. Thus he views the world and all nature as merely a function of Will = Force. This force he represents as struggling blindly without end or object, without any foresight or guiding mind. In short, viewing mind as a mere function of the physical organization, he places it last in the scale of nature; which stands thus: 1. Will=Force; 2. Physical basis; 3. Intellect.

He proceeds somewhat as follows: Will is the driving-wheel of the whole machine, including nature and man. Out of the blindly working but inevitable instinct impressed on either—a resolution as it were *to live*, but apart from all design or moral purpose—spring all the forms of life. The same Will is ever striving to satisfy itself, but satisfaction is momentary and craving perpetual. Thus the normal condition of man is restless yearning and discontent. The pressure of this Will ever stimulates to new cravings; it pervades, indeed, all organic activity, but, rising from the merely sentient to man, the higher organization of consciousness, its dissatisfaction culminates acutely in him, and he wears the crown of nature's misery. From momentary satisfaction, which, "like the agreeable morsel as soon as it is swallowed ceases to exist for our sensibility," there springs new eagerness of longing. The equilibrium is no sooner achieved than it is disturbed. It is merely the turning-point or perihelion, from which we start again to describe a new orbit of unrest. The one broad

feature of Buddhism which is not included is the doctrine of transmigration through successive stages of renewed existence, through which a gradual approach to Nirvana, or the absorption of individual life in the Infinite Existence, is made; and by the happy few that goal is at last attained. He thus infers that even pleasure has no positive existence, it being merely a temporary respite from the pain of longing—a momentary negative interval in a note perpetually prolonged—and that the only positive state of existence is pain.

For the unreasoning *Will* of Schopenhauer Hartmann substitutes the "Unconscious," as the basis which supports all being, the protoplasm which furnishes the staple of the universe. According to him this "Unconscious" is pervaded by an aim or design, which seems to us a contradiction in terms. By virtue of this aim it works endlessly onwards, "not," like the Creative Deity of olden thought, "through discursive reflection," but by constantly "externalizing the idea" which thus blindly possessed it, "into reality." The assertion of this aim or end as the law of working to the "Unconscious," and as developing the phenomena of life in natural and human history, is the key-note of Hartmann's system. He is a teleologist before all things. But to formulate the Unconscious teleologically seems like predicating sight of the blind. Borrowing, however, this one peacock's plume to adorn the jackdaw of pessimism, he develops by means of it a tendency to sink into annihilation, and thus ultimately to relieve itself and all that it involves of the dire burdens of existence. Thus the whole evolution of life is to be rolled back into nonentity, and humanity is by some moral process, the action of which we have no clue to explain, to assist the work of demolition, until—

> **Lets the great Anarch's hand the curtain fall,**
> **And universal darkness buries all.**

Hartmann, however, carries his theory into a remorseless detail. He takes hunger and love, by which he appears to mean sexual love, and analyses the pangs of the former, and the cumulative embarrassments which flow from the latter, and succeeds in showing, as he thinks, that every rose is all thorns. By looking at every evil, drawback, or inconvenience on every side, by gathering all into a heap under the strongest light, and then endeavouring to show *per contra* that all the blessings and joys of life are tainted with illusion, he makes an array which affects the mind somewhat, as does an anatomical museum with its bottled specimens of all monstrous and morbid forms. A huge seeming overbalance in favour of pain and woe is thus easily struck. Civilization itself breeds a new

crop of sufferings—strange diseases, new morbid sensibilities—and human nature goes on "stewing in its own juice," which is a mere secretion of misery at every pore. Science and art, according to Hartmann, dribble away into mediocrity and mechanism, or degenerate into intellectual pride and æsthetic vanity. Thus the world receives, as it grows older, fresh coats of evil. We are all tarred with the same brush, only it is laid on thicker as humanity progresses. Thus the "conclusion of the whole matter" is that the "whole duty of man" lies in shaking off the love of life as a delusion, and escaping from it as from a snare; in foregoing the love of offspring, for that only weaves a new mesh in the net of universal suffering, and forges a new link in the chain of inevitable calamity which binds the race. The only refuge is to extinguish the torch and trample out the last spark. Schopenhauer, less utterly intolerant, admits a refuge of the soul in art. In art, he seems to get his head out of the atmosphere which chokes all aspirations with the dust which it contains. Only he points out that those who win their way to such rare pinnacles of outlook are the very few, and that they pay for their realizing the beautiful by a more intense sensibility to pain. In proportion as they rise above the cloudy horizon of the earth, they are exposed to sun-stroke in the brain. Like the spider, their web of extended perception being spun from themselves, they extend their sensitiveness, and tingle in every thread of it.

Yet again, Schopenhauer seems inconsistent in the function which he assigns to love and pity. What are these from the standpoint of universal Will rushing forth in a life of unsatisfied cravings, save sources inexhaustible of cravings which are insatiate? All mankind being plunged in this bath of incurable suffering, the objects of pity lie weltering hopelessly all around. Love must in all its otherwise possible forms under the law of pessimism determine in that of pity only, or remain a mere theory of feeling, barren of realization, and therefore only prolific of idle longings unappeased. Yet Schopenhauer treats these almost as Aristotle treats "terror and pity," where, discerning in them the essence of tragedy, he calls them the "cathartics of the soul" (Aristotle, Poet., 1449). By love and pity, Schopenhauer says, the individual loses, or tends to lose, the sense of self, and realize the essential unity of all sentient existence. He argues that:

> When, through the power of love and pity, one ceases to draw egoistic distinctions between self and others, and shares their sorrows as largely as one feels his own, one then realizes the meaning of all that is, grasps its essence, recognises the nullity of all effort; and this conviction brings the will to a standstill. Thus will becomes averse to life, and the man reaches the renunciation of self, reaches resignation and a refusal of the

will to live. The phenomenal manifestation of this lies in the passing over of virtue into asceticism.

Thus the superimposed stratum of individuality is to be pared away. The will becoming stagnant ceases to harbour yearnings, and the fangs of pain have nothing in which to fix their hold. And in asceticism he seems to see the first stage towards this consummation, which however can only be reached by pushing it to the extreme which extinguishes life. Only so can individuality really cease. The success is like that of the man who trained his donkey down to a straw a day, and then, to crown the experiment, the creature died! It is obvious, in short, that suicide is the one practical outcome of such teachings. In short, in all the many forms of melancholy which terminate life by violence, pessimism may be said to practically dominate at the moment, and a large increase of suicide is said to be noted at present in Saxony and other German States as running parallel to the spread of negations of all faith, whether pessimistic or not. But although loud in his praises of asceticism, Schopenhauer was no ascetic. He never tried to get down to the straw a day, or near it. He made not the most distant approaches to what, in his own theory, was a "happy despatch." He might calmly await his quietus through the sedative and self-effacing agency of "love and pity," but he showed no inclination to "make" it "with a bare bodkin." The Archbishop of York has remarked:[1]

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 denunciation of all activity as pain. He is not the first philosopher who has refuted *ambulando* his own theories.

The pessimistic standpoint is only reached by those who shut their eyes to the broadest, grandest fact in nature, viz., that existence, wholly apart from and antecedently to the balance of particular pains against pleasures, is of itself normally a state of enjoyment. You may compare particular pains to the thorns and prickles, particular pleasures to the flowers and fruit which grow on the same tree, but there is beneath them all a sap of even and buoyant pleasurableness which circulates through all the fibres of the common growth. To sleep and wake, use moderate exertion and repose after it, to exchange thoughts and receive or transmit feelings in ordinary talk, nay, to experience passively the sensations of the unconscious functions of a frame in average health when duly performed, to draw breath and take in light by the eye

[1] "The Worth of Life," an Address to the Leeds Philosophical and Literary Society, by William, Lord Archbishop of York. London, 1877.

and sound by the ear, are all ingredients in this placid *plenum* of enjoyment. In nearly all these the lower animals more or less have their share. There can be no doubt that they enjoy existence, and stamp it with an unanimous verdict of approval which is none the less weighty for being merely sentient rather than conscious. It is in this kindly soil that all secondary and particular sensations, whether pleasurable or the opposite, strike root. This is the great current of passive happiness in which they all float. It may be no very exalted or refined state of sensation; but though a low-level stream, it is deep and wide enough to bathe the roots of all sentient things. It covers the greatest number of existences, and pervades the greatest number of hours of every day. Its low level, but universal diffusion, shows that nature aims at quantity rather than quality, and spreads a general protoplasm of enjoyment rather than formulates individual happiness. The animals which are amenable to human influence, most notably the dog, seem to rise at once under kindly treatment to a higher standard of this life-joy. The intense delight which dogs show in human society, and the friendships which they thus form both with man, with one another, and with other animals of the domestic circle, clearly attest this. This life-joy, a medium which all share, a sympathy to which all respond, seems to enfold all sentient existence, as the luminiferous ether interfused between the orbs of space binds all in one communion of the light of life.

And this is precisely what the pessimist ignores. He is, as it were, colour-blind to all the warmer hues of the spectrum. The leaders of pessimistic thought seem all of them—notably those whom we have mentioned—men of eccentric temperament, but on their idiosyncrasy we cannot now pause to dwell. But the causes which, especially in Germany, make their craze ephemerally fashionable, are not far to seek. The popularity of this lean and barren school of thought is part of the recoil of the human mind from the pressure of authority. Having exhausted all that can be said against God and revelation, nothing remains but to present an indictment against nature —the further fetched the better. They fetch it accordingly from the Eastern sources of human thought on which, unless indirectly through remote tradition, no ray of revelation ever fell. It is further stimulated by mere intellectual curiosity to see the utmost that can be said against all that is, to exhaust the possibilities of experiment on the negative side, until a vacuum is reached, and the pump of speculation sucks at last. Its next ally is the purely critical faculty which demands a higher standard than the subject-matter admits, and carries the war of objections into the entire field of maxims and beliefs

which have hitherto formed the staple of mind among the energetic races of men. It has a fascination for minds which wish to be assured of nothing but their own power, and yet cannot breathe the attenuated atmosphere of pure neutral scepticism. To proclaim the overthrow of all positive results previously registered, and leave a *tabula rasa*, is not enough; they must go on to establish negative ones.

Pessimism furnishes an instructive contrast and counterbalance to Comtism and the worship of humanity. To exalt and idealize human nature into an object of the highest reverence and affection for all who share that nature, appears to be the accepted definition of this Positivist attempt to do without God. It was a saying ascribed to Voltaire, that, had there been no God, it would have been necessary in the interests of humanity to invent one. But Auguste Comte did not see the necessity, and thought men could grow, to speak roughly, their own idols from among themselves. His resource, however, compels the exaltation of human nature, exactly in proportion as the pessimists proclaim its debasement and pour opprobrium on the collective notion of humanity. If Comte's sect be Positivists, these latter are surely Negativists. The former lavish veneration and gratitude exactly where the latter spit out their contempt and aversion, and what to the former are names of pyramid stability and grandeur, are to the latter so many masses of drifting wreck. We may let them pair off together. They cannot both be true, but the fact that either looks exactly at what the other neglects, suggests that both are in effect false.

But, to return to the critical faculty, we may remark that as belief and imagination tend to verify their own dictates through the enthusiasm which they inspire, as is shown for instance in a large class of diseases which they assist the physician to combat and quell, so to renounce their help and erect the critical faculty into the sole arbiter of all problems, opens the door to an inrush of evils, and taints the sphere of thought with an inbred malaria of subtle and specious falsehood, and tends to fortify the pessimistic view.

Life is largely made up of uncertainties, thus giving hope an indefinite range. Hope is an enjoyable state, and, assuming an Author of nature working by design to make life's uncertainties enjoyable, one does not see any method so conducive thereto, as this large sphere of influence, elastic and inexhaustible, which is filled by hope. As it is with love, so it is with hope. The pessimist denounces love as delusive, because the object of love may disappoint by unworthiness or vileness, and the feeling itself may give way to selfishness or pride. But as it "is better to have loved and lost than never to have

loved at all," so it is better to have hoped and been disappointed than never to have hoped at all. Again, the pessimist neglects the fact that a desire which incites to pursuit, so far from being a pain, is distinctly pleasurable so long as it sustains us in that pursuit. Some will give over sooner, others later, if pursuit becomes protracted without result. The result may be as incommensurate with the effort expended as was the wreath of wild olive with the efforts called forth by the Olympic games; but it is followed with other indirect recompenses, as was that intrinsically paltry prize. The game may not be "worth the candle," but it is as amusing as if it were. The pessimist is prepared in either case to damn it equally and utterly.

Pessimism also ignores the moral government by rewards and punishments on which Bishop Butler so strongly insists, and his proof of which need not be repeated here; and, with this, ignores equally our present state as one of probation. One obvious reason for this is, that finding various degrees of incompleteness and uncertainty in the moral sequence, pessimism is intolerant of them. Probation may be said, on the contrary, to rest on uncertainty as its element, being in its nature tentative and gradual. It shows what is in a man, and, by bringing it in contact with his surroundings, makes it more stable and durable. It is always tending to resolve uncertainty into certainty, to mature what is crude, and complete what is inchoate, and to strike the final balance of character by the aid of all the items of oscillation. But, impatient of the process, pessimism rejects the tendency, and ascribes a finality to every case of failure by the way.

Precisely because it recognises probation and moral discipline, tragedy is radically inconsistent with that pessimism to which some of its phenomena are superficially akin. It may for instance leave suffering predominant and moral worth crushed by it; but if so, it in effect propounds a moral enigma which it does not solve—a result widely different from the didactics of despair which pessimism preaches. Further, tragedy may look forward to a final adjustment of the moral balance left defective so far—a deferred answer to the enigma propounded; how different from pessimism, which seems to pull the mask off life, and show that there is nothing below!

We have spoken of impatience and intolerance. We are all more or less familiar in private life with the grumbler who ever frets at petty losses, cavils at magnified difficulties, and underrates all results which do not come immediately to hand when efforts have been made, puts up with no drawback to expectations, and parades a grievance as fondly and proudly as an affectionate mother does "the finest baby ever seen." Such a

snappish temper, such a narrowness of intellectual outlook—as if one studied life and nature through the arrow-slit of a mediæval fortress—transferred only from private dealings to the grandest questions on the largest scale which can interest humanity, seems to lie at the root of the pessimist outgrowth of what is miscalled philosophy—*misosophy* would be its fitter name. The frame of mind which produces it is one closely akin to misanthropy, and is one equally distorted and unnatural "These are murmurers, *complainers*," says St. Jude (16) where our A. V. inadequately renders the very effective Greek word, *μεμψίμοιροι*, for which probably in popular English no more effective term than "pessimists" could be hit upon. To those who are such deliberately and of set purpose, no argument, probably, can effectively be addressed. They set themselves advisedly to find a scientific basis on which to arraign the whole scheme of nature. The obscurity, intricacy, and inconsistency of their respective systems will probably prevent any large number of followers from swelling the ranks of their school. But a large number, who are merely anxious for weapons of offence against all that is accepted, and seek merely to shock modesty and outrage reverence, may probably snatch such from their armoury ready forged. A large mass of sarcastic maxims and humorous-cynical remarks are said to be interspersed in the lumbering discussions and arid abstractions of Hartmann. Probably many of these may live as poisoned arrows on the lips of club-room materialists and slang-philosophers. Not wishing to furnish missiles for such hands, we abstain from quoting any specimens. But on the whole, men will continue to prize life and love it, and the pessimist to reply that men cheat themselves by an illusion which has become instinctive and hereditary. The madman not uncommonly thinks that insanity is ascribable to those who restrain his excesses, and the question between Bedlam and the outside public is never likely to find an arbiter acceptable to both parties. Not unlike this is the state of the question between the pessimists and average humanity. There is no common platform of accepted principles on which discussion can proceed.

The inert masses of Asiatics who form the rank and file of nominal Buddhism carry little weight of authority to the Western mind, and least of all on that branch of its teaching which involves pessimism. In the vast realms which furnish the votaries of Buddhism the ethical code may be said to be popular; the ascetic discipline to influence practically a few, the pessimistic theory to be almost confined to the academic circles of metaphysical disputation. On the other hand, the most eccentric and inconsistent additions have

been made to the original teaching. On the scanty outline of Buddhism proper, as on a scaffolding, human feeling has erected its own objects of worshipful reverence, which that creed or negation passes by. Thus there are polytheistic Buddhists, there are monotheistic Buddhists; and there exists in China a highly primitive worship of heaven and earth, rivers and mountains, regarded as actual essences. Besides these there comes in, of course, a vast array of ritual (which Buddha expressly denounced as worthless), ceremonies and charms. All these have their sphere of influence on the mind of the million, whereas that of the original pessimistic basis may be struck out of the problem as wholly inconsiderable.

To preach to the world its own misery, and to rouse men from their dream of happiness to a due sense of its delusiveness, is the cheerful mission avowed by the pessimists. To such teaching it were only the proper sequel to second it by action, and devote all the energies to the increase of suffering and the diffusion of woe. By a patient use of the opportunities for inflicting anguish, modern sages may help the proof that happiness is out of reach for man. Tyranny and terrorism become angelic occupations, and share the glory of regenerating humanity. Ivan "the Terrible" was an exemplary apostle of this new form of beneficence. Phalaris of Agrigentum, Dionysius of Syracuse, Sulla and Domitian at Rome, mistakenly execrated, together with certain kings of modern Dahomey, shine in the new light of advanced thought. Their object was to accentuate practically the lesson that life is misery, and that

> The sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep.

HENRY HAYMAN.

ART. V.—THE LISLE PAPERS.

II.

DURING the year 1538 came the first sign of the reaction which was about to set in. Some of the more fervid Protestants were disposed to run faster on the road of reformation than the more lukewarm or cautious found convenient. It was therefore thought desirable to recede a little, and to let the populace see that the authorities did not mean to abandon all the old ceremonies, nor to depart entirely from the doctrines