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Contributors

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AN ADDRESS 7

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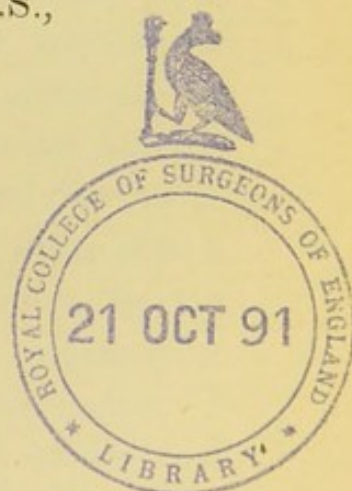
LONDON HOSPITAL

OCTOBER 2ND, 1882.

BY

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON, F.R.S.,

SENIOR SURGEON TO THE HOSPITAL.



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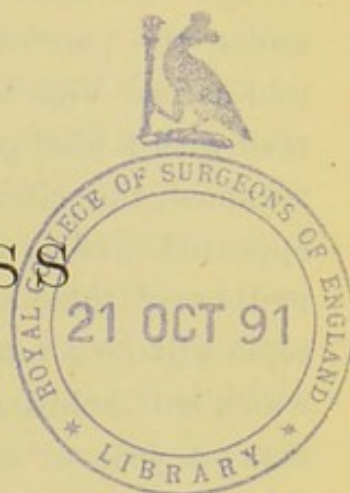
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AN ADDRESS



MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I HAVE been asked to say a few words this evening, and the choice of topic has been left to me. In some respects I should have much preferred that it had been given me, and that Mr. Buxton, Dr. Clark, or some one of the many friends whom I see around me, had chosen my subject, and thus diminished a somewhat oppressive sense of responsibility.

There is one topic which comes to the mind almost naturally when teachers and students meet again after a holiday, and that is, to ask how the vacation has been spent. I do not, however, propose, gentlemen, in any inquisitorial manner to ask what holiday tasks have been performed or how far the good intentions of July find themselves fulfilled in October, whether or not you have really read the books which you had determined to read. If for no other reason I am deterred from venturing in this direction by the character of my audience, for we have the pleasure of the company of many who are not students of medicine. I propose, therefore, on this account, to discard professional topics, and making my own guesses as to the literary pursuits of the past two months, shall try if I can find in connection with them the material for half an hour's comments.

I will guess, then, that we have most of us recently been

brought into more or less sympathy with Mr. Paul Bultitude under the painful circumstances of his transformation as told us in "Vice Versa," and that we have almost all of us read with a kind of pleasure, of which I hope we felt a little ashamed, the clever but exaggerated caricature which has appeared under the title of "Democracy." Concerning neither of these shall I have another word to say; my real topic will be a work of no such ephemeral interest, but one which will hold its place amongst our literary treasures for many a year to come. We are, I doubt not, most of us fresh from the perusal of the 'Life of Thomas Carlyle.' About a year ago there appeared, immediately after the death of one who was perhaps, take him for all in all, the greatest man of the present generation, two volumes of Reminiscences. In these we found, amongst much that we valued, much that needed excuse, and some things that it was hard to forgive. Those, however, who were most pained by certain passages in that work will, I cannot but think, have been greatly relieved by the reading of the two volumes of biography which Mr. Froude has just given us. In these latter we have, full and complete, the story of Carlyle's life, his struggle, and his victory, and the hero now again claims, if I mistake not, that lofty position in our estimation from which he had been almost threatened with dethronement. Here we are permitted to see, in full disclosure, the sources alike of his weakness and his strength, and our marvel at the work which he did, and at the uses to which he put his troubled life, rises higher than ever. The unconquerable independence, the industry, the faith in the future, unclouded in the main by the deep-rooted melancholy of his nature, the sense of duty in his work, are features in which the character of Carlyle attains sublimity. His letters to his wife and to his mother, and perhaps above all those to his brother John, claim our admiration in the very

highest degree. Especially to all young men, and to all young medical men, for they were addressed to a struggling young physician, I would commend his letters to his brother. His letters to his mother make constant appeal to the difficulty under which he feels himself in using expressions which she will understand and which will not give her pain. She had remained a Scotch Puritan of the most austere creed, and to her no expressions on religious subjects were acceptable, scarcely, indeed, intelligible, which did not clothe themselves in the phraseology of the Hebrew Scriptures. To her son many of those expressions had lost their fulness of meaning and seemed to need new translation in accordance with the wider scope of modern thought. Over and over again he has to assure his poor mother that she and he, although they phrase it differently, really mean the same thing and have their hearts set on the same objects,—an explanation and assurance which in the present day many thousand sons find themselves I fear constantly compelled to make.

In truth, it was not an inconsiderable demand upon a middle-aged matron of strict opinions, to expect that she should believe that 'Sartor Resartus' really meant nothing more than what she had been taught in her early life. The book is itself a protest against the enslaving nature of dogma, and an enforcement of the duty of thinking, and above all of feeling, for oneself. It abounds in strange and out-of-the-way expressions, and that not because its writer loved singularity, but because his main mission was to try to break the bonds of formula, and make the reader see that there was a substance behind, which current and well-worn phrases often tended rather to conceal than to show. As its name imports it was an attempt to re-clothe human opinions in fresh and more vivid modes of expression. As the man is more than the garments which he wears, so it asserted, is the very thought itself more than the phrase in which it is

customary to array it. Let us put the thought into a new dress, let us, if need be, strip it naked, and see then how it looks. But this process, however useful, however necessary, to a large majority is not only a difficult one, but is also attended with pain. An old and well-known friend seems changed, and changed too often for the worse, by being made to wear a new-fashioned dress. For Carlyle's purpose the method he adopted was absolutely necessary, and what is more it attained its end. Many before him had recognised the exceeding importance of precision in language, and had seen clearly enough the truth which Hooker so well expressed when he said that "the mixture of those things by speech which by nature are divided is the mother of all error." It was more than this which Carlyle saw; it was that in all forms of language, and especially in all current phrases, there is danger—a risk that the thought—which should be living and free—may become, as it were, imprisoned, and no longer capable of expansive growth. Is it too much to say that with the publication of 'Sartor Resartus' there came in a new order of literature, and one vastly superior to that which it superseded? Critics, essayists, biographers, and historians, one and all began from that time to see things in a new light, to try to discriminate better between the husk and the kernel, to place a far higher value upon fact, and to spare no pains to make their words convey with vividness their meaning. In this way the book itself has been half superseded, for all the leading writers of the day have caught some share of its lessons. I am old enough myself to remember the day when this book was at the height of its popularity, and when village ladies and young gentlemen formed themselves into classes for its study, with the design of reading a few pages every day, and the not unnecessary pledge that there should be no going forward until what had been read was well understood.

I have wandered, I fear, rather far from my special topic, which was, I believe, to explain to you how it came to pass that Carlyle's mother, herself the wife of an Annandale mason, found some difficulty in understanding the writings of her eldest son, and was anxious and suspicious as to their strict orthodoxy. Perhaps after all it was hardly necessary to explain it.

Over and over again, in his letters to his brother and in his entries in his own diary, Carlyle enforces the paramount duty of keeping clear of the "gig-man" spirit. In one of his most pathetic letters to his wife, when their prospects were at the lowest, and he is endeavouring to incite her fortitude to further effort, he reminds her with pride that her soul was never that of a "gig-maness." To many present it is, I know, not necessary that these terms should be explained, but it may be that there are some to whom elucidation is desirable. Especially perhaps is it possible that some of the young ladies before me may not feel quite sure as to in what consists the sin and shame of being a gig-maness. Since it would be a great pity that any one should run the risk of becoming a gig-maness unwittingly, or should be incapable of understanding the compliment if told that she is not one, I shall venture to offer a few words of explanation. The words in question are designed to denote merit and respectability as indicated by externals alone and without regard to the inner character of the man. It is said that at a celebrated criminal trial a witness deposed that he had always considered Mr. Thurtell a very respectable man, and when asked why he had thought so, replied, "Well, he kept a gig." I have heard other forms of the same anecdote, all turning upon the point that the keeping of a gig in the times when gigs were more in use than now, was an accepted sign of a certain social position. Hence, to be a gig-man, in Carlyle's meaning of the word, is to trust to externals as

our credentials to the respect whether of ourselves or of others. To be above the gig-man spirit is to be capable of maintaining our proper position in the forum of our own feelings irrespective of success in life, and to be in the habit of according such position to others quite irrespective of theirs. It is to take measure of the soul rather than of the body's trappings. In proportion as I permit to myself no sentiment of inward satisfaction excepting in regard to things pertaining to the soul's growth, do I keep clear of the gig-man standard. If I find my happiness, on the contrary, in increase of wealth, or the acquisition of titles, then I am a gig-man. The social laws which draw abrupt lines of distinction between first-class and second-class passengers, between members of professions, and those who follow trades, are laws of the gig-man order. If a young lady in her preference of one admirer to another allows herself to be influenced by the consideration that one is a doctor and the other only a draper, knowing all the time that the draper has the warmer feelings and the sounder taste, then I much fear that she is a gig-maness.

There is yet another word frequently occurring in these letters which it may be necessary to explain. It is the German word *entsagen*. Carlyle repeatedly congratulates his brother on having learnt the meaning of this word, and in one place he writes "My main comfort about you is to see the grand practical lesson of *Entsagen* impressing itself in ineffaceable devoutness on your heart." He regards *entsagen*, he says, as the first lesson in all true life. With Mr. Froude's help we may interpret his meaning to be that we should in the first place learn the doctrine of renunciation of worldly gains and become able to say firmly that we can do without any and all of the various pleasant things with which the world usually rewards those who render services to it. It is, in fact, to learn, as we find

it expressed in 'Sartor Resartus' "to do without happiness and to find in its stead blessedness." Without doubt a most important attainment. Respecting, however, both this doctrine of *entsagen* and that of gigmanism, I feel inclined on behalf of the weakness of human nature to protest against their being pushed too far. They are, if so pushed, the virtues of the stoic and fit only for the few. The world would lose much useful work if ready-money wages in current coin should cease to be paid or should lose their present value. We are all of us gig-men more or less, and there are times when we all find it helpful to look forward to early and common-place forms of reward. The donkey that was enticed onwards by a bunch of carrots fixed on the end of the cart-shaft at any rate accomplished his journey and probably got the carrots at last, and, however humiliating it may be to say so, he is in truth but an illustration of the mode in which much of the labour of the world is exacted from those of us who have to toil long after the zest for work is over. *Entsagen* for the most part is, let me further say, a doctrine for the grown-up man, and should not be enforced either on the young or on those who have the care of them. Many, too, beyond the age of childhood, find it needful to cultivate the amenities and delights of life lest too great austerity should land them in mental disease.

Were we to attempt to sum up in brief the secret of Carlyle's strength, I think we should have to say that it consisted in his perception of the reality of things. This was a feeling which was ever present with him. Men were real to him, spirit-possessing beings, never wholly without the capability of affection, never even in the degraded conditions of partridge-shooters or gig-men losing all share in the divine element of life. Their differences, too, were real and must be taken carefully into account. The world was real, the universe real, the past had really been, and the future would most

certainly come. In truth, this sort of perception is the secret of strength in us all, and its absence is the cause of all weakness. It is the very basis of all motive and of all effort. It measures our devotion to truth and our belief in its value, upon it is rooted the distrust of all shams, the hatred of all forms of lying.

The gospel of duty, self-restraint, and devotion to work, was one which Carlyle had well learned, perhaps no man ever better. But there was a great failing in his attainments, one which marred the happiness of his life, and which not only robbed him of the reward which was his due, but considerably diminished the usefulness of his teaching. He had not learned what we may, I think, without irreverence style the Religion of Patience. By patience I mean not the mere passive virtue of endurance, which indeed is not unfrequently no virtue, I mean rather the ability, when we have done our best, under all possible circumstances to rest undespairingly and trustfully for the result. Dare I venture for one moment to assume the prophet's mantle, I would foretell that the worship of Patience in this exalted sense is one upon which the present age is about to enter. It is one to which all the scientific studies of modern times point us. Alike in geology, the history of animal life, and in that of the progress of human society, we are presented with lessons which teach us that creations and cataclasms are rare, and that we must put our confidence in "the long result of time." If we glance back over the great mythologies of the past and note their hidden meanings, we shall observe the worship under various types, of various forms of power, of beauty, and of virtue. In the earliest ages the gods were symbols of force, they did, and that not always beneficently, the deeds which controlled the destinies of men. Next, as in such types as that of Hercules, we see force combined with

human-heartedness, but still force, gross and almost purely physical in its efforts. Side by side with this sprang up the worship of beauty, especially in human and female forms, and the shrines of Juno, Minerva, and Venus, under various names in different climes, claimed their countless votaries. As the moral sense grew and human sympathy expanded, the unsatisfying nature of these Religions of the External became felt and the world witnessed events such as the self-renunciation of Buddha and the advent of what has been well termed the Worship of Sorrow. In these sublimely loving creeds there were, however, elements of weakness and of unfitness for the everyday work of the world, and the pendulum of human sentiment, as it was sure to do, swung back again towards an exaggerated estimate of physical force and natural beauty. In truth, the worship of these was far too deeply rooted in our very being for it to have ever been put aside. Another had been added, but these had not been dethroned. Nor will the introduction of a new goddess effect the displacement of any one of her predecessors. We may pay our vows at the altar of patience without ceasing also to render due homage to courage, energy, and physical vigour, and without bating one jot of our admiration for the charms of external beauty or of our reverence for that glory of soul which can place the happiness of life in doing good to others. I am aware that in offering these suggestions I am giving but the barest outline of a subject full of detail and complexity. But we may probably still find that it is not very far from the truth, and that in all ages men have given their reverence, if we put aside their fears, first to manifestations of power, next to those of beauty, and lastly to self-abnegation. In the temple which encloses these three shrines we must all still worship. If we cease to revere strength we shall reap as our reward weakness, if we shut our eyes to beauty we shall

lose the joyousness and brightness of life, if we fail to feel the divine attractiveness of self-abnegation we shall soon find that the priceless capability of sympathy and love has faded from out our hearts. We may thankfully recognise that there is at present no sign that the world is likely to fail in its allegiance of to any one of these three, and the sooner that the shrine of Patience is admitted as a fourth the better will it be for us all. I have let slip an expression in suggesting that Patience should be typified as a goddess, which I ought perhaps to recall or qualify; for it may be doubted whether the symbol of a female god would be quite appropriate. What is meant by the patience which the world is now in need of learning, and respecting which Carlyle so definitely failed, is the power on all subjects to receive all facts without prejudice, to accept the work, imperfect though it may appear, which is done by others, to be hopeful and trustful under all circumstances, to bear our lot in life, when unalterable, without resistance and without complaint. Other things being equal, patience gives, to the character which possesses it, an enormous advantage, for it shields the mind from a thousand sources of turmoil and discouragement. Here let me say that if Carlyle failed in the exercise of this virtue he did not do so in his appreciation of it. The German motto "Ohne Hast ohne Rast"—without hurry and without rest—was constantly on his tongue; and many and forcible were his exhortations to his brother to take courage, and vigorous were his expressions of faith in the future of the world. But in spite of this his patience often broke down and he formed harsh judgments of others, both of their actions and opinions, simply because he could not compel his mind to examine them with candour. Part of his impatience was creditable, being due to the greatness of his nature in other directions, his keen appreciation of the true making him correspondingly intolerant of what seemed to him false.

This topic of Life-patience is one which concerns us as medical men, perhaps, more directly than some of the others which I have mentioned. To a large extent, impatience of life in its various forms—acute, chronic, and paroxysmal—is undoubtedly a result of inherited organisation or of derangement of health. Its cure, if cure there can be, must be sought from physical means and not from any new development of opinion or fresh insight into the order of the universe. That, however, the influence of opinion and of creed upon the mental health is often very great, no one knows better than the medical observer. This evening I purpose to eschew all purely medical matters, and I shall therefore now confine myself to a few remarks upon the bearing of different modes of belief upon cheerfulness in life. It is needless to remark upon the absurdity of exhorting a man to be cheerful or to be patient. You might just as reasonably exhort him to be six feet when he is really only five feet ten. The problem is to make him cheerful, and it cannot be done by preaching to him concerning the duty. Now, in studying the genesis of patience I think it may, in the first place, be admitted that patience is in the main based upon hope; "We live by hope, we breathe the glad air of a bright futurity, and so we live or else we have no life."

Next let me assert that it is not so much the greatness of the things we hope for as the certainty that they will come which makes us feel able to wait. We are not by nature gamblers, loving to stake our all upon a throw, and the prospect of small but certain profits has a far more attractive power over most minds. I have said that Carlyle was impatient, and that he formed, under the influence of prejudice, very unjust opinions on some topics. Amongst others, he spoke of the doctrines of Darwin as too contemptible to be worth a moment's consideration. In putting them thus scornfully aside, I think he missed a main source of comfort

in life. The truth is, that what Carlyle himself was proclaiming in the language of the mystic, Charles Darwin was explaining in the language of science. Carlyle was asserting that there is a spiritual power in nature, was bidding us reverence that power as supernatural, and as working through rough and mysterious ways towards certain and definite good. Darwin, looking at the same facts from a biologist's standpoint, explained how this result did indeed come about, and that, too, through the simplest and most unmysterious ways. It has been thought by many, by believers as well as sceptics, that Darwin's explanations are melancholy ones, and that they would in short land us again in regions of mere brute force. I cannot think that this view is correct. Darwin did not impose any new "law," he simply interpreted the facts of nature, and nature, whether his explanations be true or false, will go on in the future as it has done in the past. We may then expect confidently in the future the same kind, perhaps the same rate, of progress which there has been in the past. This consideration should certainly forestall despair, and there remains another which may, I think, reasonably give us a lively hope. When we use such phrases as "Survival of the fittest," "The battle of life," "The struggle for existence," and the like, we by no means have regard to brute force only; friendship is also a force, affection and love are forces of incalculable power, and it is with these which we have to reckon in estimating the prospects of the battle. That victory will in the long run be found on the side on which they are ranged is certain if we reflect for a moment on their nature. Love and friendship, as well as hatred and selfishness, will make use of material means and brute force in order to success. These means will be common to both, and since love leads to union and hatred to isolation, love must of necessity in the end prove the stronger. Surely a

mind familiar with such thoughts gains much in the solid foundation of its hopes.

There is nothing here erratic or uncertain. Under the laws which the Creator has given to life, simple as possible in themselves, there must be progress in earthly happiness. Nor do the facts of history belie this speculative conclusion. Did time permit, it would be easy from various other departments of natural science to produce arguments of a similar nature, and show how much knowledge in these directions tends to produce patient hopefulness as to the destinies of mankind.

I trust that I shall not hurt the feelings of any by using the term prophet as applicable to Carlyle. In truth there is none other suitable. Not one of the great Hebrew seers was more impressed with the importance of his message or more resolute to deliver it faithfully than he. None ever more profoundly revered the unseen Power, or sought more earnestly to live always as under his Master's eye. We must make allowance for changes in the age of the world, and for differences thus brought about in modes of expression, and these being made, we shall find in Carlyle by far the closest resemblance to such men as Jeremiah, Isaiah, and Ezekiel that the present age has produced. He foretold, not the fall of this or that city or kingdom, but the general prospects of his race; and he denounced, with a fervency at least equal to that of those whom I have named, the penalties which must come from want of truthfulness, want of honesty, or in a word from ceasing to fear God. Nor were his modes of expression and of publication so very different from those of old, and what differences there were he could not well have avoided. At one place we find him declaring, "Had I but two potatoes in the world and one true idea, I should hold it my duty to part with one to buy pen and paper and live upon the other till I got it written." At another he expressly states that the great

Hebrew writers were those with whom he most closely sympathised, finding in them an earnestness akin to his own. Like them he had to bewail that his message found no hearing. "One's heart," he wrote, "is for hours and days overcast with the sad feeling: 'There is none, then, not one, that will believe in me!' Great in this life is the communion of man with man. Meanwhile continue then to believe in *thyself*. Let the chattering of innumerable gignmen pass by thee as what it is. Wait, thou, on the bounties of thy unseen Taskmaster, on the hests of thy inward *Dæmon*. Sow the seed-field of Time. What if thou see no fruit of it, another will. Be not weak. One way or other, thy message will and shall be uttered. Write it down on paper any way; speak it from thee—so shall thy painful, destitute existence not have been in vain. Oh, in vain! Hadst thou, even thou, a message from the Eternal, and thou grudgest the travail of thy embassy! O! thou of little faith!" With many such expressions do we find him in his private diary striving to sustain and strengthen his sense of responsibility in his work. The message which he believed that he had chiefly to deliver was that the Natural is also the Supernatural. He sought not to degrade the supernatural by bringing it down to the natural, but rather to elevate the natural. In this there is doubtless a great meaning, but at the same time somewhat of the jargon of words. To say that the natural and the supernatural are really all one, and both the work of one and the same Maker, is probably to most of us the simplest and at the same time a sufficient mode of expression.

Many ages have had their prophets and their seers, those who in uttermost earnest have set themselves to deliver the messages with which they had been entrusted. If I am not mistaken, however, no age and no country has been more favoured in this respect than our own. I will name to you

four, not that they are the only ones but rather that they stand foremost, and because, also, I think they may be fitly held to represent the four divisions of social religion to which I have referred. To Carlyle, of course, we give the chief place, and to him we assign the priesthood of the worship of Strength. To him it was permitted to see that all power, physical, intellectual, and moral, is alike God-given and must be used for the Maker's ends. His message was "Be strong, and to that end be truthful, be honest, for in falsehood and dishonesty there cannot possibly be other than weakness. Reverence your strength." Of him I have already said all that time will allow.

There can be not the slightest doubt as to whom I ought to name as our Seer of the Beautiful. Note first how the domain of the Beautiful has of recent years been enlarged. No longer are our conceptions of it almost solely associated with human or at any rate animal forms, we now find delight in a thousand aspects of inanimate nature to which our forefathers were well nigh blind. Let us note, also, that only within the present century have we shaken ourselves clear of the trammels of an outworn Puritanism, which forbade us to seek pleasure from beauty of any kind. We do not owe our emancipation in this respect wholly to one man. There is, however, one author who, by his own intense purity of taste and almost unexampled power in the use of language, has done more to develop the perception of beauty in the minds of Englishmen than the rest of his generation taken together. Not only has he proclaimed "the duty of delight" but he has taught us how to practise it. What Carlyle has done for the worship of Strength, his pupil, John Ruskin, has done for that of Beauty.

To Wordsworth must, I think, be assigned the office of latter-day priest at the shrine of self-renunciation and human sympathy. The early-orphaned son of a country

attorney, he devoted himself almost from boyhood to the task of repressing the pride of wealth and power, and of showing us the loveable side of lowly life. Having first, as all prophets must, trained his own heart by observation, and cultivated his own feelings until he could trust them, he then, with a calm carelessness of criticism, and without hoping for applause, set himself to his task. He had known from his youth the details of the lives of the peasants of the dales, next in Cambridge, then in London, and, lastly, on the Continent he brought himself into close contact with other phases of human life. His was not thoughtless feeling, he desired to know how his sympathies should be best directed. In his "Prelude" he has told us, in simple and pathetic language, what his feelings were whilst mixing with the poor of London and of France. Making allowance for difference in time and country, I do not think that even Buddha himself, when he left his father's palace for the desert, manifested a more calmly self-renouncing spirit than did Wordsworth at this epoch of his life. He would live on the smallest pittance, in the least possible cottage, and there he would do his share in the world's regeneration. The age of hermits and devotees was happily passed away, had it not been so he would have become one. As it was he married a wife, brought up a family, did his best to provide things honest in the sight of all men, and through a long life worked on with a most noble singleness of aim. Wealth and honours never tempted him, and probably not in any subject that he selected, not in a single line that he ever wrote, was he influenced in the least by the desire of praise. He did not preach, he was not didactic, his power was far higher. Instead of telling us what we ought to be, he finds us the means of becoming; he does not instruct us, he cultivates our hearts. The "Prelude" and the "Excursion," although studiously calm and self-repressed, are full of

narratives which it is impossible to read without emotion or to dwell upon without profit to the soul. His "Happy Warrior" and "Ode to Duty" ought to be kept fresh in the memory of every young man.

His nature was, however, not strong on all sides. He was ignorant in science, especially in biology and political economy, and very distrustful of them. His sympathy with the exercise of natural strength was but limited, and I do not think I should be wrong in even saying the same of his perception of external beauty, unless it could be linked with some human lesson. He was spiritual not sensuous. Although like Carlyle he was subject to periods of depression, he was, in the main, full of hope and of faith in an invisible power under which all things work together for good. This sentiment he has well expressed in the lines which have been called Wordsworth's Creed :

For me, consulting what I feel within,
In times when most existence with herself
Is satisfied, I cannot but believe,
That, far as kindly nature hath free scope,
And Reason's sway predominates ; even so far,
Country, society, and time itself,
That saps the individual's bodily frame,
And lays the generations low in dust,
Do, by the Almighty Ruler's grace, partake
Of one maternal spirit, bringing forth
And cherishing with ever constant love
That tires not nor betrays.

If we go to Wordsworth to learn sympathy we must, I think, turn to another poet for initiation into the cultus of Life-patience. In this noble worship, if I mistake not, Robert Browning is our Pontifex. "The Ring and the Book" is an eloquent apology for human motives, a vehement and very successful attempt to make us feel how

easy it is for men, under various phases of impulse, to entertain most different opinions as to the right or wrong of the same sentiments and actions. A perception of the possible good in all men, almost in all deeds, is to be found more or less distinctly in all his writings. When once we perceive this great truth the spirit of anger and denunciation dies, and we become able to see things calmly, to reason and be patient. Of the fallibility of all human judgments Browning never ceases to remind us. He has for us, however, yet nobler lessons than these. He teaches us the continuity of time and absolute permanence of all moral force. He insists that evil is merely a negation and foretells the triumph of the good. In his hands death loses its terrors, for we are made to see that it can but change the body,—or to use Carlyle's phrase the clothing,—and cannot possibly conquer the life that is within. The gain of earth we are told must of necessity be heaven's gain too—in other words, the gain of time must be also the gain of eternity. Those who wish to know what I mean must read his "Abt Vögler," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and above all, the "Grammarian's Funeral." In speaking of Carlyle's contempt for Darwinism, I tried to show you that really these two were saying the same thing, and I am now desirous to extend that assertion both to Wordsworth and to Browning. They both, looking at their subjects from the spiritual side and using poetical language, assert precisely the same conclusions as those of Darwin. What is the following but the doctrine of "survival of the fittest" applied to morals:

To trace love's faint beginnings in mankind,
 To know even hate is but a mask of love's,
 To see a good in evil, and a hope
 In ill success; to sympathise, be proud
 Of their half reasons, faint aspirings, dim
 Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,

Their prejudice and fears and cares and doubts ;
Which all touch upon nobleness, despite
Their error, all tend upwardly though weak.

Or again,

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;
What is good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more ;

I could easily produce hundreds of other quotations to prove that Browning is in a most emphatic manner an apostle of hope and teacher of Patience in its highest sense. I should do myself an injustice if I were to allow you to believe that this is the only lesson which I have got from his noble poetry, but it is the chief one, and for it I owe him a lifelong obligation. The same kinds of consolation and sources of hope are also often alluded to with most delicate force by Mrs. Browning. It is, I think, in *Aurora Leigh* that she expresses her longing wish

That no truth henceforth seem indifferent,
No way to truth laborious, and no life,
Not even this life I live, intolerable.

At another place in the same poem she says, beautifully :

There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still.
The blue of heaven is larger than the cloud.

And again :

I would be bold and dare to look
Into the swarthiest face of things,
For God's sake who has made them.

I have named the four authors to whom, chiefly, I have been myself indebted. It may easily be the case that others have found the same lessons as clearly brought home to them by other writers. To those who wish to find the teaching of

them all combined in one man, I would commend the writings of Emerson, but they must be prepared for a considerable reduction in vigour. With still further dilution, but with much gain as to sweetness and grace, the same may be found in the prose and poetry of Longfellow.

Whilst of the four whom I have named, it is true that each one has his own particular message, so that I have been able to assign to each a special vocation; it is also true that they have much in common. One and all are eager to face the facts of man's existence, and the conditions which surround it, and to see and to feel the reality of all that concerns alike his physical and spiritual life.

Let good men feel the force of Nature,
And see things as they are,

is the prayer of them all. Each one in turn has for himself felt that force, faced those facts, and arrived at a sure basis of hope. All of them are zealous for man's effort, and confident of man's reward.

One general remark as to these our prophet-poets and I have done. They are of no service to those who do not believe them, it is only upon those who will permit their ears to hear that their blessings can possibly rest. They did not coin their souls in order to gain from us mild approval or passing praise. They did not write merely to give us pleasure, or afford us material for criticism and debate. There is, I admit, a vocation still higher than that of prophesy, less didactic and more purely sun-like, which can lift us without our effort, and inspire us without our toil. In so far, however, as those whom I have named are prophets as well as poets, they claim from us the most earnest attention to the truths which they so earnestly propound. We must, on our part, make some attempt to translate those truths into actions if we would feel their force and know

their worth. We must seek their real meaning with painstaking industry, and when found, we must yield it such obedience as its due.

Now, Gentlemen, students of our College, in conclusion, I can but hope that none of you will consider that I have unduly neglected an opportunity of speaking to you on subjects directly pertaining to your education. I hope to have other opportunities for doing that. It has seemed best this evening to address you on topics which concern us all as men. I might have devoted the hour to eulogy of the Profession which you have chosen, but surely the Art of Healing needs no praise from me. So, also, I might have lauded the school which you have selected and paid compliments which would have been very sincere however blunt, to those at present concerned in its management. But here, again, facts speak for themselves, and you are familiar with them. I have preferred to try to find you motives for work and to give you strength and confidence in study. If now I were to sum up in one sentence what I have been suggesting it would be this, The secret of all noble life lies in belief, and the characteristic of all noble minds is the vigour with which they believe that which is true. Try to attain belief in the reality of all things, so shall you never want for motives, so shall you be able to live and work without hurry and without sloth. Finally, permit me to commend to you this formula—prize strength, love beauty, practice self-denial, and be patient.

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