

the shadow of the retrograde and receives what his admirers will feel to be rather cold consideration.

But, on the other hand, Shelley, that winged messenger of the freedom of the spirit, supplies the very gospel of this lyric philosophy; Byron, the voice of revolution, the philosopher, rather than the poet, of "Don Juan"; Landor, that Walt Whitman of the Parthenon; Browning, whose faith, says Professor Santayana, as quoted by Dr. Payne, "is invincible because it is unseizable—as safe from refutation as it is from embodiment"; Matthew Arnold, loath to admit that his philosophy had anything in common with "interdependent, subordinate and coherent principles"; William Morris, whose radicalism may explain his inclusion among these greater poets; Swinburne boldly assailing the old orders of creed and code which the others had been merely content to deny;—these are Dr. Payne's true "intermediaries between nature and the public"; through these are traced the traditions of the radical school and the up-to-date dogmas of literary evolution.

Let us hope, after all, that however it may be with philosophy, we may still regard poetry as the rhythmic pease-porridge which some will have hot and others cold. Long may our poets prove to be the delight and solace of gentle souls as well as the despair and confusion of the utilitarian pragmatist!

It is to be hoped also that Dr. Payne, now he has given us under the somewhat misleading title of "The Greater English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," so readable an epitome of the philosophies of the past hundred years, he will gratify his admirers with that volume upon the English poets as poets which he would seem eminently fitted to provide.

— THOMAS WALSH.

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY.*

ONE begins this book with interest and continues it with growing enthusiasm, gradually led to the conclusion that it is one of the most valuable works published here in recent years, and one which renders the highest service to the nation. This is a book which makes us wish we had something here like the French Academy, that so good a book might be stamped with the seal of national approval.

* "American Philosophy, the Early Schools." By I. Woodbridge Riley, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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Its lasting value is that it helps us to understand the American spirit, and to see that the genius of our nation finds its true expression in the worthiest field of human endeavor. We are somewhat weary, perhaps, of perpetual material triumphs, of the talk of our unrivalled natural resources, our mechanical inventions, our commercial organizations, our tremendous output of raw material, of "hogs and hominy"; and we may have heard warnings from some of the most far-seeing among us that this vast output is really a prodigal burning up of our national resources. And, our ears perpetually filled with these gratulations and warnings, we may have been tempted to ask whether as a nation we had no higher claim to recognition than the bigness of our steel trade, the strength of our corporations, the vigor of our party politics. We look for something finer and worthier, something that will enkindle the heart and soul, something better answering to our ideal of the spiritual greatness of the American nation.

To such a mood, Dr. Riley has given the best possible answer. He has shown that, ever since the days of the Puritan colonists, this country has had a vigorous intellectual life, always sincere, often strongly articulated, sometimes bearing the stamp of high original genius. This volume seems to be the precursor of a further work, showing the culmination of American thought in the splendid evangel of Emerson, which we shall learn to recognize as one of the great achievements of the human soul. In the thought of Emerson, with its sense of the spiritual value of life, its high and inspiring estimate of the soul, its ring of immortality, the American spirit reached its fine efflorescence, its most authentic revelation; and as we are true to spiritual values, true to the soul, we are true to the real American spirit.

There are many elements of high value in this book. One of these is the lucid and compelling way in which Dr. Riley shows how the philosophical thought of different periods was related to their political life, and, further, how different sections of the country stood for different intellectual tendencies. Thus, "in its broader aspects the North stood for idealism, the South for materialism, and the Middle States for the mediating philosophy of common sense. In addition to this broader distribution there was a more precise localization of the philosophical schools, since the places where they originated also depended upon the periods in which they originated. Here the larger colonial colleges, al-

most in the order of their founding, constituted so many radiating centres of speculation, Harvard being identified with deism, Yale with idealism and Princeton with realism." Such a summary as this at once gives us a new interest in the intellectual life of the American nation, a new realization of the value and meaning of our national universities. Dr. Riley works out this development in detail, with lucidity, vividness, humor and logical force, bringing us in certain directions up to about the middle of the nineteenth century.

Another element of the highest value is new and truer estimate we are helped to form of certain of the great men in American history. Just as some commonplace engraving used to run through the text-books of a generation, so the popular idea of certain conspicuous men, originally formed on a partial and shallow understanding, has passed current from one epoch to another, it being nobody's duty to question whether the original estimate was a just one. Among the noteworthy men of whom one gains a truer understanding from Dr. Riley's pages, one may name Cotton Mather, Benjamin Franklin and Jonathan Edwards, and particularly the last. Indeed, one of the great services which this *History of American Philosophy* renders is the revelation of Jonathan Edwards as something more than a Puritan firebrand, something more than a zealous theologian, as, in fact, a man of high eloquence, of great elevation of thought, of marked original genius. Here is a short passage from the writings of the New England Saint, showing at once the excellence of his style and the beauty of his thought:

"After this my sense of divine things gradually increased, and became more and more lively, and had more of that inward sweetness. The appearance of everything was altered; there seemed to be, as it were, a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory, in almost everything. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in everything; in the sun, moon and stars; in the clouds and the blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things: in the mean time singing forth, with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce anything, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning; formerly, nothing had been so terrible to me. Before, I used to be uncommonly terrified with thunder and to be struck with terror when I saw a thunder-

storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightning play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my sweet and glorious God."

We find a new meaning in the Connecticut valley and the Berkshire hills, if we think of them as the setting of such pure rapture and aspiration, the very echo of Assisi. If there be much more of equal value in the writings of Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Riley would render a valuable service to his countrymen by editing a volume of selections from the New England saint, which would become a valued possession for all who believe in the American spirit.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

ARRHENIUS ON "WORLDS IN THE MAKING."*

ABOUT fifty years ago, the greatest minds were engaged upon an intricate and baffling problem. What becomes of the vast outpour of energy, of heat and light, from the monstrous surface of the sun? Some is intercepted by the little globule of iron that we call the earth; and to this, we know, every trace of life and movement on this globule is due; the rush of the winds, the waterfall, the growth of the plant, every thrill of pain or joy, every idea, we experience is but the mechanical translation of the energy of the sun.

But the amount of this energy intercepted by the planets is infinitely slight—not a billionth. Whither all the rest?

Fifty years ago experimental science had reached an experimental demonstration of a truth, or idea, long entertained by some ancient philosophers: that nothing can come from nothing, that whatever is was, from aye, and will be, for aye; that there is no creation, no destruction, no creator, no destroyer. This thought was summed up in the modern doctrine of the Conservation of Energy: in Spencer's simpler and more vivid phrase, the Persistence of Force.

But if the suns, and all other bodies, be constantly radiating into space the stores of heat-energy they contain, the available,

* "Worlds in the Making." By Svante Arrhenius. New York: Harper & Brothers.