

baffled and perplexed to find a way out of the labyrinth of criticism, still resorts to the remedy which Hume so graphically describes in the closing pages of the first book of his 'Treatise of Human Nature.'

"Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favour shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed with the deepest darkness, and utterly deprived of the use of every member and faculty. Most fortunately it happens that, since reason is incapable of dispelling these clouds, nature herself suffices to that purpose, and cures me of this philosophical melancholy and delirium, either by relaxing this bent of mind or by some avocation and lively impression of my senses which obliterate all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game of backgammon, I converse and am merry with my friends; and when, after three or four hours' amusement, I would return to these speculations, they appear so cold and strained and ridiculous that I cannot find in my heart to enter into them any farther."

To the Englishman the way out of metaphysics is still common-sense, the overwhelming evidence of the things around us. One of the latest and greatest of English thinkers, Henry Sidgwick, has given expression to this feature of the English mind in his recurrence to the philosophy of Thomas Reid. If we turn to France we find a preponderant inclination to revert to those