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WHEN the news of Professor Gardiner's sudden and tragic death reached me, my first impression was one of deep personal loss, as of a dear friend whose wise counsel and kindly, but just and penetrating criticism I had come to prize above that of any other living philosopher. And I venture to think that his colleagues generally felt much the same way. The words "dear Gardiner" came spontaneously to the lips. He was a man whom to know was to love and to admire. His character was singularly free fron envy and malice. I never heard him make an unkind remark. The nearest approach to irritation that I ever observed was once when he had been reading a book whose writer had taken liberties in the use of his mother tongue that grated on his sensitive ear. "Why," he exclaimed, "should one think that being a philosopher exempts one from writing good English!" He was himself scrupulously careful both in the choice of words and in the construction of his sentences. He had, besides, from his early English training, acquired the habit of exact scholarship. Everything that he wrote had a rare finish and perfection. He was even more exacting in his demands upon himself than upon others. No point was too minute for exhaustive investigation, and he worked over small details with a recklessness of the passage of time worthy of Browning's grammarian when settling "*hoti's* business," or "the enclitic *de*." No doubt this conscientious thoroughness was in part responsible for the smallness of his philosophical output. But there were also other reasons. Philosophers may be roughly divided into two groups. There are, in the first place, those who think that they have discovered some solvent