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# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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VOLUME XXXIV

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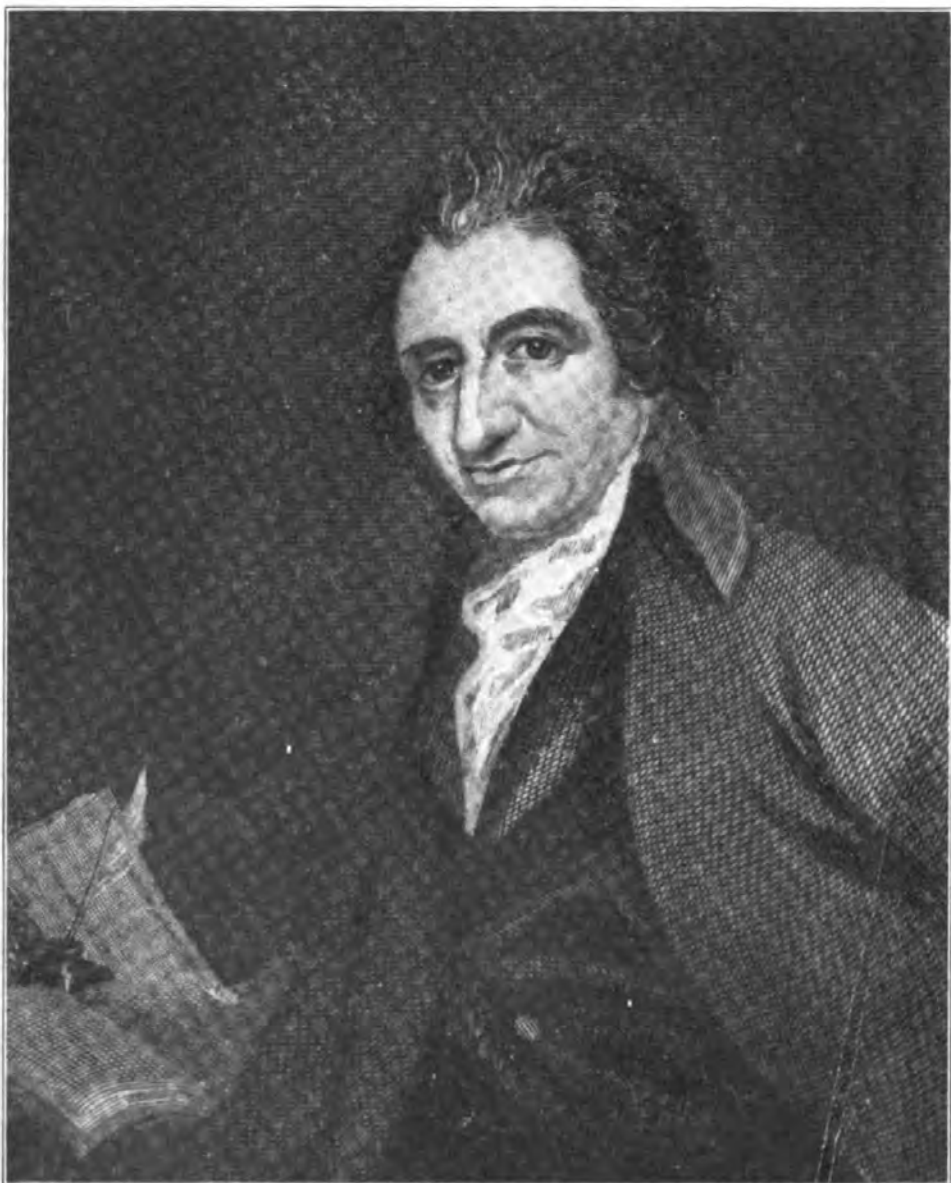
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THOMAS PAINE.

(From a steel engraving by Steeden after a portrait by Romney.)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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## THE WANING OF LIBERALISM. ✓

BY ROLAND HUGINS.

THE vital political forces of our day have drawn into three streams: the older Liberalism, a revived Toryism, and a new proletarianism. To one of them belongs the world and the future; to which one we do not yet know. A glance at the world to-day discloses a Joseph's coat of political colors. Some countries stand out a Bolshevistic red, some a socialistic pink, some a nationalistic green, and some an imperialistic black. Others show a smudge of gray that betokens conflicting tendencies. In no one of the great nations to-day is Liberalism safely dominant. Everywhere trust in formal democracy appears to be crumbling; the conflict between capital and labor becomes embittered; the possessive classes incline more to compulsion and less to compromise; discontent grows militant and intransigent; and the world is offered, apparently, a narrowing choice between reaction and revolution. Of course, the newer tyrannies are not openly avowed, and the older Liberalism is used to screen projects of force and fraud. But the substance is abandoned. The nations are trading, morally, on their yesterdays.

Astute observers, like L. T. Hobhouse and Francis Delaisi, remarked long before the world war on the weakening of the barriers against violence. Incidentally, have prophets ever been more fully justified? Has a book ever found so dramatic a sequel in fact as the war supplied to *Democracy and Reaction*? According to this masterly diagnosis a change in the temper and spirit of European thought, about 1870, came as the result of several concurrent causes. The shift of the middle class from radicalism to conservatism, the retreat of humanitarianism before the new cult of hardness and discipline, the profitableness of investments in the backward lands, the popular misconception of Darwinism as a scientific demonstra-

tion that might is right, or in more accurate phrase, that success is its own justification—all these formed a coalition of tendencies hostile to the philosophy and the will that created and sustained the American Republic, that carried forward Cobden, Bright, and Gladstone on the crest of popular acclaim, and that gave impetus to republicanism and socialism on the Continent. The world, unheeding for the most part, passed into a new era.

The shrunken Liberalism of our day cannot, however, urge as alibi the changed temper of the times. It has itself thrown away much of the prestige gained through its great victories. It early identified itself with the doctrines of *laissez faire*. Bright actually fought against better labor laws for women and children. Mill would have nothing to do with projects for attracting greater talents into the service of the State. Spencer wanted to reduce all government to a municipal police force. Although Liberalism later recovered from this error and endorsed legislative aid to the worker, the conversion came too late. Laboring men, at least, have not formed the habit of looking on Liberals as champions. They have fallen back on their own efforts. In the breasts of many Liberals themselves, moreover, enthusiasm for individual rights has waned. Some Liberal factions, like that of Grey, Haldane, and Asquith, in England, have flirted with the specious ideal of national efficiency, not realizing, apparently, that this is simply to compound with the enemy—with those who place authority above liberty. In recent years Liberalism has allowed itself to take the position of a party of protest, at a time when working-class minorities were making more vigorous protests. It has lost its hold on the imagination of the people. The forces of reaction have on their side all the immense prestige that goes with power and organized force. They have the visible symbols of strength—dreadnoughts and endless columns of marching men. Labor parties have grown more revolutionary in tone and have attracted adherents by the very daring of their program. Between the helmets on the one side, and the red flags on the other, has stood a dwindling Liberalism, not fully knowing its own mind, negative, timid, increasingly futile.

The working-class parties have been afflicted with no such doubts or hesitations. We see them in our day moving steadily toward the left, toward a policy of revolt, direct action, and coercion, much to the consternation of a bewildered and self-satisfied bourgeoisie. This drift was plain before the war, in such movements as syndicalism. The war itself, with the exhausting drains it made everywhere on the common man, and with the revelation of the

inability of Liberal forces, in democracies and autocracies alike, to hold imperialism in check, drove the proletariat further toward open rebellion. Legitimate discontent has linked itself with envy and despair. The less-well-off have leagued themselves with the disinherited and the desperate. And the result is Bolshevism.

Objectively considered, the new Toryism is the most interesting of the three political powers. It is a coalition embracing many factions: those whose natural disposition is toward the enforcement of order and discipline; those whose fear of revolution blinds them to any need of improvement; those who derive profits from exploitation, at home or abroad; those to whom wealth is a higher consideration than life. All those tendencies that enfeebled Liberalism, bolstered witless conservatism. The Tories rode the tide of the time. But they also exerted themselves to secure popular support. Disraeli, with the insight of genius, made the paradox of "democratic Toryism" a political reality, and formed a union between the gentlemen of England and that mass that loves a lord. Bismarck knew how to turn the trick in Germany, largely with industrial insurance and similar measures of social justice. The new masters of the world have learned an invaluable lesson: that public opinion can be controlled. They enlist the organs and agents of publicity. They have reduced propaganda to an art in which they are more adept than commercial advertisers. Governments, of whatever shade, now consider it entirely proper to manipulate opinion and emotion for their purposes. They suppress unorthodox sentiment—when they dare.

The latter-day Tories, it must be understood, are able. While the Liberals have been harboring illusions, and the proletarians delusions, the Tories have cornered most of the world's supply of skepticism. That is what renders them so powerful in politics. They know what they want: the whip-hand; and they are willing to make concessions that leave the reins between their fingers. They ride behind any steed that will pull them: democracy or bureaucracy, nationalism or internationalism.

The fact that the new Toryism has been forced to camouflage itself at every salient gives hope that Liberalism will again assert itself triumphantly. Most men and women who hold to the ordinary decencies of life would revolt, were their minds not befuddled by abstractions, from the wholesale cruelties, treacheries, confiscations that Tories perpetrate. But many Liberals are incapable of seeing the world as it is. They do not know the past of this present. They seek to interpret the events of our tumultuous day in mental

terms that had currency, and validity, a generation ago. They have not understood the history of the last fifty years; between 1871 and 1914 their minds are a blank. If you ask them about the great Reaction, they can neither describe it nor place it. If you speak of the revival of imperialism in Europe—in England, France, and Italy—they do not appear aware that you are talking about the latter part of the nineteenth century. They imagine that the retrograde movement which brought the Pan-German party, with its policy of national piracy, into power in Central Europe, was peculiarly Prussian. The war has armored their ignorance.

Is it possible that there is any one in the world who does not know that a generation ago the tendency for empires to shrink came to an end, and that a new scramble for colonies ushered in a period of unscrupulous expansion? Are there intelligent people to-day who do not realize that the great victories of Liberalism in the first three quarters of the nineteenth century, for individual rights, self-government of colonies, free trade, international peace, were no sooner achieved than they began slowly to melt away? Are there Liberals so wrapped in a romantic theory of the progressive emancipation of man that they are utterly unable to adjust themselves to the fact that there has been a backwash in the affairs of man? There are many such; and every day we see them championing new tyrannies, offering themselves as vanguards for the unprincipled forces of reaction; wearing, willingly, like a raiment, Napoleon's code of honor, Machiavelli's standards of truth.

America, it may be, stands on the edge of disillusionment. A sane interpretation of the immediate past would light up the present and the future like an intellectual star-shell. Unfortunately the reaction has invaded our own shores. If one were free from preconceptions all he would need to do is to look about him. The United States, which scarcely yet realizes the true nature of the forces which are changing the face of the world, has hitherto refrained from selfish aggression and has acted with an unexampled unselfishness in international affairs. But during the war reactionary forces began to make headway here also. We have conscription and we have prohibition. We too have political prisoners, as the result of our abridgments of free speech and free press. We are abandoning individualism. There has come a general stiffening and hardening of the national temper. And these are but first steps in the direction of the Reaction. America as a whole remains Liberal at heart. It is still under the sway of Victorian ideals. But what will to-morrow show? Who would be surprised if we



were forced to do a little "police work" in Mexico which left, say, Lower California and Sonora in our hands; or if we adopted a system of universal military training; or if the wartime suppressions of opinion were perpetuated in peace? Who indeed!

Of course, it is not inspiring to believe that we have struck an eddy in the current of progress, and are in danger of turning backward. But it will be far more dispiriting to continue wrapped in illusion until a catastrophe to our own social order opens our eyes. The tradition of optimism runs tremendously strong in this country. We insist that not only our fiction but our historical speculations have happy endings. Sooner or later we shall be shaken awake, and return to realism and sincerity.

The new age will not all be black, cannot all be black in any event. An era of discipline, order, and force will have at least the virtues of its defects. The twentieth century knows how to organize human and technical resources better than any time that preceded it. It utilizes science and all the skill of men with increasing effectiveness. When it starts out to "reform," it can reform more expeditiously and thoroughly. Its philanthropy is as far advanced over the almsgiving of yesterday as modern sanitation is superior to the open sewer or modern surgery to amputation. Many of the present generation have accepted this advance in reforming technique as the sign and substance of progress. Unfortunately, this generation has no clear idea of where it wants to go. It can get to a given social objective more speedily than could its fathers; it prefers always to be on the move; it inveighs against "drifting." But it is weak on precisely the vital matter, that of destination. Equally with the conservatives, our pseudo-progressives have abandoned the essence of individualism. They do not yet realize that "reforms" which fail to make the world safe and satisfying for the individual are worse than no reforms at all. Germany first showed the world what can be done by a thoroughgoing organization of the psychic and social energies of a people. But Germany turned her remarkable organization to imperialistic ends. Toward what ends are other nations shaping their destinies? We are in peril of practising what we condemn. The West moves together.

Those who gloss over the reaction are dangerous. We are traveling, in so far as we are traveling at all, on the momentum of the older Liberalism. Its impetus is not all spent. But there has come a perilous break in the tradition of reform. How much genuine enthusiasm do we find among our leaders for, say, proportional representation, old-age and disability insurance, or taxes

on inheritance and unearned increment? Capitalism appears congealed by fright, and unable to rid itself of its abuses. We want to retain our free and optimistic America, our privileges of equal opportunity and our hopes for our future. Yet we are irritated and confused. We go on tightening an authoritarian regime, creating a regimented society that sacrifices happiness to efficiency, and seeks its guarantees in force, even though we are brought thereby to a desperate endeavor to salvage the very elements of order and peace.

This country is really at the fork of the road. The heart of America is sound. The purpose of America is high. Probably the nation will pull through into a period of genuine Liberalism. America is the last great citadel that guards the ideals, the hopes, the principles of the age that is going: the age that began with the Reformation and ended in Armageddon. And if America succumbs to the reaction it will be a long and weary time before the world emerges into the sunshine of another day.

## THOMAS PAINE IN GERMANY. ✓

BY GEORGE SEIBEL.

BOOKS have been written to prove that Shakespeare visited Italy, that Jesus journeyed through India, and that Doctor Cook reached the North Pole. It is not my intention to present any proofs, real or imaginary, tending to show that Thomas Paine ever walked Unter den Linden, or got an LL. D. at Heidelberg, or emptied a *Masskrug* in the Hofbräuhaus at Munich. Thomas Paine in the body never visited the Fatherland, but Thomas Paine in the spirit has been there for centuries, even raising his voice in the lecture-halls of theological seminaries, even wearing the priestly vesture and preaching his doctrine from many pulpits, even scattering it broadcast throughout the land in the volumes of classic writers like Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller.

In another sense also Paine has been in Germany, and still is there, though most of those that know him best would not recognize him in this avatar. Few students of Paine are aware that he appears as one of the characters in a famous drama written by a brother of Ludwig Büchner, known the world over as the author of *Force and Matter*, the most persuasive popular presentation of the philosophy of materialism. ✓

While through the works and words of many writers and speakers the real Paine has saturated German thought during three or four centuries, this dramatic figure of Paine is made to preach a philosophy quite at variance with Paine's own system, which was deism—a philosophy that such thinkers as Hume and Voltaire found satisfactory—a philosophy that was the most easily defended and the most plausible in the days before Laplace had told Napoleon, in answer to an inquiry about God, that he "had no need of that hypothesis"; in the days before Charles Darwin, turning teleology inside out, showed how organisms adapt themselves to their environment

instead of having a suitable environment created for them by a benevolent infinite paternalism.

Before we make the acquaintance of this fanciful Paine, who walks and talks through one scene of Georg Büchner's tragedy, *Danton's Death* (1835), it may be well to take a look at the Büchner family, in which the revolutionary spirit that was Paine's found four human incarnations. The father of the Büchners was a physician—a Hessian of Darmstadt—a near neighbor, therefore, of great Goethe himself, who was born in Frankfurt.

Georg Büchner, the eldest son and the most brilliant member of the family, was born in the year 1813, and died at the age of twenty-three. His tragedy, *Danton's Death*, was written about two years before his own end, so that it must be counted among those prodigies of genius that include Shelley's *Queen Mab* and Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. The drama was written in less than five weeks, as the author wrote to Karl Gutzkow.

Young Georg Büchner, in the brief span of his life, manifested much of that spirit of Thomas Paine which stalked through Germany during centuries, which has thrust into the flesh of theology the thorn of higher criticism, which gave to the world the economic leaven of socialism through Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. Büchner for a time edited a paper—*Der hessische Bote*—which had for its motto, "Peace to the Huts and War to the Palaces," the well-known slogan of Revolutionary days with which Thomas Paine would have been in heartiest accord.

After the writing of *Danton's Death*, Büchner fled to Zurich, where he spent the brief remainder of his days. Aside from the drama that has been mentioned, he wrote a witty comedy entitled *Leonce and Lena*, and a fragment entitled *Wozzek*, which is truly volcanic in its action and diction. Few other authors who have written so little and passed away so soon, have left so definite an impress on thought and literature as this elder brother of the Büchner family.

He had a sister, Luise Büchner, born when he was eight years old, who was one of the pioneers of the emancipation of woman in Germany. Women in the Middle Ages, especially in the Free Cities, had played a considerable and highly respected role. One of the first of German writers was the nun Hroswitha, who about 950, A. D., wrote Latin plays in imitation of Terence, and from whom Anatole France borrowed the germ of *Thais*. German women like Anna Maria von Schurman of Cologne did heroic service for enlightenment like Hypatia, without encountering her

martyrdom. But the severe trials of the Thirty Years' War and the Napoleonic period had relegated women somewhat to the rear, so far as the intellectual life of the nation was concerned. Woman had been too busy in fulfilling the feminine functions of cook and nurse to devote much time to enlightening the world. Luise Büchner, through many books, one of which, *Woman and Her Vocation* (1855), reached many editions, paved the way for writers and thinkers of the present age like Ricarda Huch and Baroness von Suttner.

The third distinguished member of the Büchner family was Ludwig—whose full name was Friedrich Karl Christian Ludwig Büchner (1824-1899). His philosophic and scientific writings entitle him to a foremost place in the gallery of great men who have led the human race out of the bondage of superstition to the promised land of reason. He was one of the earliest apostles of Darwinism, and it should be remembered that *Force and Matter* appeared in the year 1855, while Darwin's *Origin of Species* did not appear until 1859. So it will be seen that, by a kind of intuition, almost prophetic, Ludwig Büchner had built the edifice even before Darwin laid down the foundation. He was ever after busily engaged in adding to the knowledge and thought of evolutionary philosophy. While the world outside of Germany knows chiefly this one work—a popular presentation written for *Die Gartenlaube* but never published by it, for the same reason that our *Ladies' Home Journal* would probably decline to print such a work to-day—Büchner wrote numerous other books, on *The Soul of Animals*, on *Man's Place in Nature*, on *The Idea of God*, on *The Influence of Heredity*, etc., besides translating into German Lyell's revolutionary work on *The Antiquity of Man*. Perhaps no other German thinker has been animated by the spirit of Thomas Paine to so great a degree as the author of *Force and Matter*.

The fourth member of the family, three years younger than Ludwig, was not a scientist, but a literary man. Alexander Büchner, while a professor at Zurich and Caen, wrote a history of English poetry, a life of Thomas Chatterton, and a number of works in French upon German literature, especially about Jean Paul. That the revolutionary and pioneer spirit of the other members of the family also glowed in Alexander is evident from the fact that in 1864 he produced a book on Richard Wagner, whose "Tristan and Isolde" was not put forth until 1865, and whose theater at Bayreuth was not founded until 1872.

When we remember that Friedrich Nietzsche, who is usually

considered the first apostle of Wagner, did not write his initial work until during the war of 1870-71, we realize that Alexander Büchner was a pioneer and revolutionist like the three elder members of his family, that in them all the spirit of Thomas Paine was mighty, even though the eldest brother, Georg, had utterly misrepresented the philosophy of Paine in his drama.

*Danton's Death* is, in many respects, a very remarkable performance, considering its author's youth and the haste with which he had worked. So far as I know, it is the only work of literature in which Thomas Paine appears as a character of any importance. Some years ago Hallie Erminie Rives expressed to me an intention of making Paine the hero of an historical novel, but that intention has never been carried out.

How Büchner came to utilize Paine in his play is not quite clear, as he does not seem to have had any definite conception of Paine's ideas, does not appear to have read *The Age of Reason*, nor any other of his theological works. This much he knew—that Paine was a religious radical as well as a social revolutionary, and this apparently sufficed Büchner. We may pardon his ignorance of Paine's philosophy, even his spelling of Paine's name with a "y," when we remember that the French Convention, which made Paine an honorary citizen of the new-baked republic, also conferred that distinction upon the German poet Schiller, and spelled his name "Gillé." It is credit enough, in such times, to have heard of such men, even though their contemporaries heard wrongly.

The mention of Schiller brings to mind the fact that Büchner's tragedy, *Danton's Death*, resembles Schiller's earliest work, *The Robbers*, in many respects besides that of youthful fire and idealism. Both are crude in construction, violent in utterance, abound in frenzied philosophy, savage cynicism, and more or less immature manifestations of genius. But, then, Goethe's first work, *Götz von Berlichingen*, was exactly the same kind of explosive and frothy literary production. Noise and revolt were in the air at that time. Authors kicked the unities and patted themselves on the back for heroism in having done it. Picturesque cuss-words were considered the highest proof of poetic inspiration. Red-shirted cutthroats, spattered with gore, paraded about as if they were the sublimest creations of poetry. The Germans have a word for that school of writers—they call them *Kraftgenies* (lit. "geniuses of force") which aptly sums up the whole history of the movement in a single descriptive phrase. Georg Büchner was one of these ex-

plosive geniuses, and *Danton's Death* was one of these explosions of genius.

But we are concerned with the play not as a play, not as a picture of Revolutionary France in the days between the death of Hébert and that of Danton and Desmoulins, but rather as a presentation of Thomas Paine. The scene in which Paine appears is laid in the prison of the Luxembourg. Among those present, as the Society Editor would say, were Chaumette, Mercier, and Héroult de Séchelles, while later Danton, Lacroix, Desmoulins, and Philippeau join the debating society.

It appears, from the drama, that the principal diversion of the prisoners, while awaiting their turn to ascend the guillotine, was to discuss God and immortality. Chaumette starts the debate by some remark aimed at Paine, and Paine at once reels off the following, which must appear somewhat painful to those who know Paine's actual thought and style:

"Come, my philosopher Anaxagoras, let me put you through your catechism! There is no God, and this is the reason. Either God created the world, or he did not create it. If he did not create it, then the world contains its cause in itself, and there can be no God, for God becomes God only because of having in himself the cause of all things. But it is certain that God cannot have created the world, since creation is either eternal like God or must have had a beginning. If the latter is the case, then God must have created the world at some prior time or epoch; in other words, after resting for an eternity, God must have suddenly become awake and active—he must, therefore, have undergone a change himself which would force us to measure his existence by time, both of which ideas are contrary to all conceptions of God's nature. Therefore God cannot have created the world. Since, however, we know very clearly that the world is here, or at least that our ego is here, and since both the world and our ego, according to the foregoing reasoning, must owe their existence to themselves, or to something that is not God, there can be no God. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

Without wincing at these subtle metaphysics, Mercier throws in the query, "What if creation is eternal?" That does not perplex Büchner's Paine, who at once answers:

"Then creation is no longer creation, being one with God or an attribute of God, as Spinoza says; for then God is in everything—in you, my dear fellow, in our philosopher Anaxagoras, and in me. That would not be so bad, but you must concede that it would not

accord with divine majesty if our *bon Dieu* would suffer from the toothache every time we had it, might contract leprosy in some of us, might be buried alive, or at any rate might have very unpleasant impressions of such experiences."

Mercier comes back undaunted with a new question, "But there must be a cause for things?"

"Who denies that?" retorts Paine. "But who assures you that this cause is what we call God, and which we consider perfect? Do you consider the creation perfect?"

The complaisant Mercier admits that he does not.

"Then," continues Paine, "would you from an imperfect result infer a Perfect Cause? Voltaire did not wish to fall out with God any more than he wished to fall out with kings, and therefore he committed this philosophical error. But any one who is endowed with reason, and will not or dare not use that reason consistently, is a blundering amateur."

Mercier puts another leading question—as to whether a perfect cause could have a perfect result—and Büchner's Paine overflows in another philosophic torrent:

"Calm yourself, philosopher," he cries. "You are right, but if God must create something, and can create only something imperfect, he ought to let it alone altogether. Is it not thoroughly human to think of God only as creating something? Because we must always be moving about and shaking ourselves, in order to convince ourselves that we are in existence, must we impute to God the same pitiable necessity? Must we, when our spirit loses itself in the thought of harmonious self-sufficient eternal bliss—must we at once assume that such a state of being will of necessity put forth a hand across the table to knead petty human manikins out of dough, actuated by an effervescent divine love, as we mysteriously whisper to one another? Must we adopt this course merely to flatter ourselves that we are Sons of God? I will rest content with a less distinguished father; at any rate, I could not reproach such a one for having brought me up in a manner unworthy of my high descent, in a pigsty or on the galleys. You can prove the existence of God only by disproving all imperfection, as Spinoza has tried to do. You can deny the existence of evil, but not the existence of pain. Only reason can demonstrate whether a God exists; our feelings protest against such a belief. Mark it well, Anaxagoras; why do I suffer? There is the Rock of Atheism. The least pang of pain, though it be felt only in an atom, rends creation from top to bottom."



Mercier here feeds the loquacious philosopher another weighty question, "But what about morality?"

"First you adduce morality as a proof of God, and then cite God in support of morality," answers Büchner's Paine. "You reason in a beautiful circle, like a dog biting his own tail. What of your morality? I do not know whether there is anything evil or good in itself, but that does not oblige me to alter my course of action. I act in accordance with my nature. What is in harmony with my nature is good for me, and that I do. What is against my nature is evil for me; this I avoid, and ward myself against it when it comes my way. You may remain virtuous, as it is called, and ward yourself against so-called vice, yet you need not therefore despise your opponent, which must be sadly humiliating."

Chaumette, one of the listeners, thanks the debaters for the enlightenment they have given him, and Paine pronounces a kind of satirical benediction over his opponent, saying:

"He is still in doubt. When it comes to the end, he is going to ask for extreme unction, stretch his feet toward Mecca, and let himself be circumcised, so that he may not miss the road to Heaven."

These are Paine's last words in Büchner's play, except for an epigram about Danton, who has just come in. "His life and his death would be equally great misfortunes." With these words we lose sight of Paine as a figure in Büchner's drama.

Of course, to us this is not Thomas Paine. It is merely the spirit of inquiry, of denial, of revolt, that was then stalking about Germany, that had been stalking about Germany in all ages. It is the spirit out of which was born the Reformation; out of which was born, in our day, the titanic revolt of Nietzsche; out of which was born the higher criticism of the Tübingen school and the monism of Ernst Haeckel. The spirit of Paine—that is to say, the spirit of inquiry, of denial, of revolt—has its native hearth in the land of Luther, Riem, Bahrdt, Strauss, Baur, Wellhausen, and all those men who from time to time have thrown firebrands into the established churches, battered down the Bastilles of thought, and flaunted their banner of human equality beneath the windows of palaces behind which, trembling, sat despotic power wrapped in the mantle of divine right.

So powerful has been this spirit in Germany that one great emperor and one even greater king, both named Frederick, are enrolled in the world's gallery of Freethinkers. So potent has been this influence in the economic domain, that a man like Bismarck

was glad to learn from a man like Ferdinand Lassalle, and so became one of the first practical socialists of modern times.

We do not know what the late war will yet bring forth in the way of philosophic and economic rejuvenation, but we do know that after every war the German spirit has risen to new heights. So we may feel sure that the spirit of Thomas Paine, which has been astir in Germany all these centuries, will again with its mighty breath vivify the thought and fructify the life of her people, that all the nations may be enriched still further by the precious heritage and golden treasury of her thought.

## THE COSMIC LEPROSY AND DROPSY. ✓

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN.

IN one view the mythic leprosy represents the condition of the heaven as the body of a cosmic figure when blotched or overspread with light or dark clouds; whence in mythology we find both white and black leprosy, which appear to have corresponded originally to our *lepra vulgaris* and *elephantiasis* respectively.

The word "leprosy" (Greek *lepra*, from *lepros* = scaly) is applicable to both diseases; but while our *lepra vulgaris* is the *alphos* = "white" disease of the Greek physicians (Celsus, III, p. 25, etc., as in the Septuagint of Lev. xiii. 39), they divided our *elephantiasis* into two classes—their *elephantiasis* = "elephant-skin" (our tuberculated form of this disease) and their *leuke* = "white" (our non-tuberculated or anesthetic form). Both Celsus (*loc. cit.*) and Aretæus before him (pp. 174 et seq., ed. Kuhn) describe the tuberculated form under the name *elephantiasis*, and Celsus has *leuke* for the non-tuberculated; while Herodotus (I, 138) distinguishes *lepra* from *leuke* as if for our *lepra vulgaris* and *elephantiasis* respectively. It is now generally agreed that the *elephantiasis* is the Hebrew *tzaraath* = a smiting, a stroke, the Old Testament word rendered *lepra* in the Septuagint and Vulgate, and "leprosy" in the English versions (see especially *The Bishops' Bible Commentary*, on Lev. xiii).

The mythic leprosy, although in one view referable to the clouded heaven, is sometimes assigned to the moon—as naturally suggested by its blotched appearance when of any considerable fulness. In all probability this suggested a white leprosy of the moon, that luminary being called "the white" in some languages (e. g., *lebanah* in Hebrew). Thus *Alphæa* = White one was an epithet of the lunar Artemis (Pausan., VI, 22, '5); *Leukothea* = White goddess was an epithet of the lunar Ino (Homer, *Od.*, V, 334); the nymph *Leuke* = White, daughter of Oceanus, was fabled to have been carried away by Pluto and changed into a white poplar (Serv. *ad Virg. Eclog.*, VII, 61), and *Leukophryne* = White toad

was a surname of Artemis in Phrygia (Xenoph., *Hellen.*, III, 2, 19—probably on account of the warty condition of the toad, in connection with which it is significant that several Athenian hetærae are said to have been nicknamed Phryne from their bad complexions (Aristoph., *Eccl.*, 1101). The conspicuous white crown of Osiris is probably a lunar symbol (see Budge, *Gods*, II, pp. 114, 130, 138, 145).

The "leprous moon" of the poets appears to be the white moon, but that luminary when wholly or partially dark was not improbably conceived by some as afflicted with black leprosy. It is, however,



THE LEPROUS MOON.

(From *National Geographic Magazine*, August, 1919, p. 155.)

often difficult to decide whether a mythic leper represents the light or dark moon, or a cosmic figure (the cosmic man or the personified heaven); but certainly no such leper ever represents the sun. On the contrary, the mythic leprosy is sometimes cured by the sun (as when he dispels the clouds or causes either the waxing or waning of the moon), and the sun sometimes inflicts the disease (but only on the moon, either waxing or waning). Moreover, it is not impossible that the snow-covered earth is conceived as afflicted with white leprosy in some Hindu myths, which would appear to refer them to a northern origin.

The Hindu S'yana (apparently in the character of the cosmic man) was a rishi or saint with the black leprosy, who was cured by the Aswins (the winds) and given a lovely bride (the moon or earth—*Rigveda*, I, 117, 8, and Wilson's note, Vol. I, p. 315). Ghosha (for the heaven or the earth), an aged woman who had the leprosy, was cured, restored to youth and beauty, and given a husband (for the sun) by the Aswins, whom she praised "for the removal of her white-tinted skin" (*ibid.*, I, 117, 7; II, 122, 5). Apala (for the moon) was repudiated by her husband (for the night) because she had skin disease (black leprosy); but she was loved by Indra (for the sun), who cured her by three mystic purifications, and gave her a luminous robe (*ibid.*, VIII, 91, 7.—In one legend Indra stripped off Apala's ugly skin in three efforts, whereupon she appeared beautiful and perfect; De Gubernatis, *Zoo. Myth.*, II, p. 4). In the *Mahabharata*, Pandu (= White) was rendered by his pallid disease incapable of succession to the throne, although the elder of two brothers (probably for the moon and sun); Praskanwa was cured of leprosy by Surya (the sun of the daytime), and Samba, son of Krishna, was said to have been cured of this disease by the sun itself (Wilson, note to *Rigveda*, I, 50, 11; Vol. I, p. 134). Again, one of the first miracles of Krishna was the cure of a leprous rajah, who was "covered with boils and leprosy," the disease having come upon him through the curse of a Brahmin whom he had insulted (Maurice, *History of Hindustan*, II, p. 331).

In the Assyrian *Epic of Izdubar*, that hero generally has a solar character; but nevertheless it is probably the lunar white leprosy with which he is afflicted toward the close of his mythic adventures. From a comparison of the several English renderings of Tablet VIII of the Epic, it appears that Izdubar's body became white as snow with leprous scabs and ulcers at the time he crossed "the waters of death" and entered the underworld cave, and that when he returned into the celestial regions over "the waters of the dawn," he was cured and cleansed by washing in a certain healing fountain—probably for the eastern division of the earth-surrounding ocean, in connection with which "the waters of the dawn" belong to the corresponding division of the celestial sea (see Hamilton, *Ishtar and Izdubar*, Tab. VIII, cols. 2 and 4; King, *Bab. Rel. and Mythol.*, pp. 172, 173, etc.). In Greek mythology, leprosy is especially associated with the southern territory of Elis, which included the city Lepreon (from *lepra* = leprosy) and the rivets Alphæos (= White) and Anigros (probably taken by some

for a variant of the celebrated African river, the Niger or Nigris, = Black, with the Greek initial  $\alpha$  intensitive). Strabo tells us that the muddy (black) water of the Anigros were said to be a cure for the *alphi* (leprous eruptions), the *leuke* (white leprosy), and the *leichen* (literally "tree-moss"); and he adds that "they also say (of course erroneously) that the Alphæos had its name from its property of curing the disease *alphi*" (VIII, 3, 19). The lunar Artemis is fabled to have received her epithet Alphæa = White one from Alphæos, the god of the river of that name, whom she eluded by covering her own face and also the faces of her nymphs with mud (probably for the moon and stars in the storm-clouds—Pausan., VI, 22, 5; Schol. *ad Pind. Pyth.*, II, 12, etc.). The Greeks also had a male and a female personification of leprosy, Lepreos (or Lepreas) and Leprea—probably lunar figures originally. According to Pausanias (V, 5, 4), some said that the former, others that the latter, founded Lepreon; while still others said that this Elean city was founded by lepers, whence its name; and the Lepreans told Pausanias that there was formerly in their city a temple of Zeus Leukæos (= "Of the white poplar," as generally rendered, but perhaps "Of the white leprosy").

Just as the lunar white leprosy is produced by the light of the sun, so the Persians believed that leprosy in human beings was a punishment for "some offense against the sun" (Herod., I, 138), and the Greeks sometimes considered the disease an infliction from the sun-god Phœbus Apollo (*Æschyl.*, *Choeph.*, 276; *Æschin.*, *Ep.*, I). Josephus quotes Lysimachus for the statement that the Jews were expelled from Egypt because of the great number of scabby and leprous persons among them—"the sun having an indignation at these men being suffered to live," as the oracle of Ammon declared—wherefore the unclean were drowned and their brethren expelled (*Cont. Apion.*, I, 34). Other traditions of the expulsion from Egypt of the "leprous," "impure," and "polluted" Jews are also given by Josephus, from Manetho, Chæremon, and Apion (*ibid.*, I, 26-33; II, 2); and Justin cites Nicolaus of Damascus for the statement that the Jews were expelled because of their leprosy (*Hist.*, XXXVI, 2). But in all probability these traditions were suggested by the Old Testament stories of the leprosy of Moses and Miriam during the Exodus (to be considered presently), taken in connection with the moral leprosy or religious impurity attributed by the native Egyptians to the conquering Hyksos who were driven from Egypt after a long occupation (see *Records of the Past*, VIII, pp. 1-4; N. S., II, pp. 40-41). Tacitus repeats the tradition that

the Jews were expelled from Egypt because of their leprosy, adding that they abstained from eating swine because of "the recollection of the loathsome affliction which they had formerly suffered from leprosy, to which that animal is subject" (*Hist.*, V, 3. 4). The Egyptians, Phoenicians, and ancient Arabians, as well as the Jews, abstained from swine's flesh because of its unwholesomeness in tropical countries and the belief that it caused cutaneous diseases, to which it is peculiarly subject (Wilkinson, *Anc. Eg.*, I, p. 322); and it is now well known that leprosy is produced or fostered by the excessive use of pork (and fish). Plutarch says that the Jews hate swine's flesh because they suppose the scab and leprosy come from eating it—"for we may observe that all pigs under the belly are overspread with a leprosy and a scab" (*Sympos.*, IV, *quaest.* V, 6). Elsewhere he tells us that the bodies of those who drink swine's milk "break out into leprosy and itchy eruptions"; adding that the Egyptians sacrificed and ate swine at the full moon, by the light of which Typhon (Set) was hunting when he found the body of the slain Osiris and scattered it in fourteen pieces (for the phases of the waning moon—*De Iside*, 18). Herodotus (II, 47) also tells us that the Egyptians sacrificed and ate swine at the full moon, and then only; but according to him these impure animals were then offered to Osiris (whom he identifies with Bacchus) and to the goddess of the moon (probably Isis), in which connection we must remember that it is the full moon which is most thoroughly afflicted with white leprosy. According to Lucretius (VI, 1112) and Pliny (*H. N.*, XXVI, 3, 5), leprosy (*elephantiasis*) originated in Egypt; and it is quite probable that it was transported thence to Elis. There is a further probability that some of the Elean leprosy myths were of Egyptian origin; Lepreos and Leprea perhaps representing Osiris and Isis in their lunar characters.

In connection with the Gentile tradition that the Jews were expelled from Egypt because of leprosy among them, Moses is said to have been afflicted with the disease (Josephus, *Antiq.*, III, 11, 4). In Exodus he appears to have the character of the cosmic man (whose two hands are the sun and moon), both when his hands are upheld by Aaron and Hur from early morning "until the going down of the sun" (xvii. 11-13), and when one of his hands becomes "as leprous as snow" and is shortly restored as before in one of the miracles wrought by Jehovah as a sign of the divinely ordained mission of the Lawgiver (*ibid.* iv. 6, 7). In the extant text, the infliction and cure of the leprosy occur when Moses thrusts his hand into his bosom and again withdraws it; whereas in all proba-

bility the original idea was that the waxing moon as the cosmic left hand became leprous while it was gradually withdrawn from the bosom of the night, its cure, of course, belonging to a reversal of the process, the new moon being entirely dark. In a Rabbinical tradition the leprous hand of Moses "was white and shining like the moon" (Baring-Gould, *Legends of the Patriarchs*, XXXIII, 4). In the Koran, Chaps. VII and XXVI, the production of the leprosy on the hand of Moses is given as his own miracle, rather than God's. There is also a Moslem tradition that Moses was a very swarthy man, and that when he put his hand into his bosom, and drew it out again, it became white and splendid, surpassing the sun in brightness (Al Beidawi, cited in Sale's *Koran*, note to VII, p. 128—these concepts apparently having been suggested by the cosmic-man mythos). In Num. xii. 10-15, Miriam, the sister of Moses, appears to be of lunar character, for she becomes entirely leprous, "white as snow," as a punishment; but she is cured after seven days—the typical (lunar) period of observation for the diagnosis of leprosy in Lev. xiii.

As is evident from the Old Testament generic word for leprosy, *tsaraath* = a smiting, a stroke, this disease was supposed to be inflicted upon men as a punishment from Jehovah, perhaps originally in his solar character. Thus it is related that the historical Azariah or Uzziah, king of Judah, was stricken by God with an incurable leprosy when he impiously attempted to usurp the priestly function of offering incense (2 Kings xv. 1-5; 2 Chron. xxvi. 16-21). The Rabbis held that "leprosy comes upon man for seven, ten, or eleven things: for idolatry, profaning the name of God, unchastity, theft, slander, false witness, false judgment, perjury, infringing the borders of a neighbor, devising malicious plans, or creating discord between brothers" (*Erachin*, 16, 17; *Baba Bathra*, 164; *Midrash Rabba*, "Va-jikra," on Lev. xiv). "Cedar wood and hyssop, the highest and the lowest, give the leper purity. Why these? Because pride was the cause of the distemper, which cannot be cured till man becomes humble, and keeps himself as low as hyssop" (*Midr. Rab.*, "Koheleth", fol. 104). In the *Laws of Manu* (XI, 51), white leprosy is the punishment for "a stealer of clothes" in a former life—probably on a suggestion from the nature mythos, with the waxing moon conceived as gradually stripped of the garments concealing it when wholly dark (cf. the Greek *leuke* = bare, naked, as well as pale, wan, and the white leprosy). It is generally supposed that the Jews held leprosy to be incurable except through the intervention of God, and while there is no definite statement to this effect in the Bible,



Josephus speaks of its cure through prayer to God, to whom thanks were returned, with several sorts of sacrifices (*Antiq.*, III, 11, 3).

In the story of Elisha's miraculous cure of Naaman's leprosy in 2 Kings v, where the disease is not represented as a punishment, the king of Syria at first appeals to the king of Israel to make the cure, on the erroneous supposition that he possessed the power; while Naaman himself expected Elisha to remove the leprosy by laying on of hands in connection with an appeal by the prophet to the god of Israel. But Naaman was cured by washing seven times in the Jordan, as directed by Elisha; and when the latter declined the proffered reward, his servant Gehazi took a portion of it surreptitiously for himself. In punishment for this act, Elisha inflicted the leprosy of Naaman upon Gehazi, and upon his descendants forever—certainly a horrible injustice if understood literally, but in all probability the story was derived from some Syrian version of the nature mythos, in which the leprosy of the heaven as blotched with white clouds was conceived to be cured and subsequently to reappear on the waxing moon (the stealer of the sun's light) and also on each succeeding waxing moon, forever. In the extant story, moreover, Naaman himself appears to be given a lunar character in connection with his seven washings in the Jordan; for there are seven days in half the waning period of the moon during which its white leprosy is gradually cured, while the Jordan represents the earth-surrounding ocean-river in which the moon washes daily.

In the cure of Naaman's leprosy by Elisha (= God-saviour) we have the Old Testament type of the cure of a leper by Jesus, the punitive element being omitted as in all other New Testament miracles of Jesus. That Elisha's cure was especially celebrated in New Testament times is evident from Luke iv. 27, where Jesus is made to say: "And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet, and none of them was cleansed except Naaman the Syrian." Neither in the great prophecy of Is. xxxv nor elsewhere in the Old Testament are lepers included among those to be cured in the Messianic kingdom; but nevertheless they are named among the many afflicted persons cured by Jesus according to Matt. xi. 5, and Luke vii. 22, while in Matt. x. 8, the Twelve Apostles are given power to cleanse lepers, etc. Indeed the prevalence of leprosy in Palestine at the beginning of the Christian era made the Messianic cure of many lepers a matter of practical necessity.

The original story of the cure of a leper by Jesus is presumably in Mark i. 40-45—"And came to him a leper beseeching him and kneeling

down to him, and saying to him, If thou wilt, thou art able to cleanse me. And Jesus, being moved with compassion, having stretched out his hand, he touched him, and says to him, I will: be thou cleansed. And he (Jesus) having spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him (the man), and he was cleansed": whereupon Jesus enjoined the man to tell no one, but to show himself to the priest and make the offering ordered by Moses (in cases of natural cures of leprosy—Lev. xiv. 10-21). Matthew gives the story in an abbreviated form (viii. 1-4), while Luke closely follows Mark, but speaks of the afflicted one as "a man full of leprosy," who falls upon his face when beseeching Jesus to cure him (v. 12-15). Mark and Luke have the miracle immediately after Jesus leaves Capernaum, but Matthew puts it after the Sermon on the Mount. Further on in Luke, and there only, we find an exaggerated duplication of the story, assigned to the beginning of the final journey of Jesus to Jerusalem by way of Samaria and Galilee—"And on his entering into a certain village, met him ten leprous men, who stood afar off. And they lifted up their voice, saying, Jesus, master, have compassion on us. And seeing them, he said to them, Having gone, show yourselves to the priests. And it came to pass in their going, that they were cleansed. And one of them, seeing that he was healed, turned back, with a loud voice glorifying God; and (he) fell on his face at his feet (those of Jesus), giving thanks to him: and he was a Samaritan. And answering, Jesus said, Were not the ten cleansed? but where are the nine? Were there not found any returning to give glory to God except this foreigner? And he said to him, Having risen up, go forth; thy faith has saved (i. e., cleansed) thee" (Luke xvii. 11-19). As Strauss has pointed out (*New Life of Jesus*, 73), this return of the Samaritan was probably suggested by the similar return of the Syrian Naaman, a "foreigner," to Elisha, to whom he gave thanks for his cure; and Strauss notices the inconsistency of Luke's statement that the Samaritan was cleansed as a reward for his faith while the nine others who exhibited no faith were also cleansed. This is the only instance of the introduction of any such group in the Gospel stories of individual cures; and as the Hebrew *asarah* signifies "ten," it is not improbable that the original of Luke's story related to a single Samaritan who was called Azariah as a type-name for a leper incurable by natural means (see above, from 2 Kings xv. 1-5), the author of Luke understanding "ten lepers" where the original story—perhaps only a verbal tradition—referred to "Azariah the leper."

Azariah = Helped by Jah, has practically the same meaning as Eleazar = Helped by El, for both El and Jah (or Jehovah) are Hebrew names of God. Some of the Jews may have supposed that the Asmonean Eleazar Avaran was afflicted with *elephantiasis*, referring his surname Avaran to the Arabic *khavaran* = an elephant-hide, as does Rodiger (*Ersch u. Gruber*, s. v.); but in 1 Macc. iv. 43-46, this Eleazar is said to have been killed by an elephant which he stabbed "from beneath," and Michaelis (*Lex. Heb.*, s. v.) derives Avaran from the Arabic *havar* = to pierce an animal from behind. Lazaros, the Greek form of Eleazar, is the name of the beggar, "full of sores," in the parable or apologue of Luke xvi. 19-31. His disease has generally been recognized as leprosy, as also has "the botch of Egypt" (Deut. xxviii. 27, 35), which represents the "ulcer breaking forth with pustules" in the Hebrew of Ex. ix. 9-11—where the Septuagint has simply *ελκη* = sores or ulcers, the same word reappearing in Luke for the sores of Lazaros; and thus for "leper" we have "lazarus" in Low Latin and "lazar" in Old English. Luke's story closes with the plea of the rich man in hades that Lazaros in Abraham's bosom shall be sent to warn the former's five brothers of his fate; his argument being that "if one from the dead should go to them, they will repent," to which Abraham replies that, "If Moses and the prophets they hear not, not even if one should rise from the dead will they be persuaded." This text, as demonstrated by Strauss (*New Life*, 77), doubtless suggested the Johannine story of the resurrection by Jesus of the Bethany Lazaros (John xii. 1-8), whose sisters are the Martha and Mary of Luke x. 38-42, where they are neither of Bethany nor connected with any Lazaros. In John (*loc. cit.*), Mary is also identified with the unnamed woman who anoints Jesus in the house of Simon the leper at Bethany near Jerusalem, according to Mark xiv. 3, and Matthew xxvi. 6; and this Simon was the father of the Bethany family according to a tradition preserved in Nicephorus (*H. E.*, I, 27), while the anointing by the unnamed woman occurs in the house of Simon, a Pharisee, apparently not at Bethany, according to Luke vii. 36, where the woman is a sinner. Luke's identification of Simon as a Pharisee suggests that the latter had been viewed originally as a leper only in a figurative sense, by those who considered the Pharisees moral lepers; and it is not impossible that Simon of Bethany, as a moral leper, was originally identical with Simon Peter recognized by some as a native of the Bethany or Bethania east of the Jordan, near which village the baptism of Jesus and the calling of the first Apostles appear to be located by Mark

(i. 9-20; cf. John i. 28 in the older manuscripts). Evidence of the early allotment of the fisherman Simon Peter to the sign of Pisces has been presented in former articles of this series, and leprosy may have been associated with that sign because of the resemblance of the scales of many fishes to the glistening scales of the disease—the same Greek word, *lepis*, being employed for the scale in both cases. And as there are two fishes in Pisces, it is not impossible that the original of the Johannine story made the Bethany Lazaros a moral leper as well as (his father) Simon. There is no reason for supposing that there was ever any connection between Lazaros the leprous beggar and Lazaros of Bethany; the suggestion here being that the former was called Lazaros and the latter was made a (moral) leper because the name Lazaros or Eleazar was recognized as a variant of Azariah and a type-name for a leper. In connection with the death and resurrection of the Bethany Lazaros, it may be significant that leprosy was closely associated with death by the Jews, as when the leprous Miriam is considered “as one dead” (Num. xii. 12), and when Josephus says that lepers were excluded from the society of the clean, “as if they were in effect dead persons” (*Antiq.*, III, 11, 3). Moreover, we may possibly have the historical original of the Bethany Simon and Lazaros in Simon the Zealot and his son Eleazar, both of whom took prominent parts in the final war of the Jews (see Josephus, *Bell. Jud.*, II, 20, 3; IV, 4, 1; V, 1, 2 and 3, and 3, 1). There was also a “Simon the Zealot” among the Twelve Apostles (Luke vi. 15; Acts i. 13—otherwise “Simon the Kananite,” from the Hebrew or Aramaic *kanan* = zealous: Mark iii. 18; Matt. x. 4), and this Simon was perhaps originally identical with the zealous Simon Peter. Thus we may have further evidence in favor of the suggestion that Simon of Bethany and Simon Peter were originally identical—the historical original being Simon the Zealot of whom Josephus writes. Of course, all this presupposes that the Synoptic Gospels originated shortly after the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D.

In the *Gospel of the Infancy* there are several cures of leprosy (17, 18, 31, 32), all but one of the afflicted being females (as if lunar figures), while all the cures are effected by means of water in which the infant Jesus had been washed—as if for the underworld sea or the earth-surrounding ocean-river in which both the sun and moon bathe daily. Thus we saw above that leprosy in human beings was supposed to be washed away in the Elean river Anigros, and that Izdubar and Naaman were cured of this disease by washing in waters that probably belong mythically to the eastern

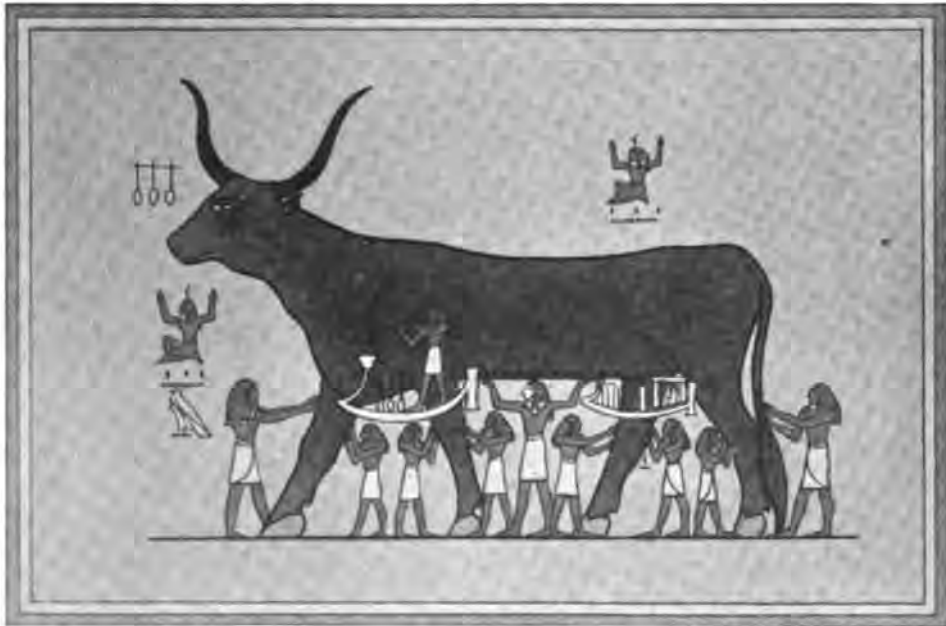
division of the earth-surrounding ocean-river—"the water in which Ra purifies himself to be in possession of his strength in the eastern part of the heaven," where also "the gods of the pure waters purify themselves. . . . passing from night to day" (*Book of the Dead*, CXLV, 3; CXXVb, 45, 46, Saïte). In the *Avenging of the Saviour* and the *Death of Pilate*, the emperor Tiberius is described as cured of leprosy when he adored a portrait of Jesus which the latter had imprinted on Veronica's cloth by pressing it to his face; and in one legend Judas is punished with *elephantiasis* during a long period after his betrayal of Jesus (Gfrorer, *Heilige Sage*, I, p. 179). Moreover, there is an old Jewish tradition that the Messiah would be a leper (Hengstenberg, *Christologie*, I, p. 382), as doubtless suggested by the allusions to the "man of sorrows," afflicted and despised, in Is. liii—which is generally supposed to refer to Jesus. Thus the Jewish commentators are followed by Symmachus, Aquila, and Jerome in understanding the word "stricken" in verse 4 to signify "stricken with leprosy," and the Vulgate reads: "Verily he hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows; and we have thought him as it were a leper, and stricken by God and afflicted (*et nos putavimus cum quasi leprosum, et percussum a Deo et humiliatum*)."

#### THE COSMIC DROPSY.

A dropsical figure may be recognized naturally enough in a swollen rain-cloud or in the heaven filled with rain-clouds—or, indeed, in the cosmic man as identified with the whole celestial sphere when filled with such clouds; and, of course, the cure of the cosmic dropsy or hydropsy (Greek *hydrops* = watery aspect) occurs when the celestial waters are discharged or precipitated.

In mythology much is made of the release of the celestial waters in the form of rain, especially by the Hindus—as in the Vedas, where the swollen rain-clouds are often conceived as the full udders of celestial cows. In a variant view, the cloud-filled heaven is a single cow (*Rigveda*, III, 55, 12; IV, 3, 9, etc.), which reappears in Egypt as a figure of Nut, the heaven. (see Budge, *Gods*, I, pp. 368, 424). Nut doubtless originally represented the heaven as the source of rain—as is evident from her name, which is the feminine of Nu = the watery mass of the sky, written with three water-jars expressing the sound, together with the hieroglyph for the out-stretched heaven, the determinative for water, and the sign for a god (*ibid.*, I, p. 283). But it does not appear that the Egyptians ever recognized the udders of the Nut-cow as the source of rain—

probably because rain is 'practically unknown in Egypt—and the same is true of the multimammæ of the hippopotamus Rert or Ta-urt, who was identified as a form of nearly every great goddess of Egypt (see Budge, *ibid.*, II, p. 359), in all probability having been a symbol of the celestial nursing mother originally. Isis was sometimes figured with the multimammæ (Macrob., *Sat.*, I, 20; Bonwick, *Eg. Bel.*, p. 142), as were the Isa of Northern Europe (Knight, *Symbolic Language*, 142) and the Ephesian Diana of Western Asian origin (Pausan., IV, 31, 6; VII, 5, 2, etc.); and it also appears that the cosmic or soli-cosmic god was sometimes con-



NUT, THE GODDESS OF HEAVEN, AS A COW.

(From Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 424.)

ceived as multimammate, as in the case of Dionysus (Bonwick, *Eg. Bel.*, p. 260).

There appears to be no extant evidence of any actual dropsical figure in mythology antedating the Christian era; but what must be considered mere variants are found in certain figures swollen with water taken in the form of drink. Thus the Hindu Agastya, who sprang from a water-jar (or was born in it), is fabled to have swallowed the ocean when it gave him offense (*Ramayana*, VII, 45, etc.). And among the aborigines of Northern Victoria, Australia, it is believed that the two beings who created all things had

the forms of an eagle and a crow, who appear in a River Murray myth as Eaglehawk (for the sun) and the crow (for the night); the former having a young son (probably a cloud figure) who is taken by the crow to a river and forced to drink until swollen to such an immense size that he burst when the crow threw something and struck him (doubtless for a lightning stroke), thus releasing the waters of the Deluge (R. B. Smyth, *Aborigines of Victoria*, I, pp. 423, 430). Again, there can be little or no doubt that the celestial waters were also released in the original of the Assyrio-Babylonian myth of the conquest of the monster Tiamat, who finally became a figure of primeval chaos, her belly being filled with the hurricane when she is slain by Bel-Marduk, and the roof of heaven being made of the upper half of her body ("Seven Tablets of Creation," Tablet IV, lines 94-104 and 137). It is evident enough that the wind-distended Tiamat is here identified with the whole celestial sphere, the storm-clouds apparently being represented by her enormous serpents, of whom she says: "Their bodies shall swell to make invulnerable their breasts" (Tablet I, 16).<sup>1</sup>

In rainless Egypt the water-swollen cosmic figure naturally became identified with the personified Nile; whence the god Hapi is usually figured as a fat man with the breasts of a normal nursing mother, which in the Egyptian view represented him as the giver of food and nourishment in general. He sometimes carries a single water-jar, from which the Nile was conceived to be poured out; again, he has two jars, probably for the two sources of the river as supposed to rise in the "Double Cavern" of the First Cataract; and

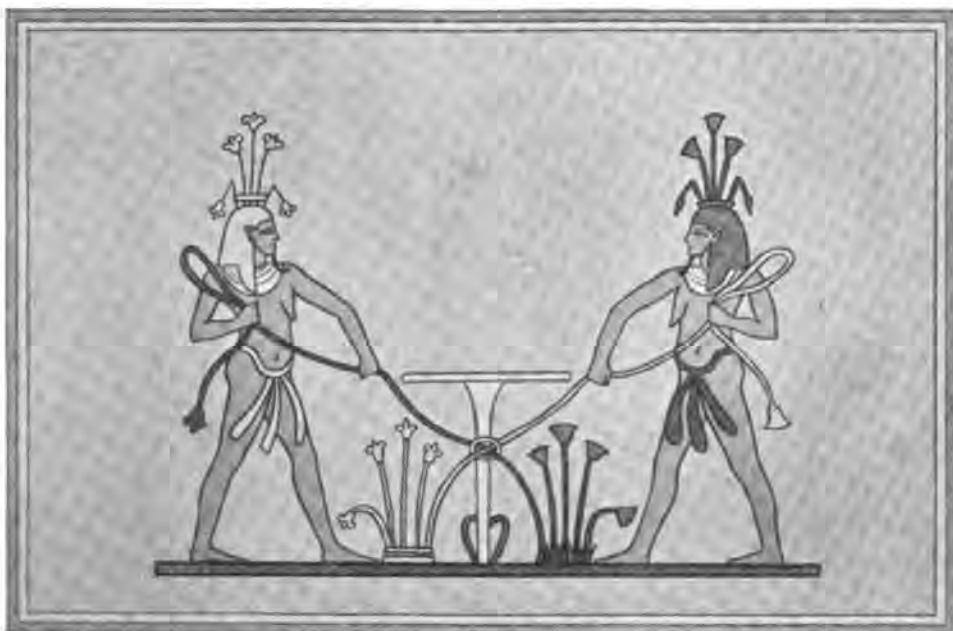


DIANA OF EPHEBUS.

Alabaster statue in the Museo Nazionale, Naples. (From Roscher, *Lex.*, I, p. 588.)

<sup>1</sup> In the story of Bel and the Dragon in the Septuagint and Vulgate of Daniel (xiv), the king of Babylon destroys the image of the god Bel, and

still again, he is figured in duplicate for the river as arbitrarily divided into the Nile of the South and the Nile of the North (Wilkinson, *An. Eg.*, III, p. 206, figs. 208, 209; Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 43). Some of the Egyptians identified Osiris with the Nile, while others considered the river "the efflux of Osiris," whence a water-jar was carried at the head of the procession in honor of that god (Plut., *De Iside*, 32, 63). In all probability the water-jar representing the source of the Nile was assimilated to the clay jar in which the river water was filtered, thus becoming the later Canobic jar, so called from the Egyptian city known to the Greeks and Romans as Canobus. With its human head and feet, and sometimes hands, the



HAPI, THE GOD OF THE NILE OF THE SOUTH AND THE NORTH.  
(From Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 42.)

Canobic jar has the appearance of an enormously fat man—or one swollen with dropsy, as would naturally be suggested not only by the fact of its being a water-container, but because as a filter the

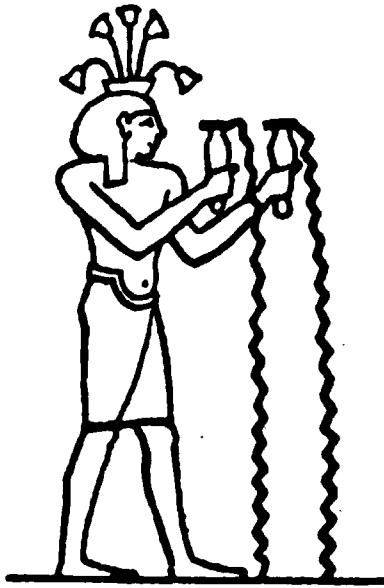
Daniel slays the dragon by feeding it cakes made of pitch, fat, and hair (perhaps for storm-clouds), which cause it to burst asunder.

In Acts i. 18, we read that Judas, "having fallen headlong, burst in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out" (cf. Josephus, *Antiq.*, XV, 10, 3, and *Bell. Jud.*, VII, 11, 4, for similar cases in history); and Papias, an Apostolic Father, is quoted as having said of the death of Judas: "His body having swollen to such an extent that he could not pass where a chariot could pass easily, he was crushed by the chariot, so that his bowels were emptied out" (Æcumenius, *ad Acts* i; Theophylact, *ad Matt.* xxvii). But according to Matthew xxvii. 5, Judas hanged himself.



water oozed slowly from its surface as from cracks in the skin of some dropsical persons.

Jars for the reception of the viscera of the mummified dead were given the heads of the four funeral gods in an early period; but the Canobic jar proper appears to have originated at quite a late date, and probably represents the Nile-god Hapi in the form of Asar-Hapi (Osiris-Hapi or Serapis, the chief deity of Canobus), as perhaps identified with the ape-headed Hapi among the four funeral gods—although the two names pronounced Hapi are written with different hieroglyphics. But some early Christian writers state that a god Canobus or Canopus was worshiped in the form of the Canobic jar (Rufinus, *Hist. Eccles.*, II, 26; Suidas, *s. v.* "Kanopos"),



AQUARIUS AS HAPI.

In the Oblong Zodiac of Dendera. (From Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 315.)

thus doubtless identifying the Egyptian god of Canobus with the Greek hero Canobus or Canopus who was fabled to have given his name to the Egyptian city (Strabo, XVIII, p. 801, etc.); but the Greek hero was probably no more than a personification of the star Canopus (in Argo), the Assyrian Karbanit and the Egyptian Karbana (Brown, *Primitive Constellations*, I, p. 103). There can be little doubt that this star was conceived as the pilot of the constellated ship Argo, for Plutarch says that the Egyptians called a pilot "Canopus" (*De Iside*, 22); the Greek hero was the pilot of the fleet of Menelaus that visited Egypt after the fall of Troy; according to a late legend Osiris and Isis sailed through the Deluge in the

Argo, with Canopus as its pilot, before it was placed among the stars, and the Hindu Argha was piloted by Agastya, son of Varuna the goddess of the waters (Allen, *Star Names*, pp. 66, 67, 71). Argo is constellated in the Galaxy river (or Milky Way) and in the house of Cancer, and it is not improbable that both ship and pilot were associated with the Nile inundation that was poured out under Cancer (at the summer solstice) in the precessional period of about 2000-1 B. C.

Again, the single water-jar as the source of the Nile is a mere variant of the Jar of Aquarius with its single or double Stream that represents the celestial waters poured out during the Western Asian rainy season—as in the accompanying representation of Izdubar watering the celestial ox or Taurus as the sign of the spring



IZDUBAR WATERS THE CELESTIAL OX.

(From Maspero, *Dawn of Civilization*, p. 601.)

rains that caused the flooding of the Euphrates and Tigris. The Jar of Aquarius doubtless originated when the winter solstice was in that sign and the summer solstice was in Leo; the Egyptian variant probably being represented by the constellated two-handed Cup (Crater) which is still in the house of Leo and which the Greeks sometimes called Hydria = Water-jar (Allen, *Star Names*, p. 183). The two jars often given to the Nile-god are found in the two hands of the Aquarius figure in the circular planisphere of Dendera, and also in the oblong Dendera zodiac; Asar (Osiris) or Asar-Hapi doubtless being represented in both cases—in the former with the white crown of Osiris, and in the latter with the lotus crown of Hapi. But some in later times substituted a single Canobic jar or jar figure of Canopus for Aquarius with his Jar. Thus in the zodiac assigned to the Second Hermes (i. e., Hermes

Trismegistus) in Kircher's *Oedipus Aegyptiacus*, we find "Canopus" for Aquarius, in the general form of the jar, but with flowing multimammæ from head to feet (Vol. II, Part II, p. 160, as also in a separate figure, Vol. II, Part I, p. 209); and in the same author's Egyptian planispheres of the northern and southern heavens, Aquarius is represented by the Canobic jar with jets of water issuing from numerous orifices from top to bottom—the figure in the



CIRCULAR ZODIAC OF DENDERA.

The figure of Aquarius will be discovered in the upper left-hand quadrant.  
(From Franz Boll, *Sphära*, etc., Pl. II.)

northern planisphere, with human feet as well as head, naturally suggesting a dropsical man being relieved by sudden ruptures (*ibid.*, Vol. II, Part II, pp. 206, 207).

Among the cures of Æsculapius found recorded at Epidaurus is one of a dropsical girl named Arata. She was left at home by her mother when the latter visited the sanctuary, where she slept and

dreamed that the god cut off the afflicted girl's head, hung up her body, neck down, till all the water ran out, and then replaced the head. Precisely the same dream had come to the girl, who was found cured when the mother reached home (Frazer's *Pausanias*, note to II, 27, 3). Apollonius of Tyana cured a dissipated Assyrian of dropsy by advice as to proper living, after the afflicted one had obtained no relief in the temple of Æsculapius at Ægæ. Philostratus, who preserves the story, says that Apollonius effected this cure by a practical application of a witticism of the dropsical Heraclitus, "that what he needed was some one to substitute a drought for his rainy weather" (*Vit. Apollon.*, I, 9). But this witticism from the nature mythos was doubtless falsely attributed to the



#### AQUARIUS AS CANOPUS.

(From the Southern and Northern Egyptian Planispheres of Kircher, *Oedipus Aegyptiacus*, Vol. II, Part II, pp. 206, 207.)

Weeping Philosopher; in fact, his dropsy itself may be only fictitious—the disease of the cosmic man in rainy weather, otherwise the weeper, naturally being suggested for the philosopher who wept over the follies and frailties of humanity at which others laughed (see Juvenal, X, 34). According to one account, Heraclitus died from his dropsy after having had himself plastered with cow dung and exposed to the heat of the sun (Diog. Laert., IX, 1, 3; Tatian, *Cont. Graec.*, 3).

There is no mention of the dropsy in the Old Testament; but Ps. cix. 18 was probably supposed to refer to it in one of the cursès of the wicked man—"As he clothed himself with cursing like a

garment, so let it come within him like water" (A. V., "into his bowels like water"; Septuagint, "and it is come as water into the bowels"). The Gospel cure of the dropsy is found only in Luke xiv. 1-4, where it is said of Jesus: "And it came to pass on his having gone into a house of one of the rulers of the Pharisees on a Sabbath to eat bread, that they (the Pharisees) were watching him. And behold, there was before him a certain man dropsical (probably one of the Pharisees). And answering, Jesus spoke to the doctors of the law and to the (other) Pharisees, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath? But they were silent. And taking hold (of the dropsical man), he (Jesus) healed him, and let him go"—or "sent him away," in the Syriac Peshito and the *Diatessaron* of Tatian. There can be little doubt that this dropsical man was conceived as a Pharisee on the suggestion of the Old Testament text relating to the wicked man (quoted above), for Luke and Matthew are especially bitter against the Pharisees as hypocrites puffed with pride (Luke xi. 39-44; Matt. xxiii. 2-33, etc.). Herod Antipas died of dropsy, according to the Apocryphal *Epistle of Herod and Pilate* (Syriac) and the *Epistle of Pilate and Herod* (Greek); but this is a fiction doubtless suggested by the account of the death of Herod Agrippa, from some intestinal trouble, in Josephus (*Antiq.*, XIX, 8, 2) and Eusebius (*H. E.*, II, 10). Nothing is known of the cause of the death of Antipas, which occurred in Spain, whither he had been banished (Joseph., *Bell. Jud.*, II, 9, 6).

# THE MYSTERY OF EVIL. V

BY PAUL R. HEYL.

## I. THE ANTAGONISM BETWEEN NATURE AND MAN.

THERE is an old stumbling-block, an obstinate rock of offense, which has lain long in the path of those who would tread both reverently and logically the way of life. From the earliest records of human thinking the best minds of all ages have been sorely perplexed by the mystery of evil. This it was which prompted the wife of Job to counsel her husband to curse God and die; which urged the Prince Siddhartha forth from his palace to wander poor and alone that he might perchance find the truth that should save mankind; which wrung forth the bitter cry: "Eloi! Eloi! lama sabachthani?" and which has wrung as cruelly multitudes of souls before and since, parents, lovers, friends, helpless witnesses of that which they are powerless to alleviate. A mystery profound, yet all-compelling; if we cannot solve it, we cannot let it alone.

In its ultimate analysis the mystery lies in the antagonism between what man regards as his finest instincts and the operation of the established order of nature. Man finds himself in a wonderland of phenomena, in the midst of a play of forces which he can control only by cunningly pitting the one against the other. He finds laws which he must obey. If he rebels, he dies; if he conforms, he may live a little season; yet is his strength labor and sorrow. And among these laws there are some whose operation he cannot view with approval, aye, many which cause him to cry aloud in horror; and his first experience of this kind is his introduction to the mystery of evil.

## II. MAN'S CONCEPTION OF GOD.

Man's conception of God has undergone an evolution comparable to his own, and may fairly be taken as a barometer of his own spiritual progress. In the highest and most spiritual form which this conception has reached there are three elements of the first rank in importance.

The first is that God is one. Man has not always insisted upon this point, and polytheism is still common. While it is true that it is, generally speaking, the less advanced races of the present day that are polytheistic, this has not always been the case. The Greeks of the age of Pericles, the Romans of Julius Cæsar's day, our own Anglo-Saxon ancestors, all were polytheists. It is the pride of the Semitic race that it was the first to proclaim monotheism. In this both Hebrew and Moslem are agreed. "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord!" "There is no God but Allah!" The Christian religion, being of Hebrew descent, is also monotheistic in type, but, probably on account of its having rapidly become the most cosmopolitan of all faiths, it is not free from traces of the polytheism of those non-Semitic peoples who became absorbed by its spread. As such we may regard the intricate, scholastic doctrine of the Trinity, and the practice of the adoration of the Virgin and the saints.

The second point is that God is omnipotent. With this attribute monotheism stands or falls. God is defined as the Supreme Being, and without omnipotence there is no supremacy. To admit that God's power is limited in any way, whether by some vague higher power, or by some essential stubbornness or viciousness inherent in "brute matter" simply passes the scepter into other hands. That which is mightier than God is a greater God; with the slightest abandonment of omnipotence we revert at once to polytheism. Monotheism being postulated, God's omnipotence is a logical necessity.

Even if we are willing to abandon monotheism, omnipotence in some quarter still remains inevitable. Assuming that the God of tradition is not omnipotent, that His benevolent efforts are balked in some manner, there is then another power to be reckoned with. This power may be superior or equal. A super-god, if there is none of still higher degree, is then the Omnipotent One. And if there be any finite number of gods in an ascending hierarchy, the last one must be omnipotent. The only escape would be an infinite series.

On the other hand, let us suppose, after the old Persian fashion, that there are two equal, opposite and continually striving principles of good and evil. Because of these cross purposes the cosmos must suffer a constant and enormous waste of energy and be in a state of chronic disorder. Is any responsibility to be assigned for this state of affairs? Of the two contending principles, one is benevolent and the other malevolent, and the acts of neither can be assigned a place in the plans and purposes of the other. If these opposing principles are part of a rational plan at all, such a plan

must proceed from a power or intelligence superior to both Ormuzd and Ahriman. In this higher power the question begins anew, and omnipotence finally comes into its own. And if we say that there is no rational plan, that no one is responsible for the order (or disorder) of the Cosmos, this is atheism. We cannot give up omnipotence without abandoning not only monotheism, but theism itself.

The third point is that God is benevolent. It should be carefully noted that this attribute rests not upon logic but upon sentiment. This in no way belittles its importance, for it is well known that sentiment is often a more potent motive than logic in human conduct. If anything, the attribute of benevolence is more firmly grounded than that of omnipotence, as we shall presently see. That its basis is purely one of sentiment is clearly seen by inquiring what changes would be introduced into our conception of God were this attribute to be denied. He would still be the Supreme Being; monotheism would be in no way affected. The only difference, and a great one from a human point of view, would be the loss of the sentimental regard, the love and respect of His creatures.

Man has not always regarded the objects of his worship as benevolent. The Hindus had their Kali, among whose minor attributes may be mentioned the fact that she was the goddess of small-pox and cholera. The Aztecs had their Huitzilopochtli, whose most acceptable sacrifice was a living human heart; but by centuries of evolution man's conception of God has advanced from a naive anthropomorphism which regarded God as "man's giant shadow, hailed divine," endowed with human frailties and weaknesses as well as human strength and virtue in glorified measure, to an idealistic conception which has made of God a sort of repository and expression of what man regards as his finest instincts. Imperfect as he knows himself to be, since his eyes are opened to the good and the evil, he delights in attributing to God in a magnified form all that he considers noble in himself and his fellows.

Man's insistence upon the utter benevolence of God may indeed be due in part to an uneasy subconscious feeling that it is at least possible for God to be otherwise; that while a non-omnipotent God is logically impossible, a non-benevolent God is not only possible, but from the characteristics of some of His Creation a sinister probability. From such a conclusion our finest instincts recoil in horror. Of such a God we might say boldly and firmly, and yet modestly and with dignity: "Even I would be holier than He!" Toward such a doctrine the attitude of the mind is: "I will not believe it!" Purely sentimental, it will be noted, but none the less firmly



grounded. Man demands of his God benevolence in infinite measure as well as omnipotence.

### III. THE MYSTERY OF EVIL.

And this brings us face to face with a great mystery; for, alas, the world is not all good. We may say that it is presided over by a Power utterly benevolent, and with the ability to exercise that benevolence to the utmost if He chooses; yet it is full of

". . .wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,  
Clanging fights and flaming towns and sinking ships and praying hands."

I cannot make a better statement of the mystery than that put by Edwin Arnold into the mouth of Prince Siddârtha, when as a young man the prince saw for the first time the pain and suffering of others less fortunate than he.

"But lo! Siddârtha turned  
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,  
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth.  
. . . . .

Then cried he, while his lifted countenance  
Glowed with the burning passion of a love  
Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope  
Boundless, insatiate: 'Oh! suffering world,  
. . . . .

Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,  
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry  
They cannot save! I would not let one cry  
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm  
Would make a world and keep it miserable,  
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,  
He is not good, and if not powerful,  
He is not God? Channa! lead home again!  
It is enough! Mine eyes have seen enough!"

### IV. THE FREE-WILL ARGUMENT.

At first glance the problem may seem easy of solution. It is often said that God created man a free moral agent, and that if he runs afoul of nature's laws or sins otherwise he must expect to suffer or be punished. In so acting, God is said to be moved by a wise and benevolent purpose. Man, it is held, being what he is, could probably in no other way learn his lesson so well as by experience, and a few rough bumps in the process of his education will have a salutary effect. Moreover, it is pointed out that a merely innocent virtue which has not been tried in the fire cannot

be compared with the virtue of a soul which has known temptation has fallen, perhaps, but has struggled upward until at last it stands free, strong, and glorious.

Taking up these various arguments in succession, it may be said in answer that the claim that all suffering is the consequence of some law transgressed by the sufferer will not hold water for a moment. Too many cases may be cited where the innocent suffer for the sin of another, who often may go unwhipt of God to the end of his days. Theology early recognized this weakness, and provided an express defense for it. Did not Yahveh Himself declare that He was a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation? This, it is true, is nature's way, and, if once accepted as a general principle, explains much evil as a consequence of ancestral sin. As to the justice of such a procedure we shall have something to say later. But even this explanation does not go far enough. There is still much evil that cannot be included in that category. Some other explanation than that of sin, either personal or ancestral, must be given to include those who suffer from such occurrences beyond their control as tornadoes, droughts, and earthquakes.

To meet this weakness theology formulated the doctrine of Original Sin. As defined in the New England Primer, this doctrine declares that

"In Adam's fall  
We sinnèd all."

No matter how conscientious one's conduct, how stainless his life, there rests upon him from birth a load of sin sufficient to warrant his eternal damnation. No act of his can remove that load or atone for it. No amount of suffering in this life is deemed worthy by the Supreme Judge to measure up to the degree of the guilt and balance the account.

As a defensive move, it must be admitted that this is all-inclusive. No variety of evil can escape it. All suffering becomes the punishment for sin, personal, ancestral, or original. Yet this defense is a desperate one; for if punishment for ancestral sin runs counter to man's sense of justice, punishment for original sin outrages it utterly. And it leaves unanswered the question why, in a moral universe, under the care of a benevolent and omnipotent Deity, anything so apparently contagious and transmissible as sin should ever have been allowed to originate at all.

To meet this objection the free-will advocate takes the further ground that "evil is good in the making"; that man's struggles with

evil are for his own benefit; that education is reached by no royal road, and that character is the reward of struggle. In this conception of God's relation to His creatures we find much that is anthropomorphic. To make the parallel closer, the evil with which man must struggle is minimized and slurred over. It is true that a human parent must often allow a wilful child to come to grief in some minor degree, even to the extent, let us say, of slightly burning its fingers, in order to teach a lesson that could not be taught otherwise; but no sane parent would, either in himself or others, countenance for this purpose such an extreme as serious injury, to say nothing of torture or death, even though the suffering of one child might teach a needed lesson to another. Yet, logically, this is what the free-will argument attributes to God; and then, as if frightened at the ferocity it connotes, the evil is euphemized, referred to as parental chastisement or loving correction. In human affairs, other things being equal, a teacher is judged by the relation between the results achieved and the violence of the effort necessary to attain them; and nothing half as violent as those processes of nature supposed by the free-will advocates to be educational would be tolerated for a moment. Either God will not or cannot achieve His ends otherwise than by methods often violent in the extreme, and we have presented to us the alternatives of abandoning either God's omnipotence or His benevolence.

Sometimes these apparently unmerited catastrophes to the individual are explained as merciful dispensations of Providence, forestalling a more terrible evil that would otherwise have descended upon his devoted head. It is true that the friends of the martyrs under Bloody Mary sometimes tied bags of gunpowder about the victims as they were being bound to the stake, but this was because they lacked the power to do more. It was no question of lack of omnipotence on their part; even a very moderate measure of human force would have prevented the impending tragedy. What, then, are we to say of the explanation that attributes to an omnipotent and benevolent God a similar motive? Was the evil from which He saved them, by so desperate a remedy, deserved on their part? If so, why are not other men, aye, all men thus saved from their deserts? Is God, then, a respecter of persons? And if the evil was undeserved, how explain its existence at all?

But what shall we say of the argument which forgets the sacrifice of the sub-standard souls in the contemplation of the greater glory of the stronger? The most and best that can be said of it is that this, too, is nature's way. Man himself must often follow it

for self-preservation. From top to bottom of animated nature the weakest go to the wall. The only exception is found in the human species, where this stern law is sometimes modified by pity; and even this, we are warned, saps the vitality of our race. Yet this way of nature is in itself no small part of the mystery of evil. Nature's way is wasteful; it is cruel; it says, "Might makes right." And we are taking much upon ourselves to say that it is always the fault of the weaker souls that they are as they are. Personal sin cannot be regarded as the cause of all spiritual weakness any more than it can be held responsible for all bodily infirmity; and a retreat to ancestral sin at once absolves the sub-standard soul from blame, according to human standards of justice. In fact, it is probable that in most cases spiritual weakness is the cause and sin the effect. The "black sheep of the family" is the spiritual analogue of the frail constitution. And, surely, God is the Creator and Father of all?—

"What, did the hand then of the Potter shake?"

Or is it only those more fortunately endowed souls who are of more value than many sparrows?

#### V. THE SOLUTION BY RETREAT.

A common way of dealing with the mystery of evil is to abandon one of the two incompatible attributes of Deity which cause the trouble; to retreat, as it were, from an untenable position. One case where this occurs was mentioned in the preceding section. Of the two attributes, it is more often the omnipotence which is thus yielded, illustrating the fact that sentiment is often more potent in human affairs than logic. Those who choose this horn of the dilemma usually cloak the bald fact of the retreat in an attractive verbiage. We are told, for instance, that "this is the best of all possible worlds," or that "with all reverence be it spoken, God Himself could not do otherwise." There is pictured for us the Creator of the universe, benevolent and mighty, but mysteriously hampered and limited in His benevolent purposes to a certain extent by some inherent inertia or viciousness in the material of His creation, including the human mind. Patience and time are necessary to whip this intractable material into shape. Progress is slow, and man is impatient, chiding God for the state of things which He is doing His best to improve.

Disregarding for the moment the downfall of monotheism which necessarily accompanies the abandonment of omnipotence,

the relief from the mystery of evil is but momentary. If matter thus defies God, who, then, created its vicious properties? Was it some higher or malignant power? If so, than in this new God omnipotence is restored to its place and benevolence disappears. Or is God to be likened to some mighty Frankenstein, from whose keeping His creation has escaped, and who must painfully follow and recapture it? Such was the only course open to that human inventor, but then he lacked omnipotence.

Turning now to the other alternative, the benevolence of God is abandoned far less often than the omnipotence. The position is perfectly logical, but too horrible. It is not easy to cite actual instances of this attitude. Probably the best illustration of what it would mean is found in Mark Twain's *Mysterious Stranger*. The time is in the Middle Ages. A visiting supernatural being, under human form, first amuses and then horrifies some mortals by creating under their eyes a tiny village peopled with little immortal souls, and when tired of watching them at their daily activities calmly sending them unbaptized to perdition. To his scandalized audience he points out that they possess a moral sense with which he is not burdened any more than are the beasts of prey, to whom carnage and violent death are all in the day's work.

#### VI. THE CYNIC'S POSITION.

Following up the idea that it is the assumed benevolence of God which is making all the difficulty, the cynic says to the troubled soul at this juncture:

"You are too sensitive; you are setting too high a standard; you have outrun Mother Nature, and think that you know more than she. Than Nature's Law there is no higher Right, and evil, pain, and suffering are the most natural things in the world. Benevolence, altruism, pity, all these are myths, vagaries of a hypertrophic intellect. Self-interest is the only natural motive in human conduct."

The cynic raises an interesting question. Has not man evolved to such a degree as to be out of spiritual harmony with nature, and is not much of the mystery of evil due to consequent lack of sympathy or even to antipathy on man's part for nature's way of working? There is no doubt that much of nature's law would be considered immoral if carried into human relations. There is no more significant illustration of this point of view on man's part than the connotation of the word "bestial."

**Polygamy**, for instance, is an ancient and wide-spread custom in nature. It is the practice of the majority of living creatures.

both in the lower orders and in man.<sup>1</sup> At least one race of mankind (the Hebrew) has abandoned it within historic times. Yet even those races which profess the greatest abhorrence for it as a human institution recognize and encourage it among their fowls and their cattle.

Again, there is no more characteristic law of nature than the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children. How man has come to regard the justice of such a proceeding may be seen in his reaction toward children born blind from congenital venereal disease. In no instance we might cite is the correctness of the cynic's diagnosis more clearly evident. Man is squarely at odds with nature over the justice of such a procedure, and the mystery of evil owes much of its formidable character to just such occurrences.

As a further illustration we may adduce the feeling of shame at bodily nakedness. Peculiar to man, and not exhibited by all races of men, there is, in the opinion of civilized mankind, no more characteristically bestial quality than the absence of this feeling. Because this sense demands, at certain seasons, more clothing than is absolutely necessary for bodily warmth, it acts as handicap in the struggle for existence, and to a certain extent opposes rather than assists man in attaining harmony with his environment. The correctness of the cynic's diagnosis is again illustrated by the slight importance which man attaches to this physical handicap compared with the demands of his higher self. It is of interest in this connection to observe to what extremes man's irresistible tendency to outrun nature may carry him. The extreme development of this sense of shame is found in the doctrine of those ascetics who regard the necessary intercourse of the sexes as bound up with a certain measure of degradation. St. Paul's upholding of celibacy as a desirable principle is well known; the extreme respect paid by the Romans to the Vestal Virgins, and the severe punishment meted out to those of their number who transgressed their vows is another instance. There is also the Christian theological dogma of the Immaculate Conception, in which the very adjective is significant. This philosophy, or rather the answer to it, furnishes the motive of Kingsley's *Hypatia*.

It goes without saying that those who hold this view have so far outrun nature's law as to have become justly regarded as impracticable theorists; but whether the standard of their philosophy

<sup>1</sup> China is counted as a polygamous nation. It is legally monogamous, but tolerates concubinage.

is to be regarded as higher or lower than nature's level is a question not so easily settled. The whole argument might be placed on a new basis if at any time the human race, like certain of the lower orders in nature, should achieve some measure of parthenogenesis. And the man of the world is far from always disapproving the position of the ascetic. For every practical celibate, such as a priest or a nun, there are dozens of what may be called theoretical celibates, of the same household of faith, who regard such a life as more meritorious than their own, and hold it up as an example to their children. And even to those not bound by churchly tradition the ascetic philosophy makes, at times, a strong appeal. It is impossible not to sympathize with the runaway monk, Philammon, when he again turns from the world which held Hypatia's murderers to the peace and quiet of the desert monastery.

The diagnosis of the cynic is correct in so far as he points out that man's "hypertrophied intellect" has at least increased and intensified the mystery of evil; but his prescription, every one will agree, is worse than the disease. He practically adopts the second Solution by Retreat, abandoning all benevolence and altruism, both in God and man. Yet, as we shall see later, there is in this position, viewed constructively, the seed of a great hope.

#### VII. THE DOCTRINE OF THE HEAVENLY REWARD.

There are those who freely admit that the evil that fills the world is, as far as it goes, inconsistent with an omnipotent and benevolent God; but they look further, and say with St. Paul: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Were there no hereafter of compensation for earthly sorrows they admit that these sorrows would be intolerable and incompatible with the truest theism; but they hold that such apparent flaws in Divine benevolence as may now appear through a glass, darkly, will disappear when our eyes shall see the King in His beauty and behold the land that is very far off.

In answer to this position we may first point out that the universal incidence of suffering demands so broad a measure of compensation as practically to dispose entirely of a state of future punishments. This may nowadays be no great objection, but we must go even further. We must admit that the lower orders of Creation are to be included with man in the Heavenly Reward, as no small measure of the suffering in this world falls upon these creatures. However we may minimize the sufferings of dumb animals

by saying that the lack of memory or of anticipation robs their suffering of its keenest pangs, there still remains a vast uncompensated balance of misery.<sup>2</sup> What, then, of an omniscient God, noting the fall of every sparrow?

The doctrine of the Heavenly Reward is also open to the objection that it savors too much of making amends, which is or ought to be inconsistent with Divine perfection; that it resembles human attempts to atone for wilful or accidental injuries. It is not asking too much to require perfection in the handiwork of the Perfect. Why should an omnipotent and benevolent God, even for a short time, permit such things to be? Is evil to be condoned merely because it is temporary? Such a view is sometimes necessary in human relations; the surgeon cuts to cure, but privately wonders, after a distressing case, why God should permit such a state of things as to make his services necessary. The obvious answer is that God either could not or would not have arranged matters otherwise. If we assume that He could not, we take the attitude of the first Solution by Retreat, the abandoning of omnipotence. If we say that He would not, we either abandon the benevolence, or take the free-will position that God, though benevolently inclined, holds aloof for man's own ultimate good. The doctrine of the Heavenly Reward has no independent solution to offer.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the hope of Heaven is not an unmixed blessing. It is, in fact, largely to blame for the persistence of evil in the world. The roof of my house leaks. If I expect to continue living in it I will have it fixed; but if I do not own the house and expect to move to a better place tomorrow it is likely that I will do no more than set a pan to catch the drip. In like manner, the saying of St. Paul quoted above has doubtless palsied the hand of many a potential reformer.

#### ATHANASIA.

Fair Hope of Heaven! Yet double-faced thou art;  
A blessing or a cursing—who shall say?  
Encouragement on many a weary way,  
Yet lotus food to him of valiant heart.

Wrong and oppression thrive in every part.  
Foulness and darkness meet us day by day.  
Up and destroy them! No—we still delay.  
We hear thee singing with the siren's art:

“All this is for the moment just at hand.  
E'en though it seemeth more than man can stand,

<sup>2</sup> Dwight, *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist*, pp. 82-83.



Forget thy troubles—lo! a better land!"  
 How many strong, brave hearts have heard thy song!  
 Their hands they folded to endure the throng  
 Of needless evils that have thrived so long!

#### VIII. THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE POSITION.

"The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

In these words St. Paul expressed the essence of the subjective idealism of Berkeley, the unreality of the apparently real, and the reality of the intangible and the immaterial. The same fundamental idea is found in *The Tempest*.

"We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep."

This philosophy involves an inversion of the common-sense estimate of the relative positions of mind and matter which is curious and, to many, fascinating. According to it, mind, not matter, is fundamental; matter is known to us only as a mental sensation. Whether there is really a thing-in-itself as the objective basis of that sensation is a matter of indifference; it may be denied; it cannot be proved. For aught we know we may inhabit a universe of "mind-stuff" only.

Probably not the least remarkable thing about this philosophy is the fact that it numbers to-day many more followers than its early exponents ever deemed probable, most of these followers being unaware of their proper philosophical classification. To multitudes of Christian Scientists to-day its essentials are a living faith. It may be doubted whether Mrs. Eddy was acquainted with the pages of Berkeley or of Clifford, but her doctrine that "evil is error," arising not from an ugly material fact, but from an equally ugly state of mind, and that "the remedy for error is truth," the recognition of which presupposes an opposite state of mind, is exquisitely idealistic.

We shall not enter here upon a discussion of the pros and cons of idealism and realism. Such arguments have usually proven barren of conviction. There will come at once to mind the classical instance of the idealist who persisted in doubting the real existence of muscular force even after he had received a sound box on the ear from his exasperated opponent. Let us rather assume for the moment that the idealist is right and trace the consequences of this position with respect to the mystery of evil.

In this view of things evil is not objective, but subjective; the

trouble lies not without us, but within. This subjective evil must be either under our own control or beyond it. In the latter case the mystery is just as great as before, since the evil is equally distressing whether its origin be without us or within our own consciousness. In the former case the idealist says there needs only the proper mental attitude, the correct perspective, and the evil is no more.

There is in this position a remarkable parallel to the free-will argument. Man suffers, but through his own shortcoming, in this case his defective mental attitude, and suffer he must until he learns to assume the proper position. But it may be urged that this defective mental attitude is not altogether a matter of personal responsibility. Every one is born with it; the idealistic philosophy is an acquired taste. Here we have in the mental realm a perfect parallel to that physical situation which called into existence the doctrine of Original Sin, and the same answer holds as before, but in a mental rather than a physical setting. This innate crookedness of the mental attitude, this natural lack of proper perspective, is a fault in the constitution of things of which it is difficult to explain the origin. Says Royce, himself a professed idealist of a different type: "If evil is error, then error is evil."<sup>3</sup>

To use a mathematical figure of speech, the Christian Science argument is the free-will argument with all the terms multiplied by the same imaginary factor, converting them into imaginary quantities, but leaving unchanged the logical relations between them.

#### IX. THE DOCTRINE OF CONTRAST.

There are those who hold evil to be a necessary background or contrast to good. Professor Royce says: "It (moral evil) exists only that it may be cast down."<sup>4</sup> Mr. John Fiske lays stress upon the argument that we cannot know anything whatever except as contrasted with something else, and concludes that "the alternative is clear; on the one hand a world with sin and suffering, on the other hand an unthinkable world in which conscious life does not involve contrast," and puts the question "to him who is disposed to cavil at the world which God has in such wise created, whether the prospect of escape from its ills would ever induce him to put off this human consciousness and accept in exchange a form of existence unknown and inconceivable."<sup>5</sup>

Mr. Fiske evidently expects every one to answer with a resounding "No!" or to commit suicide at once; and as a matter of

<sup>3</sup> Royce, *Studies of Good and Evil*, p. 17.

<sup>4</sup> Royce, *ibid.*, p. 28.

<sup>5</sup> Fiske, *Through Nature to God*, p. 37.

fact, that is about what every one does. Evil is not uniformly distributed in this world; some of us have more of it to bear than others; some are so constituted that they can carry without falling a load of trouble which would crush a weaker brother. With some, pleasure clearly outweighs pain, and they answer in the negative. With others pain outweighs pleasure, but they are persuaded that the balance will soon be shifted to the other side of the account, and they answer also in the negative. With still others, pain outweighs pleasure, and hope is absent. Such persons either end their own existence, or, if deterred from doing so by religious scruples, hope, watch, and pray for their release to come.

The doctrine of contrast has had other notable defenders. According to the old Puritan divines even the joys of Paradise might pall upon the blessed were it not for the fact that from the battlements of Heaven they could look down upon the torments of the damned below. Mr. Fiske is too modern to take this position, but does go so far as to say that the deep impress of evil upon the human soul is the indispensable background against which shall be set hereafter the eternal joys of Heaven.<sup>6</sup>

This position is not quite the same as the doctrine of the Heavenly Reward, since it assumes the presence or at least the recollection of evil to be necessary to the full enjoyment of heavenly bliss; but it is open to the same answer, that any such justification of evil must include a similar provision for the patient work-horse which is unmercifully beaten by a cruel master. It is further open to the objection that it denies the perfect bliss of Heaven to those who have never suffered this deep impress of evil, such as those dying in early infancy. And above all, it is unsatisfactory from a philosophical point of view as it reverts to the Solution by Retreat, inasmuch as it describes our world of contrast as the only conceivable one. It may be as far as we are concerned, but a world which at times outrages our sentiments of justice, mercy, and decency can hardly be held to be the only one possible to an omnipotent and benevolent Creator.

#### X. THE DOCTRINE OF THE DEVIL.

Strange as it may seem, the introduction of the Devil into a modern discussion of the problem of evil seems to demand some sort of apology. However real the Devil may have been to St. Dunstan, to Dante, to Luther, to Milton, to the witch-hunters of the old Salem days, however real he still may be to a portion of

<sup>6</sup> Fiske, *ibid.*, p. 56.

the world to-day, there is no doubt that that once famous potentate has degenerated, broadly speaking, into a semi-comic character. He is frequently called into requisition for advertising purposes, he appears in comic pantomimes and Punch and Judy shows, and his entrance, far from causing the audience to cross themselves, arouses shouts of laughter. But however the mighty may have fallen, there was once a time when the conception of Satan was inseparable from the consideration of the mystery of evil, and this particular philosophy is not yet wholly extinct.

The role of the Devil in this connection is usually to take upon himself all the responsibility for the evil of nature, leaving to God the credit for all that is good. God's omnipotence, or at least His superior power over Satan is always carefully preserved by modern doctrine; at the most Satan works by God's tolerance and permission.

"It is Lucifer,  
The son of mystery;  
And since God suffers him to be,  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labors for some good  
By us not understood!"

Ancient doctrine was not so careful to subordinate the Devil. Malevolent deities were often regarded as of the first magnitude in importance, and the Persian doctrine of Ormuzd and Ahriman seems to have been a nearly perfect balance of two opposite contending principles of good and evil. There is no doubt that the introduction of the Devil, in either a superior or a subordinate capacity, relieves the mystery of evil of a measure of the baldness it would otherwise possess. There was a time before Satan had a place in Hebrew theology when Yahveh is said to have tempted David to sin and afterward punished him for yielding.<sup>1</sup> But after the advent of the conception of Satan (probably gained by the Jews during the Captivity) all the dirty work falls to his share, and Yahveh becomes a more benevolent and lovable character. Yet we are really as far as ever from a solution of the mystery. If God is not Satan's superior He loses at once His omnipotence, and we abandon monotheism; and if He is, His benevolence is equally open to attack. In either case the doctrine of the Devil reduces to the Solution by Retreat. And to say that God chooses to operate through the Devil for the attainment of His own benevolent purpose is to take one form of the free-will position.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

<sup>1</sup> 2 Sam. xxiv. Also Ex. vii. 3 and ix. 12; Is. xlv. 7.

## HORACE TRAUBEL. 1

BY O. E. LESSING.

IF Horace Traubel had merely been Whitman's friend and biographer he would forever be counted among the most remarkable characters in American literature. The author of *With Walt Whitman in Camden* easily ranks with Boswell and Lockhart to whom he has so often been likened and is second to Eckermann solely for the reason that Goethe's universal genius means incomparably more to mankind than do Dr. Johnson, Walter Scott, and Walt Whitman put together. Traubel's own work as a recorder and narrator could not have been more intelligent, accurate, and truthful. With all his ardent love for his hero he did not "prettify" or idealize him. He stated the facts as he observed them, bringing out the shades as well as the lights in his graphic account of the physical and spiritual life of the poet. Traubel, Whitman's most intimate and most trusted friend, the founder of the Whitman Fellowship, the editor of *The Conservator* which for thirty years was the center of Whitman study—Traubel is not responsible for that problematic "Whitmania" to which the minds of so many others succumbed. To him Whitman was a great human being, a comrade, not a saint or a demigod. He was always opposed to any form of canonization or deification, while he was generous enough, as an editor, to admit to the columns of *The Conservator* the most exalted eulogies of devotees side by side with scathing criticisms of skeptics as long as he found sincerity of conviction in the writers.

So far only three of the six volumes planned have been published. The manuscript of Volume IV, ready for the press, has been in the hands of Doubleday, Page & Co. for so many years that their sin of omission, in withholding from the world so important a human document, is becoming more and more unpardonable. Mrs. Traubel will, let us hope, bring the great work to conclusion.

*The Conservator*, unfortunately, has passed out of existence

with its editor. *The Conservator* was Traubel himself. Its thirty volumes not only reflect thirty years of history of American literature from a Whitmanesque point of view but also thirty years of evolution of Traubel's own personality. He gave to Whitman a full measure of his tribute without effacing himself. For Traubel was a great and original personality. Critics who are wont to look down upon him as a sort of literary vassal and imitator, do so because they know neither Traubel nor Whitman. Traubel was proud of his mission of continuing the tradition, of keeping the flame of love and liberty burning. The closing words of his beautiful in memoriam, "O My Dead Comrade" read:

"O my great dead!  
 You had not gone, you had stayed—in my heart, in my veins,  
 Reaching through me, through others through me, through all at last,  
     our brothers,  
 A hand to the future."

It is indeed a part of Traubel's historical significance to have carried to its logical conclusions Whitman's unfinished work. But Traubel had, besides, a message distinctly his own.

For the superficial reader the most conspicuous similarity between Whitman and Traubel lies in their form of expression. Traubel's "free verse" appears to be the same as Whitman's. *Optimos*, to be sure, could never have been written without *Leaves of Grass* preceding. But the latter is derived from the Bible, from Ossian, and from other sources which Professor Bliss Perry has pointed out, and to which Emerson in his *Journal* of 1866 adds the Welsh bard Taliessin.<sup>1</sup> But after all Whitman's verse, while externally resembling its models, differs from them in its inner form. Speech melody and rhythm, color and tone, are emanations of Whitman's, and nobody else's, soul. Just so with Traubel. He too, like Whitman, had started out with poems in the conventional technique of rhyme and strophe. Then, under the spell of *Leaves of Grass*, he wrote as late as 1897 and 1898, a number of poems that might pass as skilful copies from Whitman, e. g., "I remember the sensation I felt as I, the farmer's seed, dropt in the earth"; or "The rushed and crowded auditors, the gesturing, hurrying figures on the stage"; or "The Legend of the Road" (all included in *Optimos*). Like

<sup>1</sup> Emerson quotes:

"I am water, I am a wren;  
 I am a workman, I am a star;  
 I am a serpent," etc.

Cf. *Journals*, Vol. X, p. 147.

Whitman, Traubel freely utilizes any means the language affords to give force to what he wishes to express. We find the cumulative effects of enumeration, repetition, and parallelism of members, as in the Bible; metrically correct cadences as in classical, synthetic and antithetic juxtaposition by alliteration as in Germanic poetry. We also find an arrangement by groups of thought not unlike the strophes of "regular poetry." Thus, e. g., "I like your love the best of all," opening, as it does, with an iambic tetrameter, contains practically all devices of "regular" technique, the end rhyme excepted. Parts of it sound like reminiscences of St. Paul's hymn to charity (1 Cor. xiii. 1ff.).

"I like your love the best of all:  
It does not sue for favors or coquet for attentions,  
It takes what love gives when love need not bestow,  
It finds love rich enough in possessing love," etc.

And yet the poem as a whole has a rhythmic swing very different from either Whitman or the English version of St. Paul's epistle.

That the American advocates of Free Verse in their sometimes rather violent controversies with the Regulars never appeal to *Optimos* for support is a riddle the solution of which politeness forbids to offer. Miss Amy Lowell's grotesque autobiographical sketch:

"The cat and I  
Together in the sultry night  
Waited.  
He greatly desired a mouse;  
I, an idea,"

seems indeed a rather inadequate illustration of modern lyric art, considering the fact that there is an American poet who used free verse for the expression of ideas he never had to wait for. Whitman defined the new lyric form somewhat vaguely as follows: "In my opinion the time has arrived to essentially break down the barriers of form between prose and poetry. I say the latter is henceforth to win and maintain its character regardless of rhyme, and the measurement-rules of iambic, spondee, dactyl, etc., and that. . . . the truest and greatest *Poetry*, (while subtly and necessarily always rhythmic, and distinguishable easily enough,) can never again, in the English language, be expressed in arbitrary and rhyming meter, any more than the greatest eloquence, or the truest power and passion." He compared the rhythm of his verse to the movements of the ever coming and receding waves of the sea, an observation

which Professor F. N. Scott was able to substantiate upon the basis of scientific analysis.<sup>2</sup>

Like Whitman, Traubel has no elaborate theory to offer. Technicalities never seemed important to him who wished to be rated as a man among men and not as an artist among artists. In the broadest sense of the word he believed that the style was the man. Like Whitman, he demanded that the author be original, natural, true to life, independent of set conventions. To critics who found fault with him for not having anything like style, he replied with the paradox: "The highest affirmation of style is the protest against its rigidity and to having it tethered by a short rope or ribboned to a gown."<sup>3</sup> In his *Collects* he condemns "writers who are trying to write" as "fools, liars, ornamenters, hypocrites, prostitutes of words." Not to speak the truth fearlessly, not to be free and original, not to realize the individual's organic unity with universal life, not to feel and express love of mankind, means "selling your soul." Do not say words; say life, say love—this is Traubel's whole theory. Arno Holz, the master of free verse in Germany, agrees with him in principle when he demands, not a "free verse" but a natural, a necessary, an immanent rhythm which is to be based upon a true valuation of words. "Express what you feel directly as you feel it, and you have the natural rhythm. You grasp it, grasping the things. It is immanent in all phenomena." This, I think, is the most concise formulation of the spirit common to the diversified tendencies in modern literature toward a liberation from the petrified rules of convention.<sup>4</sup>

Traubel, an artist in spite of himself, belongs to the select group of genuine and original creators with whom form and content, theory and execution, the moral and the esthetic, are identical. He lived what he preached. His whole being was filled with one great passion for love and justice. His whole life was devoted to the one great task of imparting the same passion to others. In his writings, therefore, self-expression, the lyric art proper, and the desire for communication with his fellow human beings, are equally balanced. Whatever he says, coming from the very depth of his heart, is true and natural both as self-expression and as an appeal to others. The union of the poet and the prophet in him is as close as it was in Whitman. He is not a singer of songs as, e. g., Burns or Goethe. His poetry and "prose" are, generally speaking, rhetorical and rhaps-

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Bliss Perry, *Walt Whitman*, pp. 87ff.

<sup>3</sup> *The Conservator*, Feb., 1898.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. my essay on Arno Holz in *Masters in Modern German Literature*.



sodic like some of Schiller's philosophical poems. Since love and justice are his central theme, the leitmotif, ever present in however many variations, Traubel's style has developed a singular uniformity of expression within each of his books. There are no such contrasts as between Whitman's subjectively lyric outburst "Tears" and the epic elegy "When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd." *Optimos* is, on the whole, a book of rhapsodies proclaiming the gospel of universal love. It is a democratic *Zarathustra*, and, as regards style, it is in its own peculiar way, like its aristocratic counterpart, a descendant of the Bible.

However, Traubel masters also another technique which he gradually evolved from the prose of his editorials and reviews. It is the "rhythmical prose" of *Chants Communal* and *Collects* so distasteful to the average critic. The first of the *Chants* begins: "Forever first of all is justice. Is love. Not the food you eat. Not the clothes you wear. Not the luxuries you enjoy. But justice." Another passage reads: "No compromise with the enemy. Most of all no compromise with yourself. Steady. Steady. What can I do? What can you do? Look at the gathered forces of trespass. Do you not see what you can do? Do I not see what I can do?" It is more than probable that no teacher of college rhetoric would ever have granted Traubel as much as a passing mark if he had had the misfortune of being subjected to the "rules." Judged by scholastic standards, Traubel's English is extremely incorrect: sentences that are no sentences at all; a most bewildering punctuation; and such bad grammar as "he don't" and "as if there was." But Traubel never cared for academic grades and degrees. He did not even pretend to be a professional writer, much less to be a *poeta laureatus*. He only claimed to be an individual human being with the privilege of expressing his thoughts and feelings in his own individual way. And such has been his way for many years—not always.

Just as his poetry was first conventional, so was his prose. As late as 1897 he wrote editorials as correctly regular as any schoolmaster could wish. *The Conservator* was a magazine not unlike others. It contained articles on political, economic, social, literary, and philosophical questions. Whitman and whatever, directly or indirectly, concerned him, stood in the foreground. Even one of Whitman's personal hobbies, the Shakespeare-Bacon theory, was loyally preserved and enlarged upon. In religious matters Whitman's liberal universalism prevailed, with, however, a decided turn to a consistent monism. As a symptom it may be proper here

to note that *The Monist* was then being advertised in *The Conservator*. Somewhat in the fashion of our standard weeklies, Traubel's editorials, divided into paragraphs, dealt with the current issues of the day. December, 1895: "To Philadelphians at this hour the strike of the motormen and conductors employed on its street railways is of uppermost concern," etc. From 1897 on the sentences become shorter. There is noticeable a conscious striving for concentration. The chronicler's narration gives way to a frankly subjective discussion, the method of which is sharply analyzing dialectics. Thesis and antithesis follow each other in a more and more accelerated tempo. "I can see liberty flashed from the sword of revolution. I cannot see liberty on the plowshare<sup>5</sup> or in the shuttle of the looms" (1897). "Queen Victoria has had her innings. In the great jubilation of the imperialist conscience she symbolizes what she does not contain. . . . There are mothers who are not queens who are mothers indeed. There are queens who are not mothers who are scarcely queens and less women than queens."

About a year later the form of a quick succession of miniature sentences or word-groups is reached: The rhythm is prevalingly staccato; the time allegro to presto; the antithesis razor sharp. "Zola is convicted. His victory is complete. . . . Club and man met. The man survives." There is something almost brutally abrupt in such brevity, if the word-groups are taken singly. If read, more especially, if *heard* in their connection with all other word-groups, they fulfil the function of the measures of a musical composition the total effect of which is always impressive and frequently overwhelming. Mildred Bain, in her admirable study on Traubel,<sup>6</sup> interprets the technique of *Collects* with feminine subtlety. "They are symphonic in form. . . . The first movement presents the theme with extended various intimations, always in a major affirmative key. Then there is a pause. The second movement is the descent, telling of the temptations and distresses which assail the soul from a lower plane. I call this the minor movement. Here another pause ensues." Then the third and final movement occurs—lifts its triumphant outcry to the heights in words of mundane reassurance and cosmic affirmation. The *Collects* invariably suggest symphonic music to me." This holds true of the *Chants* too and, not of the rhythm, but of the structural composition of *Optimos*. J. W. Faw-

<sup>5</sup> Ernest Crosby, the author of *Swords and Plowshares*, *Broad-Cast*, etc., then a contributor to *The Conservator*, may have been responsible for the phraseology in this case.

<sup>6</sup> *Horace Traubel*. New York, Albert and Charles Boni, Publishers, 1913.

cett, in a more recent article,<sup>7</sup> draws a parallel to an Italian mosaic: "Like a little colored tile, each syllable fits into its proper place and has a positive relation to the whole." Whether considered from a musical or from a pictorial point of view, so much is certain that this technique is in perfect harmony with the content. *Optimos* proclaims the gospel of love and justice, as the already existing foundation of a new world order, in rhythms of long sustained, rolling, gliding, or swinging motion. *Chants Communal* and its supplement *Collects* carry the banner of love and justice in an attack against the hostile forces of negation where success depends upon speed and precision. Thus the articles of 1895 were transformed into the *Chants* of 1904 and the *Collects* of 1914, and even Traubel's book reviews assumed the same rhythmical quality. So strong had his personal reaction to all impressions become, so intimate was his penetration of things outside him that he could not help expressing himself on all occasions whatsoever in his own language. The man and his style had merged into one.

## II.

I shall always regret that circumstances prevented me from ever meeting Horace Traubel face to face. It was in the course of my Whitman study some fifteen years ago that my attention was first drawn to Traubel. During a temporary sojourn in a German summer resort, cut off from library facilities, I asked him for information on certain problems. He not only fully answered my particular questions but provided me spontaneously and generously with books, magazine articles, newspaper clippings, pictures, and souvenirs so as to surround me with a genuine Whitman atmosphere. After a copy of the valuable and rare collection of documents *In Re Walt Whitman* had been lost in transit, Traubel sent me another with a personal dedication. In many communications that followed he emphasized his satisfaction that spiritual sympathy bridged over even the greatest distances in space. Believing in the brotherhood of individuals and nations, he was happy to have come in contact with some one across the ocean who tried to spread Whitman's message of universal love abroad. For a long time he did not mention his own work. But *The Conservator* inevitably proved to be one of the essential ingredients of the Whitman atmosphere. And then came *Chants Communal* in 1904. I had never read anything like it before: a style so strangely fascinating in its boldness; the theme of love and justice so familiar in its association with Whit-

<sup>7</sup> *The Modernist*, Nov., 1919.

man and the Gospel of Christ, and yet so new in its application to the practical problems of our present-day life. If Whitman's hope for a new, great, indigenous American literature was ever to be realized, here, I felt, was an essential part of its foundation, if not the ideal itself.

It had been my ambition to round out the various translations extant of selections from Whitman's *Leaves and Prose*, including an attempt of my own, by a complete "Whitman in German." But this unique work now before me seemed so much more vital, so much closer to the heart of our own time that I immediately began to prepare a version of *Chants Communal* which appeared under the title *Weckrufe* in 1907.<sup>8</sup> If this modest contribution of mine had borne no other fruit but the strengthening of the friendship between author and translator, I should have felt amply rewarded. For it was indeed a privilege to belong to the slowly widening circle of friends whom Traubel stimulated, encouraged, comforted, cheered, by a never-ending stream of tokens of affection and sympathy. If he only sent a picture post-card or a snapshot of himself and his family with a word or two over his signature, or a hastily written note in answer to a question, there was always present the indefinable magnetism of a man whose whole personality pervaded his every word. Like Mr. Fawcett, Mrs. Bain, Mr. Walling,<sup>9</sup> Mr. Karsner,<sup>10</sup> and many others, I can testify to Traubel's absolute and unconditional uprightness, sincerity, truthfulness, and naïveté. His was a child's purity of love combined with a man's strength of character and keenness of intellect. Never, not by a hair's breadth did he deviate from the path of his self-assumed duty: He was of the stuff martyrs are made of. He was all that he wanted others to be: an unselfish lover of mankind. Because he was so strong and so untiringly persistent himself, he was able to give strength to others.

*Chants Communal*.—A lyric prelude of wonderful harmonies opens the vista of love's dreamland beyond the unknown seas. This is followed by the poem "Optimos" (the nucleus of the later book of the same title), Traubel's key-poem wherein he expresses some of the fundamental principles of his philosophy: the apparent duality of life is in reality a unit. Good and evil in man and nature are relative phenomena, not absolute facts. Man is a part of every-

<sup>8</sup> Reinhart Piper & Co., Publishers, Munich.

<sup>9</sup> *Whitman and Traubel*. New York, Albert and Charles Boni, 1916.

<sup>10</sup> *Horace Traubel*, by David Karsner. New York, Egmont Arens, 1919. This last monograph did not reach me until after my manuscript was completed.

thing, finding his own identity again and again in varying forms. The consummation of all individual and collective life will surely be attained in the future when everything imperfect will be restored to its state of perfection. This faith and promise is the poet's message.

The main body of the book consists of forty "chants" which fall into two groups equal in number. The first group opens with a plea for justice: "Forever first of all is justice"; the second with a plea for love: "The heart of the matter is heart." But love and justice are only two different words for the same idea. Justice without love may be legally correct but it cannot be just. Love, real love which has the welfare of both individual and mankind at heart, cannot help being just. The first group of "Chants" deals primarily with a number of specific problems of modern society, a critique of our whole so-called civilization rising in the background. In the second group the perspective is reversed. Civilization at large with its basic principles is the main issue while individual man appears in his active and passive relations to the general problems. A few brief poems between the two groups and at the close of the second, corresponding to the lyrical prelude as interludes and postlude respectively, crystallize the varying moods of hope, questioning, and faith. The structural beauty of this arrangement is characteristic of Traubel's genius which unites reason with instinct, logic with intuition.

Better than Whitman did Traubel understand what was wrong with modern society. Endowed with a keenness of perception far superior to Whitman's emotional impressiveness, encouraged by a wise father to think for himself, he even as a boy succeeded in seeing through the bewildering symptoms on the surface of life to the ultimate causes. He shared with Whitman an optimistic belief that the power of love will eventually right all wrongs, creating a new order out of the existing chaos of anarchic selfishness. But he did not, as Whitman did, stop short at vague hopes or ill-founded theories. He wished to have things done in a practical way. He did not wait for others to act. He acted himself by giving every drop of blood in his veins to the cause of humanity; and he spurred others on to do likewise. *There is no early or late*—if you know the truth, say it now; if you know what must be done, do it now. *The boy comes along*—it is the eternally youthful in man that fights for the ideal. This fight is not born of hate but of love; "only love is fight." Labor fighting for its own rights fights at the same time for the rights of its present masters. Lin-

coln's word that the country cannot be half slave and half free, finds its application to the slave problem of our own time. The law of love, so Traubel puts it, is not a law for a parish only. It is a law for the whole world. It is a law. It is order. Labor's fight does not destroy; it builds up. Our present system of inequity, selfish greed, individual privileges, is chaotic anarchy, not order. Order will come when all have an equal share of what belongs to all.

The trend of evolution inevitably leads to the ideal. While the masses of the people instinctively march toward the goal, it is conscious unity and solidarity of interests that makes possible the final triumph of justice: *Of many voices one voice*. On the other hand, Traubel cannot insist too strongly on his demand that every single individual bear his full share of responsibility. A considerable number of "Chants" press this point, their very titles suggesting different lines of approach to the same subject: "The men who cry and keep on"; "What is the use?"; "There is no escape"; "Swear that you will call out loud"; "Will you be ready?"; "I want to be counted."

In a trenchantly sarcastic allegory appears the incarnation of the source of evil: "Said the Master of Men." Since time immemorial it has been he, the Great One, the omnipresent and omnipotent God Mammon, whose throne remained unshaken by revolutions and wars, whose power has been nourished by the blood of his victims and by the stupidity of his servants. "When my integrity is threatened by some minority of the people themselves I do not need to lift a hand in my own defense. The people do it all. They defend me. They are only too glad to demonstrate their loyalty. When rebellion rebels I simply hold my peace and my usufruct and smile. Thousands of people will die in order that I may live. The clay of this world may redden with carnage. But none of my blood is drawn. When the battle is over I reappear and receive the homage that attaches to my sacred prerogative. I who am interest. I who am rent. I who am profit." Did Mark Twain in his *The Mysterious Stranger* think of Traubel's chant? Is there any connection between "The Master of Men" and Moody's *The Brute*?

It is not often that Traubel finds so plastic and so objective an expression for his ideas. Only one other chant, in content the greatest contrast to it, resembles "The Master of Men" in form. It is "The Blood of the Martyrs." The motif evidently was suggested by the excavations in New York for the subway. The world admires and honors the soldier for his bravery in battle. It despises

or ignores the worker although he gives up his life in a "battle fought on a fair level of human enterprise." "You turn round to Broadway, meet a battalion of soldiers, and you become alive with the fire of martial exaltation"; but the victims of the perils of labor "are carried up from underground caverns and to their homes in the shadow of a dreadful popular unconcern." And the end of it all is this, "that the soldier's family reports at the treasury. The laborer's family reports at the poorhouse." Is it not true that all self-sacrifice for others is morally on the same plane? Can we not see the cross in the tunnel? "He died humbly, crushed underneath a rock. They have brought him out of the ground. His face is pale but satisfied. Your city of millions will not stay in its heavy round to regard his anonymous visage. Yet this unknown man has saved your city. But for him your city could not exist. All labor lies there prostrate in his inert form. Come out of your churches, all of you, and worship here. Leave your creeds behind. This is creed enough. Worship here. Here is religion enough."

In spite of all setbacks and defeats the cause is bound to prevail, if only each of us keeps on doing his duty. "If justice is impossible" life itself is impossible. "What have you got to do with the impossible anyway? . . . Is life possible? Very well, then justice is possible. For justice is life. Justice is immortality." A truly indomitable faith that puts to shame many an orthodox Christian. Still, the question may be raised if our idealist does not allow his enthusiasm to carry him too far, beyond his usual solid ground, when he tries to prove what he believes to be true by another thing he believes to be true, while either is true only by grace of his own personal belief. Traubel with his monistic philosophy differing in principle from the transcendentalism of Whitman, now and then approaches the latter's *a priori* conceptions and deductive method. But such inconsistencies are exceedingly rare. They may be explained by reminiscences of Whitman, by the influences of casual moods, or by an inherited predilection for hyper-logical debate.

Within the second half of the *Chants* there is included a powerful trilogy on "Civilization." *The air is close*: Civilization is sick for lack of fresh air, i. e., liberty, love, and justice. All the quack medicines administered to it will not cure. The doctors have been men like Roosevelt, have been Sunday-schools and the palliating sciences. The disease is too deeply rooted to yield to half measures. A storm is necessary to clear away obstructing debris and to open the sources of life; to make "room for ideas to move about. Room for love to find itself"; and room for justice. *The storm*

*breaks*; it upsets the artificial barriers of pseudo-rights and sham values; it creates order out of chaos: it safeguards the supreme law of equity. *Clear weather again*: "The crisis was met. Man proved equal to it." A new world and a new life in it have come. For now that everything is safe, every human being is safe. "Nothing has been lost that we cannot afford to lose. What we have gained is the one treasure to which all other treasures must converge or be worthless. We have gained the chance to live. We betrayed ourselves to property. And property betrayed us to despair. Now we have seen that the man of millions with no chance to live was poor. That the man without a cent with a chance to live is rich. And now that the storm has cleared we see that the social order never had but one task. The task to give people a chance to live."

Impossible—that chance will never come, says the pessimist. The optimist replies: it will come, *When you decide to have it done*. The social paradise is not *Way off somewhere*. It is here, among us, at the present moment, if the people, if you will it. "Do not go to justice saying: The time will come. Go to justice saying: The time is here. Do not go to justice saying: A man will come to serve. Go to justice saying: I am here to serve." The social paradise is not founded upon the equal distribution of material property. The spirit of equity, justice, and love once prevailing, the things material will take care of themselves. Man will see that life is not a fight for property and power; that only one thing is his own, love.

It is at this point that Traubel finally puts his finger on the sorest spot in the diseased body of the "civilization" of to-day. Created by a minority of masters, it never "has encouraged manhood in men." *What men might be* "if they were allowed to be men no arithmetician could figure and no moralist could guess." The "chance to live," the subject of previous chants, does not mean the chance to acquire physical power; it means the chance for the individual to develop fully his moral character in the service of mankind.

Whitman's conception of the divine average was based upon his trust in the average human nature as he observed it. Nietzsche's aristocratic "superman" and Traubel's democratic "man" are potentialities dependent upon the evolution and environment. The last chant, "And it all amounts to this," sums up all the evils of civilization in a final reckoning. But faith in the future triumphs. Like Nietzsche's, Traubel's affirmation of life does not result from a



superficial and therefore self-deceiving optimism but from a fearless recognition and a compassionate realization of evil as a necessary stage of transition to a better world. "This is the moment of the lapse of eras of force in eras of love, this is the bridgeroad, this is the mysterious archway of the rainbow, this is the darkest shadow meeting the brightest light: The worst comes before the best comes." With this vision of hope the book of *Chants Communal* closes as it began with a vista of love's dreamland.

*Collects*, which appeared in 1914 as number one of the second volume of *The Glebe*,<sup>11</sup> is a continuation of the *Chants*. Including the protest against the *Writers who are trying to write* already quoted, there are eight pieces with short poems in the *Optimos* technique interspersed. The themes of love, individual and collective responsibility, the sacrifice of labor, courageous affirmation of life, are augmented by woman's emancipation: "Pankhurst," and equality of races and nations: "What is the color of your skin?" The new chants are as vigorous, stimulating, and convincing as the older ones. But the tone is sharper; the style, so it seems to me, not of the uniformly high quality that characterized every poem in the previous collection. Is it because the substance of *Collects* bears still more directly upon the concrete facts of the day than did the *Chants*? because the author in the many years of continuous struggle had lost some of his tolerant patience? I do not know. Be it as it may, at least two of the *Collects* come up to the standard of the best *Chants*: "I'm so glad I was born" and "Keep your face to the sun." Especially the latter has something of the liberating force of a Beethoven symphony.

There is nothing easier for the general reader who comes from his favorite newspaper, or for the academic critic who comes from his favorite classical authority, than to find fault with works like *Chants Communal* and *Collects*: Are they to be classified as prose, rhythmical prose, free verse, or poetry? Do they fit in anywhere? Troublesome questions for any one accustomed to think of literature as a museum of tabulated and alphabetically shelved specimens or as a card catalog of titles. Traubel himself certainly did not know, nor did he care whether or not others knew. Both works, like *Optimos*, were not literature to him but manifestations of life, of his individual life in the service of the common people. And who dares deny that they are life? Whose conscience is not aroused by so earnest a call for justice; whose heart is not moved by so fervent an appeal to love? The *Chants* and *Optimos* have aptly been called labor

<sup>11</sup> New York, Albert and Charles Boni.

bibles. *Chants Communal* is indeed permeated with the spirit of the Preacher on the Mount and it touches upon almost every phase of the all-important problem of our time. It reveals the fearful tragedy in the contrast between capitalism and pauperism; it diagnoses the internal disease of our pseudo-civilization; it destroys conventions and builds the foundations for a new order. If Traubel's faith in the ultimate victory of justice and love is wrong; if his conception of a social paradise on earth is utopian; if the few blind men of the "peace council" have given the lie to his dreams; if the world has once more been deceived: are we to cast aside Traubel's work on that account? Is he, the seer, greater or smaller for it? Infinitely greater, I think, if the words of Christ, whom our time has again scorned, defiled, and crucified, have any meaning at all: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### AMERICAN PROPAGANDA.

(A BOOK REVIEW.)

The decisive factor in this last war for European hegemony was morale. In January, 1918, Winston Churchill declared: "It is a race on both sides between victory and revolution." Revolution crumpled the Central Powers before it hit France or Italy. Why? The war did not end in a break-through, but in capitulation. Were the Bulgarian, Austrian, and German peoples broken in spirit by false promises before they were crushed by arms? Did the propaganda of the Allies, and of America, mislead the foe into thinking that he would get a different peace than was actually imposed?

The answers to these questions will be diligently sought by historians; and they are now disturbing the minds of all men of honor in Allied countries—among whom, alas, some of our shining patriots cannot be included. If for enlightenment we turn to such books as *Adventures in Propaganda* by Captain Heber Blankenhorn (Houghton Mifflin, 1919) we shall be disappointed. We can find there an entertaining, though rough and ready, recital of life near the front, but little about actual methods of propaganda.

Captain Blankenhorn sailed for France with a small group of Intelligence officers on Bastille Day, 1918. He and his associates first inquired into the methods of the propaganda bureau in Paris. They crossed the Channel, sat at the feet of Northcliffe and Beaverbrook, and mingled with the little army of authors that Britain had mobilized to influence opinion at home, among neutrals, and in enemy countries. They then went to the General Headquarters of the A. E. F. and began the preparation of material to be scattered over the German lines. We gather that thousands of leaflets and postcards, printed for the most part in German, were let fly each week, from little balloons and aeroplanes, over No Man's Land. The material used consisted of invitations to surrender, facts about the military situation, and portions of President Wilson's speeches. The aim was to scatter, as thickly as possible, an artificial snow of printed argument over the enemy's battle zone. This work, in the American army, was gaining momentum, and beginning to be comparable with the wholesale propaganda efforts of the French and English, when the armistice cut it short.

The *Stars and Stripes* is quoted, January 3, 1919, as follows: "Of the thousands of prisoners who passed through the examining cage of a single American corps during the first fortnight of the Meuse-Argonne campaign, it was found, upon examination, that one out of every three had our propaganda in his pocket. . . . When our own propaganda was finally sanctioned, it was with this stipulation—that it should contain nothing but the truth. . . . As soon as President Wilson would give an utterance intended for the world (which includes the German army), the propaganda section would translate it into German and deliver it by the air route to all the areas within reach. . . . There were really two phases of the propaganda—the general arguments, designed to weaken the enemy's will to fight and addressed to all the troops as far back

as the aeroplanes could go, and the specific arguments, intended to persuade a soldier to throw up his hands and come over."

General Ludendorff has recently paid unwilling tribute to the effectiveness of this propaganda on the battlefield: "The (German) army was literally overwhelmed with the enemy's propaganda writings, whose grave danger was everywhere recognized. General headquarters set prizes for turning them in; but they could not be prevented from poisoning the hearts of our soldiers beforehand."

Incidentally Ludendorff, in a passage explaining why the German chiefs decided to accept an armistice rather than to attempt a last desperate defense, tells how the idealism of Wilson tipped the scale: "We were not yet bound to surrender unconditionally. The enemy would have to speak. Would he talk of conciliation or of violence? In my judgment of Clemenceau and Lloyd George, I feared the worst. Wilson, however, had often stated his terms in the most solemn form imaginable. He, and the great country he represented, must feel themselves bound in honor by these declarations."

The swift-moving events of those last days of the war will long be a subject of controversy. Evidence is accumulating that the victory was won more by propaganda than by power. Marshall Foch said in the spring of 1919:

"I knew nothing could balk me of victory once the Germans had accepted the final battle where they did. One thing only could have delayed defeat for them. That was to get all their forces from everywhere behind the Meuse. That would have been a formidable position. If they had done that—well, we might have been there yet. But they couldn't do it. Why? Because it would have been an open confession of defeat, and they dared not face the moral effect of that at home."

That was it: the disintegration at home. The German military caste must, of course, forever bear the chief responsibility. They themselves threw away a good part of their prestige. They, by their treacheries at Brest-Litovsk and by their brutalities and blunders in the West, broke the loyalty of the German people. But the point for us does not lie there. True statesmanship indicated one course alone to Germany: to liberalize herself, to overthrow her war lords, to become a republic, and at the same time to continue fighting until the weakening morale of her enemies gave her tolerable terms. That ending would have promised something for future peace. Captain Blankenhorn has imagination. He says, in his entry of October 15, 1918, "On the other hand, a really truly—so far as geography goes—war of defense, waged by a really truly attempted liberalized government, and it'll be a long war." It would have been a longer war; but it would have been followed by fewer wars after the war, and the settlement would not have thrown Europe back into despair.

Captain Blankenhorn, undoubtedly, was a good propaganda officer. He had an honest faith in the integrity of the cause he advertised. That the American Government was making promises which it would later fail to liquidate never seems to have occurred to him. And even now the whisperings of the national conscience appear to arouse little response. Assertions that the treaty is vastly too severe, and that it is grasping and imperialistic, are brushed aside as unpleasantly pro-German. It is too much to expect that in our world self-righteous nations, when victorious in a desperate war, will act on principles of honor with a scrupulousness which is to be observed, in the relations of individuals, only rarely.

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DIONYSUS CROSSING THE CELESTIAL SEA  
in a fish-shaped boat, surrounded by seven fishes. (From Gerhard, *Auserlesene Vasenbilder*, I, 49.)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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## AN IBERIAN JEANNE D'ARC.<sup>1</sup>

BY VINCENT STARRETT.

By O'Brien

1910

FEW of the world's heroines perhaps have escaped such dubious immortality as is conferred by a printed biography. Some there have been who for years eluded the official biographer, the authorized memorialist, only to stumble at length into the arms of the historical essayist, sinfully joyous at the opportunity presented by a bit of unhackneyed copy. Many survive in paragraph notices in arid encyclopedias; some in obscure monographs embalmed in the dust of university bookshelves. Few indeed are as profoundly unknown as Andamana, First Queen of Canary. For the most part, such treatment as our heroines have received has been adequate. Joan of Arc has had her enthusiasts and her detractors, and a small library has grown up around her name and fame; Florence Nightingale has been apotheosized and denuded in copious chapters. Lesser heroines, like Elizabeth Canning and Moll Cutpurse, have been the subjects of excellent *feuilletons* in the best manner of Messrs. Andrew Lang and Charles Whibley. It is a pleasant adventure to cross the trail of an authentic heroine apparently as unknown to the Langs and Whibleys as to the professional writers of history and biography. Jeanne d'Arc and Napoleon might have learned from Andamana of Canary.

<sup>1</sup>AUTHORITIES. Spanish: *Historia de las Canarias*, Ab. Gal; *Historia de la Gran-Canaria*, Melleres; *Genealogia de la casa de Guzman*, Rodriguez; *Historia del Descubrimiento y la Conquista de las Yslas de las Canarias*, Galineo; *Titulos de Castilla*, Berny; *Monarquía Española*, Riverola; *Teatro Universal*, Garcia; *Asturias Ilustrado*, Trellos; Archives of the houses of Teva and Montijo.

English: *The Canarian, or Book of the Conquest and Conversion of the Canarians in the year 1402*, by Messire Jean de Bethencourt, Kt., F. P. Bontier and J. Le Verrier (trans. by Richard Henry Major); *Andamana, the First Queen of Canary*, William B. Whiting, U.S.N.; *Madeira and the Canary Islands*, A. Samler Brown.

History and tradition unite to make the Canary Islands fascinating to the student and traveler—islands which for two thousand years prior to the first successful colonization had been the subject of poetical allusion. Much of speculation still surrounds their early history; but whether they were really the abodes of the Hesperides, and the scene of Hercules's apple-dragon exploit, whether the summits of a mountain chain now slowly rising out of the sea, or the remains of the sunken continent of Atlantis, it is impossible that they should have been unknown to the Ancients. It seems more than probable that the great peak of Teneriffe is the Mount Atlas of mythology, and that it was the Canary Archipelago old writers had in mind when they referred to the Happy Islands and the Elysian Fields.

Homer speaks of the discovery and colonization by Sesostris, King of Egypt (*ca.* B. C. 1400), of an island beyond the pillars of Hercules, to which the souls of the departed heroes were translated, calling it Elysium; Hesiod asserts that "Jupiter sent dead heroes to the end of the world, to the Fortunate Islands, which are in the middle of the ocean." Herodotus, in his description of the lands beyond Libya, says that "the world ends where the sea is no longer navigable, in that place where are the gardens of the Hesperides, where Atlas supports the sky on a mountain as conical as a cylinder." That the places referred to in these various instances were those islands now known to us as the Canaries, students are fairly well agreed. At any rate, being rediscovered by the Romans, shortly before Christ, they were dubbed "Insulæ Fortunæ," a name which has clung to them since.

A complete history of the Canaries is unnecessary to the story of Andamana, but a brief sketch of that colorful chronicle is at least desirable. Juba II, King of Mauretania (*circa* 50 B. C.), sent ships to inspect them, and later described them in a book. He seems to have described them as islands clothed in fire, placed at the extreme limit of the world, as, although his writings are lost, he is freely quoted to that effect by Pliny, Plutarch and others. Pliny, it is true, says the islands were uninhabited; but elsewhere it is stated that buildings were found upon them, evidencing a fair degree of culture. **The most accurate record of the geographical position of the Fortunate Islands is left us by Ptolemy, A. D. 150, who drew his imaginary meridian line on the extreme west of the known world and through the island of Hierro.** But it can scarcely be doubted that the islands were known to the Phœnicians and probably to the Carthaginians long before Juba's time.



Ships could hardly pass along the coast of Africa without encountering them sooner or later.

Ossuna, quoting the lost writings of the Arabian historian Ebu Fathyma, asserts that the Admiral Ben Farroukh, having received information of the existence of land to the west of the African coast, landed at Gando Bay, in Canary, in A. D. 999, and found a people willing to trade and already accustomed to the arrival of visitors. Edrisi, the Arabian geographer, A. D. 1099-1164, quotes Raccam-el-Avez as authority for the statement that in clear weather the smoke issuing from the island of the two magician brothers, Cheram and Cherham, was visible from the African coast. That smoke might be seen at this distance was clearly demonstrated, centuries later, by Humboldt.

It has been argued that the Canaries were visited by a Genoese expedition about A. D. 1291; but as this fleet never returned the matter is difficult to prove. Again, the islands are reported to have been discovered by a French ship about A. D. 1330, on hearing which King Alphonso IV of Portugal sent a party to take possession of them, in 1334, which was repulsed at Gomera. This expedition was followed by another from the same quarter in 1341, again without result, although valuable information concerning the islands was gathered. It is all rather incoherent, but so great was the turmoil and confusion of the rest of the world, during the Middle Ages—a situation accounted for by the fall of the Roman Empire and by the protracted struggles of Christianity against Mohammedanism—that perhaps the miracle is that anything has come down to us regarding the Canaries. Tradition would suggest that these delightful islands constituted a sort of pastoral Arcadia, save perhaps for Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, which were more exposed to attack from Africa and by European slave-hunters. Too, in these islands, civil wars seem to have been frequent.

In an evil hour for the Canaries, Europe, recovering from the Crusades and overrun with unemployed soldiers, turned its attention their way.

In 1344, a certain Louis de la Cerda, a French nobleman of royal Spanish extraction, was created "King of the Fortunate Islands" by Pope Clement VI, and given full power to Christianize the natives as best he could. The English ambassador resented this papal decree, and intense discussion resulted. However, nothing came of the fanfaronade; but in 1360, missionaries sent to Gran Canary, converted some of the natives and taught them many useful arts, although the majority subsequently suffered martyrdom. In

1393, an expedition from Spain was repulsed off the same island, but met with greater success further west, Lanzarote being sacked by the raiders on the way home. Beyond question, the islands were frequently visited during the fourteenth century, either for pillage or trade.

The modern history of the Canaries practically begins in 1402, when Jean de Bethencourt, Kt., a Norman gentleman, fitted out a ship with the express purpose of conquering them and settling there. And at this point we may take up the consideration of Andamana, who reigned in the island of Gran Canary prior to the coming of Jean de Bethencourt, although just when she began to reign is not exactly clear.

The island of Gran Canary, in early times, was divided into ten petty districts or villages, called, respectively, Galdar, Telde, Aquimez, Tejeda, Aquejata, Agnete, Tamaraceita, Artibirgo, Ateacas, and Arucas.<sup>2</sup> Each district was governed by a chief called Guanartemé, who maintained a body of armed warriors under his control, and united in himself the offices of dictator, legislator, and executive; calling, however, at his option, an advisory council of old men of the village, who also met at his death to appoint his successor. This subdivision into petty independent sovereignties, and the naturally warlike character of the inhabitants, were the occasion of many internal dissensions and a number of sanguinary conflicts.

In the village of Galdar lived a young girl called Andamana,<sup>3</sup> who, according to legend, possessed extraordinary wisdom. Her judgment often was consulted on the most weighty matters, and her reputation, at first local, soon spread through the surrounding country, so that deputations from a distance came frequently to the village where she lived, to consult her on disputed points. Litigants appealed to her before bringing their cases before the magistrates, and sometimes the magistrates themselves appealed to her before making their decisions. It was not long, so great was her success, until her judgments were regarded as inspired, and Andamana herself was looked upon with respect and awe. The situation was not lost upon this good-looking girl (for legend says she was that, too), in whose breast was kindled a shining ambition, which probably grew slowly but which certainly directed her subsequent conduct.

<sup>2</sup> Galineo says there were twelve, but does not give their names.

<sup>3</sup> Ab. Gal calls her Atidamana; Galineo calls her Antidamana; other Spanish writers call her Andamada, and some Andamanada; but the name generally accepted as correct, and the one alone prevalent in the island of Gran Canaria, is Andamana.

Encouraged by the deference shown her, and by the constant reference to her judgment of public matters, Andamana proceeded after a time to pronounce decisions, in addition to giving advice; but whereas the wisdom of her opinions had not been questioned, had indeed elicited unanimous applause, the magistrates complained of her later actions as an infringement of their privileges. Particularly was this complaint induced by the fact that their receipts were seriously affected. Andamana charged no fee, while charges by the magistrates were heavy. Not infrequently, the litigant who was able to give the largest fee obtained a verdict in his favor, without reference to the merits of the case. Litigants now preferred to take their troubles to the inspired village maiden.

So great, however, was Andamana's popularity among the people of her district that the Guanartemé feared openly to take measures against her, on his own responsibility; so he called a council to consider her pretensions and encroachments. As it developed, nothing better calculated to further the ambitions of the shrewd native girl could have been devised. Instead of quailing before the judicial measure, so fraught with apparent danger to her, Andamana made it a means of advancing her power.

The Council met and went solemnly into session; when suddenly the door was flung open and Andamana, splendidly attired, entered, and calmly assumed a seat as presiding officer of the assembly. The effrontery of the action struck the councilors dumb. No word was uttered. The legend of her "inspiration" weighed heavily upon her accusers, and her conduct on this occasion tended to confirm their belief in it. After a pause, she rose upright and began to talk. In bitter, scornful words she upraided them as unworthy of all she had done, and dared them to cite one instance where, in the judgments or decisions rendered by her, she had been swayed by personal advantage. Then she resumed her seat and awaited a reply. As none came, she arose again and quietly pronounced the Council dissolved.

After this astonishing and successful stroke, Andamana was unmolested. There was no further opposition in the district to her assumption of power, which henceforth she exercised with regal sway.

Andamana's next step was to revise the judicial code of her district, abolishing many laws which she did not approve, altering others, and introducing new ones. She established special punishments for offenses which before had been left to the discretion of

the magistrates, defined the duties of those officers, and appointed punishments for bribery and the perversion of justice.

Pursuing the bold course she had begun in her own district, she sent copies of her code of laws to the surrounding villages, directing observance thereof in the future administration of justice there. By this time, she was all but idolized in her own district; but by the other districts her instructions were treated with scorn, and in some cases her messengers were punished. Unperturbed, Andamana laid aside the robes of Portia and donned the armor of Jeanne d'Arc. The time, she saw, now had come for prompt and sharp action.

Upon the return of her couriers, she listened to their stories. Then she went forthwith to one Gumidafé, known as the Knight of Facaracas, a nobleman whose habitation was a fortified cave in the neighborhood of Galdar, and who was said to be the greatest warrior on the island.<sup>4</sup> Gumidafé had control of a large force of armed men; and to him, it is related, Andamana offered her heart and hand in marriage, on the condition that he espouse her cause and fight her battles. The stipulation seems to have pleased the war-lord as much as the initial proposal; he accepted without cavil.

Andamana called the people of her district to arms, and when they were assembled had the marriage ceremony uniting her with Gumidafé performed before the multitude. She at once installed her husband in command of the army, made up of his own troops and those of Galdar, and placing herself by his side, swept down on the offending villages. In a short time her warriors had overrun the island, and she was the supreme power in Canary. Wherever she went she proclaimed immunity to such as would join her standard, and destruction to all who opposed her progress. In this way, her forces increased as she advanced, towns threw open their gates and received her with acclamation, and what little opposition developed was speedily overcome. When every district in the island had submitted to her sway, she returned to Galdar and proclaimed herself and Gumidafé queen and king of Canary.

The reign of Andamana was long and beneficent. Her first act was to establish a uniform code of laws for the entire island. Apparently she did not again find it necessary to use violence upon her people, and probably she died deeply loved and respected. Legend would suggest this, but even legend does not record her

<sup>4</sup> Fabulous stories are told of the stature of the Canarian warriors—one early Spanish writer asserting that a chief of Gran Canaria was fourteen feet in height, and another nine.

death. It is asserted, however, that she and Gumidafé were succeeded by their son Artemis (or Artemi Semidan), who is said to have been killed in battle with the French in 1400.

This gives us a clue to the date of Andamana's reign. It is probable that Artemi Semidan actually fell in 1402, when Jean de Bethencourt made his attempt on the island. Canary was not conquered at this time. Fuerteventura, Lanzarote, Gomera, and Hierro of the Canary group, fell before the French arms, but Canary, La Palma, and Teneriffe proved too powerful for attack with the forces at the Frenchman's disposal. These were not occupied until years later. It is likely, however, that it was during De Bethencourt's initial attack that the son of Andamana came to his death. As this son had two sons of his own, and as his mother's reign had been long (according to legend), it is safe to assume perhaps—without too close figuring—that Andamana flourished after the year 1300; more probably a quarter of a century after that date.

On the death of the son of Artemis (some Spanish writers say of that prince himself), the island was divided into two kingdoms, over which ruled the two sons of the preceding monarch. The northern part, called the Kingdom of Galdar, was assigned to Egonayche Semidan, the elder; the southern part, called the Kingdom of Telde, to Bentagoyhe, the younger. The king of Telde, whose domain was the largest and most populous, was required to attend annually, with his chiefs, in council at Galdar; but after assuming his throne he refused to comply with this condition. This occasioned war between the two brothers. On the death of Bentagoyhe, the kingdom of Telde was usurped by a powerful noble named Doramus (afterward killed by the Spaniards), who caused himself to be elected to the supreme authority by the Gayres or governors of subordinate provinces, in preference to the son of Bentagoyhe, then a child. This boy took refuge with his uncle, Egonayche Semidan, by whom he was kindly received and reared. Whether the young king of Telde who subsequently killed himself at Ansité, was the son of Doramus or this son of Bentagoyhe, the history of Canary does not inform us.

The descendants of Andamana continued to reign in Galdar until the conquest of the island by the Spaniards under Pedro de Vera, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain. Gua-neche Semidan (also called Temisor Semidan) was the last king of Galdar, and had no sons; but his daughter Teneshoya was contracted in marriage to the young king of Telde, who hoped by this

means to unite the whole island under one scepter. Guaneche Semidan and his daughter, however, were captured by De Vera and sent to Spain, where they were converted to Christianity and baptized. Guaneche became Don Ferdinand, or Fernando, and Teneshoya became Doña Catherina, or Catalina. Returning to the island, which De Vera had not yet conquered, Don Ferdinand was instrumental in effecting its complete surrender. This was in 1483, when a miserable remnant of the Canarios were still valiantly holding out.

The invading Spaniards had captured all of the seacoast, but the Canarios had assembled in an inaccessible mountain fastness at a place called Ansité. This stronghold, Don Ferdinand ascended and was received with great joy by the people. Shouts and tears greeted the appearance of him who once had been their king. When the tumult had subsided, Don Ferdinand launched into an eloquent harangue, advising them for the sakes of their wives and daughters, if not their own, to renounce all thought of opposition to the Spaniards. Opposition, he assured them, could end only in their destruction. He told them that if they surrendered without fighting, they would be treated with leniency, and would be allowed to continue as nobles in the possession of their estates. Thus, amid tears, the surrender was accomplished.

The young king of Telde, seeing his hopes blasted, and the old Faycag or high priest of the island, who were among the group on the mountain, advanced to the edge of the cliff and, having embraced, called with a loud voice, "Atirtisma! Atirtisma!"—the Canarian method of invoking God—then threw themselves headlong over the precipice and were dashed to pieces. Don Ferdinand led the rest of the Canarios down to De Vera, who feasted them and ordered a Te Deum to be sung. The conquest of the island was thus completed on April 29, 1483.

The subjugation of Teneriffe in 1496 by Don Alonso Fernandez de Lugo, was largely due also to the Canario auxiliaries led by Don Ferdinand, Guanartemé de Galdar, erstwhile Guaneche Semidan, King of Canary. This gentleman, having become a Christian, seems to have developed a passion for teaching his new religion by "apostolic blows and knocks," and his connection with the subjugation of Canary does not seem particularly to his credit. Doubtless his daughter was beautiful.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> An old account says: "The women of Gran Canaria are represented as very beautiful; and the men as well-formed, of good stature, active, and athletic. . . . In complexion they are dark like the inhabitants of the other islands, but not much more so than the Spaniards and Italians."

Doña Catherina, daughter of Don Ferdinand, subsequently returned to Spain, and was married to Don Fernando Perez de Guzman, Señor de Batres (or Vatres), son of Don Pedro Suarez de Toledo y Guzman, brother of Don Juan Ramirez de Guzman, from whom descended the Empress Eugenie of France.

Thus ended the royal line of Andamana. Less worthy heroines have been celebrated in song and story. The unanimity of the legends told of her in Canary, suggest at least a considerable foundation of truth, and fortunately confirmation is found in rare Spanish works. This confirmation was collected many years ago by Commodore William B. Whiting, U.S.N., from whose records much of the present narrative is drawn. There seems little reason to doubt the essential features of Andamana's story, and one wonders that history has so neglected the chronicle of her amazing rise to power, and the Napoleonic *coup d'état* by which she first achieved her supremacy.

# THE MYSTERY OF EVIL.

BY PAUL R. HEYL.

## XI. HISTORIC LITERARY SOLUTIONS.

While we have not yet considered all the fundamental positions that may be taken with respect to the problem of evil, we have considered a sufficient number to enable us to analyze and classify most of the complex attitudes usually assumed by those who discuss the matter. As examples we shall consider two well-known pieces of literature for both of which the mystery of evil furnishes the motive. Each of these examples has been held by various persons to contain a more or less complete and satisfactory solution of the mystery, and it will be interesting for us to examine them at this point.

*The Book of Job.*—The first of these is the Book of Job. Magnificent in imagery and diction, dramatic in style and setting, this book is well worth attention simply as a piece of literature. Its especial interest to us lies in the fact that the plot concerns itself with the problem of the suffering of the righteous. Job, a perfect and upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil, is suddenly visited by great misfortune. The motive for this is disclosed to the reader, but kept secret from Job and his friends. This motive, naively anthropomorphic, originates in a dispute between God and Satan relative to Job himself, Satan intimating that Job's righteousness is but skin-deep. To refute Satan, God gives him power over Job in all save his life, which power Satan promptly uses to Job's great misery, first removing his children and possessions, and later visiting Job himself with a loathsome disease. Under these afflictions Job's attitude toward God is described as scrupulously correct. "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

Yet after seven days and nights of the silent sympathy of his three friends Job breaks forth and curses, not God, but the day of his birth. His friends listen silently to his invective, bitter, vehement,



even majestic, and when he has finished begin an argument with him. Their theory is simple: Job is a great sufferer; he must therefore be a great sinner. Here we have an illustration of what has been discussed under the free-will position. Job meets this attack with sound logic, pointing out the well-known fact that many wicked persons escape punishment in this life, and defying his friends to cite one instance of sin in his own career. This they are unable to do, but are still unconvinced, and insist that Job must have sinned in some manner unknown to him and them to bring all this terrible punishment upon him. Both sides to the argument exhaust themselves fruitlessly. Finally God Himself speaks to Job in words of unrivaled majesty. Surely, here we are coming to the solution of the problem from the lips of the highest authority! But no; the speeches of Yahveh are devoted to humbling Job by pointing out his insignificance as compared with the Divine Majesty. Not once does he deign to refer even remotely to the solution of the problem. In common parlance, Job is subjected to the process known as "roaring down," and so successfully that he ventures no further word of complaint. In reward for Job's correct attitude throughout his sufferings and in vindication of his claim of innocence, God rewards him with a prosperity many times that which had been ruthlessly taken from him. Job apparently forgets the past and all ends happily.

Here we may see the argument of the Heavenly Reward in all its simplicity. Job's children and cattle are sacrificed ruthlessly for the greater glory of God, the confusion of Satan, and the ultimate blessing of Job himself. Which of us would willingly accept future happiness at such a price? And what force has the example of the reward of one righteous man, brought about at the expense of, and in contrast to, the sufferings of others of his own family, who, so far as we are informed, appear to have been righteous also? And as to the ultimate good to be obtained by the confounding of Satan, even this appears to have been but temporary, for centuries after we are told that he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

The Book of Job leaves the mystery of evil exactly where it found it.

*The Hermit and the Angel.*—A monkish tale of the Middle Ages, found in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and best known to moderns by Parnell's versified form, tells the story of a hermit and an angel who traveled together.

“The angel was in human form and garb, but had told his companion the secret of his exalted nature. Coming at nightfall to a humble house by the wayside, the two travelers craved shelter for the love of God. A dainty supper and a soft warm bed were given them, and in the middle of the night the angel arose and strangled the kind host’s infant son, who was quietly sleeping in his cradle. The good hermit was paralyzed with amazement and horror, but dared not speak a word. The next night the two comrades were entertained at a fine mansion in the city, where the angel stole the superb golden cup from which his host had quaffed wine at dinner. Next day, while crossing the bridge over a deep and rapid stream, a pilgrim met the travelers. ‘Canst thou show us, good father,’ said the angel, ‘the way to the next town?’ As the pilgrim turned to point it out this terrible being caught him by the shoulder and flung him into the river to drown. ‘Verily,’ thought the poor hermit, ‘it is a devil that I have here with me, and all his works are evil’; but fear held his tongue, and the twain fared on their way till the sun had set and snow began to fall, and the howling of wolves was heard in the forest hard by. Presently the bright light coming from a cheerful window gave hope of a welcome refuge; but the surly master of the house turned the travelers away from his door with curses and foul gibes. ‘Yonder is my pigsty for dirty vagrants like you.’ So they passed that night among the swine; and in the morning the angel went to the house and thanked the master for his hospitality, and gave him for a keepsake (thrifty angel!) the stolen goblet. Then did the hermit’s wrath and disgust overcome his fears, and he loudly upbraided his companion. ‘Get thee gone, wretched spirit!’ he cried. ‘I will have no more of thee. Thou pretendest to be a messenger from Heaven, yet thou requitest good with evil and evil with good!’ Then did the angel look upon him with infinite compassion in his eyes. ‘Listen,’ said he, ‘short-sighted mortal. The birth of that infant son had made the father covetous, breaking God’s commandments in order to heap up treasures which the boy, if he had lived, would have wasted in idle debauchery. By my act, which seemed so cruel, I saved both parent and child. The owner of the goblet had once been abstemious, but was fast becoming a sot; the loss of his cup has set him thinking, and he will mend his ways. The poor pilgrim, unknown to himself, was about to commit a mortal sin, when I interfered and sent his unsullied soul to Heaven. As for the wretch who drove God’s children from his door, he is, indeed, pleased for the moment with the bauble I left in his hands; but hereafter he will burn in Hell.”

So spoke the angel; and when he had heard these words the hermit bowed his venerable head and murmured, 'Forgive me, Lord, that in my ignorance I misjudged thee.'"<sup>8</sup>

It may be admitted at once that had the angel been merely an omniscient and benevolent human, lacking omnipotence, he might have been expected to act very much as he did; but to explain in this way the mystery of evil is to adopt the Solution by Retreat, yielding the omnipotence to save the benevolence. The doctrine of the Heavenly Reward also runs through the story; each incident is justified by a reference to a future of reward and retribution, when eternal justice, at present in abeyance, shall finally triumph and reign for av. As a solution of the mystery of evil it is disappointing; and not the least surprising thing in this connection is that it should be cited with such approval by Mr. Fiske, who elsewhere was clear-sighted enough to see that "the more closely we invite a comparison between divine and human methods of working, the more do we close up the only outlet."<sup>9</sup>

## XII. THE ATHEIST'S POSITION.

Returning now to the consideration of the different positions that may be taken with respect to the mystery of evil, we have yet to consider several important ones. The first is the atheistic position.

The atheist, confronted by this mystery, cuts the Gordian knot. While the theist puzzles his brains over the tangle, the atheist looks pityingly on. "Poor fool!" he says. "Poor fool! You have persuaded yourself that there is a God both omnipotent and benevolent, and when nature shows you clearly that these attributes are inconsistent you still cling to your fancied deity, and cudgel your brains to find a reconciliation!"<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Fiske, *Through Nature to God*, pp. 43f.

<sup>9</sup> Fiske, *The Idea of God*, p. 123.

<sup>10</sup> The position assumed by the agnostic must be carefully distinguished from that taken by the atheist. The latter holds, at least, a definite and positive opinion, while the former maintains that on certain questions we have not evidence enough to warrant definite conclusions, and consequently assumes an attitude of suspended judgment. There are cosmic problems of such nature as to justify this attitude, but the object of the present argument is to show that the problem of evil is capable of a definite analysis, resulting in a choice of alternatives with no middle ground (see below, "Striking the Balance"). If this be true there remains no excuse for an agnostic attitude toward this particular problem. Such a position, in the face of the evidence, would be simply a refusal to think at all.

## XIII. THE THEIST'S ANSWER (1).

The atheist cuts deep at the root of the matter, and the question he raises must be squarely met and fairly answered. As best representing modern rationalistic theism we shall present two answers, made, not by professional theologians, but by scholars who hold no brief for God, and are free from any temptation to special pleading; answers which are the fruit of ripe scholarship and much thought. In these answers rationalistic theism may fairly be said to put its best forward.

The first of these is the answer of John Fiske, a theist of the modern scientific type, who recognizes all that logic and sentiment demand of God; who is broadly enough acquainted with nature's wonders (and horrors) to recognize how inconsistent is such a conception of Deity, but who is thoroughly at a loss to answer the atheist. Yet he replies, and what does he say?

"The only avenue of escape is the assumption of an inscrutable mystery which would contain the solution of the problem if the human intellect could only penetrate so far; and the more closely we invite a comparison between divine and human methods of working the more do we close up that only outlet."\*

This is not an agnostic attitude, as it definitely postulates a God both omnipotent and benevolent, and clings to the conception under heavy fire, repeating in answer to all arguments: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" In this answer Mr. Fiske speaks for multitudes of others who probably could not give as good a reason as he for the faith that is in them. It is well worth our while to examine, broadly and generally, the foundations of a faith which can make so brave an answer.

## XIV. THE THEISTIC FOUNDATION.

There is much about Mr. Fiske's answer which suggests Herbert Spencer and his famous doctrine of the Unknowable. It is not without significance in this connection that Fiske, who was probably the leading exponent of this type of scientific theism, and from whom the foregoing answer has been quoted, was the chief apostle of the Spencerian philosophy in America. In fact, to paraphrase Matthew Arnold, we might say that on this point Fiske is but Spencer touched with emotion. And it may well be that emotion or sentiment figures with most persons more largely than is consciously recognized as a reason for belief in God.

\* Fiske, *ibid.*, p. 123.

*Human Need.*—Instead of this faith being founded upon a rock, so that the gates of Hell may not prevail against it, it may to a great extent be rooted, not in strength, but in human weakness, born of an imperious human need, of a feeling that without some such faith the ills of life would be too great to be borne. As evidence on this point witness the tenor of hundreds of hymns, some of them exquisitely beautiful, sung fervently by millions of devout souls throughout Christendom:

“Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live!  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.”

“But,” says one, “is not this imperious human need to a certain extent presumptive evidence in itself of the existence of something which would satisfy it?” There is no more imperious human need than the craving of the habitué for opium.<sup>11</sup> Even the craving for alcohol cannot match it. And yet no one claims that this craving is the expression of a natural and proper physiological need, such as hunger. It is simply a vicious and deeply rooted habit, and life may be perfectly happy without it. In an unused limb the muscles atrophy until they are no longer able to bear the weight of the body; so it may be spiritually. Ages and generations of delusion may so weaken the spirit that it cannot sustain the loss of its cherished beliefs. To show that this craving is not a normal and indispensable matter like hunger, it is necessary to show that human life may be normal and happy without it. To this point we will return in the section on “Atheism at Its Best.”

*Revelation.*—There have been those, mostly in past ages, who have based their belief in God upon an alleged personal revelation of Himself to them. Such was the case with Saul of Tarsus, than whom, after his conversion, there was none more zealous in the King’s business. Such also, according to the old legend, was the

<sup>11</sup> Ross, *The Changing Chinese*, pp. 161-162. Speaking of the enforcement of the anti-opium edict among office-holders, he says: “The suspect was obliged to submit himself to a rigid test. After being searched for concealed opium he was locked up for three days...and supplied with good food but no opium. If he held out he was given a clean bill of health, for no opium smoker can endure three days’ separation from his pipe. The strongest resolution breaks down under the intolerable craving that recurs each day at the hour sacred to the pipe. Regardless of ruin to his career the secret smoker, be he even a viceroy or a minister, will on bended knees with tears streaming down his cheeks beg the attendant to relieve his agonies by supplying him with the materials for a soothing smoke. Certain highnesses, princes of the blood even, were by this means literally ‘smoked out’ and summarily cashiered.”

case with the Emperor Constantine when he saw the vision of the flaming cross in the noonday sky. In modern times, however, such claims have fallen for the most part on incredulous ears.

*Intuition.*—We may pass with brief consideration those believers with whom assertion is equivalent to proof, and who rely on intuition for their belief in God. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Such may be classified properly among those whose faith arises from human need and weakness.

*Argument from Design.*—Turning now to those who base their faith upon ratiocination, we have first the famous Argument from Design. This is as old as the Psalmist, to whom the heavens declared the glory of God and the firmament showed His handiwork. More especially is this argument connected in later days with the name of Paley, whose *Natural Theology* gave it the vogue that it enjoyed in the early part of the nineteenth century. Briefly summarized, the argument is that "there exists" a "necessity . . . of an intelligent, designing mind for the contriving and determining of the forms which organized bodies bear." Suppose, says Paley, one should find in a desert place a watch; would it not be conclusive evidence that a man had been there before him?

The argument is an excellent one, but the trouble with those who use it is that they do not push it far enough. Suppose, after finding the watch, we look farther and find a kit of burglar's tools; there is no doubt that a man has been there before us, but what sort of a man?

The Argument from Design is of fundamental philosophical importance in that it must be reckoned with in considering any and every other argument for God that can be put forward, be it as subtle as that of Descartes, or as naive as that of the intuitionist. The essence of the argument is that Creation is plainly the result of a designing mind; but it must be remembered that the nature of this mind, if it exists, is to be judged by the nature of all of its works, both good and bad. Christian apologists have not always obeyed this canon, marshaling usually only such arguments as tend to show that the mind presumed to be responsible for the order of nature is altogether of an admirable type. Yet there is another class of evidence concerning which little is usually said, but which is entitled to equal consideration. The repulsive nature of much of this complementary class of evidence must be admitted, but it has its necessary place in any complete discussion of the problem of evil.

For a lack of acquaintance with it many fail to appreciate the gravity of the problem, and by a recognition of its co-equality in importance a far-reaching line of argument is opened to us; for in the light of this evidence the Argument from Design, far from being purely a theistic argument in itself, is seen to be a most searching criticism of all other theistic arguments. For example, it is often said that the existence of law in nature implies a Lawgiver. Well and good; but what kind of a lawgiver? Man has long since abolished attain, but nature still visits the sins of the fathers upon the children; human law no longer countenances the rack, but tetanus still tears the muscles of its victims from their very fastenings; our law holds that it were better that nine guilty should escape than that one innocent should suffer, but nature's punishments are distributed with the blind impartiality of chance. And so with any argument for God that human ingenuity may propose; it must stand the merciless test of this *reductio ad absurdum*.

Again, it is sometimes argued that the frequently remarkable adaptation of living creatures to their environment illustrates the infinite wisdom that planned it. This argument is older than the principle of evolution, but those who uphold it have been in no wise disturbed by the advent of the latter principle, taking the ground that God may achieve His ends equally well by evolution or by special creation. In the domain of parasitism we meet examples of the most perfect adaptation to environment; but what an adaptation and what an environment! The disgusting cycle of the life history of the tapeworm, through pig and man, is familiar to all. Adaptation here is carried to such an extreme that a digestive system, being unnecessary, has disappeared completely even in the larval stage.

Among the crustaceans parasitism and degeneration probably reach their greatest luxuriance. In the cirripeds, or barnacles, some forms are doubly parasitic, the females upon the host and the male upon the female. The male is very minute as compared to the female, and is greatly degenerate as far as its brain, legs, and sense-organs are concerned, but the digestive and reproductive systems are unimpaired in function.<sup>12</sup>

Lest the free-will advocate should exonerate God from any responsibility in these matters, we will choose our next illustrations with special reference to this objection.

In human anatomy (Paley's especial mine of argument) we may

<sup>12</sup> Darwin, *A Monograph of the Cirripedia: The Lepadida*, pp. 55, 189, 207, 231, and especially summary, p. 281.

cite instances which it is only fair to interpret as showing carelessness or thoughtlessness on the part of the Designer. There is the vermiform appendix, now a useless remnant, remaining in such a position that it is always a potential and every once in so often an actual source of danger. What estimate would be placed on the intelligence of a factory superintendent who would allow a discarded piece of machinery to remain in its place until natural decay removed it?

Again, what would any rational man think of an artisan who had constructed an intricate and valuable machine, requiring months for its completion, and of such a nature that it would be ruined if taken apart, and had then discovered that it could not pass the doorway of the room in which it had been constructed, and that the doorway could not be enlarged without seriously weakening the building? A perfect parallel to this supposed case occurs occasionally in obstetric practice. An expectant mother may be perfectly normal in her and her husband's family history, with no reason to foresee trouble, and yet the skull of the fetus may prove to be so abnormally large that it cannot pass the opening provided for it by nature. In such cases the attending physician may occasionally find it necessary to resort to the revolting expedient of some form of embryotomy of the living fetus, possibly decapitation or cranioclasm; operations from the nature of which the mother-soul is mercifully spared all knowledge.<sup>13</sup>

In the light of these illustrations the Argument from Design may be recognized as a relentless *reductio ad absurdum* which no argument for God, of whatever nature, can escape. Granted that for any reason at all there is a God, what is His nature? To this question the problem of evil returns an unequivocal answer. Mr. Fiske himself was perfectly aware of this. He says: "The very success of the argument in showing the world to have been the work of an intelligent Designer made it impossible to suppose that Creator to be at once omnipotent and absolutely benevolent. For nothing can be clearer than that nature is full of cruelty and mal-

<sup>13</sup> It is admitted that such operations are rare to-day, much rarer than even a decade ago; and for this there is a reason which is directly in line with the argument set forth in these pages. It is the increasing perfection of the human physician. Abdominal surgery has become so safe that the once-dreaded Cæsarean section now furnishes an approved and desirable alternative in such cases. Moreover, the modern practitioner would feel a keen sense of culpability were he to allow a case under his care to proceed to such an extreme for lack of timely interference on his part with nature. This practically limits the occurrence of such cases to those instances where, through human neglect, nature has been allowed to have her erratic way to the end of the chapter.



adaptation. In every part of the animal kingdom we find implements of torture surpassing in devilish ingenuity anything that was ever seen in the dungeons of the Inquisition."<sup>14</sup> What then is the basis for the brave answer of Mr. Fiske?

*Mr. Fiske's Argument.*—The advent of the principle of evolution introduced an argument for God which forms the basis for a species of scientific theism of which Fiske was the leading exponent. Briefly it is that we have discovered a *dramatic* tendency in the universe, an orderly progression toward

"One far-off, divine event  
To which the whole Creation moves."

And this goal appears to be one which we may reasonably expect to find within our comprehension when finally reached. Fiske regards this process as the working-out of a mighty teleology of which our finite understandings can as yet fathom but the scantiest rudiments. "Such a state of things," says he, "is theism. It recognizes an Omnipresent Energy which is none other than the living God."<sup>15</sup>

It is difficult for one not touched with emotion to the same degree as Mr. Fiske to distinguish clearly what is new in this argument. In so far as its conclusion is an induction from the facts of nature, even from a strictly scientific view-point, it is nothing but a new variety of the Argument from Design, and as such must take cognizance of both kinds of evidence as to the nature of the God it discovers. In so far as it looks to the future for compensation for present evils, it shares the weakness of those who explain the mystery of evil by the Heavenly Reward; and in so far as it personifies energy it suggests human need and human weakness. Stripped of the poetic beauty in which Mr. Fiske's splendid style clothes it, what is there in the argument that has not been said, and answered, before?

#### XV. THE THEIST'S ANSWER (2).

The second answer to the atheist which we shall discuss is that of Professor Royce. Speaking of the problem of evil, or, as he calls it, the problem of Job, he says:

"Job's problem is, upon Job's presuppositions, simply and absolutely insoluble. Grant Job's own presupposition that God is a being other than this world, that He is the external creator and ruler, and then all solutions fail. . . . The answer to Job is: God is

<sup>14</sup> Fiske, *The Idea of God*, p. 121.

<sup>15</sup> Fiske, *ibid.*, Preface, p. xii.

not in ultimate essence another being than yourself. He is the Absolute Being. You truly are one with God, part of His life. He is the very soul of your soul. And here is the first truth: When you suffer, your sufferings are God's sufferings, not His external work, not His external penalty, not the fruit of His neglect, but identically His own personal woe. In you God suffers, precisely as you do, and has all your concern in overcoming this grief. . . .

"Why does God suffer? . . . Because without suffering, without ill, . . . God's life could not be perfected. This grief is not a physical means to an external end. It is a logically necessary and eternal constituent of the Divine life. . . . He chooses this because He chooses His own perfect selfhood. He is perfect. His world is the best possible world."<sup>16</sup>

Royce is not easy reading, at the best, and this is a hard saying. It is clear that Royce, following Fiske,<sup>17</sup> regards all the difficulty as arising from a false conception of God as remote from Creation, and considers the problem solvable if we regard Deity as immanent in the world of phenomena. That he not only considers the problem solvable but actually solved on this basis appears from what he says on the same question in another place:

"When once this comfort comes home to us, we can run and not be weary, and walk and not faint. For our temporal life is the very expression of the eternal triumph."<sup>18</sup>

We are not to suppose from the last sentence that Royce, like Fiske, adopts the solution of the Heavenly Reward. He distinctly disclaims this:

"Yet never, at any instant of time, is this (God's) perfection attained. It is present only to the consciousness that views the infinite totality of this very process of seeking."<sup>19</sup>

Royce's position in this regard is probably best expressed by the old line:

"Man never is, but always to be blest."

Just how the conflict between omnipotence and benevolence is settled by supposing Deity immanent rather than remote is not clearly made out. Fiske, who lays as much stress as Royce upon the immanence of God, admits, as we have seen, that even on this supposition "the only avenue of escape is the assumption of an inscrutable mystery." There are indeed signs that Royce fails to

<sup>16</sup> Royce, *Studies of Good and Evil*, p. 13.

<sup>17</sup> Fiske, *The Idea of God*, Chapters V and VI.

<sup>18</sup> Royce, *The World and the Individual*, Vol. II, p. 411.

<sup>19</sup> Royce, *ibid.*, p. 420.

measure up to the thunder of his index. The complete identification by Royce of God with the human soul amounts practically to an apotheosis of the latter. Now the human soul at its best is worthy of profound respect, but it is far from possessing the qualifications necessary for a God. It is benevolent but not omnipotent. Royce evidently recognizes the danger of thus falling into the Solution by Retreat, and in attempting to avoid it introduces the doctrine of Contrast. "Without suffering. . . . God's life could not be perfected." And again he follows Leibniz in saying that this is "the best possible world," a clear lapse, as we have earlier pointed out, into an abandonment of omnipotence.

For the word God, wherever used by Royce, substitute "Human Soul," and we have a picture easy to recognize and understand; that of the struggle of the soul with sorrow and evil, the overcoming of evil by good. In such a struggle the human soul commands our respect and admiration, but only because it is not responsible for the evils with which it has to struggle. Call it God, and the whole setting changes. Is Royce's God responsible for the established order of the universe? If not, let Him stand aside; our business is with His master. If so, let Him stand forth and face, if He dares, the outraged sense of justice, of mercy, of common decency with which He has endowed His creatures.

#### XVI. STRIKING THE BALANCE.

Among these various attitudes that may be assumed in the face of the mystery of evil, is there any refuge for the troubled soul?

Let us recapitulate. Man demands in his God both omnipotence and benevolence, the first for logical and the second for sentimental reasons. The free-will argument may explain as much of the contradiction arising from these two incompatible attributes as may be the result of personal sin, but is itself violently in conflict with man's sense of justice, and consequently reducible to the second Solution by Retreat, if it tries to go farther. The Solution by Retreat either violates logic by yielding the attribute of omnipotence or outrages sentiment by abandoning benevolence. This second alternative, however, is perfectly logical. The agnostic, by assuming an attitude of suspended judgment, leaves the problem where he found it. The atheist cuts the Gordian knot by denying the postulate of a God. These are the only fundamental and independent positions. All others may be reduced to these or to their combinations.

The cynic's position is a corollary to the second Solution by

Retreat. The doctrine of the Heavenly Reward and doctrine of the Devil reduce either to the free-will position or to the Solution by Retreat. The Christian Science position is the free-will position in a purely mental setting. The doctrine of Contrast reverts to the Solution by Retreat. All arguments for God, of whatever nature, are subject to the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Argument from Design. Even the brave answer of Mr. Fiske to the atheist is based, in its various aspects, upon the Argument from Design, upon the Heavenly Reward, and upon sheer human need; and Professor Royce's God, if a God indeed He be, cannot escape responsibility for the horrors of nature.

Where, then, is the troubled soul to find refuge? Much depends on the mental bias. Those who rate sentiment above logic have the greater freedom of choice; but those who hold the opposite view are limited to but two positions. It is obvious that the choice lies, broadly speaking, between atheism and theism; and the only form of theism which satisfies logical considerations is the horrible one which recognizes a God without benevolence.

Observe that our study of the problem of evil gives us no evidence for or against either of these two positions, but merely limits our choice. Both positions, as far as the problem of evil is concerned, are equally logical and satisfactory, but between them there can be no middle ground. The agnostic may say that he cannot decide which ground to take, but that is a different matter. If there be a God, His nature is definitely indicated by the problem of evil; and if the agnostic thinks this far, he should, if a normal being, be considerably assisted in making up his mind in the matter.

Granting that we could stifle our natural repugnance to a God of this description, the question arises, Whence this repugnance? Can ideals rise higher than their source? And if so, is not man, by just so much, the superior of such a God? And if we grasp the other horn of the dilemma, are we not met at once by the questions whence? whither? and why? Is the universe incapable of rational description? And if so, what are we strangers, with minds so out of joint with it, doing in its midst? And yet, barren of promise of comfort as this position seems to be, there are those who flee to it as to a city of refuge from the dreadful figure that overshadows the other ground. "Such a God," cried Ingersoll, "I hate with all the earnestness of my being!"

Here forks the road, both ways seemingly losing themselves in darkness.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## HORACE TRAUBEL.

BY O. E. LESSING.

### III.

No American publisher had courage enough to publish at his own risk Horace Traubel's collection of lyrics. The appearance of *Optimos*<sup>12</sup> was made possible only by means of private subscription, and it may well be doubted if any one else besides the subscribers ever saw a copy of the book at all.

The origin of the word "Optimos" is very characteristic of its creator. We have the authentic story from Mrs. Bain: "A learned admiring musician friend said laughing over it: 'It was divine impertinence. How did you dare to do it?' Traubel, too, laughed. He said, nonchalantly: 'Oh, I don't know; if I don't find the word I want when I want a word I make it.' 'How can you justify such a process?' He answered: 'By making good.' Traubel said to me: 'Read the poem with that title line *Optimos*. If you understand the poem you will never again ask the meaning of *Optimos*.' And he also said: 'If I can say *cosmos*, meaning the whole, why shouldn't I say *optimos*, meaning to speak of the cheerful whole?'—Correct or incorrect, beautiful or hideous, Traubel's new word will live because the book which was so named will live. *Leaves of Grass* is a theodicy from the point of view of super-dogmatic Christianity. *Optimos* is a theodicy from the point of view of super-religious humanity. As *Chants Communal* and *Collects* are arranged according to an artistically conceived plan, so is *Optimos*. There are nine separate but interrelated groups of poems. The first and the last groups deal with the general ideas of a monistic and optimistic philosophy, "A great light was passed to me" and "Everything goes back to its place." The second group, "The golden age is in my heart to-day," applies that philosophy to the general phenomena

<sup>12</sup> B. W. Huebsch, New York, 1910.

of present-day life. The third group, "Just to own my own soul," expresses the self-assertion of the individual soul. The fourth group, "Before books and after books," shows the way to the reality of the poet's ideal of life as it manifests itself in external forms. The fifth group, "To you, going or coming, O woman," comparable to Whitman's *Children of Adam*, proclaims the freedom of woman and the sanctity of sexual love. Then follow poems of love, "I go where my heart goes"; of friendship, "We are just brothers"; and of democracy, "The people are the masters of life."

The attentive reader soon discovers that the book comprises many years and various phases of the author's personal life. There are, as we have seen, a few poems very clearly influenced by Whitman both in form and in spirit. Besides those already mentioned. "O anterior soul" may serve as an illustration. Whitmanesque are the rhythm, the many repetitions and enumerations, the parenthetical questions, the hesitating qualifications of statements, the exclamations:

"I am balanced in the gases, the boiling cauldron swings in infinite space,  
I am safe in the fire, I ascend the slopes of flame:  
O sun's self—O nebulous prophecies—O solace of promised restoration!  
.....

I walk erect, I trade, I am the lawyer in the court,  
I labor with the chain-gang, I am sailor and soldier.  
I do not stop to count the years of the journey:

Why should I stop for that which never stops, for that as to which I am  
unconcerned?"

There is in this poem an element of mysticism more intimately related to Whitman than merely by similarity of expression:

"There is a figure on the height:  
I see it—O it embraces me!  
It presses a kiss to my lips,  
It sets me sail on immortal seas....  
It, the anterior soul, taking me, who am god, back to god,  
Immersing the ubiquitous life in its own waters."

If some parts of the poem sound like the "Song of Myself," its general trend of thought suggests the spirit of the "Passage to India." To Whitman, immortality means the everlasting life of the individual soul, of the "single separate person," which always has been and will forever be an "identity." Whitman's mysticism, therefore, is the intuitive consciousness and ecstatic feeling of the soul's solidarity with all other identities (souls, persons) rather

than an *unio mystica* which in effect is the total absorption of individual existence by "God." Somehow, he believes, there will take place, or is taking place, a gradual development of, and within, that identity toward a more and more perfect state of spiritualization in the beyond. It is the Christian conception of an eternal life in Heaven in the sight of God, given a philosophical aspect by vague reminiscences of Leibniz's monadology.

Traubel, until the second half of the 'nineties, spoke the language and seemed to share the religious faith, of that mysticism which is mysticism only in name, since its real nature is dualistic and transcendental or even, if we accept Dr. Bertz's plausible analysis,<sup>13</sup> polytheistic. However, Whitman's vagueness and inconsistencies could not permanently keep Traubel's mind spellbound. Whitman sprang from Quaker stock with practically no heritage of intellectual culture. Traubel's father was a German Jew of good education, familiar with the essential ideas of the great thinkers of the world. A keen intellect capable of penetrating the most complex problems was the son's racial inheritance. So he merely followed a natural instinct when he turned from Whitman's indiscriminate universalism and sentimental spiritualism to the logical monism of Spinoza. Whether or not Traubel ever made a systematic study of Spinoza is hard to tell. The chances are that he did not. Spinoza's name occurs but rarely in his writings.<sup>14</sup> But it is certain, as I know from Traubel's last few letters to me, that he had made the general principles of Spinoza's *Ethics* his own. There is no transcendental Supreme Being. God is immanent in nature. God is nature, and nature is God. Good and Evil are not two different forces opposing each other but relative values representing stages of perfection and imperfection in the world's everlasting process of evolution. This evolution is based upon the unalterable law of cause and effect. Everything that happens must happen just as it does. Everything depends upon every other thing. In the perspective of eternity there is no small or big, no high or low. Since individual life and cosmic life perpetually merge into each other there is no immortality of "identity" in Whitman's sense. It is the contemplation and sympathetic realization of this collective and individual interdependence, coherence, and unity, that constitute Traubel's mysticism. His mysticism, therefore, is of the monistic, immanent or

<sup>13</sup> Cf. Eduard Bertz, *Der Yankee-Heiland*. Dresden, 1906, pp. 180f. This is by far the most scholarly discussion of Whitman's philosophy.

<sup>14</sup> Compare, however, the poem "Spinoza" by E. Ritchie, published in *The Conservator*, December, 1899.

cismanent, kind and fundamentally different from that of Whitman, however many points of contact the two friends may have in their practical ethics. For Traubel the belief in the oneness of all life becomes the source of his love of mankind. Or should we rather say that the mental process was reversed; that his philosophy originated from an inborn humanitarian instinct nourished by practical experience? At any rate, he agrees with Spinoza in considering it the one great duty of the individual to expand his individual conscience to a collective conscience. Self-assertion and self-sacrifice, egotism and altruism are identical in that sense. Like Spinoza, Traubel knows of no personal happiness except the one that results from the perception of "God," i. e., from the realization of oneness, whereby man is made to do only that which love and sense of duty demand. Duty performed for the sake of reward or for fear of punishment is worthless.

It has often been contended that there is no religion possible without metaphysics. *Optimos*, like Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*, contains such a religion. For Traubel's optimistic collectivism is a religion in spite of the protests of orthodox ecclesiastics. Indeed, it is a super-religion inasmuch as its boundaries are not defined by any dogma. It has no special privileges reserved for the officially saved. It includes all races and peoples, all churches and religions, on equal terms. Its only credo is an unshakable faith in man. Not acknowledging anything like an original sin, it denies the Christian doctrine of eternal damnation and assumes universal "salvation" on a purely human basis. According to Schleiermacher, each individual is his own mediator as soon as he becomes conscious of his absolute dependence on God. According to Traubel, man is "saved" in the degree that his heart is filled with love.

Traubel must have given the problem of salvation much thought. By three successive stages he seems finally to have come to a solution which his own heart could accept. Love will always suffer for love's sake. He whose love is great enough to suffer for his fellow beings is as true a martyr for the cause of mankind as was Christ himself, while "there is a fate worse than falls to the man nailed to a cross: it is the fate of the man who has no cross." Thus the poem "The word of all words is the word of the mediator" takes up the motif of the chant "The Blood of the Martyrs" and carries it to its logical conclusion:

"I should feel ashamed and sorry for my race if only one or two of its specimens endured the heat and and the cold of persecution:



For the road is full of martyrs who came between and made life easier  
for the rest:  
For the sore feet of the weary came between, and the sad aches of the  
condemned came between,  
And before the eclipsed martyrdoms all the noisy martyrdoms are still."

Such martyrdom is caused by the evils of sophisticated civilization. If natural conditions prevail, "the savior is not a man nailed to a cross"—

"The savior is any man or woman who without cross or nail lives earth's simple life on the plane of its first propositions."

Traubel could raise the question of salvation only as long as his monistic philosophy had not been firmly established; as long as he looked for a cure of civilization's disease in the fashion of Rousseau's primitive panacea. The secret of monism once uncovered, all secondary questions were answered:

"I found that everything was the collateral of something else,  
I found that nothing was left without its equal on the exchange,  
I found that the seed was revived in the tree and that the tree passed immortally into the seed again, and that this was the formula of being,  
I found that the sins and crimes of men were passed in and returned good gold...."

In this sense the poem "There is not enough" does away with the conception of damnation or salvation entirely:

"There is not enough bad in the universe to damn any man,  
There is not enough good in the universe to save any man:  
Man is not to be saved or damned—he is to be fulfilled."

But what is fulfilment? Fulfilment means perfection, and after man has reached the final stage of perfection, what then? Does not Traubel's religion after all promise a Heaven or a Nirvana? Lessing in his *Education of the Human Race* conceives of the revelation of God to man as a process of evolution which makes possible the salvation of every single soul. Man is given all eternity to reach the ultimate state of perfection. And yet, for his own person, Lessing would rather leave perfection to the Supreme Being and remain an imperfect, ever-erring human being, because life without the stimulus of constant endeavor did not seem worth living to him. Similarly, Traubel's idea of perfection has nothing to do with the Christian Heaven. That, when attained, would try "the patience of his spirit."

"Heaven was the unattainable attained—but I did not wish to close my account with desire....

I, heaven's own, having won heaven, consumed with regret over the lost paradise of my imperfections!"

And now the break with metaphysical speculation: with transcendental idealism; with orthodox Christianity, is complete:

"My heaven contains neither saved nor damned—my heaven contains only love,

My heaven is not given to distinction—it flows out full-tide to the obscure and the useless,

My heaven is simply you when you love me and I when I love you,....

Heaven's earth and heaven's heaven one in an impartial destiny,

The result withheld from none and not postponed."

#### IV.

There has always been an antagonism between independent artists, poets, writers, thinkers, men of action on the one hand and organized groups of professionals on the other. Traubel wrote a "collect" upon the "writers who are trying to write" and who are "selling their souls" instead of being true to themselves and to life. Similarly, he finds fault with priests who subordinate religion to the doctrines of their respective churches; with professors who ignore the facts of life for the sake of their scholastic learning; with any institution whatsoever that sets up the artificial barriers of class distinctions and special interests against the universality of life. It is life, the ideal life the essence of which is love, that the poet seeks for in all manifestations of external life. Instead of words he demands of the writers confirming deeds of love. From the "eminent professor" and his "dress parade of phrases" he turns away, unconvinced, out into the street where he finds in the eyes of the poor Italian laborer that spark of life which the scholar's learning had failed to give.

The whole section "Before books and after books (is the human soul)" is an elaboration of this theme. Behind the singer's song, behind the artist's picture, behind the mighty symphony, there rises, independent of the artist's will, the creative force of life itself. Nor can the poet be deceived by the false singers, by the false gods, by the slaves of inane conventions. No matter that they keep the truth from the world; no matter that his own plain song is as yet unheard: there will come a time when the past has said its last words; when

the world wakes up from its sleep to listen to the call of the new era :

“The sayers of words have said the last word :

They have shut the doors, they have closed the shutters, they have put out the lights :

The sayers of words have said: Now there shall be no more speech, now the world may sleep.

I come in the dead of its night and challenge the world to meet a new day.”

Again we must refer to Whitman to appreciate Traubel. When Whitman in his *Children of Adam* advocated the equality of man and woman, he followed the lead of the advanced thinkers of his time. He realized that the democratic principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity could not be reserved for one half of mankind alone, if the structure of a new society was to be erected upon an enduring foundation. The new era could be made possible only by a radical revision of the traditional code of masculine prerogatives and by a complete break with the negative asceticism of the Church. But Whitman was not happy in the choice of his weapons. He attacked the despotic one-sidedness of spiritualism with the brutality of a sensualist; he glorified the flesh with the naturalness of a pagan. The crudeness of his anatomical word-lists offended the esthetic taste of liberals no less than the sense of decorum of puritans. For this reason the inherent truth of his ideas was lost to most of his readers.

Traubel's views on sexual love, on fatherhood and motherhood, on the equality of man and woman, are as radical as those of Whitman. He, too, emphasizes the sacredness of body and soul alike. He, too, demands that the new society be founded upon the absolutely unrestricted equality of the sexes. But when Traubel wrote “To you going or coming, O woman,” he must have been more mature in spirit, if not in age, than Whitman was when he wrote “A woman waits for me.” Traubel must have been wholly free and therefore capable of self-restraint, while Whitman in regular storm-and-stress fashion overshot the mark. Traubel found a perfectly artistic and poetical expression for the most delicate of all subjects, whereas Whitman sometimes confused the science of physiology with the art of poetry, sometimes *libido* with *amor*. Let every mother and every mother-to-be read “You are going to have a baby” and “And now the baby is born”—there is no more beautiful tribute, in any language, to human life in its individual beginnings and in its universal significance. There is a finality in the statement of facts, a soundness and purity in the spirit permeating all

of these poems which will not fail to impress even the most prudish of puritans:

"For when the body is clean body and soul are one in holiness,  
And when the soul is clean soul and body are one in holiness."

The vista broadens. Sexual love is symbolical of universal love and the abstractness of universal love in its turn gives way to the concreteness of individual friendship and collective comradeship. The words friend and comrade as used by Traubel are entirely free from the sense of morbid "adhesiveness" that Whitman attached to them in his *Calamus*. This must be stated here, and cannot be stated emphatically enough, if Traubel is to be understood at all as a personality quite independent of Whitman. In the groups of poems "We are just brothers" and "The people are the masters of life" we find some of the best of Traubel's lyrics, such as the elegies "O my dead comrade" and "As I look into your grave." It is through these shorter pieces that Traubel the poet can be most easily approached. Traubel the prophet, on the other hand, taking up the main theme of *Chants Communal* once more, appears here as the severest critic of our sham civilization. Justice becomes a categorical imperative; love, a challenge. How is the crucial question to be answered: "When you sentence your comrade to hate rather than to love—are you so sure? When you sentence your comrade to death rather than to life—are you so sure?"—If the people, as the poet "with glad assurance" sings, are really the masters of life, how does it happen that some "people sit fed at their tables or warmed at their fires while their wheat is sowed in starvation and their coal is mined in the north wind"? Is it this they have to say:

"The world is too busy: the world has no time to hear:  
The world is too busy: the world has no time to love:  
The world is too busy: the world has no time to be just."

The bitter sarcasm of "I hear the laugh of the unfed children" and the somber tones of "The bread line trails its clouded way into my sunny heart" prove how near pessimism even the author of *Optimos* could come. The tragic farce of our system of greed, egotism, and pharisaic self-righteousness is here unmasked in its bare hideousness. Like Nietzsche's, Traubel's optimism is founded upon a full recognition of the existing evil. Nor has Traubel been spared the struggle with doubt. Remembering Huxley's guarded statement concerning the theory of evolution, he speaks occasionally of his own philosophy

as of a "working hypothesis." In his poem "I don't know what God is about all day" he frankly admits that he "now and then comes to conclusions which are treacherous with despair." He was too honest a thinker to make light of the terrible facts of life. He was "sick with the sickness of the world"—but he was also "well with the health of the world."

Like *Chants Communal*, *Optimos* closes with an outlook into a better world. If the starving children, if the victims of exploitation, if the disfranchised masses cannot see the light of a new era dawning, the poet can: "The worst comes before the best comes." His final answer to all doubts and questions is always the same: love. "I suspect that somehow it will all be explained and that it will be all about love" what God is doing. He has no proofs to offer for his faith, differing in this respect greatly from the mathematical accuracy of Spinoza's arguments. He says yes to life accepting the bewildering phenomena of life as facts, just as he accepts the invincibility of the power of love as a fact. What gives him strength in times of weakness is not the belief in a transcendental God of love; it is the belief in the essential goodness of mankind as represented by the masses of the common people. The world war destroyed his confidence in the present leaders but not his trust in the people. In discussing his own individuality as compared with Emerson, Hugo, Tolstoy, and Whitman, he said to Mrs. Bain: "Say what you please about all that, but always say also that I have emerged from the crowd and go back to it—that but for the crowd my individuality would have no meaning." The association with, and love for, "the ungarnished populace of the pavements" he calls a "bath of man washing me clean." His only god was the divinity of man.

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The time has not arrived when full justice can be done to Horace Traubel. How should a world drunken with the atrocities of a war of blood and with the atrocities of a peace of starvation listen to the voice of love? Besides, not nearly all of Traubel's writings have as yet been made generally accessible. From *The Conservator* alone, not to mention other journals and papers, enough material of permanent value might be selected to fill several other volumes like *Chants Communal*, *Collects*, or *Optimos*. There are an indefinite number of essays on economic, social, and political subjects. There are dramatic, literary, and musical reviews in which Traubel's originality often appears more evident than in his other

work. There are, finally, piles of manuscripts for the great Whitman biography. Traubel's death, on the eighth of September, 1919, created very little, if any, commotion outside the immediate circles of friends. If the so-called "leading" organs of public opinion took notice of the event at all they gave Traubel credit for what he did as "Whitman's literary executor and biographer," not for what he did as Horace Traubel. It is true: no historian of American literature will ever be able to interpret Walt Whitman and his period without leaning upon Traubel. But it seems to me no less true that, with Traubel's own original work left out, the historian of American literature since Whitman would find his subject deprived of much, if not of most, of its vitality and spiritual significance.

It has not been my intention to set Traubel up as another hero to worship. We have had quite enough of Whitmania to dread an epidemic of Traubelmania. The foregoing pages do not advocate blind adoration but the serious study of a personality and an author who is all too often criticized without being known. Horace Traubel claimed little for himself. He wished his friends rather to belittle than to magnify his work. After reading the manuscript of David Karsner's monograph he published a review of it in *The Conservator* in which he expressed his surprise that any one should consider him important enough to make him the subject of a book. He expected neither fame nor material reward from the world. He said to Mrs. Bain: "The world don't want me, but I want myself."<sup>15</sup> He did his duty as he saw it living his own life according to his own ideals. Like every creator, he hoped that his work would be understood sometime; but he entertained no illusions as regards the attitude to him either of the responsible few or of the irresponsible many.

Of all his published books *Chants Communal* probably has the best promise of being received by the people for whom it was written. As labor gradually is coming into its own, in things spiritual as well as material, it will seek an artistic formulation of its ideals, and this it may find here. Except for the labor poems,

<sup>15</sup> Before this article went to press I received the proofs of Mr. Karsner's book: *Horace Traubel: His Life and Work*. By courtesy of the author I am permitted to quote the following statement by Traubel in conversation with Mr. Karsner: "No one, not a soul, not even Anne, knows what a terrific struggle I have had to put up all my life to be what little I am. O God! sometimes it's been awful. The tide always, somehow, seemed to go the other way, and I trying to be myself was often stranded in midstream. It was the utter loneliness of the struggle that made it hard. Let a man try to be himself! Let him try to follow the light of his own soul! What does he come to at the end?"... Mr. Karsner mentions a book by Traubel unknown to me, and evidently no longer on the market: *The Dollar and the Man*.

*Optimos* will very likely never find more than at best a few hundred readers. Even "intellectuals" as a rule do not take the time that is necessary to overcome the prejudices of literary taste and religious convention. Too many of them cling to the habit of measuring the greatness of an author by the yardstick of their idiosyncrasies. Only spiritual freedom responds to spiritual freedom. To those who are lords or slaves in spirit the message of *Optimos* sounds too disturbingly free. They will discard Traubel's philosophy as "all wrong" and continue to ignore an author for no other reason but that they do not agree with his opinions. And yet:

"I'm just talking all the time about love:  
And maybe I'm nearer the meanings of things than any one who talks  
anything else:  
And maybe your laugh about me is out of place: maybe I should be the  
one to laugh:  
And maybe some day you will put my portrait upon your walls and speak  
well of it after I am dead:  
I who go about among you just talking all the time about love."

## THE COSMIC MULTIPLICATIONS.

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN.

THE extant stories of miraculous multiplication or increase of things in number or quantity were evidently suggested by the natural phenomena of reproduction and growth in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the solar or soli-cosmic father-god being the great multiplier as the active or spiritual factor in nature, while the function of the earth-mother appears to have been considered of such a purely passive character that she is generally ignored in the multiplication stories that have come down to us.

In the Old Testament we find Jehovah as the great multiplier, especially of men (Gen. xvi. 10; xvii. 2, 20; Ex. xxxii. 13; Ezek. xvi. 7; etc.). Habakkuk says to him: "Thou makest men as the fishes of the sea" (i. 14—the Heb. *dag* = fish, from *dagah* = to multiply, being "so called from multiplying abundantly"; Gesenius, *in voc.*). Ezekiel makes Jehovah say: "And I will multiply upon you man and beast. . . . and I will call for the corn, and will multiply it (A. V., 'increase it') . . . . And I will multiply the fruit of the tree and the increase of the field" (xxxvi. 11, 29, 30). In Ps. iv. 7, it is said to the Lord: "Thou hast put gladness in my heart more than in the time that their corn and their wine multiplied (A. V., 'increased')." In 1 Kings xvii. 8-16, a "handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse" are miraculously multiplied or increased from day to day, as "the Lord God of Israel" promised Elijah, thus for many days feeding not only the prophet but also the poor widow of Zarephthah and her son who dies and is restored to life by Elijah (doubtless for the solar child born of the widowed earth-mother in the fruitless winter season, in which he also dies to be resurrected in the spring as the season of nature's multiplications). This story reappears in a variant form in 2 Kings iv. 1-7, where Elisha multiplies the oil of another poor widow, who has two sons (apparently for the sun and moon); many vessels being

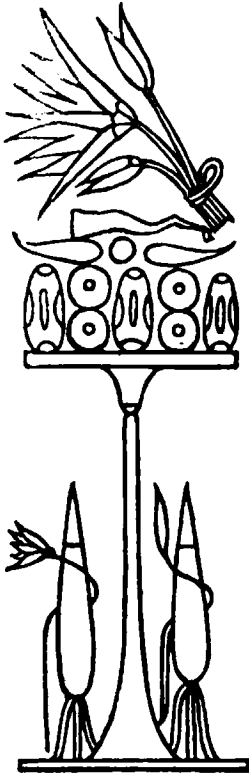


miraculously filled from the widow's single pot of oil, so she is able to sell the product and pay her creditor, thus saving her sons from being sold into bondage. Again, in 2 Kings iv. 42-44, Elisha multiplies twenty barley loaves and a quantity of grain in a sack, so there was more than enough to feed a hundred men, as the Lord had promised. Closely related miracles are those in which God feeds the Israelites by sending great numbers of quails and vast quantities of manna for bread, far more than enough for the wants of the people. The casual reference to the sending of the quails, before the manna, was probably not in the original story of Ex. xvi, where it is only on the manna that the people are fed during the forty years in the wilderness; while in Num. xi we find allusions to the sending of the manna, with no account of the miracle, as if it were too well known to need repetition—the story of the sending of the quails, after the manna, being here given in detail as if entirely new to the reader. The Jews expected that the Messiah would repeat the manna miracle, for we read in the *Midrash Koheleth* (fol. 73): "What knowest thou of the first Saviour (Moses)? He made manna come down. . . . So will also the last Saviour make manna come down."

In the *Ramayana* is a wonderful story of miraculous feeding through the magic art of the hermit Bharadvaja, and in answer to his prayers to the gods. The hero Bharata and his army, a "mighty multitude," are provided with a sumptuous banquet in the forest retreat of the hermit, which is transformed to a grassy plain; and not only are all kinds of meats, fruits, and other foods produced, but new rivers run with wine and other drinks; a palace and many mansions appear, music is heard, dancing girls come from heaven, etc. (II, 91). It is said that the *Fo-pen-hing-tsi-king*, a Chinese life of Gautama Buddha, relates that this last Buddha declared that when one of his predecessors visited a king Sudarsana in his city of Jambunada, he attended a wedding and not only kept the foods and drinks undiminished during the feast, but caused the host's uninvited kinsmen to come and partake of it, even as the host had silently wished (*Lillie, Buddhism in Christianity*, pp. 168-170; *Popular Life of Buddha*, pp. 305-6). The multiplication of food was one of the feats of the Hindu and Egyptian magicians. The Mogul emperor Jahangir tells us in his *Memoirs* (p. 98) that some magicians made a large cauldron boil without fire, and placing upon it a small quantity of rice, drew out a hundred platters full, each with a stewed fowl on top; and Celsus referred to the Egyptian magicians as "exhibiting sumptuous banquets, and tables cov-

ered with food, which have no reality" (Origen, *Contra Celsum*, I, 68). According to Ovid, when Jupiter and Mercury dined with Philemon and Baucis, those aged people were astonished to "behold the goblet, when drunk off, replenishing itself of its own accord, and the wine to increase of itself" (*Met.*, VIII, 675).

We thus find that the mythic multiplication was especially associated with the production of food and drink, of which the sun-god is generally conceived as the giver. In Ps. cxxxvi. 25 Jehovah is he "who giveth food to all flesh." Macrobius says that Apollo has



EGYPTIAN ALTAR  
with ten loaves of  
bread.\*

the epithet Nomian (= Pasturing, Feeding) not alone because he fed the cattle of Admetus, but also because the sun feeds all things. In an Egyptian invocation to the sun it is said to him: "Fill us with thy splendors. We taste thy meat, we swallow thy drink"; while in another text we read: "My heart is tranquil through thy bread, receiving thy food. . . . off the table of the god Aur" (Bonwick, *Eg. Bel.*, p. 281—cf. the Heb. *aur* = light, put for the sun in Job. xxxi. 26). The mythic table is doubtless the earth; probably being represented by the Ethiopian "table of the sun" situated in a meadow where the people were feasted in the daytime on cooked meats, supposing "that the earth itself, from time to time, produced these things"—whereas Herodotus says that the magistrates supplied the "table" with food by night (III, 18). In the *Book of the Dead* much importance is attached to the loaves of wheat and barley eaten by the deceased in the celestial field Aarru (XCIX, CIX, both Recensions), where he drinks beer or ale (CXXIV) and also milk, and has "plenty of meat"

(CXXII). In the Theban Recension of CXXIV, 9, "the bread of Seb," the earth-god, appears to be the food of the living, and loaves of bread have a prominent place among the Egyptian food offerings. In the rubric to Chap. CXL, *Book of the Dead*, we find four altars for the sun-god Ra, and four for other gods, upon each of which, among other things, are loaves of bread and cakes in groups of five; and ten loaves appear to be indicated on some Egyptian altars, although only seven are seen in the front elevation—as in the Judg-

\* From Lepsius, *Todtenbuch der Aegypter*, Plate L.

ment Hall, *Book of the Dead*, illustration to CXXV, Saïte Recension, Turin Papyrus (in Lepsius, *Todtenbuch der Aegypter*, Plate L). In 1 Sam. xxi. 3-6, the hungry David receives five loaves of shew-bread from the priest, and *ibid.* xvii. 17, he takes ten loaves to his brethren in the camp; while it is possible that the Israelites substituted their twelve loaves of shew-bread for an original group of ten or twice five—as on the Egyptian altars. Elisha's twenty barley loaves (apparently multiplied five times to feed a hundred men) may have been suggested by an Egyptian grouping of five loaves on each of four altars, somewhat as in Chap. CXL, *Book of the Dead* (cited above).

In Ps. cxlvi. 7, it is Jehovah (elsewhere the multiplier) who "giveth food to the hungry"; while in the Gospels the multiplier of food is Jesus, whom Matthew, Luke, and John (but not Mark) represent as the son of Joseph—perhaps because the name Joseph, supposed to signify "Adding" or "Multiplying" (as in Gen. xxx. 22; cf. xlix. 22-26), was adopted for the human father of Jesus as a terrestrial counterpart of the latter's heavenly father. In the Gospels there are two miraculous multiplications of food by Jesus, obviously mere variants: one with five loaves and two fishes, and five thousand persons fed; the other with four thousand persons, seven loaves and a few small fishes. Both appear in Mark and Matthew, but only the former in Luke (and in John with added elements). The earliest extant versions are doubtless those of Mark, and their Old Testament type is certainly found in Elisha's multiplication of twenty loaves and a quantity of grain, as was recognized by some of the Christian Fathers (e. g., Tertullian, *Adv. Marc.*, IV, 21). Moreover, there are reasons for concluding that Mark's version relating to the five loaves and two fishes was the later of the two in origin and a Greek Christian production, while his variant version relating to the seven loaves and a few small fishes was the earlier in origin and a production of the primitive Jewish Christians, with its most prominent details suggested by a Hebrew or Aramaic text of the Old Testament type. According to the extant Hebrew text, (the solar) Elisha (= God-Saviour) returned to Gilgal (= Circle) in a time of dearth and famine—"And there came a man from Baal-shalisha and brought the man of God (Elisha) bread of the first-fruits, twenty loaves of barley (a food of the poor), and garden grain in a sack (new Jewish English Version, 'and fresh ears of corn in a sack'; A. V., 'and full ears of corn in the husk thereof'; Sept., 'and cakes of figs'). And he (Elisha) said, Give unto the people that they may eat. And his servant (Gehazi) said, How should I set this before a hundred men? But he (Elisha) said, Give to the people.

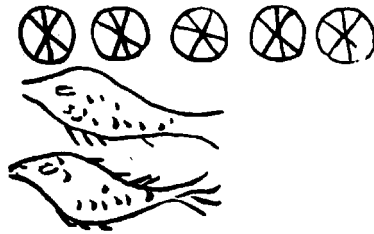
that they may eat; for thus saith the Lord, They shall eat and shall leave thereof. So he (Gehazi) set it before them, and they did eat, and left thereof, according to the word of the Lord" (2 Kings iv. 38, 42-44; cf. the Roman custom that something should be left on the table after meals—Plutarch, *Rom. Quaes.*, 64—perhaps for the household gods). The Hebrew word for the grain in the sack is *carmel*, which signifies "grain grown in garden-like plantations" as distinguished from field grain; but as the usual word for the latter is *dagan*, while *daḡon* in Hebrew is "a little fish" (from *daḡ* = a fish as a multiplier), it is not improbable that the "few small fishes" of the Gospel miracle were suggested by Elisha's multiplied grain—the word *dagan* perhaps being found in some Aramaic version or paraphrase of 2 Kings. But the word *daḡ* (DG, without the vowel points) has the numerical value of  $4 + 3 = 7$ , which suggests the possibility that the "few small fishes" were originally "seven." In the Old Testament there is another Hebrew word for grain, *sheber* (Gen. xlii-xlvii and Amos viii. 5), while *sheba* and *shibah* are the usual words for "seven"; and as these words are almost exactly alike in pronunciation, it is probable that we have here the primary suggestion for the Gospel seven loaves as associated with the "few small fishes." Furthermore, we find "seven ears of grain" (*sheba shibboleth*) in Gen. xli. 5; and while there does not appear to be any typical group of seven loaves, nevertheless in some Egyptian representations the loaves are piled on an altar in such a way that only seven are seen in the front elevation, although ten appear to be indicated (see above).

Multiplication by a thousand frequently occurs in mythology and cyclic chronology, and a thousand is often put for a large number, as in Ps. xc. 4, and 2 Peter iii. 8. Thus the concept of the multiplied "small fishes" naturally leads to the prophecy of Is. lx. 22, where it is said of Israel: "The smallest shall become a thousand (Sept., 'thousands') and the least a mighty nation," while according to the Hebrew of Judges xx. 2 (cf. 17), "the chiefs of all the people, of all the tribes of Israel, presented them in the assembly of the people of God, four hundred thousand footmen that drew the sword." Of course, this gives far too great a number for the multitude in the Gospel miracle, but it may have been reduced to the "four thousand" of the original story of the multiplication of the seven loaves and a few small fishes. But, again, there is a possibility that four thousand was recognized by some as the number of the stars or angels as mythic star figures; for according to the Assyrian account of the Revolt in Heaven, the whole number of the

celestial host was originally five thousand, of whom a thousand revolted, thus leaving four thousand in heaven (*Records of the Past*, VIII, pp. 127-128; cf. VII, p. 128). According to both Josephus (*Antiq.*, XVIII, 1, 5) and Philo (*Quod Omnis Probus Liber*, 15), the Essenes at the beginning of the Christian era numbered about four thousand; which has led some commentators to connect the Gospel miracle with that Jewish sect. The scene of the Gospel story was naturally laid in a desert place, where food for a multitude could not readily be procured by ordinary means; and it was in a desert that the manna (for bread) and quails (for meat) were sent to the Israelites, but not by a multiplication miracle. Elisha's miracle belongs to Gilgal (= Circle), and the Gospel "desert place" is connected with the Sea of Galilee (= Circle), necessarily being assigned to the desert country on the eastern shore; and the name Elisha signifies "God-Saviour," while Jesus signifies "Saviour."

According to Mark vii. 3, Jesus "came to the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the borders of Decapolis," on the eastern shore, where he evidently multiplied the seven loaves and the small fishes (viii. 1-9). The story is as follows: "In those days, the multitude being very great, and not having what they may eat, Jesus, having called his disciples to him, he says to them, I am moved with compassion on the multitude, because already three days they continue with me and have not what they may eat. . . . And his disciples answered him, Whence shall any one be able to satisfy these (people) with bread here in a desert? And he asked them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven, and he ordered the multitude to recline on the ground. And having taken the seven loaves, having given thanks (as did the Jews both before and after meals), he broke and gave (them) to his disciples, that they might set (them) before (the multitude). And they set (them) before the multitude. And they had a few small fishes (*ἰχθῦδια*—probably salted and dried) and having blessed (them), he desired these also to be set before (the multitude). And they ate and were satisfied. And they took up of superfluous fragments seven baskets. And those who had eaten were about four thousand; and he (Jesus) sent them away." Matthew alone repeats this story (xv. 32-38), but lays the scene on a mountain, still to the east of the Sea of Galilee; and describes Jesus as having healed the "lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others" of the multitude before the feeding—"And they who ate were four thousand men, besides women and children." The three days in both Gospels, during which the multitude appears to have been without food, may have been suggested by the three

days' fast ordered by Esther (Esth. iv. 16; cf. 1 Sam. xxx. 12, 13, where a young Egyptian has nothing to eat or drink for three days). Mark's "about four thousand" persons, and Matthew's "four thousand men, besides women and children," agree well enough as a reduction of the number in Judges xx. 2, where only the swordsmen of the Israelites made up the four hundred thousand; and four thousand is the number of the Assyrian celestial host after the revolt of a thousand. The twelve disciples set the multiplied food before the people, as if to symbolize the distribution of natural food products throughout the year; the disciples thus corresponding to the Twelve Happy Ones who are the bearers of food in the Egyptian "Book of Hades" (*Records of the Past*, X, pp. 116-119). As in the story of Elisha, whose servant Gehazi sets the multiplied food before the people, so also in the Gospel story there is a superfluity—seven baskets full in the latter, in agreement with the number of loaves. As to Matthew's mountain, it may have been sug-



THE GOSPEL FIVE LOAVES AND TWO FISHES.

(In the Cemetery of Hermes, Catacombs, Rome.)

gested by his own and perhaps the true interpretation of Baal-shalisha, from which place came the man who brought the loaves and grain to Elisha; for Baal = Lord, and *shalisha* is conjectured to signify a "triangle," but perhaps refers to a pyramid-like mountain.

According to the variant story in Mark vi. 30-44, the twelve disciples, having returned from their proselyting tour, are taken by Jesus in a ship to a desert place on the east of the Sea of Galilee; a multitude of people following by land. Jesus proceeds to teach this multitude until a late hour, when he is asked by the disciples to dismiss the people so they may buy bread. "But he answering, said to them, Give ye to them to eat. And they say to him, Having gone, shall we buy two hundred denarii (worth) of bread (about \$29 worth, as perhaps suggested by Abigail's present to David of 200 loaves and 200 fig-cakes—1 Sam. xxv. 18), and give them to eat? And he says to them, How many loaves have ye? go and see.

And having known, they say, Five, and two fishes (*ixθvas*—probably salted and dried). And he ordered them to make all (the people) recline by companies on the green grass (although the scene is laid in a desert place). And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties (corresponding to the minor divisions of the Jewish armies—2 Kings i. 14; xi. 4, 10). And having taken the five loaves and the two fishes, having looked up to heaven, he blessed (probably 'blessed God', as in the Jewish thanksgiving before and after meals) and broke the loaves, and gave (them) to his disciples that they might eat before them (i. e., previously to the people; but the original text probably had: 'that they might set them before the multitude'). And the two fishes he divided among all. And all ate and were satisfied. And they took up of fragments (of the loaves) twelve baskets full, and of the fishes. And those that ate of the loaves (and fishes) were about five thousand"—with the word "about" wanting in some manuscripts, as in the Sinaitic Palimpsest. Matthew (xiv. 13-21) has substantially the same story somewhat abbreviated—"And having broken (them), he gave the loaves to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And all ate and were satisfied; and they took up all that was superfluous of the fragments, twelve hand-baskets full. And those who ate were men about five thousand, besides women and children"—as also in Matthew's feeding of the four thousand. Luke also has substantially the same story (ix. 10-19); but he adds that the desert place was "of a city called Bethsaida"—perhaps for the Septuagint Bethsarisa (= Baal-shalisha) in Elisha's miracle. The Gospel multitude appears to have been reckoned at five thousand to give a thousand for each of the five loaves as found on Egyptian altars. Everything relating to the fishes has some appearance of being interpolated in the original story of Mark vi. 30-44; but be this as it may, the primary concept of the two fishes was probably that of a pair, male and female, as suggested by the Hebrew *dag* = a fish, "so called from multiplying abundantly." And it is also probable that the hypothetical Greek Christian author of this later of the two multiplication stories recognized the two fishes as types or counterparts of those of Pisces—as do the astronomizing Postellus (*Signorum Coelestium*, p. 13), Bartschius (*Planisphaerium Stellatum*, p. 95), and Caesius (*Coelum Astronomico-Poeticum*, p. 103). Pisces became the sign of the spring equinox at about the beginning of the Christian era; and in accordance with the nature mythos, the Gospel multitude appears to have been conceived as fasting in the desert of winter, and being fed, under Pisces, as they reclined on "the green grass"

of spring. But as the sun is sometimes conceived as a fish swimming through the celestial sea (whence come such man-fish deities as Oannes or Odakon), it is not improbable that the two Gospel fishes were originally symbols of the sun and moon, with the five (circular) loaves for the five other planets. And thus, too, the seven (circular) loaves in the earlier Gospel story may have been referred to the seven planets, including the sun and moon—which are otherwise symbolized by seven fishes, as apparently in the representation of Dionysus (himself a solar figure) sailing over the celestial sea in a fish-shaped boat and surrounded by seven fishes (see frontispiece). The frequent employment in the Roman catacombs of the two Gospel fishes and the five or seven loaves, either separately or together, suggests that they were sometimes recognized as celestial food for the dead Christians.

In John's multiplication miracle (vi. 1-15) we find the later story of Mark recast throughout, with several variations and additions; the scene being on the eastern side of the Sea of Galilee, on a mountain (as in Matthew's feeding of the four thousand), and the time being "near the passover, the feast of the Jews" (which belongs to about the time of the spring equinox). Seeing the multitude, Jesus says to Philip, "Whence shall we buy loaves that these may eat? . . . Philip answered him, Loaves for two hundred denarii are not sufficient for them, that each of them may receive some little. Says to him one of his disciples, Andrew the brother of Simon Peter, A little boy is here, who has five barley loaves (barley as in Elisha's miracle, primarily as a food of the poor) and two small fishes (*ὀψάρια*, small fishes *boiled*, according to the etymology of the word); but what are these for so many? And Jesus said, Make the men recline. Now much grass was in that place: reclined therefore the men, the number about five thousand. And Jesus took the loaves, and having given thanks, distributed (them) to the disciples, and the disciples to those reclining; and in like manner of the small fishes, as much as they (the people) wished. And when they were filled, he says to the disciples, Gather together the superfluous fragments, that nothing may be lost. They gathered together, therefore, and from the five barley loaves filled twelve hand-baskets of fragments that were superfluous to those who had eaten. The men, therefore, having seen what sign (A. V., 'miracle') Jesus had done, said, This is truly the prophet that is coming into the world. Jesus, therefore, knowing that they were about to come and seize him, that they may make him king, withdrew again to a mountain himself alone." Luke's identification of



the scene as a desert place "of the city of Bethsaida," doubtless suggested John's introduction of Philip and Andrew the brother of Simon Peter, for "Philip was from Bethsaida, of the city of Andrew and Peter," according to John i. 45. The desire of the people to make Jesus a king is peculiar to John's story, although in one prophetic view, to which there are frequent allusions in the Gospels, the Messiah was to be King of the Jews; and according to the *Infancy of the Saviour*, when Jesus was between seven and twelve years old, he was crowned with flowers and adored as a king by the other boys, in the month Adar (41; cf. 36 and 50 for his age). Adar, the Babylonian Addaru, was the twelfth month in the Hebrew sacred year, falling under Pisces, the sign of the two fishes; but the early Christians naturally may have considered it the first month of the astronomical year, as the spring equinox retrograded into Pisces at about the beginning of the Christian era. The barley harvest in Palestine belongs to the time of that equinox, to which time John's barley loaves appear to belong, as he places the miracle "near the passover," which was celebrated at the new moon of Nisan, the month following Adar; and he also may have identified Bethsaida = Fishing-town as a terrestrial counterpart of Pisces. His "little boy," who furnishes the loaves and fishes, in all probability was originally a figure of the young sun in Pisces as the first spring sign; this "little boy" being given the place of the man from Baal-shalisha in Elisha's miracle—and of course being a mythic duplication of the boy Jesus adored as a king in the month Adar. In Kircher's Egyptian "Zodiac of the Second Hermes," the solar infant is figured in the hand of a fish-tailed woman for Pisces (*Oedipus Aegyptiacus*, Vol. II, Part II, p. 160).

In the apocryphal *Acts of John* it is said that whenever Jesus and the Apostles dined with a Pharisee, and a loaf of bread was given to each, Jesus blessed and divided his loaf so that it served miraculously to fill them all. According to the *Gospel of Thomas* (Latin form, 1), when Jesus was three years old "he took a dried (salted) fish, and put it into a dish, and ordered it to move about. And it began to move about. And he said again to the fish, Throw out thy salt which thou hast, and walk into the water. And it so came to pass." In Herodotus IX, 20, there is a similar story of a salt fish, which, while being broiled, "lying on the fire, leapt and quivered like fish just being caught." A Mohammedan legend relates that Fatema, the Prophet's daughter, once brought him two loaves and a piece of meat, and that he returned them to her on a dish that had become full of bread and meat (Al Beidawi, in Sale's

*Koran*, III, p. 40, note). According to another Mohammedan legend, in answer to a prayer of Jesus, God sent two clouds from heaven bearing a golden table upon which was a silver dish containing a great cooked fish: and to show a still greater marvel, Jesus commanded the fish to live, whereupon it began to move, but again became a cooked fish, feeding thirteen thousand persons without being in the least diminished: for all that was cut off was miraculously reproduced in an instant. Again, in a variant Mohammedan legend of Jesus, a heavenly table during forty days descends on the clouds at daybreak and ascends at sunset (see Donehoo, *Apoc. and Legend. Life of Christ*, pp. 226-229).

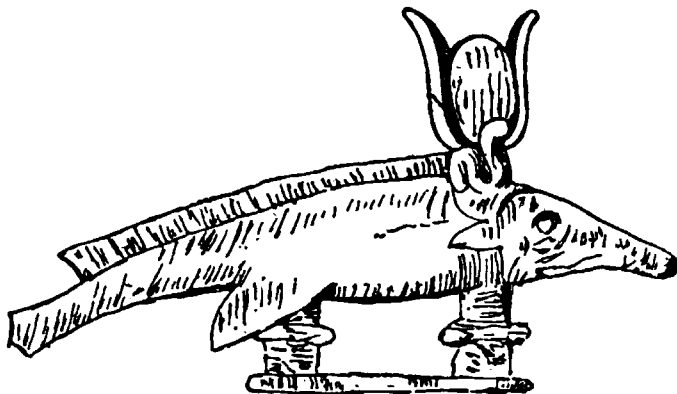
In the nature mythos a multitudinous draught of fishes is referable primarily to the stars in the net of night, and secondarily to all the celestial bodies as drawn forth in a net from the underworld



TWO EGYPTIAN ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE COSMIC FISH-NET.  
(In the Papyrus of Nu, Theban Recension of the *Book of the Dead*, Chap. CLIII, A and B, vignettes; from Budge, *Book of the Dead*, ed. 1901, II, pp. 510 and 515.)

sea to the upper heaven, of course over the eastern horizon. A recital of Chap. CLIII of the *Book of the Dead* enabled the deified deceased to avoid capture in this mythic net and also to use it for the purpose of providing himself with both birds and fishes for food. In the Theban Recension of CLIII, A, the deceased says: "I go fishing with the cordage (= net) of 'the uniter of the earth,' and of him that maketh a way through (= under) the earth. Hail, ye fishers...who lay snares with your nets and go about in the chambers of the waters (Saïte parallel, 'who fish those who move amidst the waters'), take ye not me in the net wherewith ye ensnared the helpless fiends...let me rise up like the god Sebek, and let me make a flight to you away from the snare of the fowler whose fingers are hidden...I snare with the net...I know the net" (2-7, 18, 27). In the same Recension of CLIII, B, the deceased says: "Know ye that I know the name of the great and

mighty net? 'Anqet' (= Clincher) is its name. . . . Know ye that I know the name of the fishers? 'Ape' is their name (the vignette showing three apes, probably cloud figures, drawing the net full of fishes). . . . Know ye that I know the name of the fowler (for the net also catches birds)? 'Prince, mighty one who sitteth on the eastern side of heaven' is his name. . . . I rise up as Ra, the lord of the East (the Saïte has: 'I escape from them under the shape of the hawk of Horus'). . . . I have come into heaven, I embrace my seat which is in the East. . . ." (3-11, 16, 17). Pisces is an eastern sign, and in all probability the crocodile god Sebek was identified by some of the Egyptians with the constellated sea-monster Cetus, which is closely connected with Pisces. And thus in Chap. CXIII of the *Book of the Dead*, Sebek is the fisher with the net, "and strong is that net"; Ra saying that "there are fish with the



THE EGYPTIAN OXYRHINCUS

with soli-lunar crest. (From a bronze in the Louvre, Paris.)

god Sebek, and he hath found (and brought in) the hands and arms of Horus for him, in the land of fish" (Theban, 4, 5—the Saïte making Sebek bring in the eyes as well as the hands of Horus).

In the Egyptian tale of "Setna and the Magic Book," the king's son, Setna, obtains from the bed of the Nile a book written by the lunar Tehuti, which gives the reader power to enchant heaven, earth, and sea; to understand the language of birds, beasts, and fishes, and to bring the fishes to the surface of the water (*Records of the Past*, IV, p. 134). The Greek Amphion was celebrated for having "lured the fishes" (Clement of Alexandria, *Exhort.*, I, etc.), and primitive peoples in various parts of the world practised magical rites for causing fishes to permit themselves to be caught (see Frazer, *Golden Bough*, I, p. 23; II, p. 411). In the Assyrian account of the Descent of Ishtar to the underworld, the god Hea

creates a phantom of a man and causes it to deceive the goddess of the underworld, Nin-ki-gal, with various magical tricks, the chief of which is to "bring forth fishes out of the water of an empty vessel" (i. e., empty of fishes—*Records of the Past*, I, p. 148).

According to the Mangaian of Polynesia, the man-fish Vatea prepared an enormous net for the first six fishermen, who fished in vain day after day until they invoked the aid of Raka, god of the winds. Then their net was filled with such a multitude of fish that they could not hold it; but Vatea's son Tane helped them: the net was drawn ashore, and the fish counted—whence originated the art of reckoning (Gill, *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, p. 100). This myth apparently came to Polynesia from some ancient people having considerable astronomical knowledge; for Vatea appears to represent the cosmic god, with Tane for the sun, the six other fishermen for the remaining planets (including the moon), and the fish for the fixed stars as supposed to be definitely numbered. It is related of Pythagoras that he once observed a large draught of fishes; purchased them all, and had them returned to the water as a lesson to the spectators to spare even the lives of fishes and to refrain from eating them as well as other animal food (Plutarch, *Symp.*, VIII, 8; Apuleius, *Apolog.*, p. 209); and the philosopher told the exact number of the fishes in the net even while it was being drawn up, according to Porphyrius (*Vit. Pythag.*, 25) and Iamblichus (*Vit. Pythag.*, 8).

In several Old Testament texts it is said that Jehovah will multiply men "as the stars of the heaven" (Gen. xxii. 17; xxvi. 4; Ex. xxxii. 13; etc.); and we have already seen that the Hebrew *dag* = fish was "so called from multiplying abundantly." In the vision of Ezek. xlvi, where the Holy Land appears to be assimilated to the celestial regions, the prophet is taken to a great river or double river (the Jordan as a counterpart of the Eridanus with its double stream, northern and southern) that issues from beneath the sanctuary eastward; crosses "the east country" (Sept., "Galilee") and flows to the sea (the Dead Sea as a counterpart of that of the underworld). Of this river it is said that "a very great multitude of fish shall be there. . . . And it shall come to pass that fishers shall stand by it; from En-ge-di even unto En-eglaim (places on or near the Dead Sea) there shall be a place for the spreading of nets; their fishes shall be after their kinds, as the fish of the Great Sea, a very great multitude" (Sept., *πλήθος πολὺ σφόδρα*). Among the traditional miracles of Ezekiel is one of a multitudinous draught of fishes with which he fed the famished people (Epipha-

nius, *De Vit. et Mort. Prophet.*, etc.). In Jer. xvi. 16, Jehovah promises to send "many fishers" to fish the children of Israel from among the Gentiles; and according to Matt. xiii. 47, 48, "the kingdom of the heavens is like to a drag-net cast into the sea, of every kind (of fish) gathering together; which when it was filled, having been drawn up on the shore, and having sat down, they (the fishers) collected the good (fish) into vessels, and the corrupt they cast out."

Among the Synoptic Gospels the story of the multitudinous draught of fishes is found only in Luke (v. 1-11), the scene being in Galilee (cf. iv. 44), through which Ezekiel's river flows. Galilee is "the east country" of the Hebrew text, corresponding to the eastern quarter of the heaven as mapped by the ancient astrologers; and the Eridanus is in close connection with the eastern signs Pisces, Aries, and Taurus—in fact, there can be little doubt that this celestial river was sometimes considered a continuation of the Stream of Aquarius. Thus it is not improbable that the two fishes of Pisces suggested the two ships in Luke's story, where the draught of fishes is made near the shore of "the Lake of Gennesaret" or Sea of Galilee (= Circle—as if for the underworld sea); while one of the ships belongs to Simon Peter, who was early identified as the Apostle of Pisces—as shown in previous articles of this series. According to Luke, Jesus "saw two ships standing by the lake, but the fishermen having gone out from them, washing their nets. And having entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, he asked him to put off a little from the land; and having sat down, he taught the multitudes from the ship. And when he ceased speaking, he said to Simon, Put off into the deep and let down your nets for a haul. And answering, Simon said to him, Master, through the whole night having labored, we have taken nothing; but at thy word I will let down the net. And having done this, they (Simon and his partners) enclosed of fishes a great multitude (*πλήθος πολύ*, the words of Ezekiel in the Sept., without the final *σφόδρα* = very); and their net was breaking. And they beckoned to the partners in the other ship, that coming they should help them; and they came, and filled both the ships (with the fishes), so that they were sinking. And having seen (all this), Simon Peter fell at the knees of Jesus, saying, Depart from me, for a man, a sinner, am I, Lord. For astonishment laid hold on him and all those with him, at the haul of the fishes which they had taken; and in like manner also (astonishment laid hold on) James and John, sons of Zebedee, who were partners with Simon. And Jesus said to Simon, Fear not, for henceforth thou shalt be catching men (in a proselyting sense). And having brought the ships to land,

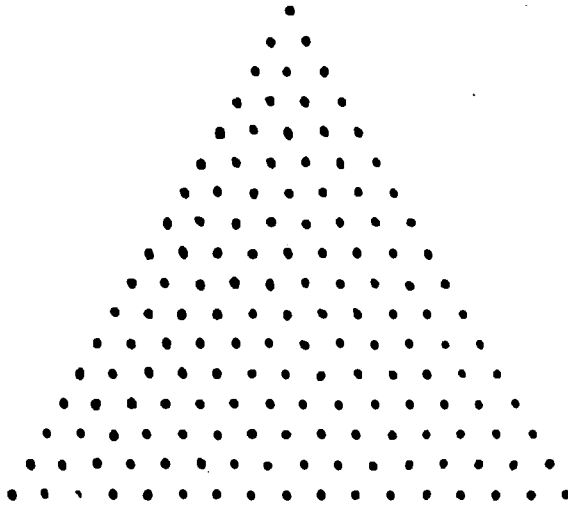
leaving all, they followed him" (cf. Mark i. 16, 17 and Matt. iv. 18-20, where the Apostles who thus follow are Peter and Andrew—the latter belonging to Aquarius in the astronomizing view).

The final chapter in the Gospel of John as we have it has long been recognized as an addition to the original book, which evidently ended with the last verse of chap. xx. In xxi. 1-14, is found a variant of Luke's multitudinous draught of fishes. After his resurrection Jesus appears to seven disciples—Peter, Thomas, Nathaniel, the sons of Zebedee (James and John), and "two others" unnamed. "Simon Peter says to them, I go to fish. They say to him, We also come with thee. They went forth and went up into the ship immediately, and during the night they took nothing. And morning already being come, Jesus stood on the shore; the disciples, however, knew not that it was Jesus. Therefore says Jesus to them, Little children, have ye any food (cf. Luke xxiv. 41)? They answered him, No. And he said to them, Cast the net to the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. They cast, therefore, and no longer were they able to draw it, from the multitude of the fishes. Therefore that disciple (John) whom Jesus loved says to Peter, The Lord it is. Therefore Simon Peter, having heard that it is the Lord, girded on his upper garment, for he was naked, and cast himself into the sea (and swam to the shore). And the other disciples in the little ship came, for they were not far from the land, but somewhere about two hundred cubits (cf. the two hundred denarii in the multiplication story), dragging the net of fishes. Therefore when they went up on the land they saw a fire of coals lying, and fish lying on it (the last phrase probably interpolated), and bread. Jesus says to them, Bring of the fishes which ye took just now. Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to the land, full of large fishes, a hundred and fifty-three; and though there were so many, the net was not rent. (And evidently some of these fish were then cooked on the fire.) Jesus says to them, Come ye, dine. But none of the disciples ventured to ask him, Who art thou? knowing that it is the Lord. Therefore comes Jesus and takes the bread and gives (it) to them, and the fish in like manner"—doubtless from Luke xxiv. 30, where the resurrected Jesus gives bread to his disciples, while in verse 42 the disciples give Jesus a piece of broiled fish and a honeycomb. Practically all the elements of the story in John are derived from Luke, and there can be no doubt that all the fishes that were cooked and eaten belonged originally to the multitudinous draught.

The counting of the fishes has a close parallel in the story of Pythagoras and the draught of fishes, as above cited. Jerome, in his *Commentary on Ezekiel* (xlvii), tells us that "the writers upon the nature and characteristics of animals, and among them the excellent Cilician poet Oppian, say that there are one hundred and fifty-three species of fishes; all these (as Jerome adds) were caught by the Apostles, and none were uncaught, just as great and small, rich and poor, all sorts of men, were drawn to happiness out of the (figurative) sea of the world"—as if all species of fishes belonged to the Sea of Galilee! According to the Talmud, in the East there are not less than seven hundred kinds of unclean fishes alone (*Hul.*, 63b), but none in the West (*Ab. Zarah*, 39a); while modern naturalists recognize thirty-six species in the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan. Oppian's poem on fishing, the *Halieutica*, does not specify any number of species of fishes, nor can one hundred and fifty-three be found in the poem; but nevertheless it is just possible that some of the other writers to whom Jerome refers did specify this number. Pliny gives expression to the general belief of his time when he says that "in the sea and in the ocean, vast as it is, there exists nothing that is unknown to us; and, a truly marvelous fact, it is with those things which nature has concealed in the deep that we are best acquainted"—adding what he accepted as the exact number of species of fishes (*H. N.*, XXXII). But in the extant manuscripts of his *Historia Naturalis* that number is variously given as 144, 164, and 176, never as 153; nor is the last number found in any such connection in any ancient writer except Jerome. We can only be certain, therefore, that some of the ancient naturalists did enumerate about as many as one hundred and fifty-three species of fishes; but there is a possibility that this number in the supplement to John's Gospel was fixed upon in agreement with the one hundred and fifty-three divisions of the Pentateuch (and Prophets) as sometimes employed by the Jews for reading in the synagogues on successive Sabbaths in a cycle of three years (Maimonides, *Jad Ha-Chazaka Hilchoth Tephilla*, XIII, 1; cf. Acts xiii. 15, xv. 21; Luke iv. 16; and see M'Clintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, s. v. "Haptarah"). Each of these divisions or lessons from the Pentateuch is subdivided into seven sections, read severally by seven persons, the first three of whom represent the three great divisions of the nation—the priests, Levites, and civil authorities—while the last four readers are selected with less care (Maimonides, *ibid.*, XII, 7; *Mishna*, "Megilla," IV, 2). Thus the seven Apostles who make the multitudinous draught, with only the first three mentioned

by name, correspond to the  $3 + 4 = 7$  readers of a lesson. But the primary suggestion for the group of seven Apostles is perhaps to be sought in the seven planets, which are represented by the seven fishermen who make the multitudinous draught and count the fishes in the Mangaian myth; and the Johannine writer's introduction of seven Apostles was probably influenced by the fact that the Hebrew word *dag* = a fish has the numerical value of  $4 + 3 = 7$ .

There is also a probability that the one hundred and fifty-three fishes were recognized in the astronomical view as belonging to the period during which the waters of the Hebrew Deluge "prevailed." In Gen. vii. 11, 24, this period is put at "one hundred and fifty days", from the beginning of the rain on the 17th of the second



PYRAMID OF THE 153 FISHES.

(According to Augustine, *Epistolae*, LV, 31.)

month to the landing of the ark on Ararat (on the 17th of the seventh month); in other words, it comprised five months of thirty days each in a year of 360 days. But if we substitute a year of 366 days, with its months alternately of thirty and thirty-one days, we have 153 days for the five months beginning with its second month of thirty-one days. The Biblical second month is doubtless Ijar or Zif, the second of the sacred year, during which fell the so-called "latter rains." But there is no rainy season of five months in Palestine; the Biblical Deluge having been derived from Babylon, where the spring rains cause the flooding of the Euphrates and Tigris that appears to have been reckoned as of five months' duration. And as Peter, the Apostle of Pisces and the spring equinox, is the chief of the fishermen in Luke's story, there is a natural sug-



gestion for the association of the days of the Deluge with the draught of fishes. Augustine (*Epist.*, LV, 17, 31) says that the number of the fishes in the Gospel of John pertains to the time when the last enemy, Death, shall be destroyed (apparently as was the earth by the Deluge); and he adds that this number is connected with the mystic seventeen, as in the case of an equilateral triangle composed of 153 elements, with seventeen on each side and the remainder filled in symmetrically (as in the accompanying figure—cf. the 17th day of the months in the Hebrew Deluge legend, and note that  $9 \times 17 = 153$ ). Augustine also refers the one hundred and fifty-three fishes to the Church as evolved from the Law and the Spirit, in accordance with Philo's principle of the fulfilment



#### JESUS AS THE GOOD SHEPHERD,

surrounded by lambs and fishes. Fresco of Cyrene. (From Kraus, *Geschichte der christlichen Kunst*, I, p. 85.)

of the potentiality of any number (e. g., that of 3 is  $1 + 2 + 3 = 6$ ). Thus 10 is assigned to the Law (for the commandments) and 7 to the Spirit (see Rev. i. 4; iii. 1), while  $10 + 7 = 17$ , the fulfilment of which is  $1 + 2 + 3 \dots + 17 = 153$  for the Church.

There can be little doubt that the meal of bread and fishes in the supplement to John represents a primitive Christian Eucharist as replacing the Passover supper of bread and lamb; with the fishes referring to Pisces as having become the sign of the spring equinox about the beginning of the Christian era, while the lamb belonged to Aries as the sign of the same equinox in the preceding precessional period of some two thousand years. Among the oldest representations of Jesus, as in the Roman catacombs, we sometimes

find him with seven lambs; sometimes with seven fishes; sometimes with both lambs and fishes in the same representation—while one



JESUS AS THE GOOD SHEPHERD  
with seven lambs, seven stars, etc.

example with seven lambs includes seven stars ( $4 + 3$ ) above the head of Jesus (see accompanying figures). According to early tradition, "the paschal (Passover) pickerel" was substituted by Jesus for the lamb at the Last Supper (Farrar, *Life of Christ*, p. 18).



TWO EARLY CHRISTIAN EUCHARISTS,  
with seven participants and two fishes. (In the Cemetery of Calixtus, Catacombs, Rome.)

A meal of fish and bread is frequently represented in the catacombs, sometimes with two fishes and seven diners (Lundy, *Monumental*

*Christianity*, p. 369, fig. 169, etc.) ; while in a mosaic of the Church of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna, said to be the oldest known representation of the Last Supper, Jesus and eleven Apostles (Judas having left) are reclining at a table on which are two large fishes and seven loaves of bread (Garrucci, *Storia dell' arte cristiana*, IV, Plate 250, No. I). The two fishes, bound together by their tails as in the usual figure of *Pisces*, are also represented in the catacombs, sometimes on either side of an anchor or trident (Boldetti, *Osservazioni*, II, p. 370, etc.).



EARLIEST KNOWN REPRESENTATION OF THE LAST SUPPER. With seven loaves and two fishes. Mosaic in St. Apollinaris, Ravenna. (From Garrucci, *Storia dell' arte cristiana*, IV, Plate 250, No. 1.)

The sun is sometimes conceived as a fish, as we saw above; and the Messiah (= Jesus), "son of Joseph," is called *Dag* = Fish in the Talmud (see Buxdorf, *Synod. Jud.*, XXIV). The name Jesus is a Grecized form of Joshua (= Saviour), the Old Testament prophet of that name being the son of Nun (= Fish—at least in the extant form of the word, as apparently of Assyrian origin); and thus some of the Rabbis, assigning the incarnation of the Messiah to the future, said that he would be born of a fish—that is to say, "they expected his birth under the constellation of the Fishes, on which account the Jews were long accustomed to immolate a fish in expiatory feasts" (Drews, *Christ Myth*, Eng. ed., p. 141,

note). In other words, the Jews recognized the Messiah of the Christian era as the solar incarnation of the Pisces precessional period; Abrabanel and others affirming that his birth would occur at the time of a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn in Pisces (see Münter, *Sinnbilder*, p. 49). Jesus is often represented by a fish in the Roman catacombs (Didron, *Christian Iconography*, ed. 1851; Vol. I, pp. 344-367, etc.); Tertullian says that "we little fishes, after the example of our IXΘΥΣ (= Fish), Jesus Christ, are born in water"—i. e., baptized (*De Bapt.*, I, 1); Origen says that Christ is figuratively called "Fish" (*In Matt.*, III, p. 584), and from the word IXΘΥΣ the early Christians made the acrostic—'Ιησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ = Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour—which first appears in the *Sibylline Oracles* (VIII, 217-250), and is frequently quoted from them, as by Augustine (*De Civ. Dei*, XVIII, 23) and Eusebius (*Or. Con. ad Coetum SS.*, XVIII).

## A VISIT TO ELIZABETH FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE.

BY CAROLINE V. KERR.

A LIGHT autumnal haze hung over the little grand-ducal residence of Weimar, as I climbed the steep path leading up to the house on the hill where Friedrich Nietzsche was brought during his last tragic illness, and from which his engloomed soul took its flight into the unknown. The quaint old city lay spread out before me in the broad, bowl-shaped valley formed by the foothills of the Thuringian Mountains, as silent as if dreaming of her glorious past—or was this silence rather that of tense listening to the din of the hideous war raging on all borders of the empire?

The only outward token of the unseen struggle was an insistent humming and whirring, and far up in the blue dome of the sky I could sight two tiny black specks, which I knew meant the birdmen from the aviation camp near Weimar were making ready to take their part in the warfare of the clouds. Mars ruled the hour, and the faint flutterings of the Fokker machines became to my ears the sinister swish of the war-god's wings as he rushed by on his errand of destruction.

As I passed through the silent streets, a curious readjustment of values had already made itself noticeable in the shop-windows, where Goethe and Schiller, Wieland and Herder, Franz Liszt and Ernst von Wildenbruch were being rudely elbowed by a new generation of national heroes created by the hour of destiny.

Weimar of to-day is like a clock with arrested hands; time is waiting, waiting—for what?

Weimar of yesterday seemed very unreal, and for the first time I had difficulty in visualizing the past when the little Athens on the Ilm was the meeting-place of the brains of Europe and all the world pilgrimaged thither to sit at the feet of the Weimarian Jove.

Nor was there anything in the Nietzsche House to banish these depressing thoughts, as the repellent severity of its architectural lines, the dark cypress sentinels, and the air of somber melancholy all bespoke days that are dead and gone. Indeed, I should not have been surprised had a raven croaked a dirge of Nevermore! from his perch above the door, and it was with a feeling of distinct awe that I found myself passing through the mausoleum-like portals.

However, my visit was to the living and not to the dead, a point upon which I had been most explicit in accepting an invitation from Frau Foerster-Nietzsche to come to Weimar, as in her letter she had expressed the fear that I would be disappointed in the Nietzsche Archives, assumed by her to be the objective of my visit.

Overshadowed by a great name, and prompted by a rare spirit of devotion to sacrifice her own individuality on the altar of affection, the only sister of the great philosopher was little known to the world at large until she emerged from the shadows into the strong light on the occasion of her seventieth birthday (July, 1916). All honor had been paid her by the German literary world, and it was this which had piqued my curiosity and drawn me to Weimar to see and talk to Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, a personality in her own rights, quite independent of her official importance as the custodian of the Nietzsche Archives.

Our imagination sometimes plays us curious tricks, and had I been called upon to draw an imaginary portrait of the seventy-year-old widowed and childless sister of Friedrich Nietzsche, whom I was about to meet, I should most assuredly have envisaged a tall, gaunt, somewhat austere old lady, with silvered hair and spectacled eyes. Moreover, she would have been wearing severe black draperies, as nothing but the outward trappings of woe seemed to fit into the somber setting. What I did see in reality, was a sprightly, vivacious woman, seventy years young, with smooth pink cheeks, bright eyes, brown hair upon which a black lace mantilla was coquettishly draped, while her black silk gown, though made after the fashion of bygone days, showed unmistakable signs of a love for femininities. Frau Foerster-Nietzsche stood for *Das Ewigweibliche* in these surroundings, half library, half sanctuary, dedicated to the memory of her beloved brother. But not even a fresh brew of tea, nor a generous slice of "war-cake" of which my hostess was very proud, could banish the feeling that I was paying a call in a mausoleum, nor make me forget for a moment, Klinger's famous bust of Nietzsche in the alcove, which by a curious trick of illumination was made to take on an appearance of startling reality.

Moreover, there was something extremely disconcerting in being confronted by a life-size drawing of the philosopher on his death-bed, every time my eyes strayed from my hostess to the wall above her head. I was told that the death chamber was just above the room in which we were sitting, with its many windows overlooking the fair landscape that Nietzsche never learned to love. He was not a Weimarian in the same sense as were Goethe and Schiller; they lived and worked here, while Nietzsche was only brought here to die. It is, therefore, not surprising that he should have regarded the place as nothing more than the last stage of a long and wearisome journey, and that he should not have been enshrined in the hearts of the people as were the two greater geniuses.

Nietzsche made no secret of his dislike of his native land, which was cold and cheerless to him, both in its physical aspects and its literary atmosphere. It was only after he became a helpless invalid (1890) that the philosopher was forced to take refuge in his mother's house. In a letter written from Venice three years earlier, he makes one of his frequent references to his reluctance to living in Germany: "It would be difficult to tempt me back to my beloved fatherland: the narrow-mindedness of the same makes me laugh, and if it should become necessary for me to return (for purely literary reasons) I should first fortify myself with a zoological proverb, running:

'Um das Rhinoceros zu sehn,  
Beschloss nach Deutschland ich zu gehn.'

Switzerland and Italy alternately offered an asylum to this tortured spirit, and thus it happens that patient search has been made in these two countries for fragments of his writings. Frau Foerster-Nietzsche showed me one of her most recent acquisitions, bought for an incredible sum from the proprietor of an Italian *albergo* where her brother often stopped. This consisted of a few stray sheets of the manuscript—in fact, of nothing more than notes—of his last unfinished work, *Der Wille zur Macht*.

This indefatigable effort to collect the Nietzsche fragments and bibliography has made heavy inroads upon the private fortune of Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, but she has kept at her task with rare fidelity, never losing sight of the ultimate goal, which was to hand over the Nietzsche Archives as a gift to the German nation. "And now just in the darkest hour," she said, "light has dawned from an unexpected quarter: since the beginning of the war, a high-minded Swede and his wife have made a pilgrimage to Weimar and announced their intention of endowing the institution and enabling

me to pursue my researches without the haunting thought of the expense incurred."

But this was told me later in the afternoon, and not over the tea-cups, where the regal air with which the little lady dispensed her hospitality explained the title often given her by her friends, of "the uncrowned grand-duchess of Weimar"; this she laughingly disclaimed as well as that of the "super-sister," as I had heard her called by the intimates of the Nietzsche House.

In fact, her opening remark was one of self-depreciation, as in response to my belated birthday felicitations, she replied: "Yes, I am surprised to find myself the object of so much interest; I had grown so accustomed to being the anacrusis in the rhythmical measure that it is very pleasant to find the world placing the accent on my insignificant personality. . . ." Either she, or I, suggested that her life-task had been a Kundry-like one of "serving," and at once she was off on a chain of interesting Wagnerian reminiscences—appreciative of the dead, but strongly censorious of the heirs of Bayreuth, particularly of Frau Cosima, at whom she is very bitter for having destroyed that part of Nietzsche's correspondence which is necessary to form a complete record of the one-time historic friendship between the philosopher and Wagner.

Had Nietzsche lived until October 15, 1914, he would have celebrated his seventieth birthday, and in commemoration of this anniversary, Frau Foerster-Nietzsche has published a book entitled *Wagner and Nietzsche at the Time of Their Friendship* (regarded as the most interesting contribution to German belles-lettres brought out since the beginning of the war) and found herself seriously handicapped in this labor of love by the enforced gaps in the correspondence.

According to Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, all letters throwing an unflattering light upon Wagner's character, furnish fuel for a Bayreuth auto da fé, held periodically by Frau Cosima, and she further explained: "My brother's apostasy has never been forgiven in Bayreuth, but despite that fact, I feel very strongly that no one has the ethical right to destroy the correspondence between great men, except by mutual consent of their heirs, as it is just in these intimate documents that they reveal their true personality. But the powers that be at Bayreuth willed otherwise, and I have been obliged to rely upon my brother's note-books and my own memory in supplying the missing context."

This could have been no very difficult task, I suggested, as all the world knows that she was her brother's guide, counselor, and



inseparable companion, until her marriage to Dr. Bernhard Foerster took her across the seas to share his adventure of establishing a German colony in Paraguay. After the latter's death, his widow returned to Europe and is now finishing her life's work as she began it, as the faithful custodian of Nietzsche's literary fame and legacy. Nor is she less jealous of her brother's reputation than the other "guardian of the grail" over at Bayreuth, whose vigilance she so resents.

Later she spoke of the war, not in bitterness but rather in sadness, as defeating her brother's dream of a United States of Europe. Only twice did the fire of indignation flame up in her eyes, once when she referred to what she called "the absurdity" of linking her brother's name with that of Treitschke and Bernhardt when speaking of "the three arch-instigators" of the war. "Can you imagine any more absurdly incongruous combination and one that more clearly illustrates the fatal habit of the unthinking world to deal in indiscriminating generalities? It is true that my brother believed in war—" (here she quoted from his *Zarathustra*—"War is the only means by which the genius of a nation can be set in motion") "but he could never have foreseen the present holocaust of the nations of the earth, and had he lived, would assuredly have grieved his heart out at the ruthless destruction of irreparable values."

This clear-thinking septuagenarian seemed to have her brother's works literally by heart, and quoted many interesting passages from the "Bible for Exceptional Persons," as well as from his *Willen zur Macht*, in which may be found many of his best-defined ideas on war.

Nietzsche, she told me, hardly ever read his own works after they were once published: "He always looked forward instead of backward; he was a philosopher and poet by nature and a professor by accident, and for that reason, found his routine duties at the University of Basle galling and tedious. . . . He liked to escape from the treadmill whenever possible and flee for a soul-bath to Villa Tribschen, then furnishing an asylum to Richard Wagner and his friend Frau Cosima von Bülow. I shall never forget the letter in which he joyfully announced to me that the long-wished for friends had been found. He wrote, 'I have found the friend for whom I have been looking all my life; this is Richard Wagner, equally great and original both as a man and an artist. I spent blissful days with him and the intelligent Frau von Bülow (Liszt's daughter) at their

villa on Lake Lucerne, where they live withdrawn from the world and its social superficialities.’”

This brought us back to the relations between the two men, and Frau Foerster-Nietzsche said that “a lasting friendship was impossible between geniuses. One individuality is bound to be sacrificed, and realizing this, my brother courageously withdrew from a relationship which threatened to prove fatal to him. Wagner had absolutely no consideration for his friends, and in his sublime egotism, could not understand why my brother did not devote himself, body and soul, to the Wagnerian cause, even though this would have meant an utter neglect of his professional duties and disregard of his physical limitations. This was, at least, more reasonable than the continual demands Wagner made upon my brother for quite trivial matters, such as attending to nondescript commissions for the family in Tribschen—in short, making himself a sort of messenger-boy. I used to chafe at this useless waste of his time and strength, but my brother was so wrapped up in his idol that no service seemed too slight to be cheerfully performed. My brother’s anguish of mind upon discovering that his god had feet of clay, was tragically pathetic. . . .”

This rude awakening, as the world now knows, came at the time of the first Bayreuth Festival in 1876, and was laconically described by Nietzsche in the words: “I made the mistake of going to Bayreuth with an ideal; instead of having this fulfilled, I was doomed to the bitterest disappointment. . . . I had looked so long for a personality which towered above my own. I believed I had found such a one in Wagner. But I was mistaken. . . . For the rest, I have paid dearly for my Wagner fanaticism. Did this nerve-racking music not undermine my health? And the disappointment and leave-taking from Wagner—did it not imperil my life? Were not six years needed before I recovered from this shock? . . .”

As we talked of these things I thought in my heart of hearts that all men are more or less egotists, and none more so than Nietzsche himself, who was merciless in the demands he made upon his beloved “Lama” (his favorite term of endearment for his sister) although it must be admitted that he repaid her devotion by a like degree of affection and appreciation.

As if divining my thoughts, the sprightly little lady recalled, with evident amusement, her brother’s habit of assuming that she shared his likes and dislikes, and produced a letter as proof of his early display of masculine egotism. “Like all German children, we were allowed to write out a *Wunschzettel* as Christmas time, and

my brother in despair at not being able to expand his own list to include his manifold wishes, once wrote to me: 'I hope you have not yet decided on your Christmas wishes as I should like to make a few helpful suggestions. I have made out a list of books and music, which I am enclosing. It seems to me, that a most suitable present for you would be a copy of Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," the words by Chamisso. I can also warmly recommend two theological works both of which would be of great interest to you and me. They are by Hase, the distinguished Jena theologian and champion of an ideal nationalism. . . . In case you prefer an English book, I would strongly recommend one of Byron's works. . . .' I naturally had my own girlish preferences, and much to my brother's disgust, refused to act upon his suggestions, whereupon he wrote that he was 'much annoyed' at my not caring for the Schumann work, 'above all, because the opposition to my wishes comes from one who could not possibly have any judgment on the subject.'

Frau Foerster-Nietzsche discussed at some length her brother's attitude toward the French literary world, which I found of such unusual interest, that I begged her to gather up the detached and fragmentary comments and put them into the form of a sustained survey, and to this she was obliging enough to accede.

This line of thought was suggested by a remark that Nietzsche had undeniably lost ground in France during the last five years, "an explanation of which," said Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, "was offered me by a French savant who visited me in Weimar shortly before the outbreak of the war. When I asked him for a reason for this change of heart on the part of the French, he replied: 'You see, Nietzsche is so frightfully German that he discourages us.' By way of answer I said: 'But you know that in Germany Nietzsche is not considered specifically German,' whereupon he replied, rather impolitely as I thought: 'Oh, the Germans are such bad psychologists. Everything that Nietzsche prized most highly was essentially German; strength of will, severity of discipline, a genius for commanding and obeying, and the unremitting but silent military preparedness. On the other hand, he had only contempt for the things lying nearest the heart of every Frenchman, for example, Rousseau, the French Revolution, and many other national manifestations. To be sure, he had only words of the highest praise for our artistic endowment, but this was offset by his frequent references to our weak will and the decadence of modern France. But notwithstanding this criticism, we are a political nation, and the military

awakening now taking place will do much for France. But as I said, Nietzsche discourages us, and therefore we prefer Bergson.<sup>1</sup>

"This conversation has often recurred to me," continued Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, "since the beginning of the war, all the more since my brother has been condemned as one of the chief instigators of this world tragedy and since his theories have been exploited in the most perverted manner in support of the argument that Germany's unprecedented demonstration of strength is proof of her culpability in precipitating the catastrophe...."

"He has not only been called a 'Boche,' but a 'super-Boche'—the war translation for 'super-man.' But no one would have been more genuinely distressed over the world war than my brother, as he always entertained the belief that the time was drawing near when all Europe would be united. He had a profound faith in the power of intellectual sympathies, economic and industrial interests, in bridging over racial misunderstandings, and curiously enough, he believed that France and Germany would be leagued together against—England! He never referred to England as belonging to the European coalition, but as standing aloof and apart. In fact, there are many passages in his notebooks and letters, to indicate that he *regarded England and America as forming a logical union, and one which would be so powerful as to array against it the whole of Europe for armed measures of self-preservation.* Looking further into the future, he foresaw a still greater trial of strength, when Asiatic Russia should be in a position to develop her powerful slumbering forces and challenge Europe to battle. But these trials of strength came sooner than my brother had expected and before his wish of a United States of Europe had been realized...."

A few days after leaving Weimar—my visit was made during the closing days of October, 1916—the promised manuscript was sent to me by Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, under the title, "Nietzsche, France, and England."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Without being able to make a positive assertion to this effect, the writer has reason to believe that the French scholar referred to was the distinguished philosopher Prof. Emile Boutroux, of whom mention was made in the course of the conversation and the time of whose visit to Weimar, as recorded in the guest-book of the Nietzsche House, coincides with the date of the remarks here quoted. Frau Foerster-Nietzsche related this incident with much feeling, and made no attempt to conceal her distress that the growth of the military spirit in both countries should have resulted in alienating French and German intellectuals.

<sup>2</sup> To be published in the next number of *The Open Court*.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

EDUCATION IN ANCIENT ISRAEL, from Earliest Times to 70 A. D. By *Fletcher H. Swift*. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1919. Pp. xii, 134.

The miracle of the continued existence of the Jewish people, in spite of the many centuries of persecution and adversity, can be explained only on the ground of the wonderful system of education that the nation has evolved through the long period of its history. Through this system of education, the Jewish people developed extraordinary powers of endurance which made it possible for them to maintain their vitality and solidarity against all odds. Early in Jewish history, the instinct of self-preservation became keen, because of the many dangers of assimilation that threatened the annihilation of the small nation, and this instinct was constantly sharpened and deepened by means of the many laws and regulations that tended toward keeping the people separate and distinct from the other nations with which they were forced to come in contact. From earliest childhood, the Jewish youth was subjected to a severe discipline of life, every detail of which was regulated and controlled by some religious precept or injunction, so that his racial self-consciousness and his debt of loyalty to the ideals and hopes of his people constantly received new emphasis and new meaning. Holiness in its double significance—separateness from the rest of the world and devotion to higher ideals—which is the message of most of the practices of Judaism, was also the main factor in the aims of the training of children in ancient Israel. Through precept and observance, the Jewish child was led to the realization of his affiliations and duties and had developed in himself that strong racial consciousness which made it possible for the nation to maintain a stubborn resistance to all outside influences throughout the centuries.

Professor Swift endeavors to trace the origin and the foundations of this system of education which made such a development possible. This was no easy undertaking, and our author fully realized the difficulty of his task. It appears that the many writers on the history of education have failed to appreciate the full importance of the course of development of Jewish education and have either given but scanty space to it or omitted it entirely. A few desultory treatises on this subject have appeared, but there is not as yet a work that should deal with the details of the development of the system of education in ancient Israel. Our author had therefore to work practically on virgin soil, and his efforts will be highly appreciated by all students of education.

The subject divides itself naturally into two large divisions, namely the period closing with the Babylonian Exile (586 B. C.) and the period closing

with the Roman conquest of Judea (70 A. D.). Before discussing the educational conditions of each period, the author properly gives the historic background, in so far as it relates to the internal movements and events in the social life of the people. The treatment of the various details of the educational activities of each period is splendidly executed, from the point of view of arrangement and vividness of presentation. The author properly lays great stress on the various rites and ceremonies of the Jewish religion, as they developed in the course of the people's history, because these proved to be some of the most potent adjuncts to education. The various cultural movements in ancient Israel, priesthood and prophetism, Sopherim and Pharisees, the origin of the synagogue and its worship, the various forms of study followed during the latter part of the second commonwealth, are treated briefly but carefully. The author had to rely to a large extent on secondary sources for his information, but he uses these with fine skill and discernment. The tables, summaries, bibliography, and index will be of great value to the student.

The author is to be congratulated on this modest volume. He treats his subject with broad sympathy and without any apparent religious bias. He steers clear of all polemic or controversial matters, although in several instances, especially in the earlier portion of the book, he had to make a choice among varying theories and conjectures. His treatment is fair, appreciative, and scientific. While he had to set certain definite limits to his investigations, he should have intimated that Jewish history did not stop with 70 A. D., but that the system of education laid down by the early leaders of Jewish thought was carried out in further detail by the Jewish people in exile and greatly enriched by their contact with the civilizations of the East and of the West throughout the Middle Ages. We hope that this book will give the impetus to other students of education to continue the studies through the further development of Jewish education in the diaspora, a work that cannot fail to be of great value to all who are interested in the progress of the human mind along cultural and educational lines.

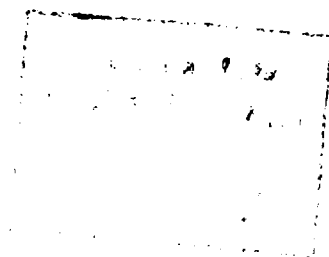
JULIUS H. GREENSTONE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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ANNALS OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, written from its minute books. By *T. G. Bonney, Sc.D., LL.D., F.R.S.* London: Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 1919. Pp. x, 286. Price, 15s. net.

This record is complementary to Sir A. Geikie's *Annals of the (Senior) Royal Society Club*, and on the latter's appearance, it was thought desirable to print the minutes of the Philosophical Junior Club, which was founded in 1847. The younger club owed its origin to a feeling of dissatisfaction with the management of the Society, which, it was feared, was degenerating into an attractive but not very influential club, and aimed at checking any retrograde tendencies in the Council of the Society, and at strengthening the influence of science in Britain. At their dinners, the chairman invited communications on some subject of interest, and these, recorded in the minutes, are printed for the first time. Arranged by date, the progress of science can be seen informally and synoptically. About 1889, the aims of the Philosophical Club had attained fruition, the Royal Society had been reformed, its scientific character raised to a higher level, its Fellows being at this date chiefly men engaged in scientific work, but the amalgamation of the two clubs was deferred until 1901.





ST. CATHARINE.  
After Martin Schongauer.

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*



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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
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## THE PUZZLE.

BY FLETCHER HARPER SWIFT.

IT was spring—it was dawn in the wilderness of the world. The whole forest thrilled with a happy sweet unrest. Bird song and voice of brook blended with the anthem of the trees. From the Mountains of Dawn encircling the wilderness to the dew-mantled Plain of the Multitude in its midst, beauty and gladness reigned. Up from brown paths, in violet dells, on gray deserts, hundreds of gentle flower folk clad in a thousand hues were bursting joyously into the festive day.

Nowhere did the flowers blossom so sweetly and the brook sing so merrily as beside the Cottage of Childhood which lay in the wilderness not far from the edge of the plain. Roses covered its walls and wove a trembling lattice across the closed shutters. A bird of golden plumage flew from a white birch by the brook, hovered a moment in front of the window like a ripple of sunshine, and poured forth a melody as pure and golden as the dawn. The roses trembled, the shutters opened, and Youth looked on the world.

It was his world, his alone. The morning sun shone for him; the brook laughed and shouted for him; the trees whispered mystic philosophies for him. Mountain, plain, and wilderness hushed themselves a moment as they beheld him, and then broke forth into a tumult of joyous song. Never before had such a face gazed on them. All the hopes, the aspirations, the ideals of the race burned in those eyes. Strength, faith, confidence, and gladness flowed from that countenance whose radiance illumined and transfigured all it touched.

Youth leaned out from the vine-clad casement and gazed and listened and dreamed. A countless throng was moving across the Plain of the Multitude. Some proceeded slowly and thoughtfully; others rushed along with compressed lips and white faces. Some

sang, some wept. The longer he looked the more Youth yearned to mingle with the throng, to learn with them the joys of the dazzling plain, and the secrets of the dark wilderness. He had no ties, no obligations to hold him, and a voice he could not silence urged him to hasten forth.

He turned from the window. As he did so his eyes encountered the treasures of childhood scattered about the room. An irresistible desire to play with them once more seized him. He closed the shutters, but the vision of the multitude rose like a mist between him and his toys, and the voice commanded him to go. With a sigh he gathered his playthings in his arms and carried them to the old chest under the window. He bade his treasures one by one goodbye, laid them away, locked the chest, threw himself upon it and burst into tears. The bird of golden plumage flew from the white birch by the brook, flashed by the window like a shaft of sunshine, and flew away over the plain singing!

Youth arose from the chest and watched the bird till it disappeared, then tying a few belongings into a bundle, slung it over his shoulder, stepped forth from the cottage and hastened toward the plain. Alas, how different it appeared now than when viewed from the cottage! Then hidden beneath the dews of morning, it had seemed a veritable cloth of gold. Now the golden mist had lifted, the gleaming mantle was gone, and a plain stretched out on every hand, limitless, rock-strewn, desolate. Far away in the red sun rose the chimneys of the City of Toil, belching forth fumes and inky smoke. Youth longed to flee the plain and its motley throng and hasten back whence he had come, but the voice told him he never could return to the low white cottage, told him he had crossed its threshold for the first and last time. As he continued his way many in the hurrying throng paused to gaze at him. Some looked at him with envy, some with gladness, some with fear. Some spoke to him with kindness, others with condescension, some with suspicion, many with scorn. Youth turned inquiringly to an aged cripple beside whom he was walking: "Who are those who regard me so hostilely?"

"The slaves of toil."

"Why do they cast upon me such looks of hatred and fear?"

"They fear your strength! They fear you come to take their work from them."

"And who are they who smile at me?"

"Those who have crossed yonder bridge over the Gulf of Want. They dwell in the Courts of Ease and wander where they will."

"Then I, too, will cross the bridge," cried Youth hastening forward.

As he neared the bridge he halted in surprise. The land beyond was as lovely as a king's garden. Broad paths bordered with flowers wound in and out under arching trees. Nightingales sang in the thickets and fountains played in basins of marble. How different from the dreary Plain of the Multitude! Many people were leaving the plain and hurrying toward the bridge. Full of confidence Youth hastened to the entrance of the bridge. Suddenly there arose before him three grim wolflike creatures barring his path and demanding a fabulous toll. Amazed and terrified, Youth fled to a heap of stones, whence he could view the bridge and its guardians. He was scarcely seated when a carriage bearing an aged man and his son approached the bridge and halted at its entrance. A servant in costly livery tossed three gleaming coins to the grim gatekeepers. Each seized a coin and vanished. The gates of the bridge opened and the carriage rolled across. Throughout the day many similar scenes were enacted. Whoever came with rich tribute passed unquestioned, but whoever came empty-handed was driven away. Some who could not pay slew themselves in the shadow of the bridge. Many went away reluctantly, heaping threats and curses upon the guardians of the bridge, upon all who crossed and even upon life itself.

Weary, hungry, and sick at heart Youth faced the oncoming night. Whither should he go? How procure food and shelter? His eyes fell upon his bundle, his sole possession. The treasures of childhood must be sold. He named them over one by one, debating which he should sacrifice first, grieving to part with any, but at the same time thinking with happy anticipation of the repast and rest they would bring.

At last he untied the bundle: a cry burst from his lips. Of the treasures of childhood he had placed in it not one was to be found. In their place appeared a curious collection of small, strange, worthless-looking objects of indescribable form and material, and a mysterious circle within which they evidently belonged. Youth gazed in silence at the curious objects before him. After a time he began placing them upon the circle, trying to fit them into one another as he had often done with the parts of his jig-saw puzzles to which they began to bear a striking resemblance. The circle was small but the pieces were many and the task slow. As Youth moved the parts about within the circle many still remained mysterious inexplicable forms, others one by one seemed to take on a strange, symbolic

semblance of people he had known, or experiences through which he had passed; the white cottage, his two little comrades Play and Tears, the golden bird, the Plain of the Multitude, the three grim toll-takers—all were represented. Many pieces bore names he had learned in the Cottage of Childhood and were so easy to place that he smiled as he fitted them into one another: Religion and Goodness, Education and Morality, Industry and Wealth, Sloth and Poverty.

“What an easy puzzle,” exclaimed Youth, “I shall soon have it solved.”

But ere long he began encountering difficulties, pieces with names which he had never heard, pieces without names, pieces which fitted into every other piece within the circle, but which as soon as placed seemed to throw the entire puzzle into helpless confusion. Despite these difficulties Youth fancied more than once that he had solved the puzzle, only to find a moment later that he had failed utterly. Hour after hour went by. The sun sank, but not until the moon covered the circle with a white light did Youth realize how long he had worked in vain. Vexed at his own inability, and disgusted with the Puzzle, he buried it under the heap of stones and gave himself up to sleep.

He was awakened at the first streak of day by the three guardians of the bridge who bent over him, demanding tribute.

“Who are you?” asked Youth, “and what right have you to demand tribute?”

“We are the Three Necessities, masters of all creatures, sole guardians of the bridge that stretches from the Plain of the Multitude to the Courts of Ease. Every living creature pays us tribute. Kings and nations bow before us. From this hour until the hour of thy death we will pursue thee. Every day must thou meet our exactions if thou wilt live. Back to the Desert of Toil. Rest not till thou findest work, or ere many nights. . . .”

“Ere many nights, I will pour rain and cold upon thee, and drain thee of health and strength,” whispered Shelterlessness.

“Ere many nights, I will shoot thee through with arrows of pain, and let loose a wolf upon thy vitals,” hissed Hunger.

“Ere many nights, I will tear thy raiment from thy back and drive thee naked into the wilderness to herd with beasts,” shrieked Nakedness.

Youth sprang from the ground. Back to the Plain of the Multitude! There only, in the City of Toil could he hope to find work and earn the toll demanded by the three Necessities. Yesterday he had looked with indifference upon the great chimneys belching forth

smoke. He had been amazed at the glances of hostility of the slaves of toil. He was beginning to understand now. Those unfriendly faces had been hardened and brutalized by a fear they could never escape, the fear of being unable to meet the exactions of the Necessities. What wonder that they looked with suspicion upon one who might deprive them of their work.

It was still early morning when Youth entered the city and began his quest for work. Hour after hour he went from office to office and from shop to shop. Wherever he went he was confronted with the same question, "What canst thou do?" to which he was forced to give always the same answer: "I am willing to do anything." This reply satisfied no one. Youth listened to one refusal after another with increasing despair. Why had he not been taught something really useful during those years at school, something he could dispose of in the great mart of efficiency and skill! Late in the afternoon from the top of a tall tower he looked out over the city. The sun was setting. The clang of bells and scream of whistles announced the close of the day's work. Youth saw doors of factories swing open and beheld the workers pour forth into the streets. At the base of the tower an old man was crouching, his hand extended for alms. A great fear came over Youth! What if when he grew old, he too must crouch and beg! What should he do to-morrow! Already he could feel the wolf gnawing at his vitals, and his face blanched at the thought of another day.

Once more he opened his bundle to see if he had not overlooked something in his excited search, something he could offer for a night's lodging and a crust of bread. Tears of dismay filled his eyes. There was nothing, absolutely nothing in the bundle save the Puzzle. Youth looked at it in astonishment, terror and wonder mingling. What was this mysterious Puzzle? Why could he not get rid of it? Had he not buried it under the heap of stones by the bridge? How had it returned? Were there not more pieces, and was not the circle larger than the first time he beheld it? He began to feel himself under its spell, to feel that although he was utterly unable to solve it, he would never be able to cease trying. He spread the Puzzle on the tower wall and set to work. At times he fancied he had solved it, only to find a moment later that he had left out certain parts. Nevertheless, he struggled on though growing ever more weary and heartsick. At length he exclaimed, "Cursed Puzzle, you were in sooth a fine exchange for the joys of childhood! Unless I can find some one to whom I can sell you, naught remains for me but the desert, the night, and the wolf."

Emboldened by the fear of three hideous faces which seemed to follow him everywhere, Youth descended into the city streets. But it was in vain that he attempted to dispose of his Puzzle. Nearly all he accosted hurried away. Some glanced at it, but with indifference. The few who made any reply to his importunities, said it was an old, old Puzzle, and that no one cared to consider it.

"What shall I do, where shall I go?" cried Youth.

"Into the desert, to herd with Want and Despair," whispered a voice.

"Alas, merciless toll-men, ye have drained me of strength and hope, must I now sink to the last estate?" moaned Youth sinking to the pavement.

"Hast thou asked assistance at the House of Plenty?"

Youth looked up. The aged beggar he had seen asking alms was bending over him.

"Come," said the beggar assisting Youth to arise. "I will lead thee to the gates, there thou canst seek the master of the house."

Guided by his aged companion, Youth was soon face to face with the master: "Buy your Puzzle? Let me see it," said the old man smiling kindly at Youth.

He glanced at it and quickly covered it. "Lest my son see it," he explained. "Never let him see it, never let him know. He would find little pleasure in the Courts of Ease if he once became interested in this Puzzle. Promise to keep it from him, never to speak of it in his presence. If you wish work I will provide it. You shall be my gatekeeper."

Thus it was that Youth became keeper of the Gates at the House of Plenty in the City of Toil which lay on the Plain of the Multitude.

## II.

Youth found his new employment interesting. There was scarcely a moment in the day when some one was not seeking to enter the gates; relatives, friends, merchants, scientists, artists, beggars, thieves. Youth quickly learned to distinguish the members of each class and how to treat them. He was, therefore, successful in his task. He was also happy, for he no longer feared the three Necessities. Often at twilight Youth climbed to his lodging over the gate and looked down upon the City of Toil, wondering, pondering. Many a passer-by stopped to gaze at him. Surely nothing in that grim city compared in beauty and loveliness to Youth dreaming within the Gates of Ease.

One evening as he sat thus pondering, he beheld a countless horde of beggars coming toward the gates, all he had ever driven away and many besides. They stretched toward him a thousand emaciated hands crying: "Feed us, feed us! Every day your master has set before him more than he can eat. Never in our lives have we eaten until satisfied. Your master grumbles if the beef is salt, and flies into a passion if the wine is new. Crusts moistened with tears are our meat, and wine is as strange to us as kindness."

"Who are you?" demanded Youth.

"The poor of the world."

"Whence do you come?"

"From England, France, Germany, Italy, India, Japan, Persia, China, Spain, from every land!"

"How many of you are there?"

"Hundreds of millions."

"My master could not feed such a throng."

"Are we too many? Can no one feed us? Must it ever be our portion to hunger, to weep, to see our children famish, and our parents die of want? Then why were we born? Why must we live?"

They moved away into the depths of night, still repeating their questions of despair. Youth watched them with sickening heart. He was still gazing after them when suddenly he became aware of some one standing beside him. Turning, he beheld an old man of appearance so revolting that Youth shrank from the outstretched palm.

"Who are you?" asked Youth.

"Poverty."

"What do you wish?"

Poverty made no reply but held out a circular box which Youth felt unable to refuse. The pauper vanished. Youth opened the box. It was the Puzzle. Long after he believed himself rid of it forever, it had again been forced back upon him. He sighed as he observed that just as it had seemed larger and more difficult the second time, so now it looked larger, more difficult and more hopeless than ever before.

He placed the Puzzle on the window ledge. "When will you cease growing?" he asked, beginning to feel as if the Puzzle were a living thing. "Why do you come to me? I can never solve you."

He left the window and seated himself on the floor in front of the hearth. Forthwith on the floor between him and the hearth appeared the Puzzle, challenging him to the task he had sought to escape. Youth drew it toward him reluctantly but soon was once

more attempting to solve it. Of all the troublesome pieces Poverty was the worst to-night. It slid from one part of the circle to another. It crowded out Industry, Education, and Morality, which heretofore had been so easy to place. More than once he tossed aside one or another perplexing piece. But fling them where he would, sooner or later they appeared within the circle silently demanding a place. It was long past midnight when Youth, vexed beyond endurance, gathered the Puzzle together, hurled it into the fire, crying, "There is too much to do in this world to waste time on a puzzle no one can solve."

It was not difficult for Youth to carry out his resolve to waste no more time on the Puzzle. In fact, it was easier in the House of Plenty to forget the Puzzle than to find time to think about it. Every day was crowded with duties and pleasures; moreover, all within the house desired his companionship so constantly that had he had no duties at all, each day would have been entirely filled.

Of all his friends none was so dear to Youth as his master's only son Fides. Often he left the gates to the care of an under-servant to roam with Fides through the Gardens of Ease. Fides was never so happy as when with Youth, and was ever summoning him to join him in his pastimes. One day, however, when in obedience to such a summons Youth knocked at his young master's door, he received no answer. He knocked again. Again no answer. He threw the door open and entered. Fides lay on the floor as if asleep.

"Fides, Fides, why do you not answer me? Awake! The world was never more beautiful: sky, wood, and river call."

Fides remained silent and motionless. Impatient and impetuous Youth seized his hand but fell back with a cry. The hand was cold and limp. The sound of Youth's weeping brought the servants, who bore Fides to a couch and hastened to summon his father. The master entered followed by friends and servants, and staggered to the couch. Unable to endure the sight, Youth stole from the room to his seat within the gates, where he threw himself on his face and wept till he fell asleep. It was the hour before dawn when he awoke. A figure he had never seen was standing outside the gates. From time to time the appearance of the figure changed as different wayfarers accosted it. One moment it assumed the likeness of a beautiful woman with arms outstretched; the next that of a skeleton with grinning skull, a sickle in one hand and a bell in the other.

"Who art thou?" asked a wan mother carrying in her arms a suffering child.



"Death."

"Where dost thou dwell?"

"In the silent isle, surrounded by gentle cypresses, where pain, poverty, and separation never come," answered the figure becoming very beautiful.

"Take me and my child to your abode."

"Not thee, only thy child."

"No, no!" cried the mother, but it was too late; already the skeleton arms held the child. The mother sank upon her knees moaning. "Thou canst, thou wilt give me back my child."

Death made no reply, but pointed toward the city. Youth looked and beheld a great procession moving slowly through the streets. A specter bearing a scythe was the leader. Behind him followed a never-ending train of torch-bearers, bands of music, biers, pall-bearers, and mourners. On the first bier lay Fides, on the next the child Death had seized. Farther on appeared a magnificent pall, beneath it a king; farther on still a form mighty even in death, a worker. Still they came, men, women, and children of every age, rank, and condition, prostrate on the chariots of death. The longer Youth looked the more perplexed he became. It seemed to him as if the strongest, the best loved, the most needed of every land were being borne away forever, leaving behind the weak, the useless, the unloved. Hour after hour, as silent and motionless as one of the statues by the gate, he watched the grim procession. Contemplating the world's grief, he seemed to have turned to stone. At last the terrible vision was swallowed up in darkness of night, and Youth awoke from its spell to find himself alone with the Puzzle and Death.

"Thou must solve it," whispered Death.

"I cannot," answered Youth in a voice so like Death's own that its accents appalled him.

Forthwith through the mist over the city, as if in answer to a summons, called an enticing voice, "If thou canst not solve it, forget it."

Youth turned from Death. The mist lifted and the vision of the city burst upon him. Never before had it seemed beautiful, inviting, but to-night lights blazed everywhere, and music floated on the wind.

"Is that the city I have viewed so often with pity and scorn?" asked Youth.

"Yes," answered the voice, "it is the City of Toil, but to-night is held the fête of Passion and Forgetfulness."

"Can I forget the Puzzle there?"

"Thou canst forget everything."

Without further questioning, without once looking back, Youth fled the Puzzle and the vision of Death and hastened into the city. Gay throngs were wandering through the streets. The air was filled with laughter and merry song. Presently Youth joined himself to a company with whom he proceeded to the entrance of a great hall. He was about to enter when a vision rose before him: the little white cottage he had left so long ago seemed to stand between him and the flaring portal. A child with tears in his eyes looked out from the vine-clad casement, and the golden bird lay dead. While Youth hesitated, alluring voices called to him and Passion and Forgetfulness issued from the hall, threw their arms around him, took his hands in theirs and led him in.

"Who are you, beautiful ones, and why are you masked?" asked Youth.

"I am thine unknown self," whispered Passion.

"I am thy soul's last remedy," whispered Forgetfulness.

"Let me see your faces," cried Youth.

"Behold mine!" said Forgetfulness.

"Beautiful!" cried Youth attempting to embrace her.

"Not yet," cried Forgetfulness, "thou must embrace my sister first."

Youth turned to Passion, "Pray, lift thy mask."

"I cannot till thou hast embraced me."

"Nay, first grant me one glimpse of thy lovely countenance."

"Embrace me," urged Passion, seizing his hands and drawing him toward her. "Embrace me and I will reveal to thee the mysteries of the ancients, the mysteries of thine own nature. Embrace me and I will show thee the paths of life and joy."

"Thou fillest me with a strength I have never known," cried Youth. "Thou has charged me with life. I will lift thy mask!"

"Thou canst not, not though thou hadst the strength of Hercules and Atlas. None save yonder three can, but ask them not."

"Who are they?"

"Dost thou not know them?"

"One I know, one is Death."

"He is my master."

"Who are the other two?"

"Disease and Heredity, my children."

"They are all three hideous."

"Yes, to unaccustomed eyes, but abide with me and thou wilt

soon learn to view them with as much indifference as thou viewest Poverty from the Gates of Plenty."

"I fear them not. Thou hast made me a man. Bid them lift thy mask."

Passion signaled. Straightway, Death, Heredity, and Disease came forward and lifted her mask. A cry of horror broke from the lips of Youth. Was that flayed countenance the face he had all but caressed! Filled with terror and revulsion he fled toward the door.

"Thou wilt come again," cried Passion, springing after him.

"Thou wilt need me and return," called Forgetfulness.

"Remember me, I am thine unknown self," pleaded Passion.

Youth hurried into the street, heedless whither he went. Loneliness and Despair stalked beside him, urging him back to the specter of his avowed unknown self which followed close behind. Voices he had never heard called to him; doors he had never seen opened before him. He dared not pause, he dared not enter, for in every voice and in every form he recognized that self which he was seeking to flee.

### III.

After hours of fruitless wandering Youth found himself before the entrance of a great edifice. Through the gleaming windows he beheld men working at desks and tables.

"What temple is this?" he asked of the keeper of the gate.

"The Temple of Learning," replied the gatekeeper.

"Who are those working at this late hour?"

"The Priests of Learning, the Puzzle-Workers; by night they work at the puzzles and by day they teach others to solve them."

"Will they teach me how to solve my puzzle?"

"Surely," answered the keeper of the gate, "and they will provide thee with means to satisfy the three Necessities."

"They know the three Necessities?"

"They know all things, the three Necessities, Poverty, Heredity, the Self, Disease, and Death. These are the puzzles they profess. Enter and thou shalt become a novice in their Temple, a disciple in the Circle of Puzzle-Workers."

Youth followed the keeper of the gate into the temple where he was provided with refreshment and lodging.

Not until the next morning did he begin to appreciate how beautiful were his surroundings. A hundred marble temples greeted his eyes, beyond them verdant fields through which a stream of

deepest azure wound. A chime of bells awoke him from his reverie and reminded him that his purpose here was not to dream but to sit at the feet of the Puzzle-Workers. Ere long he joined himself to a throng of novices streaming into one of the temples, in which sat renowned priests of learning.

Thus Youth began anew his ardent quest. Amid these beautiful surroundings he continued year after year listening to discourses in the various temples, ever seeking, ever hoping to learn the solution of the Puzzle, but each year he realized more fully that the Priests of Learning were not endeavoring to solve the Puzzle. Each one of them with whom he talked frankly confessed that he was concerned with only one part or segment of it. Moreover, it gradually dawned on Youth that they did not know the real solution even to the fragmentary puzzles they professed. They loved large words and opinions of men long dead. When they discussed the most vital things they talked so long of what had once been that little time was left to discuss what now was. Some of their disciples went to sleep while listening, some played at games, others read papers or books. Those who wished to become Priests of Learning themselves learned the discourses by heart, fancying that in so doing they were accumulating puzzles and solutions enough to last them for the rest of their lives. But though the Priests of Learning proved to have no solution, and though Youth despised some of them for their bigotry and conceit, yet some of them delighted him by their brilliant discourses, others by their personal charm, some by their sympathy. Many of them he loved, perhaps because they were the only men whom he had ever found seriously devoting themselves to the Puzzle. Be that as it may, at the completion of his novitiate Youth departed from the Temple of Learning with regret and with a deep love for its altars, its groves, and its priests.

Upon leaving the Temple of Learning, Youth resolved to visit the Temple of Religion, whose priests he had heard professed a solution to the Puzzle. He was welcomed by the Priests of Religion even more joyously than he had been by the Priests of Learning. They talked most eloquently about the Puzzle, and were confident that they alone knew how to solve it. They examined Youth carefully as to his private life and motives. At length, satisfied with respect to his purpose, ability, and preparation, they led him to the High Priest in the inner temple.

The High Priest spread out the Puzzle and proceeded to cover the larger portion of the circle with a black cloth.

"The key to the solution lies in this piece," he said, drawing

forth one marked "The Heart of Man." "As soon as this can be rightly moulded and fixed all the other parts—Poverty, Injustice, War, Crime, Selfishness and the rest—will arrange themselves."

Thereupon he began twisting, pinching, and crushing the piece he had selected. "It may be necessary to break it," he said. At last he appeared satisfied and laid the "Heart of Man" on the visible segment of the circle. It did not remain in place, however, until he had completely surrounded it by a number of sharp-toothed pieces among which were Fear, Pain, and Punishment.

The High Priest turned to Youth for some expression of satisfaction, but Youth was gazing at a number of pieces which the High Priest had ignored. Injustice, Poverty, Crime, Selfishness, Ignorance, Heredity and many others were sliding across the circle, driving their points into the "Heart of Man," crowding it out of place and changing it back to its previous distorted condition. Youth waited in silence, expecting every moment that the Priest would observe what was happening, and would remedy it. But the Priest sat with a beatific smile upon his face, murmuring, "How marvelous is the Puzzle! How beautiful its solution!"

It pained Youth to dispel his dream, for he was a charming man, and very gentle, but at last Youth could endure it no longer and called the solver's attention to what was taking place. With an impatient gesture, the High Priest gathered together the troublesome pieces and pushed them under the black cloth which at the outset he had fastened over the greater part of the Puzzle. This done, he relapsed into his former state of sweet content, his face wreathed in the same beatific smile.

Youth now observed for the first time that the covered segment of the circle was inscribed: "Segment of Mysteries, Life After Death," and the smaller visible segment, "The Present Life."

Turning to the High Priest he remarked, "Your method of solving the Puzzle seems to be to thrust Poverty, Injustice and all the other troublesome pieces into the 'Segment of Mysteries.'"

"Yes."

"But they are already appearing in 'The Present Life' as disordered as ever."

"That does not affect the solution. It is impossible to establish order among them in 'The Present Life,' nor ought we to desire to entirely get rid of them. It is they which keep in place the 'Heart of Man.' I consign them to the Segment of Mysteries because they belong to that part of the Puzzle which will be worked out in the Life after Death."

As Youth listened to this explanation he became convinced that the High Priest had no solution satisfactory to him; his was an after-death solution. Such a specious promise of a solution in a future life relieved the Slaves of Toil and the Princes of Ease alike of all responsibility of solving the Puzzle in the present life. At first he had believed that Religion was doing much toward effecting a solution, but now this faith was tottering. He even began to wonder whether Religion was not directly responsible both for the general belief that the Puzzle never could be solved in this life, and for the universal practice of devising and accepting temporary expedients instead of courageously demanding and working toward something that promised a final solution.

Disappointed but not despairing, Youth departed from the Temple of Religion and made his way to the Temple of Law. Over the door in great letters of stone was carved the word "JUSTICE." "Not in learning, not in religion, not in making over the heart of man, but in justice lies the solution," quoth Youth as he entered.

Within the vestibule appeared a statue of Justice holding in one hand a pair of golden balances and in the other a book of the law. The champions of Justice, the law-makers, were at work when Youth passed into the inner temple, eager to observe how laws were made and how justice was projected into the actions and customs of men. Youth had expected to find here the wisest of men devoting all of their time and energies to problems of justice and law. Instead, he found men grievously ignorant, men who had not the faintest conception of justice, men who were unable to discuss any topic whatever without losing all self-control and substituting invidious personalities for arguments. Some of them walked in the outer corridors, others read or joked, some dozed, some slept, while their sacred duties were turned over to hirelings. Youth looked in vain for any sign of Justice. She had been driven into the outer courts long ago. Ignorance, Prejudice, Favoritism, Indifference, and Greed, their faces covered with masks bearing her likeness, occupied her seats and her altars.

Puzzle in hand, Youth passed from one body of law-makers to another. Though greatly disheartened, he was resolved not to leave the Temple of Law without attempting to discover whether the solution of which he had heard so much was to be learned here. At length he came upon a small group sitting somewhat apart whose appearance and bearing inspired him with confidence and hope.

"Tell us what brings thee here and in what way we can serve thee?" asked one who seemed to be the leader.

Thus encouraged, Youth spread out the Puzzle before them saying: "Creators of Law and Guardians of Justice, if ye will only reveal unto me how Justice may be put and kept in place, the other parts will, I am confident, arrange themselves."

The law-makers showed a deep interest in the Puzzle. They agreed with Youth that if Justice could be given its right place the other pieces would arrange themselves. However, they made no essay to place it, and when Youth besought them to undertake the task, they replied: "We deal in laws, not justice here."

Youth left the Temple of Law and wandered forth into the city.

"Not in the heart of man, not in religion, learning or law is the solution to be found," he murmured. "Alas, if I could only forget this Puzzle, but I never can!"

#### IV.

There had been a time, a brief period, when Youth had imagined that he was the only one seriously interested in the Puzzle. But that was long, long ago. Gradually he had come to realize that every age and every race had been brought face to face with it and had striven to solve it. The multitude had ceased long ago to believe that it could be solved. Again and again had he heard from others the exclamation he had uttered once himself: "There is too much to do in this world to waste time on a puzzle no one can solve."

Youth stood alone on the Mountains of Dawn and looked out over the Wilderness of the World. A great fear came over him—What if the multitude were right, what if the Puzzle never could be solved! Once more he resolved to forget it, to lose it, to rid himself of it forever. But his efforts were in vain. Sometimes he would awaken in the night to find it lying beside him. Sometimes it would appear to him in the blaze of noon, sometimes in the soft glow of sunset, most often when he was worn, lonely, and discouraged. Often weary with unavailing efforts he would gaze far across the Plain of the Multitude through the mists toward the little white cottage he had left so long ago. It made Youth sad to behold it, but it was a sadness not without hope. Sometimes after gazing thus he would stretch himself in the shadow of a tree or rock and try to fall asleep, hoping if only in dreams to pass within those white walls. He longed to hear again the song of the golden bird and to see golden visions.

One evening as he lay thus, looking across the plain toward the Cottage of Childhood, he fell asleep and dreamed. Once more it

was spring in the Wilderness of the World. Once more he leaned out from the vine-clad casement and gazed out on the Plain of the Multitude. Even while he looked he beheld the nations of the earth assembling on the limitless plain. From the four quarters of the earth they came and encamped in the center of the plain. In the midst of the encampment appeared a vast table about which were gathered representatives of every tribe and nation of the world, each with a puzzle before him. A voice cried, "Let him who can solve the Puzzle appear."

Forthwith a great number from every tribe and nation presented themselves. One after another tried and failed. Many of them asserted and believed they had solved it, but all who looked with clear unprejudiced eyes could see they had done nothing except arrange the pieces according to some fantastic plan pleasing to their own thoughts and fancies. No sooner had the last of these dreamers or fanatics attempted and failed, than a great strife arose in the encampment between the Slaves of Toil and the Princes of Ease. Each side accused the other of preventing the solution. The Princes of Ease aided by troops of hired soldiers drove the Slaves of Toil from the plateau back to the City of Toil, where they remained for many years. At the end of this time nothing was to be seen in the City of Toil save machines. Even the Slaves of Toil had become machines or parts of machines. Sometimes the machines spoke, sometimes they wept, sometimes they cried to Youth to perform "the great miracle" and change them back into men.

But Youth was helpless; moreover, Labor itself had become such a hideous thing that Youth's thought was to flee from it and gain an abode within the luxurious Courts of Ease.

At last the Great Miracle came, not quickly but gradually. One by one, the machines became transformed into men, women, and children, beings of mien so terrible that Youth trembled and hid his face.

"Behold, what creatures your machines have made us!" they cried as they swept down upon the Courts of Ease pillaging, plundering, devastating.

A great darkness fell upon the earth while the machine-men ruled and terrorized every land. At last there came a voice through the darkness: "Let Mother Earth appear."

Straightway from behind the Mountains of Dawn came a beautiful woman with an infant at her breast and carrying a basket filled with flowers, fruits, and grains.



"Mother Earth," asked the voice, "hast thou not enough for all thy children?"

"More than enough," answered Mother Earth. "In every part of my dominion I have priceless ores and minerals that have never been mined, forests and quarries that have never been entered, vast fields given over to the pleasures of the Princes of Ease, that cry for sowing and harvest."

"How long then must the millions of the earth toil and yet want?"

"As long as my treasures are usurped by the few and kept from the many."

"Canst thou then solve the Puzzle?"

"No, but I can direct the solution. Let every man join his Puzzle with that of his tribe or nation."

Many refused to do this.

"Then we must wait," said Mother Earth sadly, and they waited many years. At the end of this time all who refused to obey the command of Mother Earth had perished.

"Let the Five Continents and the Isles of the Sea assemble to the solution of the Puzzle," cried Mother Earth.

The Five Continents and the Isles of the Sea gathered on the Plateau with their puzzles before them.

"Harken now, Continents and Isles of the Sea," cried Mother Earth. "Your puzzles are one puzzle and the solution is one solution. The solution of one is possible only through the solution of all. As long as Indifference forms a part of one, Greed will form a part of all. As long as Greed continues in one, Oppression, Injustice, Hatred, Ignorance, Poverty, and Crime will continue in all. As long as Ignorance, Injustice, and Hatred appear in one, War and Want will appear in all. Not till ye see your puzzles as one puzzle, and not till ye unite to solve it as one will it begin to be solved."

Mother Earth ceased. The Five Continents and the Isles of the Sea seemed to be holding a council. Then they began joining their Puzzles, now exchanging pieces, now pausing to consult. In twenty years the Puzzle was nearly solved, and at the end of thirty years, it was completely solved. Youth looked in vain for Greed, Injustice, War, Intemperance, Ignorance, Poverty, Crime and all the other pieces which had made the solution impossible. They had vanished, and in their places were Justice, Brotherhood, Cooperation, Generosity, Nobility, Plenty, Happiness, and Peace.

Mother Earth rejoiced at the sight of the Puzzle solved, and

the Five Continents and the Isles of the Sea sang for joy. Youth awoke from his dream, filled with joy and hope, only to find himself once more gazing upon the dark Plain of the Multitude. But even as he gazed a voice that resounded around the earth called from the Mountains of Dawn: "Despair not, O Youth, the Puzzle shall be solved! And in that day there shall be one government upon the earth and one people; and there shall be one aim, manhood; and there shall be no more poverty, no more injustice, no more war, no more disease, no more fear, and even death shall be beautiful."

## NIETZSCHE, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

BY ELIZABETH FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE.

Translated from the manuscript by Caroline V. Kerr. Cf. the article "A Visit to Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche" in our last issue.

THE distinguished philologist Friedrich Ritschl once said to my brother: "We German intellectuals have always had a genuine fondness for France, but it is an unfortunate love and will ever remain so. Do what we will, the French will never understand us, nor reciprocate our feelings. Despite the infamous calumnies written about us in France [Ritschl here referred to the press campaign during the Franco-Prussian War] Germans of the intellectual class will retain their affection for the French, even though the German nation as a whole continues to regard France as its arch-enemy."

My brother was among these literary Francomaniacs who fell under the spell of French belles-lettres and philosophical literature of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and he was so strongly imbued with the French spirit that his own philosophical concepts, according to Ritschl, were like "the writings of a French romancer."

One of my brother's fondest dreams was to make a long stay in Paris with his friend Rohde, and there is a pleasant passage in one of his letters referring to this plan. He writes, "I can picture to myself a couple of philosophic *flâneurs* with serious eyes and smiling lips, strolling through the boulevards and becoming well-known figures in the museums and libraries, in the Closerie des Lilas and in the cool recesses of Notre Dame."

But nothing came of this plan, owing to the fact that Nietzsche had barely finished his studies when he was called to the faculty of the University of Basle (1869) and was still there when the war came to destroy at one rude blow his French affinities.

My brother was a passionate patriot, and Richard Wagner was wont to compare him to one of the famous Lützow Brigade of 1813.

He was determined to join the ranks of the German army as a volunteer and to this end presented a request to the Swiss government. But to preserve the nation's strict neutrality, the Swiss government resolved to grant leave of absence to the German professors in its employ only on the condition that they would not enlist for active service.

Greatly depressed because he was not allowed to join the active ranks, Nietzsche went to Erlangen to take a course of training as a field-nurse. While there he wrote to our mother, "Our national civilization is at stake, and no sacrifice could be too great to defend it. These accursed French tigers! . . ." And after learning what actual warfare meant he wrote, "There is such a thing as bravery, genuine German courage, which is an essentially different quality from the *élan* of our pitiable neighbors." His feeling against France was strengthened by cruel practices with which he became acquainted in his work as a field-nurse. These experiences must have been of a very painful character, as he always begged his friends not to question him about them. But eventually he came to the conclusion that an entire nation should not be held responsible for the deeds of some cruel and inflamed individuals: Gradually his sympathies swung back to his first love, France, the more as he began to view with growing distrust the new Germany, and he often sighed for the days when Germany was not yet politically united, and for her former virtues.

In one of his letters of that time he writes, "The German is wonderful as a soldier and greatly to be admired as a scholar and scientist, but otherwise he is only moderately admirable."

About this time, a spirit of literary self-glorification, not at all justified by actual conditions, began to make itself manifest in Germany, and as Nietzsche understood by culture the unity of artistic style in all manifestations of national life, he believed that this could only be found in France, where tradition and national spirit combined to produce such conditions.

I should not like to be misunderstood on this point; it was not the France of the nineteenth century that my brother prized, as he always spoke with indignation of the "democratic clamor" of modern France. It was the France of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, her profoundly passionate genius, her refined literary ingenuity, that commanded his admiration. He adored Montaigne, of whom he once said, "That such a man has lived and written, can only increase our desire to live and labor." If he regarded Montaigne as, in a certain sense, the founder of French intellectual

aristocracy, Pascal was to him the embodiment of the deep, passionate forces of his century. He often said that he loved Pascal as he would a brother, and felt closely akin to him in spirit. Voltaire, whom he always called a "*grand-seigneur* of intellect," he prized as the last great dramatist. It was to Voltaire that the first edition of *Menschliches, Allzumenschliches* was dedicated. It is necessary to explain, however, that this dedication was occasioned by the hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death, and not by any great affection my brother entertained for the philosopher. A letter written in June, 1878, contains a passage which throws light upon the deep and tragic meaning which Nietzsche attributed to this dedication:

"To me there has always been a terrifying symbol in the fate of this man, about whom, even after a hundred years, it is impossible to get an unbiased judgment; it is toward the emancipators of intellect that the world is most implacable in its hatred and most indiscriminating in its love."

Nietzsche always insisted that the "modern French idea" of the eighteenth century was of English origin, and regarded it as a complete perversion of French intellect and intuition. He always was hostile to Rousseau, although in his youth he was a passionate admirer of the picture of oppressed mankind as drawn by this French writer. "In every socialistic upheaval, it is ever the man Rousseau who is moving like the hidden forces imprisoned under Mt. Etna. When oppressed and half crushed by the arrogant caste spirit and merciless wealth of the world, when perverted by the priesthood and humiliated by the ridiculous laws of conduct established by convention—man turns to nature in his hour of need, and is suddenly made to realize that she is as remote as was ever an Epicurean god. It is because man, himself, has sunk so deep in the chaos of an unnatural world that his prayers never reach nature's sanctuary."

Later in his life my brother conceived a great antipathy to Rousseau because, as he said, "Rousseau remained a plebeian and raised the mobile *vulgus* to the dignity of the goddess of Justice." He also believed that it was Rousseau who sowed the seeds of the French Revolution, thereby destroying the old aristocratic France.

Despite my brother's abhorrence of the great French Revolution, he entertained the greatest admiration for Napoleon, who, he said, restored his faith in the tremendous power of the individual, that is to say, in his own doctrine of the *Herrenmoral*. He always emphasized the fact that Napoleon was not French but Corsican,

and spoke of him as "the condottiere as a genius in the grand style." Like Napoleon, Nietzsche had a strong aversion to Madame de Staël, whom he pronounced "an unsexed woman, who had the audacity to recommend the Germans to the sympathy of Europe as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed literary blockheads." Nietzsche himself could be very severe in his criticisms of Germany and the Germans, but he boiled with indignation when such criticism came from a foreign source.

Irrespective of political transitions from republic to empire and back again, the France of the nineteenth century was unsympathetic to him, but he was broad-minded enough to admit that French intellect deepened after the war of 1870-71. "France is still the seat of intellectual culture and the great school of literary taste, but one must know where to look for these qualities. Those who belong to this France hold themselves aloof; they are few in number, and among them are persons who are unsteady on their legs—fatalists, engloomed souls, diseased minds, fragile and over-sensitive spirits, who feel the need of shunning the glaring light of the every-day world. But one thing they all possess in common, and that is the ability to close their ears to the insane stupidity and clamorous gabble of the democratic bourgeoisie."

Only a very few of the Frenchmen then considered leaders of thought excited Nietzsche's admiration: Renan he pronounced "a sweetish bonbon"; Sainte-Beuve was "a disappointed poet who snacked of soul-snuffing, and would only too gladly have concealed from the world the fact that he possessed neither stability of will nor of philosophy—and was lacking in *artibus et litteris*, which is not surprising in view of the shortcomings just mentioned"; for Victor Hugo he coined the phrase, "Pharus standing on the shore of the ocean of nonsense"; George Sand was *lactea ubertas*, the milch cow with a beautiful soul; les frères de Goncourt were "the two Ajaxes in battle with Homer, set to music by Offenbach"; "the joy in evil smells," was the aphorism he coined for Zola.

In his judgment of Flaubert and Baudelaire, Nietzsche was more lenient. "Flaubert, owing to his strength of character, was able to endure lack of success and loneliness (unusual qualities among Frenchmen) and occupies a preeminent place in the field of romantic esthetics and style." Of Baudelaire, the pessimist, Nietzsche wrote, "He belongs to that almost incredible species of literary amphibian, which is equally German and Parisian in spirit: there is something in his poetry which in Germany is called 'sentiment' or 'infinite melody,' in less elegant phraseology, we sometimes

call it the 'moral blues' [*Katzenjammer*]; for the rest, Baudelaire has a very decided, if somewhat decadent taste, and with this he tyrannizes over the irresolute souls of his time." Mérimée was characterized as a "genuine, if not a particularly rich nature, living in spurious surroundings, but enough of an optimist to play his part in the comedy without becoming nauseated."

My brother always entertained the greatest reverence for Taine, whom he regarded as the foremost historian of Europe, a scholar whose courage and will-power never succumbed to the fatalistic pressure of learning.

With the exception of Brandes, Taine was the only European scholar of note who wrote words of recognition and appreciation to my brother; I am always moved when I read the following passage in my brother's note-book, which undoubtedly refers to Taine, although his name is not mentioned: "There really exist in France, at present an understanding and an appreciation of those rare and rarely satisfied souls, whose outlook on life is too broad to admit of any petty patriotism, but who understand how to love the south even though they be from the north, or the north even though they be from the south."

Toward other French historians my brother was more critical, reproaching them with having elbowed their way into the souls of men in whose class and company they did not belong. "For example, what has such a perspiring plebeian as Michelet to do with Napoleon, quite irrespective of the fact as to whether he hated him or loved him? The single fact that he shouts and rants is sufficient to bar him from the company of a Napoleon." And then: "What had the elegant, mediocre Thiers to do with this same Napoleon? He creates a laugh, this little man, when with the gesture of a wise judge, he admires Napoleon and compares him to Cæsar, Hannibal, and Frederick the Great. . . . Personally, I rank an historian much higher who has the courage to admit that certain ground is too sacred for his feet."

It will be seen that my brother had a wide range of affinities for modern French literature. Shortly before his last illness, he spoke to me of French writers whom he particularly enjoyed. Among these were Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre, and Guy de Maupassant, the latter "a pronounced Latin who makes an especial appeal to me." Up to the time of his mental paralysis, Nietzsche always turned to French books in his moments of leisure, saying that he found solace in the deep sense of style combined with the "grace of saneness" [*Grazie der Nüchternheit*].

He could not find sufficient words to praise the psychology of the French intellectuals, and he considered German psychologists not measuring up to French standards. Half ironically he once said: "Two centuries of psychological and artistic discipline, my gentlemen of Germany. But you will never catch up with them!" Had my brother lived to witness the development of German psychological work of the past twenty years, he would unquestionably have revoked this statement.

After I had married and gone to live in Paraguay, he wrote to me: "Now that you and Gersdorff [one of his best friends] have both run away and left me, I find my only recreation in French books. On the whole, I cling to my old friends which we once enjoyed together; only a few new acquaintances have been added to the list, among them Galiani and Taine, whom, however, you will only appreciate after you have become a skeptical old woman."

French literary circles, on the other hand, had shown a marked interest in Nietzsche, and by 1905, his complete works had appeared in a French translation. However, it is very much to be deplored that my brother's admirers in France did not bring any more searching criticism to bear upon the French edition, as they would have found that the translators had taken unpardonable liberties with the spirit of the text, and had, consciously or unconsciously, created an impression of unwarranted chauvinism on the part of my brother when comparing France and Germany. But as the translators had been awarded prizes by the French Academy, their work was naturally not questioned.

My brother's antipathy to England and the English was as marked as his predilection for the French, despite the fact that Shakespeare and Lord Byron were the literary gods of his school days and commanded his allegiance throughout life. The one Shakespearean character which he loved and admired above all others was Julius Cæsar, and only a few days before his mental paralysis he wrote: "I can find no higher formula for Shakespeare than that he was able to conceive a man of the type of Cæsar, to whose tragic friendship with Brutus the dramatist's finest tragedy was dedicated. . . . Independence of soul is here emphasized; if one loves freedom, one must be able to sacrifice his dearest friend, even though this friend be the most splendid specimen of manhood, an ornament to society, and an unparalleled genius. No sacrifice can be deemed too great if the freedom of a great soul is threatened by friendship. Shakespeare must have felt this, as the manner in which he exalts



Cæsar forms the highest tribute he could have paid to Brutus. First he raises the inner conflict in the soul of Brutus to a supreme tragedy, and then portrays the tremendous soul-power by which he was enabled to break the bonds which bound him to Cæsar."

My brother always believed that in his *Julius Cæsar* the poet had placed on record documentary evidence of some obscure experience or unknown adventure in his own life, and if I remember rightly, it was just this tragedy that confirmed my brother in his belief that the poet whom the world knows as Shakespeare was none other than Lord Bacon.

Nietzsche often criticized the lack of moderation in Shakespeare, on this point agreeing with Byron who once said, "I consider Shakespeare the worst possible model of style, notwithstanding the fact that he is a most extraordinary poet."

To my brother's mind, Byron only lacked thirty years of experience to have become the greatest of modern dramatists. Like Goethe, he admired the boldness and grandeur of Byron's life and works, finding in *Manfred* the nearest approach to his own philosophic ideals. It was in his early Byronic rhapsodies that Nietzsche first made use of the expression "Superman" (a term belonging to Goethe by right of priority) which indicates the original significance attached by Nietzsche to this much-interpreted word.

Another of his prime favorites was Sir Walter Scott, whom he called the "English Homer," by reason of his spirited description of England's past, and his tendency to glorify the valorous deeds and heroic achievements of his countrymen. In the course of time I read aloud to my brother sixteen of the Waverley Novels, besides many works of Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, but he was never carried away by the pictures of English life as there portrayed. Nietzsche always felt the discordant note in the English national character, and was unpleasantly affected by the intellectual cumbrousness, the religious insincerity, and the lack of genuine artistic perceptions. He often said that the English had no music in their souls, and complained that "the most highly cultivated Englishman was totally lacking in rhythm, both in his soul-vibrations and in his physical movements."

I don't remember ever hearing my brother agree with English sentiment on any subject whatsoever; the only thing arousing his admiration being the recognition English scholars accorded one another even when of diametrically opposed opinion. This manifestation of good-will and broad-mindedness, he regarded as something quite unique and exemplary. If I should attempt to single

out the one quality which repelled Nietzsche in the English character, I should say it was cant, which he often said was the inborn vice of the English. He found this spirit of cant even in the writings of English philosophers, and despite his high opinion of such men as Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and Herbert Spencer, he had but an ill-concealed contempt for what he called their utilitarian spirit and their utter lack of an ideal.

He did not regard the English as a race of philosophers, and although he had words of genuine appreciation for Locke and Hume, and in certain points admitted them to be in the right as opposed to Kant, his estimate of English philosophy on the whole might be summed up in what he once said of Carlyle: "What is lacking and always has been lacking in England, was well known to that half actor and rhetorician, the harebrained Carlyle, who by means of passionate gestures and grimaces endeavored to conceal from the world what he realized to be his own inherent lack, namely, a genuine depth of intellectual insight—in other words, of philosophy."

Nietzsche feared that the influence of English philosophy with its plebeian tendencies and intellectual mediocrity—as he expressed it: "the influence of England's small-mindedness [*Kleingeisterei*]"—might some day prove a real danger to the whole of Europe. "One should not lose sight of the fact," he wrote, "that England's utilitarian spirit has already depreciated European intellect, in fact, reduced it to the lowest level."

# THE MYSTERY OF EVIL.

BY PAUL R. HEYL.

## XVII. ATHEISM AT ITS BEST.

"If in this life only," says St. Paul, "we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable."

There was once a man whose life ran counter to this text at every point; yet he certainly did not consider himself to be pitied, and was of all men most cheerful. The lesson of his life is a lesson of fidelity to one's convictions, the bitter along with the sweet; it is a lesson of unconquerable courage and good cheer.

William Kingdon Clifford was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was regarded as one of the most brilliant mathematicians of his day. He died in 1879, at the age of thirty-four. The last two or three years of his life were years of physical weakness and a general collapse of his whole system. When a youth, Clifford was an ardent High Churchman, but passed through his season of doubt as so many of us do. Charles Kingsley, when a young man, had the same experience, and came out of it more orthodox than ever; but alas! for poor, affectionate Clifford! He emerged stripped of every vestige of his former faith. No God to love and lean upon in time of trouble; none but creatures of clay to love him in return. A passage in one of his essays gives us a glimpse of the utter melancholy into which he was for a time thrown. Speaking of theistic faith, he says:

"We have parted from it since with such searching trouble as only cradle-faiths can cause. We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven to light up a soulless earth; we have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead. Our children, it may be hoped, will know that sorrow only by the reflex light of a wondering compassion."<sup>20</sup>

And then the courage and good cheer of the man reasserted themselves. Listen to him again:

<sup>20</sup> Clifford, "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief": *Lectures and Essays*, Vol. II, p. 247.

"It is a very serious thing to consider that not only the earth itself and all that beautiful face of nature we see, but also the living things upon it, and all the consciousness of man, and the ideas of society which have grown up upon its surface must come to an end. We who hold that belief must just face the fact and make the best of it; and I think we are helped in this by the words of that Jew philosopher, who was himself a worthy crown to the splendid achievements of his race in the cause of progress during the Middle Ages, Benedict Spinoza. He said: 'The free man thinks of nothing so little as of death, and his wisdom is a meditation not of death but of life.' Our interest lies with so much of the past as may serve to guide our actions in the present, and to intensify our pious allegiance to the fathers who have gone before us and the brethren who are with us; and our interest lies with so much of the future as we may hope will be appreciably affected by our good actions now. Beyond that, as it seems to me, we do not know, and we ought not to care. Do I seem to say: 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?' Far from it; on the contrary I say: 'Let us take hands and help, for this day we are alive together.'"<sup>21</sup>

Nor was this merely a ghastly attempt to smile. Those who knew Clifford personally and are best qualified to speak tell us differently. Says Sir Frederick Pollock:

"It was far from him to grudge to any man or woman the hope or comfort that may be found in sincere expectation of a better life to come. But let this be set down and remembered, plainly and openly, for the instruction and rebuke of those who fancy that their dogmas have a monopoly of happiness, and will not face the fact that there are true men, aye, and women, to whom the dignity of manhood and the fellowship of this life, undazzled by the magic of any revelation, unholpen of any promise holding out aught as higher or more enduring than the fruition of human love and the fulfilment of human duties, are sufficient to bear the weight of both life and death. Here was a man who utterly dismissed from his thought as being unprofitable, or worse, all speculations on a future or unseen world; a man to whom life was holy and precious, a thing not to be despised, but used with joyfulness; a soul full of life and light, ever longing for activity, ever counting what was achieved as not worthy to be reckoned in comparison with what was left to do. And this is the witness of his ending, that as never man loved life more, so never man feared death less. He fulfilled well and truly

<sup>21</sup> Clifford, "The First and Last Catastrophe": *Lectures and Essays*, Vol. I, p. 225.

that great saying of Spinoza, often in his mind and on his lips: 'A free man thinks of nothing so little as of death.'"<sup>22</sup>

#### XVIII. BEYOND THE ATHEISTIC POSITION.

Voltaire spoke from a deep knowledge of the human heart when he said that if there were no God it would be necessary to invent one. It must be admitted that the road of the atheist is no easy one to travel. Strong man that Clifford was, by his own confession his loss of faith shook him to the foundation. G. J. Romanes bears testimony to the same thing:

"When at times I think, as think at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which once was mine and the lonely mystery of existence as I now find it, at such times I shall feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible."<sup>23</sup>

The difficulty is great, but greater for him who has once known theistic faith than for him who has nothing to unlearn. Nevertheless, with or without this background there is something lacking in the atheistic position, a certain absence of purpose in the Cosmos, an utter irrationality of structure in which our rational instincts feel strangely out of place. Hence the profound wisdom of Voltaire.

But what then? Are we to turn to the only other logical alternative? It is the face of a Gorgon; upon it no man may look and preserve his soul alive; while atheism, though it leads one by a hard and lonely path indeed, has been followed with courage and good cheer. And if we cannot do likewise, is it not a fair inference that the fault is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings? Have not generations of heredity under an artificial stimulus had their effect in rendering us incapable of coping with reality? Must we not, as Clifford said, face the fact and make the best of it?

Or are we to abandon logic as a product of the hypertrophied intellect, and seek refuge in sentiment, surrendering to imperious human need? Many, very many do so, and are swept along by the swelling, thrilling, lulling tide of religious emotion. But there are those who cannot go this way. To them logic is duty and sentiment pleasure. There is a picture which I have seen somewhere; I think it is called "The Eve of St. Bartholomew." It represents a young Catholic girl trying to fasten upon the breast of her Huguenot lover a token which will preserve his life. He knows, as well as she, the

<sup>22</sup> Introduction to Clifford's *Lectures and Essays*.

<sup>23</sup> Physicus (G. J. Romanes), *A Candid Examination of Theism*, p. 114.

danger that threatens him, and the potency of the token to protect him; but his hand stays hers, and his eyes meet hers with a look that says:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,  
Loved I not honor more."

It is to such unfortunates that I speak; to those who know the appeal of religious emotion, but feel it forever denied them; who feel the incompleteness of atheism and the need of something more than it can supply. What is there beyond the atheistic position? Not of man's invention; we are asking for bread, not a stone; but is there no indication in nature of that for which sentiment yearns? If nature is soulless, if her wonderfully complex body has no spirit, then at least may we not look forward to a time when this shall no longer be?

#### XIX. THE BODY OF THE COSMOS.

Of what does this soulless body of nature consist? To the superficial view, to the unaided eye, there is the earth with all the varied flora and fauna that inhabit its surface. There are the moon and the sun and the other planets of our system. There are, too, the stars, suns in themselves, possibly with planetary families, and (who knows?) perchance with sentient, rational beings inhabiting certain favored ones among these satellites. Calling the telescope to our aid, the macrocosm is revealed to us; stars, nebulas, star clusters, and again stars, nebulas and clusters, reaching to distances so remote that mind falters in the conception; separated, star from star, by great gulfs of space, adequately measurable only in terms of the years required for light to traverse them; yet across these stupendous distances the faint, persistent pull of gravitation is doubtless felt and reciprocated.

The microscope reveals to us the microcosm in its upper stages. Tiny living creatures of a single cell only; smallest of all, so intimately bound up with man's welfare. And at the very verge of the power of the microscope we begin to see the peculiar Brownian movements of minute suspended particles in a liquid, movements we know to be caused by the jostling and collision of the still smaller and more rapidly moving molecules. And with the eye of reason we have learned to see these molecules made up of atoms, and the atoms of electrons, the latter arranged (most wonderful of all!) after the manner of a planetary system; for from electron to star the architecture of the Cosmos is after the same pattern.

Passing upward from the electron to the atom, the molecule,

the cell and living creatures of many cells, we progress by steps of increasing complexity and specialization, until when we reach the earth itself with its variegated surface, and the living creatures that inhabit it, we have presented to our vision an organism which by its relatively high development and complex structure may be regarded as a temporary stopping-point; for no sooner do we pass to ultraterrestrial nature than we return at once to the simple structure of the atom, on an immense scale, it is true, but simple beyond all comparison with that which we have just left; and as far as our vision can reach throughout the macrocosm the same simplicity prevails. A faint tendency toward specialization may be recognized in certain star groups, which form with their putative satellites a common family; but the telescope reveals to us in the macrocosm nothing of a greater degree of complexity than the analogue of a chemical molecule. If there be indeed a cosmical analogue of the cell it so utterly transcends our outlook that it is beyond profitable speculation.

I have said that the terrestrial organism may be regarded as a temporary stopping-place. Its evolution is undoubtedly far from finished. It is only within the "wonderful century" that it has developed a nervous system, which of late years even shows signs of eliminating its wire-nerves without hindrance to its function. Ignorance and superstition still coexist side by side with the greatest enlightenment; preventable disease still flourishes; international law is still in its incipience. But inchoate as it is, there is nothing within our ken in all nature with which it may be compared.

Whither, then, should the lonely soul, in quest of a companion soul in nature, direct its search? To those spiritually barren, if physically grand and imposing regions of space where it will find nothing nearer its own development than a cosmical molecule? As well may it seek kinship and spiritual sympathy in the microcosm, among those molecules and structural units of whose combinations it is itself the climax. Rather, since the human soul itself is found in its perfection only as the flower of the most complicated and specialized organism, let it seek a kindred soul in nature where nature exhibits its fullest and most intricate evolution. Here, if anywhere, must it hope to find the object of its search.

#### XX. A WORD OF CAUTION.

A word of warning may not be out of place here. In its quest for evidences of a soul in nature let not the human soul expect too much. The soul of man is itself the product of ages of slow and

painful progress, a progress sometimes halted and even turned backward for centuries, and long was that earlier time that elapsed before its bodily tenement was fit to receive it. Even to-day its development is far from complete. And so, in examining the body of nature in search of a soul, we must not look for more than its bodily development will warrant.

In the first place, we notice that that portion of nature which is organized and developed to the highest degree, as far as our ability to observe goes, is of limited extent; a thin veneer on the surface of a large, soulless ball. Moreover, this layer is by no means uniformly distributed. If we were to find, in examining a certain living creature, that portions of its tissue were not reached by either the circulatory or nervous system, we should not expect to find much of interest in these parts. As a promising field for study we should rather choose those parts which exhibit a higher grade of development. And so we find it in the body of nature. The poet may take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea, but the philosopher will say that the poet finds there only that which he took with him. The most highly developed portion of nature's body is at present but a thin veneer applied here and there in irregular patches on the surface of the earth. Its activities may extend a mile or so below the surface and a few miles above; beyond these limits we pass abruptly to a region of development incomparably simpler.

In the second place, this optimum region is comparatively new, measured in cosmical units of time. History calls a thing old if it dates back to a period five or six thousand years before our day; geology counts years not in thousands but in millions; and cosmology goes still farther. The age of man on the earth has of late years become ascertainable to a fair degree of approximation. There were inhabitants in the Nile valley who were sufficiently developed to understand the burning of brick and pottery at a time which may be as much as 16,000 years ago.<sup>24</sup> The splendid wall-paintings in the caves of the Pyrenees are believed to be over 15,000 years old.<sup>25</sup> The complex civilization of Assyria, with its priests, bankers, and

<sup>24</sup> Records of the height of the annual Nile flood are available as far back as the XXVth Dynasty (700 B. C.). From these it appears that the Nile has been silting up its bed at the rate of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches per century on an average. Numerous borings to a depth of 60 feet in the alluvium of the Nile valley have shown the presence of burnt brick and pottery down to the lowest levels. The period of 16,000 years indicated by this is as likely to be longer as to be shorter, on physical considerations. See *Enc. Brit.*, 11th edition, Vol. XIX, p. 696a; and Vol. II, p. 115b.

<sup>25</sup> Osborn, *Men of the Old Stone Age*, pp. 18, 414f.



merchants, and other institutions familiar to us, is now known to reach back to a time at least 6000 years ago, and such degrees of skill and social complexity were not reached in a day. The years of *homo sapiens* are to be measured not by thousands but by tens of thousands.

But such periods are as nothing in cosmology. Some half century ago Lord Kelvin, on the basis of certain physical laws of the conduction of heat, stated that the period of time that had elapsed since the earth's crust had solidified was not more than 400 million years, and might be as short as twenty millions. The biologists protested against being limited to what they deemed too short a time for organic evolution, but Kelvin was inexorable. Since the discovery of radio-active bodies certain of Kelvin's fundamental postulates have had to be seriously modified, and biologists have, as far as this argument is concerned, been given practically as much time as they desired. In comparison with such lengths of time a few tens of thousands of years are inconsiderable. Anything approaching a fit physical setting for a cosmical soul is of extremely recent origin, and such a soul may therefore be expected to be still primitive in its development.

In this region, limited in space, and of recent origin, we must hope to find, if anywhere, evidence of a *cosmic soul*.

#### XXI. THE COSMIC SOUL.

In gathering, scrutinizing, and appraising the evidence in the case it will be difficult for the human mind to act impartially. Not that it is likely to claim too much credit; the error is apt to be the other way. Through modesty the human soul will rather disclaim credit which is properly due. And in the quest for traces of a cosmic soul we cannot set aside the human soul. It is in itself the flower of nature, the climax of evolution, the heir of all the ages, and among the phenomena which it exhibits we are most likely to find a hint of what we are seeking.

I have said advisedly, among the phenomena—for there is much which the mind of man shares in common with the lower order of creation, and much also of which man has reason to feel ashamed. There is nothing characteristically human, for instance, about the instinct of self-preservation, or the emotions of jealousy, fear or anger. Even the higher quality of permanent attachment for a spouse is found in the birds, and the beginnings of maternal affection are to be seen in the cow and other animals. But there is to be found in man a group of mental characteristics which rather

sharply divide themselves from the others, inasmuch as they oppose rather than assist man in attaining harmony with his environment, and have sufficient vitality to shape the environment to their standards.

Certain of these qualities we have already had occasion to discuss. We have seen how, in various ways, the ancient way of nature grates upon the sensibilities of this new-comer, man; how his sense of pity interferes to prevent the weaker from being trampled underfoot; how his sense of justice cries out at the sight of the suffering of the innocent; how his sense of beauty and even decency is offended by the loathsome parasites that infest creation; how a sense of shame, peculiar to him alone, loads upon him an extra burden in the struggle for existence. In all these cases, the recognition by man of the fact that these instincts or mental attitudes are at odds with nature, instead of causing him to abandon or modify them only causes him to grapple them to his soul with hoops of steel. There is that in man which commands allegiance before natural law. There is that within him which cries to nature for bread and receives a stone. There is that within him which half recognizes, half hesitates to believe its own superiority. And for all this he is not without precedent.

The first manifestations of life on our earth, simple as they may have been, were undoubtedly as great an innovation upon the established order of nature, as much an exotic and transcendental phenomenon, as completely at odds with the usual course of their environment as is any modern soul wrung by the mystery of evil. Feeble must have been life's first beginnings; many incipient sparks of life must have flickered fruitlessly out; but chance and a kindlier environment preserved others, and the flame grew, slowly at first, doubtless, but with ever-increasing rapidity, until it flowered in the human soul. And here, among man's highest psychic phenomena, he who hath eyes may see the beginning of a new thing, as wonderful as the beginning of life itself, and destined doubtless to modify as profoundly the environment into which it is injected.

How powerful, for instance, is the appeal to human idealism, as illustrated in the founding and early growth of Christianity. I speak as one who rejects utterly the miraculous in the Christian legend, and speak to those who presumably do likewise. A cardinal feature of early Christianity was its appeal to the idealistic as opposed to the materialistic. "Go and sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow me." "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to

enter the Kingdom of God." Jesus and his little company of disciples actually lived from day to day by the charity of the sympathetic.<sup>26</sup> Prudence, forethought, the economic virtues in general, were actually frowned upon. "For after all these things do the Gentiles seek." Here we have an appeal directly counter to material self-interest; but this is not all. The founder of Christianity even went farther, and set himself in opposition to the physical instinct of self-preservation. "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil." What chance, judging from all analogy of the lower orders of nature, would such a doctrine have of survival and self-perpetuation?<sup>27</sup>

It is of no consequence to the present argument that during the ages after the death of its founder the Christian Church did not always despise force or riches in its efforts to extend itself. The point is its ability to have made a start at all from this basis. There were, of course, other factors operating, such as the constant presentation of the doctrine of immortality; and we must remember that everything took place in a dense haze of superstition, similar to those mists which overhang and foster the teeming tropical vegetation. But by far the largest factor in the success of early Christianity was the idealism of its founder. No other appeal than the idealistic can so inspire love, reverence, and devotion in the disciple, or so nerve the martyr. "The things that are not seen are eternal."

In more modern times we have again seen the strength of the appeal to idealism. The early years of the American Civil War, marked as they were by Confederate successes, were trying times to the Federal Government. There was a steadily increasing danger that England's material needs and interests would lead her to take the step of recognizing the Confederacy. With profound insight Lincoln decided to appeal to the idealistic as against the materialistic, and raised the issue of Emancipation. England, desperately as she needed cotton, was proud of the fact that she had, years before, been the second European power to abolish her slave trade.<sup>28</sup> She could not resist the appeal, and the question of intervention on the South's behalf was settled in the negative.

Our own people also felt the force of the appeal: "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Wavering hearts were encouraged. The fortune of war began to turn. The year of the Emancipation

<sup>26</sup> Matt. x. 9-11; John xii. 6.

<sup>27</sup> Mather, "Parables from Paleontology," *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1918, especially Sect. 4, p. 39.

<sup>28</sup> Denmark abolished her slave trade in 1802, and Great Britain in 1808.

Proclamation saw the high tide of the Confederacy. The war had become a crusade.

"But what is this?" says the theist. "In your search for what you call a cosmic soul you have come upon God Himself. It was the Divine element in Christianity that gave it its power over entrenched paganism; it is from God that these ideals come, so opposite to the natural mind; it is by God's help that the righteous cause triumphs."

Well and good, if you will have it so; but remember that every argument for God is subject to the *reductio ad absurdum* of the Argument from Design. Admitted, if you please, that there is a God; but what kind of a God? Taking the good and the evil together in nature, as we have seen, the only logical theistic position is to recognize a God without benevolence.

The whole aspect of the case is changed if we do not postulate a Divine origin for human idealism. Instead of regarding it as a revelation of the Perfect to His own imperfect creatures, if we consider it as marking a successful step in the struggle of the imperfect toward higher things, the difficulty disappears. In no measure is the soul of man responsible for the established order of the universe. He may be benevolent, but he is not omnipotent.

In this new thing, manifesting itself in and through man, slowly beginning to be, this transcendental exotic, this "hyper-trophied intelligence," if you will, we may fairly recognize the rudiment of a Cosmic Soul; cosmic because its outlook and activity are not limited to the immediate interests of the particular organism through which it makes its appearance, but are of a catholic vision and sympathy commensurate to the Cosmos itself; a soul, because if anything ever deserved the appellation spiritual with all that it connotes, surely this is worthy. It is not much; I have shown that we cannot as yet expect much. It by no means measures up to the exacting standard which man requires of his God. It never can be omnipotent, but it holds within it a splendid promise. And the most exquisite thing in this connection is man's unconsciousness of the part that is given him to play, like Moses of old, who wist not that his face shone.

But there have been those who have realized this. Olive Schreiner, in her "Dream in a Ruined Chapel," has beautifully set forth the conception of a Cosmic Soul, clothed with the outward attributes of time and space and circumstance whereby the individual life is marked off from the life of the whole.<sup>20</sup> The German

<sup>20</sup> Ralph Iron (Olive Schreiner), *Dreams*, p. 71.

philosopher Feuerbach<sup>30</sup> was also aware of man's intimate connection with the Cosmic Soul, but, like Royce, went to the extreme of apotheosizing man. God, he held, is nothing else than man; He is the outward projection of man's inward nature. Swinburne, too, sings of "The great god, Man, which is God."<sup>31</sup> And Clifford, in one of his essays, says:

"For after all, such a helper of men, outside of humanity, the truth will not allow us to see. The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman deity fade slowly away from us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods, and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depths of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says: 'Before Jehovah was, I am.'"<sup>32</sup>

## XXII. THE DESTINY OF MAN.

So great a thing as the beginning of a Cosmic Soul cannot take place without leaving some impress, slight as it may be at the start, upon that portion of the Cosmos where it first sees the light. New as it is, the Cosmic Soul has already left its mark on nature. The wolf (or something which differed from him only in the pupil of the eye)<sup>33</sup> has become a dog, and, incidentally, the only living species which appreciates man at his true value; the long-horned lean steer of the plains has become unrecognizable as the solid, beef-yielding animal of the ranches; even the cactus has become edible. Nature's perennial waste of spring freshets and summer droughts is at the beginning of its end; for at the headwaters of our great rivers vast reservoirs impound the melting snows of Minnesota or the rains of Abyssinia, holding them against a time of need, that the Father of Waters or the beneficent Nile may run unvexed to the sea in bountiful yet gentle measure. The desert

<sup>30</sup> Feuerbach, *Das Wesen des Christentums* (translated by George Eliot. *The Essence of Christianity*): "In religion man contemplates his own latent nature" (p. 33); "God is nothing else than the nature of man purified" (p. 181); "The beginning, middle, and end of religion is man" (p. 184). Also *Enc. Brit.*, 11th edition, Vol. X, p. 302d.

<sup>31</sup> Swinburne, "To Walt Whitman in America," in *Songs Before Sunrise*:

"The soul that is substance of nations,  
Reincarnate with fresh generations,  
The great god Man, which is God."

<sup>32</sup> Clifford, "The Ethics of Religion": *Lectures and Essays*, Vol. II, p. 243.

<sup>33</sup> *Enc. Brit.*, Vol. VIII, p. 374b.

has been brought under cultivation, and the pestilential tropical jungle has been made healthier than many an old established city of the temperate zone. Much has been done to bring the environment into harmony with the spirit, but much more yet remains to be accomplished.

"And what then?" says the pessimist. "*Cui bono?* Man is not immortal, either in the individual or the race. The earth will not always be habitable; even the sun is doomed to ultimate extinction. All nature is like a mighty clock, steadily running down. What shall it profit us if we build and plant and water?"

Here we encounter another of the characteristic qualities of the Cosmic Soul: hope, incentive to effort, apparently without reason.

"Such splendid purpose in his eyes;  
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies."

For the pessimist is right this far: nature if left to itself, is destined to a veritable *Götterdämmerung*, a Twilight of the Gods.

No physical principle is better established than that of the dissipation of energy. According to it, all the different forms in which the energy of the universe manifests itself are convertible one into another, but not with equal facility. Heat is regarded as the lowest form of energy, because all other forms of energy can be completely converted into heat, but the conversion of heat into these other forms takes place only partially. The net result of the continual transformation of energy that is going on throughout the universe is that the proportion of energy which becomes unavailable in forms other than heat is continually increasing. Eventually all other forms of energy will have become converted into heat.

Moreover, heat, like water, naturally runs downhill; that is, a difference of temperature tends to equalize itself. Hot bodies cool off, warming up their surroundings until the temperatures are equal. Eventually, therefore, all nature will come to the same level of temperature.

Now, it is not possible by any means at our disposal to reconvert heat into other forms of energy unless it exists at different temperatures, just as it is not possible to obtain work from water, no matter how much there is of it, unless some is at a higher level than the surrounding objects. Hence nature, having run down to a dead level of temperature everywhere must, according to its own laws, remain in that condition forever. Having reached this permanent state the universe will be like a mighty pool of Bethesda, awaiting some influence from without to trouble its waters, to dis-

turb once more the level of its enormous store of useless energy and render it again available.

"If left to itself—according to its own laws." Very true; such is the inevitable destiny of a soulless world.

Here we come to a strange and wonderful thing; for it was pointed out years ago by Clerk Maxwell that it lies within the power of intelligence, even though for the present in theory only, to interpose, to change the current of nature, to turn its mighty mechanism backward, to rewind the clock, by actually causing heat to run uphill. His conception of "sorting demons" is well worth the study necessary to appreciate it. He points out how, without the expenditure of any work, an intelligence provided with a sufficiently delicate touch and powerful vision could raise the temperature of one half of a mass of gas by withdrawing heat from the other half; a thing up to the present time totally against experience. Such a proceeding as Maxwell suggests is impossible to us at present only because our faculties are too gross to permit of our carrying out the delicate sorting of single molecules necessary to accomplish this end; but he would be bold indeed who would deny the possibility of our ever achieving a touch and vision adequate to this purpose.<sup>34</sup> Since Maxwell's day,

<sup>34</sup> Maxwell appears to have first published his suggestion of "sorting demons" in his *Theory of Heat*, p. 328 (1875 edition), under the caption: "On the Limitation of the Second Law of Thermodynamics." See also Garnett and Larmor, *Enc. Brit.*, 11th edition, Vol. IX, p. 401b.

In a gas at what we consider uniform temperature all the molecules have not exactly the same velocity, their velocities being grouped about a mean value according to a distribution closely resembling the well-known probability curve. This is a condition of stable equilibrium, to which every other distribution of velocities must in time revert, due to the interchange of velocities by oblique collisions at all possible angles. The whole matter hinges upon the stability of this system of non-uniform velocities. If we in any way remove the most rapidly moving molecules, others with speeds nearly as great will shortly replace them, and the whole set will again assume the stable distribution about a mean value slightly less than before. Similarly, the removal of the slower molecules will result in a rearrangement of velocities about a slightly greater mean.

Maxwell imagined such a gas divided into two parts, A and B, by a partition containing a great many small, massless doors, each in charge of an intelligence, or a "demon," as he called it, with instructions to open his door whenever he saw one of the more rapidly moving molecules in A headed his way, and to keep it closed against the slower ones. Similarly, he was instructed to allow to pass from B into A only the slower molecules. Thus, the original set of molecules would, without the expenditure of any work, be sifted into two classes, the rapid ones finding themselves in B and the slower ones in A, the temperature of the portion B rising, and that of A falling. The restorative action would again produce molecules in A nearly as fast, and in B nearly as slow as those which had been lost, and the process is capable of limited repetition, ceasing to be useful when the most rapid of the slow molecules are equal to the slowest of the fast molecules.

The temperatures of the two portions of gas may now be allowed to adjust themselves to a level in the usual fashion, a certain amount of work being recovered in the process, and the sorting repeated. In this way the temperature of the gas as a whole may be depressed to any desired point.

a long step has been taken in this very direction. It is now possible for us to count singly bodies much smaller than the average gas molecule, and even to see their single impacts against a phosphorescent screen.<sup>35</sup> All this in one generation; what may we not yet accomplish?

Maxwell's proposed sorting of molecules is unique in the domain of physics in that it is the first case known where natural law is exhibited as a respecter of persons, having a mode of operation applicable to non-intelligent matter, but reversible under the guidance and control of intelligence. It is not metaphysical, but as legitimate a deduction from the molecular structure of a gas as any of the better-known physical principles. It is full of suggestion, of inspiration. Shall we learn, ere the coal-beds are exhausted, to draw energy from the atmosphere until it is cooled below the temperature of the ocean, when a mighty store of energy will at once become available for our use? Shall the down slope of nature's curve, through human interference, turn upward again? And what if, as the curve nears its summit, some great catastrophe, some celestial collision, should suddenly extinguish all intelligence on the earth, and the dissipation of energy should again prevail, until, eons after, some new race of sentient beings may speculate on origins and destinies and perchance discover anew the way to apply the brakes and reverse the power?

It is a solemn thing to consider that there is developing in nature, in and through ourselves, an intelligence of such mighty possibilities; rudimentary as yet and feeble, but of rich promise; painfully out of joint with much of its environment (as the cynic points out) like the Ugly Duckling, yet destined to master this environment and impose its ideals upon it. What though it may be ages yet before this promise shall be fulfilled, before the ugly duckling shall become a swan? Have we not, in this precious possession of which each one of us holds a share in trust, an incentive to right living, to high thinking far more worthy of our devotion than any selfish salvation of the individual soul? What though we shall never live to see the final victory? Like Simeon in the temple we may say: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace—for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

We have gone beyond the atheistic position. We have seen the body of the Cosmos, like some mighty machine, wound up and set going ages since, by whom we know not. What has become of its

<sup>35</sup> Rutherford and Geiger, *Proc. Roy. Soc.*, 1908, 81A, pp. 141, 163. Also Crookes, *ibid.*, 1903, 71, p. 405.



Creator, if it ever had one, we cannot tell. Perhaps he is talking or pursuing, or he is in a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked. In the absence of any intelligent control this machine, like a great clock, is steadily and relentlessly, after its own laws, running down; and with each hour it strikes a different scene presents itself. There was that matin hour when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy; there is now the high noon of life and activity and pleasure and pain; and there is coming that vesper hour of twilight, that *Götterdämmerung*, when the restless waves of energy shall have quieted down to a dead, dark level forever. And into this machine, in the full stir of its activity, there comes a new thing, an exotic, a transcendent influence, a Soul. Lonely, ill at ease, out of joint with its surroundings, shocked and horrified by much of what it finds about it, its plight is pitiable. "I am a little soul, dragging about a corpse." Man himself, in and through whom it makes its first appearance, fights it with tooth and nail, rack and fagot, slander and venom, ostracism and starvation, bullet and poison gas. And the wonder of it—for the feeble thing still lives!

It lives and grows. It is beginning to be conscious of its own powers. It is optimistic; it is fearless; it is developing. Let none set metes and bounds for it. It may yet turn the ebbing tide of nature, and stay the coming of the twilight hour; for *Götterdämmerung* is ages away, eons away; there is time. It may yet (who knows?), as its own nervous system is beginning to do, shake off the limitations of matter only to function the more freely and fully. The little soul, now chained to a corpse, may yet be set free. The Cosmos, so long soulless, may yet redeem itself, and possess a controlling soul worthy of its splendid body; for it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

# THE ANTINOMY OF FREEDOM AND NECESSITY AND THE PROBLEM OF MORAL RESPONSIBILITY.<sup>1</sup>

BY H. M. GORDIN.

AS is well known to students of philosophy, the free-will problem, or Kant's third antinomy, consists in the following: The law of causation is, so far as our experience goes, so universal that it is utterly unreasonable to exempt human activity from its control. On the other hand, there are several arguments which, it is claimed, prove or favor the doctrine that within certain limitations a freeman is free of the inexorability of this law. While this subject has been discussed by numerous writers, I am not familiar with any book or paper where all the arguments of the libertarians are successfully answered. Most probably none exists, as otherwise modern erudite writers, e. g., the author of the article on free will in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th ed., Vol. XXVIII, p. 654, and the author of the article on the same subject in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, Vol. VI, pp. 124-127, would not defend the doctrine of libertarianism. I shall therefore answer the arguments of the libertarians in what I consider a perfectly convincing manner, and show that the doctrine of determinism is in accord with facts, while that of libertarianism is not, unless the latter defines freedom of the will or freedom of choice so as to agree with facts, when it becomes identical with determinism. I shall further show that determinism allows the freeman acting within the range of his possibilities all the freedom of action and choice he can possibly wish to possess, and that this amount of freedom is, within this range, so great that it is perfectly inconceivable how it could be greater.

Let us first state the arguments of the libertarians.

<sup>1</sup> The material of this article will be incorporated in a book on Science, Truth, Religion and Ethics which I am preparing for publication.

1. The freeman is capable of doing the reverse of what he is imputed to be compelled to do. This may be illustrated by the following example: Suppose that a libertarian starts to travel east in order to get some particular thing. He will, of course, claim that nothing compels him to go in that direction. Now, let a determinist remind him of the fact that his going east is not free of causation because the attraction of the thing he is after actually compels him to go there. The traveler can prove his independence by turning on his heels, and go west. As a freeman, he certainly can do that. Since there can be no better proof by which a freeman may prove his freedom from compulsion than doing the opposite of what he is claimed to be compelled to do, the traveler's ability to reverse his decision ought, it is claimed, to be accepted as conclusive for proving that his acts are free of the restraints of causality.

2. In his voluntary activity, man, it is asserted, is perfectly unconscious of any force compelling him to act in a particular manner. If causality regulated his actions he certainly ought to be conscious of its power.

3. The doctrine of determinism is said to be degrading and depressing, converting even a freeman into a slave of an inexorable law, since he must do what the latter compels him to do. It is further claimed that, if determinism be true, man cannot have the slightest influence on the course of events, every event being predetermined by immutable antecedent causes.

4. If determinism were true, moral responsibility, it is claimed, would lose its significance, since no one could feel remorse for the committal of a wrong if he admitted that, owing to causality, he could not have acted otherwise. The libertarian further asserts that the State would have no justification for punishing criminals, and that the improvement of man's moral character would be impossible if all human acts were predetermined by immutable causes.

Before answering these arguments, let us examine the nature of the acts that are involved in the controversy between the libertarians and the determinists. It is self-evident that acts which are beyond the ability of the actor to perform and acts which are committed unconsciously must be ruled out of our discussion: the former he, of course, never commits, and in committing the latter he cannot be said freely to choose his actions. Another category of acts that must be excluded are those which are involuntary, defining by this term acts which are imposed on one by an irresistible power and are condemned by the judgment of the actor, such as the unwillingly performed acts of a slave. Still another category

of acts that are not involved in the controversy are those which, like the preceding, are condemned by one's own judgment and which are therefore never committed by an intelligent person unless <sup>Casey</sup> he is under the influence of intoxicants, or in a fit of overwhelming passion when his mind is in a state of almost complete aberration, or when he acts under the influence of irresistible cravings or habits from which he would like to but has no will-power to break away. The acts of this category, too, are involuntary, and obviously not causeless, the impulses to commit them being certain peculiarities in the nervous system of the actor. Hence even the libertarian must admit that they are not the results of free choices, but the inexorable consequence of forces over which the actor has little or no control.

The only acts that are involved in the controversy under discussion are therefore those which are voluntary, defining by this term acts which are not forced on the actor by an external master or an irresistible craving, passion, or habit, and are approved or at least not condemned by his own judgment. It is these that the libertarian claims are free of the restraints of causation.

The next step is to state clearly the claim of the determinist and to show that it is in accord with facts. The claim consists in that voluntary acts are caused by desires, and that the choices between different voluntary acts are caused by the most approved and strongest of the desires, though the latter are not intense enough to be such irresistible cravings as to make the acts involuntary. The desires involved may be for the acts themselves or for their direct or indirect results, but desires there must be, and, when choice is exercised, they must be stronger and more approved than the desires for any other acts or their results that are appropriate to the occasion. In accord with this claim, when in respect to a given act a freeman says, I hate to but will none the less commit it, what he means is that he hates the act but likes its results, and likes them more than he likes any other suitable act or its results.

The correctness of this claim is proved by the most reliable method we have at our disposal, and that is, by interrogating the actor committing a voluntary act. Our traveler, for instance, will admit that, in accord with the claim of the determinist, he goes east because he desires a certain thing which he cannot get at home, that when he reverses his action he does so because the argument of the determinist created in him a new desire—the desire to confute his opponent—and that this desire is stronger and more approved than that for the thing he started out to get. In fact, should

the thing in the east happen to be to him of exceptional value, he will admit that he would brush aside his adversary and continue his journey eastward, telling the determinist that his desire for the thing there, while not an irresistible craving, is nevertheless so strong that he would not stop to bother about philosophical antinomies at that moment, and that he would discuss the matter with him at some more opportune time. Similarly, the voluntary act of a patient taking bitter and ill-smelling medicine is caused by his desire to improve his health, and this desire obviously is stronger and more approved than that for taking something pleasant that might either harm him or do him no good. In the same way, the average volunteer who is willing to sacrifice his life in defense of his fatherland will tell you that his desire to do his duty to his country is stronger and more approved than that for staying at home while his native land is being attacked by a foe, that he prefers the moral exaltation and the short life of a hero to the despicable and universally reprobated though longer life of a slacker.

So much for the causality of the voluntary acts themselves. As to desires and the choices between them, they, too, are not causeless, their causes being in most cases perfectly well known. Thus, his desire for going east the traveler will doubtless ascribe to the fact that the thing there will satisfy certain of his wants, and when he goes back on his original decision, he will admit that his desire to refute the claim of the determinist is caused by a feeling of pride in the correctness of his views on the free-will problem, as well as by a feeling of contrariness, or combativeness, and that the combined effect of these feelings is stronger than the feeling creating in him the desire for the thing in the east. The desire of the patient for improving his health obviously is due to his sense of self-preservation which under ordinary conditions creates exceptionally strong and approved desires for taking and doing things promoting our well-being, even when they are in themselves disagreeable. Finally, the desire of the volunteer to do his duty is the result of his moral sense which in the moral man creates powerful and highly approved desires to be moral.

If desires be pursued still further backward, it will be found that even the causes of their causes are, at least in some cases, well known. Thus, the causal series involved in the act of going to dinner is as follows: act of going—desire for food—feeling of hunger—certain changes in certain sensory nerves—withholding nourishment from the cells of our bodies. That is about as far as we need go, since the terms of the series lying beyond the

withholding of nourishment vary from case to case, and are of no importance in our discussion. But even when we cannot go as far as in this case, there is no reason for assuming that the series comes to a stop where we are compelled to stop, because a similar state of affairs is met with in the examination of every natural phenomenon without exception. Proceeding backward along the series of successive causes of any observed occurrence, we necessarily arrive at a term whose antecedents are unknown, but that does not prove that no antecedents exist. The fact that diligent research frequently discovers hitherto unknown causes justifies the assumption that the chain of causality is infinite. The only legitimate alternatives to this assumption are that the chain ends in a property that is as inherent in the last term as it is inherent in human intelligence that two and two must equal four, or else that it ends in a *causa finalis*, according to whichever assumption one prefers. Thus, the moral sense may be as inherent in the moral man as are his feelings of shame, sympathy, regret, and love of music, or may be due to some antecedent causes. When the free-will problem reaches this point, the determinist has already proved his thesis, because all he claims is that human activity is as subject to causality as the rest of the world with which we are familiar.

Why our consciousness or mind or ego or soul or whatever be the name of the human *vis vitae* interprets changes in our nervous system as feelings, and why these create desires, are perfectly idle questions. Operations of this sort are essential attributes of conscious life; in their absence one is dead or at least unconscious. Why feelings and desires have certain particular forms, i. e., why they are so and so, and not otherwise, is also an idle question, because since they must have some form, one form is, in the absence of further light on the subject, as reasonable as another. As to their general uniformity for a given person, this is obviously due to his general make-up which is to a large extent constant throughout his life, and in so far as it is not constant, his feelings and desires really vary with his conditions and advancing age. Still more idle is the question why our reasoning faculty operates in such a manner as to approve or condemn certain desires. It must operate according to definite fixed rules of human logic, and must make use of the memory of past events and of the probability that, owing to the inexorability of causation, certain pleasant or unpleasant, moral or immoral, consequences are more liable to be the results of certain actions than certain other consequences. It must therefore work in a more or less definite manner, and its working in a certain particu-



lar manner is due to the structure of one's brain and to the numerous factors constituting one's personality.

That human activity is subject to causality is further proved by the fact that, as indicated above, one's acts vary in a more or less definite manner with one's age, sex, nationality, inherited characteristics, education, surroundings, etc. A complete knowledge of all of the numerous and complex factors influencing the desires of a given person would doubtless enable a psychologist to read his mind and foretell his actions under given conditions. To a considerable extent this ability is really possessed by many people having had much worldly experience and thus gained a good "knowledge of men." This would be perfectly impossible if desires, choices, and acts were causeless and therefore unpredictable.

Another proof is that when one of the terms in the series of successive causes of an act is inhibited, all the subsequent terms drop out. When the feeling of hunger is destroyed by a sudden shock of fright or bad news the desire for food vanishes, and the act of going to dinner is stopped. When a moral person who is on the point of committing an act approved or not condemned by his judgment, hears or reads arguments which prove that under the given conditions the act would be immoral, his desire for committing it is overcome by a more approved and stronger desire to be moral, and the act is not committed. When a nerve-center is seriously injured, all the feelings, desires, and actions controlled by it disappear.

Having shown that all human activity is controlled by causality, so that the first argument of the libertarians is untenable, it is easy to show that the second argument also is untenable. In his voluntary activity man is unconscious of any external authority and of irresistible condemned cravings driving him to action because such authority and such cravings are by definition absent from such activity, but he is fully conscious of the force of his strongest desires and of the logicity of the strongest arguments approving them, or of the absence of arguments condemning them. When hungry we are conscious of a powerful desire for food and of the cogent argument that if we want to live we must eat, and that under ordinary conditions we have a moral right to eat. And when our sound judgment tells us that, owing to our corpulency, it would be better for us to omit a meal, or that for moral reasons it would be preferable to give it to a starving person, there immediately arises in our consciousness a strong and approved desire to follow the counsel of our reason, and we are again fully conscious of the

new desire and of the soundness of our judgment. In our daily conscious life we are frequently confronted with several conflicting desires, moral, immoral, and amoral, and with reasoning arguments advising different choices. Particularly when the voluntary actions involved are of special importance do we feel that we are thrown upon our own resources we hesitate, compare, sift, and argue with ourselves before making up our minds how to act. During this interval of time, which sometimes is of considerable duration, we are fully conscious of an inner struggle for supremacy between different desires and different processes of argumentation. Until we reach a decision we are particularly impressed with our freedom of choice between different desires because we are in the midst of a confusion which we may bring to order any way we like, and because we do not yet know which of our desires and judgments will come out victorious. The inexorable necessity of following the strongest desire and worthiest motive is thus hidden because we do not yet know which is the strongest and worthiest. When, however, we reach a conclusion and finally decide upon a definite mode of action, we are perfectly conscious of the fact that our action corresponds with that desire for it which during the inner fight has become stronger than the rest and has received the support of the best arguments. At that moment we become extremely conscious of the necessity of causality <sup>from the point of</sup> because in committing a voluntary act under these conditions we know full well why we are doing it as well as what we are doing. It is only in performing routine work that a man is not fully conscious of the fact that his acts are compelled by his desires and judgments, but this is so because such work meets with no resistance from within or without. Nobody interferes with it, and the actor feels no strong desires for refraining from doing it. It is performed in a mechanical way requiring little attention. The moment, however, some remark, thought or external phenomenon causes him to conceive a desire for doing something else, he feels the necessity of making a choice, and when he makes it he feels that his choice is the inexorable result of his strongest desire and strongest argument. Hence the second argument of the libertarian is, like the first, contrary to facts.

In order to answer the third argument, let us examine the nature of the compulsion causality imposes on the freeman. Since this compulsion amounts to nothing more than that in performing a voluntary act he must follow his own most approved and strongest desire which he loves to satisfy anyway, the law of causation is in this case entirely deprived of its sting of tyranny. It is perfectly



clear that when a person has a strong and approved or at least not condemned desire to commit an act he would commit it with no greater zeal even if the desire for it dropped into his heart out of the blue sky without any cause whatsoever, or if he manufactured it himself *ex nihilo*. If a man be asked what sort of freedom of action he would like to have as far as his possibilities go, he would certainly want no other variety than freedom to satisfy his strongest, approved, or at least uncondemned desires without the interference of irresistible undesirable forces. This degree of freedom determines the voluntarily acting freeman; this degree of freedom is all he wants for his voluntary acts, and this degree of freedom is so great that, within the limits of what the freeman can do, it is inconceivable how it could be greater. Our traveler, for instance, goes east when he himself likes the thing there more than to confute his opponent, and he can and does reverse his original decision when the claim of his adversary rouses in him a stronger liking for maintaining the doctrine of his independence. He cannot do both things simultaneously; he must and, as a rule, likes to do either one or the other thing, and he actually acts as he likes to act. As far as the act of going in some particular direction is concerned, there can be no greater freedom of choice than is possessed by the freeman. Hence the doctrine of determinism bestows upon the freeman so much freedom that, barring impossibilities, there is nothing left for the libertarian to give him.

To claim, as the libertarian in his third argument does, that in his voluntary activity man must feel depressed by the necessity of following his own strongest desires is as absurd as to claim that a man who is hungry and freezing, and who does not want to let himself starve or freeze to death, but longs for a good meal and a warm bed, would feel depressed if his friend picked him up on the street and forcibly placed him in a well-provisioned palatial residence where he may eat and drink and do anything he likes and can. Furthermore, since even the strongest desires for voluntary acts are not so irresistible as to become overpowering cravings, the fact that such acts are forced by causality is less burdensome than the act of the man forcibly placing his starving and freezing friend in the house of plenty. Thus, in going east our traveler is not driven by an irresistible craving, since in that case his act would not be voluntary. Some particular occurrence or some cogent argument might create in him a stronger and more approved desire to go in some other direction, or stay where he is, and determinism permits him to do that. Similarly, the volunteer, who is making

preparations for going to the front in order to do his duty to his country, usually is not driven by the whip of an irresistible craving, because in that case his act would not be voluntary and would therefore not be moral at all, for an act committed under the influence of an irresistible force of any kind is no more moral than one committed per order of the chief of police. The democratic volunteer may, for instance, all at once become convinced, rightly or wrongly, that his country has become an autocratic tyranny that does not deserve to be defended. He would then change his action and stay at home.

If man has some reason to be dissatisfied it is not because his voluntary activity is forced on him by the necessity of following his own desires and judgments which have their immutable causes, but because the range of this sort of activity is not as wide as he would like it to be, i. e., because his possibilities are limited, since he is often the slave of his own passions or of somebody else's will, while in some cases his freedom of choice is limited to choosing the lesser of two evils. In other words, it is only in respect to acts that even the libertarian admits to be compulsory that man may feel depressed. The question whether it is prudent and justifiable for the man of our enlightened age to shed tears over what he cannot do instead of enjoying what he can do and has already done, I shall discuss on another occasion. Here it may suffice to point out that man's ability to perform voluntary acts should be to him a source of great satisfaction, since such acts imply the possession of a reasoning faculty which is far superior to that of every known creature, and to which he owes his civilization. A being devoid of this faculty is incapable of voluntary activity, all his acts being committed without deliberation, as direct results of his immediate impulses. The educated freeman should therefore not feel depressed and degraded but delighted by, and proud of, his ability and necessity to hesitate and deliberate and approve before acting. Our feelings, like our children, frequently bring us sorrow as well as joy; our reasoning faculty is our best friend and most reliable guardian. It is not the causality of our voluntary activity, but that of the physical phenomena and our own carelessness that sometimes bring us in trouble and may therefore cause a depression of our spirits. When a man gets hurt by falling out of a window, he may feel dissatisfied with his carelessness and the law of gravity, but when he voluntarily constructs a chute and slides down in order to escape from fire, he is mighty glad that this same law enables him to save his life by carrying out his voluntary

act, that his approved desire prompts him to carry it out, and that his reasoning faculty enables him to construct such an appliance.

As to influencing the course of events, it is a fact that man does have <sup>her</sup> strong desires to improve himself and the conditions of life on his little planet, and that nature does not interfere in his activity as long as he obeys her laws. She even allows him to pit them against each other any way he likes, thus letting herself be subdued to his needs. In the course of his evolution, man's desires have multiplied, and just because he is compelled to find ways and means for satisfying them he has changed and is constantly changing the face of the earth and the institutions of society. This is an undeniable fact, and whether one believes in libertarianism or determinism, it is a cheerful fact.

It is true that the law of causation makes all future events, including those in which man takes part, predetermined by the past and the present, so that a being knowing all the causes which have operated and are operating in the world could foretell the course of all events to come. But such a being would also know that the human race is an integral part of the world, and that in following our desires and judgments we are influencing the course of events in accord with the law of causation. This again is a fact, a part of the scheme of the constantly changing world. What difference would it make to us if some being knew beforehand what sorts of desires we and our successors were going to have, what kinds of acts we and they will be compelled by causality to perform, and what part our activity will play in shaping historical events? A mother usually knows what her child will want on opening its eyes in the morning, but that does not prevent the child from actually shaping her actions by demanding and getting what it wants, and from enjoying the feeling that it is the pet and lord of the household. I know that my neighbor, who is very fond of music, is going to attend the opera next season. Does my knowledge encroach upon his freedom of action? Moreover, even if man himself had a complete knowledge of the future he would not lose his freedom of action and choice because he would then have strong desires to mould his activity accordingly. That this is so is proved by the fact that we feel and enjoy our freedom and deliberately follow our approved desires even when we have known to a certainty what they were going to be. <sup>Monday, July 21, 1901</sup> We plan our theater parties days or weeks ahead, the details of our vacations months ahead, and the careers of our children years ahead, and at the time of realizing our plans we enjoy them in perfect freedom and with

as much delight as if they were created on the spur of the moment. In fact, we like nothing better than that our plans should not, on account of some outside interference, miscarry, though we know that they have been determined long ago.

It follows from our discussion that there is not the slightest contradiction between freedom and necessity. Freedom means freedom from external powers and disapproved irresistible cravings, which characterizes voluntary acts and gives the freeman the opportunity to act according to his own wishes and judgments. In this respect the freeman has freedom of choice. Necessity, on the other hand, means that voluntary acts are the immutable results of the most approved and strongest desires. In this respect man is compelled to choose. The inexorability of this necessity consists in that it is perfectly inconceivable why a freeman should not realize his voluntary acts. He loves to commit such acts, it is within his power to commit them, and his best friend and guardian—his own reason—approves or at least does not condemn their committal. Why, in the name of common sense, should he not commit them? Kant's third antinomy is therefore a pure fiction without foundation in reality.

Before answering the fourth argument of the libertarians, let us inquire into the meaning of their claims. If the doctrine of libertarianism claims for the freeman nothing more than freedom to act according to his own desires and judgments which, as shown above, are subject to causality, it is identical with determinism. If this doctrine claims that voluntary acts are free of the restraints of causality, it is contrary to facts. Moreover, this sort of freedom most probably does not exist anywhere in the world as we know it, and even assuming that it does exist in respect to some particular phenomenon, it obviously is not this sort that is involved in voluntary activity. A body moving about unconsciously and without any cause whatsoever, constantly or every once in a while changing the direction and rate of its motion for no reason and to no purpose, and having nothing to say about anything pertaining to its migrations, would exhibit an example of a causeless phenomenon. A freeman does not resemble such a stupid errant body, he would hate the purposeless freedom it possesses, and his voluntary acts, being conscious, desired, examined by his own judgment, and directed toward definite aims, are entirely different from its aimless peregrinations. ~~the freeman does not resemble~~

If the libertarian means that in advising particular choices man's reasoning faculty is not guided by causal necessities, but is



merely telling the freeman that he must act thus and so without pointing out to him the inexorable consequences which, owing to causality, will probably or certainly follow his actions, the claim is self-contradictory, because an agency acting in this manner\* would not be a reasoning entity. By its very definition the reasoning faculty must make use of logical arguments whose very essence consists in that certain acts will serve as inexorable causes of certain pleasant or unpleasant, moral or immoral, consequences, thus creating strong desires for obtaining or avoiding the latter. |

If libertarianism means that man possesses an entity called will, or what Bergson calls *élan vital*, which produces impulses that have no causes, or have causes incomprehensible to our intellect, and delivers categorical imperatives without regard to our reasoning faculty, the claim is again contrary to facts, since, as was shown above, the causes of our desires or impulses usually are well known and are subjected to the judgment of our reason before they are allowed to serve as motives for voluntary acts. Moreover, such an entity, even if it were guided by some mysterious causes, would have to be placed at the beginning of causal series as a *causa finalis*. But it was already pointed out that the assumption of the existence of final causes does not violate the doctrine of determinism. Finally, if man possessed such an irrational entity, only the insane, the stupid, and little children would obey its despotic and unexplained commands; the sane and educated freeman, who loves his independence and prides himself on the possession of much intelligence, would certainly consult and obey his reasoning faculty before committing a voluntary act. The voice of the irrational entity would therefore be a cry in the wilderness without any influence on the voluntary activity of the intelligent freeman. Hence libertarianism is either identical with determinism, merely applying to that phase of voluntary activity which makes it possible for the freeman to follow his own strongest desires and best arguments, or is a false theory that should be discarded.

We shall now attack the problem of moral responsibility. In addition to implying soundness of mind, the term moral responsibility is usually given two meanings: (1) that of accountability for harm one has already done, and (2) that of obligation to do no harm in the future. From a practical point of view, the second is much more important than the first, since it is much more important to prevent future harm than merely to find out why harm was done. The libertarian holds sane people responsible for their acts in both *ways.* of the above senses, while the determinist holds them responsible

only in the second meaning of the term. The former assumes that they could have acted otherwise than they did, while the latter asserts that the fact that they have acted in a particular manner proves, that, taking into consideration all the factors which have influenced their past conduct, such as heredity, conditions, personal idiosyncrasies, etc., they could not have acted otherwise. In the light of the arguments of this paper, the view of the libertarian is untenable. But even assuming, for the sake of argument, that a criminal could have acted differently, his treatment by the State would be the same. When the harm of one's past act is rectifiable, it will be rectified even if it was committed against or without one's volition. Stolen goods will be returned to their owners even when one was compelled by somebody else to steal, or when they were stolen by a somnambulist. When the harm is irremediable, no amount of punishment will remedy it. Revenge as justification for punishment is nowadays considered unworthy of a moral and civilized State.

As to future acts, it is clear that when a past act is not followed by consequences disagreeable to the actor he and others will most probably repeat it when circumstances are propitious, but when it brings dire results they will create in him and others new and strong desires that may overcome their desire for repeating it or doing anything like it. This is one of the two justifications the community has for punishing crimes committed by people in a state of perfect sanity, the other being the sense of self-protection, since crimes are detrimental to the welfare of the community. Since the knowledge of the certainty of punishment for misbehavior exercises a salubrious influence on prospective criminals, creating in them strong desires for staying on the path of righteousness, punishment for crimes must be inflicted in order to prove this certainty, though we know that a past act could not have been avoided. The claim that the doctrine of determinism deprives the State of all justification of punishing criminals is therefore erroneous.

Equally erroneous are the other claims of the fourth argument. The claim that determinism deprives moral obligation of its significance is without foundation because the moral person feels the necessity of satisfying the demands of his moral sense, and he also feels his ability to decide in most cases which acts are moral and which immoral. Admitting this, he thereby admits his responsibility for whatever he intends to do, and actually tries to be moral. This is all we can expect him to do, and this is all we want by holding him responsible, and as long as he does try to be moral.

he feels himself and others consider him responsible for his present and future conduct. When, however, an act has past out of his control by having been carried away into the past by the irreversible flow of time, no one can claim that he could have acted otherwise, though, as said above, he must be punished for having acted immorally. Responsibility and punishment are therefore perfectly compatible with the doctrine of determinism.

Remorse for the committal of wrong acts is felt only by the moral libertarian, and even he soon comes to see the utter uselessness of crying over spilt milk. With the moral determinist remorse is a feeling of sincere regret for a deplorable though unavoidable past occurrence, and with him, too, the feeling is the deeper the greater the harm resulting from the act. Since the attention of most people is concentrated chiefly on the present and the future, since they feel the freedom of acting according to their own desires and judgments, and since they are not philosophers analyzing the forces underlying and determining their activity, the doctrine of determinism is either unknown or does not appeal to them. Believing that they could have changed their actions, they readily fall prey to the feeling of remorse. In so far as influencing future conduct is concerned, the regret of the determinist is as efficacious as the remorse of the libertarian.

As to the improvement of man's moral character, the State has the ability of instructing the young citizen in the principles of ethics, thus developing and strengthening his moral sense, in addition to frequently drawing his attention to the fact that, even from a purely practical point of view, moral conduct is preferable to immoral, because, as a rule, wrong doing brings woe, ostracism, and punishment to the wrong-doer. The State has therefore the power to mould the character of the citizen to a considerable extent. to create in him strong desires for moral behavior, thus contributing to making a moral man of a young person who, left to himself, might grow up to be a scoundrel. The doctrine of determinism does not prevent the State from doing so, since the acts are yet to be performed, and can therefore be influenced. Determinism merely claims that when the State does so it is forced by a sense of duty to its citizens. Sound moral education, punishment for, and public disapproval of, immorality have in the past contributed to the evolution of moral man from the amoral savage, and the application of these factors in the future will contribute to the further progress of our race along ethical lines.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### JOSEPH OF ARIMATHÆA.

Mr. A. Kampmeier is entitled to my sincere thanks for his lexicographic note on "Joseph of Arimathæa" in *The Open Court* of last December. He compels me to discuss at greater length the meaning of the proper name Arimathæa in our Gospels, which I am inclined to think cannot be determined by applying to the lexicon alone.

As soon as I became convinced of the unhistorical character of the Joseph of Arimathæa pericope, the question arose whether that account was altogether legendary or based to some extent, at least, upon facts. I preferred to recognize in Joseph a real person who has been instrumental in securing a burial for Jesus. The pericope is clearly of Palestinian origin and, therefore, belongs to the first century. I doubt whether at that time a Palestinian Christian could and would invent the name of the man who buried Jesus.

Arimathæa is unquestionably the name of the place from which Joseph had come to Jerusalem. But it is well-nigh impossible to locate it in Palestine. For, on the one hand, it was not customary for Jews to modify their personal name by the name of their home town, notwithstanding the case of Jesus. The latter was called apparently Jesus of Nazareth first by his enemies who, in doing so, attempted to ridicule his messianic claims. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (John i. 46). On the other hand, the Old Testament mentions not less than five different places which went by the name of Ramah. Thus, Arimathæa, if intended to denote one of them, would have been a very unsatisfactory way of identifying a person.

These premises suggested to me Joseph of Arimathæa may have been the official agent of the high priest in his dealings with Pontius Pilate. That idea is not a mere guess. For the high priests actually employed such diplomatic representatives. We read Acts xxiv. 1f: "After five days the high priest Ananias came down with certain elders, and with an orator, one Tertullus; and they informed the governor against Paul. And when he was called, Tertullus began to accuse him." Tertullus is evidently a Roman name; but the bearer of that name must have been a Jew by birth and by religion. Otherwise he could not have been affiliated with the high priest. As a native of Rome, he had adopted a Roman name. Jews even at that time liked to bear a name of the people among whom they lived. That is proved by the Apostle Paul, whose Jewish name was Saul, while outside of Palestine he called himself Paul.

But it might be objected: Why should the priests of Jerusalem need the services of a middleman who commanded the language of Rome? For the governors of the eastern provinces spoke Greek. That question overlooks in



the first place the fact that there are always two, if not more, parties to any business transaction. In the given instance, the two parties were the Roman governor and the high priest. Assuming Pontius Pilate to have been a Greek scholar, we must in addition prove that the high priest or his associates spoke that language.

As a matter of fact, during that period, a person speaking Greek could travel as far as India and find everywhere people with whom he could converse and do business in Greek. For Alexander the Great and his successors had taken care to establish at all points of strategic and commercial importance Greek colonies. But those colonies never succeeded in supplanting the languages of the conquered nations. Wherever a country has been conquered by a foreign race, the population belonging to the soil, if sufficiently numerous, has always retained its language even if the invader represented a much higher civilization.

In the case of the Jews in Palestine, the inborn resistance of the people against the exchange of their native tongue for Greek was strengthened by their religion. The superiority of their religion as well as their less laudable religious prejudices rendered them inaccessible to Greek influences. One might indeed imagine the priests, who formed the Jewish aristocracy, to have been more open-minded and accessible to Greek culture. They enjoyed leisure and wealth. But these two factors alone have never been the cause of literary activity and achievements. Moreover, the servants of the temple were always dependent for their income upon the good will of their co-religionists. This forced them to foster the most conservative tendencies of their countrymen. Gentile learning would have discredited the priests in the eyes of the whole populace.

The Jews of the diaspora occupied, of course, an exceptional position. They had no choice, but had to learn and use the language of the people among whom they had settled and among whom they were compelled to make their living. But the Jewish synagogue had taken care of them. Their children were instructed in the sacred language of their fathers. They expressed their religious thought in Hebrew. When they came to Jerusalem, they did not desire the priests to address them in Greek but to listen to the speech of the patriarchs, of Moses, and of the prophets. And the self-interest of the priests demanded that such feelings should be praised and confirmed rather than weakened by any compromises with the heathen world. For such weighty reasons the priests at Jerusalem from the highest to the lowest were innocent of the knowledge of any foreign language. Hebrew was quite good enough for them.

Yet Pilate by chance was familiar with Greek, and therefore the priests did not need the services of a Latin Hebrew interpreter but only of a man who commanded Hebrew and Greek. As a matter of fact, Greek became the language of the Roman Empire after the capital had been removed to Constantinople. But before that time, the official language of the empire was Latin; and no man could expect to become governor of any province simply because he happened to know the language spoken in that province. All the high offices at the disposal of the government went to friends and favorites of the emperor, and these favored men were expected to return as millionaires from their provinces. Of Pilate we know that "the unusual length of time during which he held office was, in accordance with the policy of Tiberius,

based on the opinion that governors who had already enriched themselves, would be better for the people than new ones whose avarice was yet unsatisfied" (*Dict. of the Bible*). Thus our information about him being very scanty, we cannot ascribe linguistic accomplishments to him which he needed neither at home nor in his province.

But all members of the better class of Romans are supposed to have spoken Greek as well as Latin. If that were so, how could we account for the total extinction of all knowledge of Greek at Rome and in Italy after the separation from the eastern provinces? Even the Church had forgotten Greek; and it was not until the age of the Renaissance that Greek literature, including the New Testament writings, etc., became accessible to the Western theologians. As a matter of fact, the average Roman was fully conscious of belonging to a race of world-conquerors. There was no incentive for undergoing the hard grind of mastering any foreign language. If anybody wanted to enjoy his intercourse and conversation, he had to do it through the medium of Latin. Only people of literary gifts and ambitions would study Greek. It was fashionable to send the boys to Greek teachers. But the fruits of such an instruction cannot have been superior to the results achieved in our colleges in their foreign language departments. The Epigrams of Martial show that clearly enough. Among his 1534 epigrams, there are just six in which a few Greek words are used. The famous Sixth Satire of Juvenal bears witness to the same effect. The poet attacks among others a lady who likes to speak Greek. He says of her: "Omnia Graece, quum sit turpe magis nostris nescire Latine" (verses 184f), and: "Non est hic sermo pudicus in vetula" (verses 193f). If a Roman of great literary ability thought so about Greek, how much more would the average Roman politician spurn the very thought of acquiring a knowledge of Greek to be enabled to govern any province!

But does not the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans demonstrate how well known Greek was at Rome? That letter proves only two things. First, St. Paul could not write an epistle in Latin. Second, among the early Christians at Rome were people who understood Greek. Rome under the emperors was in many respects similar to our big American cities. It attracted constantly new immigrants from all parts of the world. They came there as prisoners of war, as slaves, as adventurers, and merchants. All those new arrivals acquired as soon as possible such a knowledge of Latin as they needed for their work and business; but they retained the knowledge of their mother tongue as a matter of course. Their children born and raised within the walls of Rome, however, would grow up as full-fledged Romans, speaking by preference the Roman language. They would imbibe the pride of Rome and despise even the language of their parents. Thus, the Christian church at Rome spoke Greek only during the short, transitory period from the first to the second generation.

For all these reasons, we may assume confidently that Pontius Pilate did not speak Greek. But even if he was able to use it, he would not have done so in official business. The majesty of Rome and his own dignity insisted that all affairs of state should be transacted in Latin. If the high priest had any complaint to make or favor to ask, he had to do so in Latin. That rule held good all over the Roman world. It was the conquered nation which had to address the victor in his language, not the victor's task to learn the tongue of the conquered nation. In accordance with that rule the sons of vanquished kings and chieftains were taken to Rome to be given a Roman education before

they were permitted to return to their native land and enter upon their inheritance. The rulers allied with Rome were eager to send their children to the imperial city for the same purpose. Herod the Great spoke in all probability Latin. Else he would hardly have been a friend of Augustus. Of his sons we know for sure that they all studied at Rome. One of them, Antipater the son of Salome, had become so proficient in Latin that he afterward pleaded his own cause before the emperor while Archelaos employed Nicolaos as his attorney (Jos., *Ant.*, XVII, 9, 5f).

In view of these facts, we cannot escape the conclusion that Joseph of Arimathæa, because he went to Pilate and asked him a favor, must have spoken Latin. This conclusion compels us to look more closely at the possible meaning of Arimathæa. For Ramah in Palestine, whichever of the five places going by that name it might have been, is out of the question as the seat of a school for Latin.

There is no room for doubt as to the meaning ascribed to the word by the original translator from Aramaic into Greek. He was sure it denoted a town in Palestine. For, otherwise, he would have given us the Greek name of the city. But if Ramah and Roma were both written with Hebrew letters, the two words would spell alike RMH. For at the age of Christ, vowels were not indicated in Hebrew words by special signs; and the final H simply indicates the feminine gender. In the Aramaic period, Rama had become Rima. Still, if the *scriptio defectiva* was used, the two names Rama, or Rima, and Roma would be spelled alike. But even if, according to the *scriptio plena*, the I in Rima was expressed by the Hebrew letter Yodh and the O in Roma by Waw, there was a fair chance of mistaking the one word for the other, for the head of both letters is the same. They differ only in the length of their necks. Both are slender and straight. If the manuscript had suffered much or if the neck of the Waw had been only a faint line from the beginning, the word intended to signify Roma could easily be read to denote Rima. The very word Romah is, by the way, a Hebrew word, used in Mic. ii. 3 as an adverb. It means "pride," or "haughtiness." That such a meaning would appeal to the Jews as a proper expression of the character of Rome is superfluous to state.

Consequently, in spite of Mr. Kampmeier's kind information, I have to repeat here what I suggested in my paper of last October. Arimathæa, for general reasons, must be and, on lexicological considerations, may be accepted as the Aramaic form of the name of the ancient mistress of the world.

W. M. WEBER.

## ST. CATHARINE OF ALEXANDRIA, VIRGIN AND MARTYR.<sup>1</sup>

[OUR FRONTISPIECE.]

St. Catharine of Alexandria, Virgin and Martyr, was the daughter of a rich and noble chieftain who lived toward the end of the third century and was believed by some to have been the son of the Emperor Constantine. He was King of Armenia and by his marriage with a princess of Cyprus became king of that island, and founded the city of Fama Costa, now called Famagosta.

After the marriage a baby girl was born to them, who as she grew became

<sup>1</sup> Transcribed for *The Open Court* almost word for word from an ancient manuscript in the British Museum, by Katharine M. Langford. With some additions from the Abbotsford edition of the *Life of St. Katharine*.

exceeding fair and of a wondrous intellect. Her form and face were equally beautiful, and her intelligence was so far above the average in things natural as well as spiritual, that the learned men to whom her father intrusted her education were astounded and oftentimes puzzled by her wisdom and understanding.

Left an orphan at an early age, she managed her household and heritage with marvelous skill, and the chief men of the kingdom begged to be allowed to call a parliament at which she was to preside. Gaining her consent they proceeded to do so, and when they were assembled they implored their beloved queen to select a spouse that she might be married, and so hand down to posterity her beauty and her talents.

Catharine, whose character was pure and whose abilities as high as her fate was tragic and melancholy, had constantly dreamt of finding a kindred soul with high spiritual instincts, with whom her own might be linked, and she dreaded soiling her purity by allowing others to choose for her or being forced into an uncongenial union.

At some distance from the city there lived in the wilderness an aged anchorite, Adrian by name, to whom Our Lady appeared in a vision, and she told him to go to the palace, and search for the Queen Catharine and bring her back with him, for she desired that she should be married to her Son, the Christ Himself, for love of whom she had so often refused the love of many earthly kings. Adrian, to whom the way was entirely unknown, was miraculously guided to the palace, and when there he followed from one apartment to another, until he found the Queen alone in her room.

Catharine, who was greatly surprised when he told his mission, consented to return with him. As they journeyed and drew near the place where his cell should have been, Adrian could see it nowhere, but suddenly as in a vision there rose before him a wondrous mystical temple, and standing in the midst was the Queen of Heaven, Our Lady herself surrounded by a glorious company of angels.

She commanded Adrian to come forth and bring with him his beautiful companion, upon whom she gazed with love and admiration, and told her that she should be married to the Blessed Christ Himself, but that first she must be baptized. Removing Catharine's garment she bade Adrian come forward, who for the time seemed stricken with blindness, and perform the sacred rite, but to retain the name of Catharine. The baptism over, Adrian regained his sight and then Our Lady conducted the young Queen into the choir, and presented her to her Blessed Son.

This beautiful King embraced her saying: "I take thee Catharine to my Spouse, promising truly never to forsake thee while thy life lasts, and after this life I shall bring thee to an endless life where thou shalt dwell with me in bliss forever." With this He put a ring on her finger and bade Adrian don his vestments and celebrate the mass, as belongeth to the custom of weddings. After the ceremony Catharine fell into a swoon and woke to find herself in the hermit's cell, and would have thought it all a dream if she had not found the ring on her finger.

Soon after this event arose the persecution of St. Catharine which ended in her martyrdom.

Constantine and Maxence were, upon a time, as in the Emperor's place highest in Rome, and a war broke out between them. Maxence fled to Alexan-

dria—Constantine pursued but remained in Illyria. The former made himself King of Alexandria, which was subject to Rome as was almost all the rest of the world, and began to persecute the Holy Church and all Christians like a mad wolf and drew many to heathenism, some by large gifts and diverse rewards, some through terror of his awful threats, and lastly some with severe torments and bodily pain.

Catharine, hearing of the horrors of the idolatry that were being carried on, was so indignant that she almost went mad, and felt it her bounden duty to protest openly before the cruel tyrant. She therefore went boldly into his presence and addressed him thus:

“Greeting O Emperor, would well become thee for thy high station, if thou gavest this, which thou dost to devils that destroy thee, both in body and soul, and all that pursue the same course—if thou payedst and gavest this, I say, to His honor, who made thee and all the world, and didst rule by His wisdom all that is made—I would greet thee O King, if thou understoodst that He alone is to be praised through whom and under whom all kings rule. Nor may anything withstand His will, though He has much forbearance.

“This Heavenly Lord loveth true faith and neither blood nor bone of innocent cattle, but that man keep and reverence His sanctifying behest. Nor is there anything by which the great folly of man more displeases Him than that the creature, man, whom He made and to whom He gave the faculty of distinguishing both good and evil by reason of wisdom, should become so irrational through the accursed peril, that he pays worship which He owes to God, to senseless things that the Fiend dwells in, and that he honors and reveres a visible creature, bloodless, boneless, and limbs without life, as he should honor the Creator Himself of himself and all things, who is the In-visible God.

“The Fiend that inventeth every evil among all crooked crafts, with none catcheth he more crafty, froward men, nor leadeth them to unbelief than in that he maketh men who ought to know well that they are begotten, born, and brought forth through the Heavenly Father, to make such idols of wood or of stone, or through greater folly of gold or silver, and give them diverse names of sun or moon, or wind, or of wood, or of water and revere and worship them as if they were God.”

When she had finished, the Emperor was greatly indignant, and caused her to be thrown into prison and severely punished, and he then issued a command that fifty of the wisest men, gathered from all parts of the country, who had never yet been defeated in argument, should assemble and confute the young queen, which if they failed to do they were at once to be put to death.

Catharine on hearing that she was to be brought up before kings and rulers for the sake of her Lord and Saviour, offered up the following beautiful prayer:

“Christ, God, Thou Son of God—sweet, compassionate Jesus, of all odors sweetest. Thou Almighty God, Thy Father’s Wisdom, Thou that didst teach Thy disciples, that they should neither be confounded nor afraid of torment nor any worldly tribulation—but warnedst them well how men would afflict and drag them unlawfully, and didst comfort them so that it was easy for them to endure all that men did to them and all that they suffered, for Thy dear love, precious Lord, and Thyself didst say: ‘When they deliver you up, take

no thought how or what ye shall say, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak, for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you'—Lord abide with me and keep that which thou didst promise us, and put O Jesu such sayings in my mouth to-morrow and give such power and strength to my words, that they who are come against thy dear name to oppose me to my face with their worldly prudence may be overruled by Thy wisdom, and by Thy great prophecy master them, so that they may be totally checked and silenced or be converted to Thee, and worship Thy name, who with God the Father, and with the Holy Ghost ever livest in the world of all worlds eternally."

When she had finished praying, an angel, by some said to have been the Archangel Michael, appeared to her, strengthening her.

The next day, when called before the assembled court, she went saying: "I am determined to know none save Jesus Christ, my Lord and my Beloved, and I will destroy the wisdom of these worldly men, and reject the understanding of the worldly wise."

When she entered, all refused to speak until she had spoken, and she set forth the great Doctrine of the Incarnation in His twofold nature of the God-Man with great clearness, and when her opponents argued that it was impossible for God to die or for man to triumph over death she proved so conclusively that it was God in His humanity that died and God in His divinity who triumphed over death, that they were one and all converted and declared that they were willing to suffer martyrdom for the faith which she had expounded with such skill, and begged that they might be baptized.

The Emperor ordered them all to be burned, and their hands and feet being dislocated and bound together they were consigned to the flames, Catharine meanwhile assuring them that baptism by water was not needed since they were to be baptized with fire and the Spirit, and cheering them with the hope of the glorious eternity where she hoped soon to join them. Christians came by night and buried them, on November 13, A. D. 307.

The Emperor then sent for Catharine and used every inducement to win her for himself, promising her power, wealth, position, even the half of his throne, if she would renounce her faith. Nothing, however, would move her, and he commanded that she should be stripped and scourged. The fair form and face were horribly disfigured and she was cast into the torture-house for twelve days without food, the Emperor meanwhile commanding Cursates, known as "the Devil's herald," to invent a fresh torture for her at the end of that time; and to him is attributed the invention of the diabolical wheel known as "catharine-wheel."

It consisted of four wheels, the spokes and felloes of which were to be driven through with iron goads, so that the spikes and iron prongs so sharp and so strong might pierce through and project far on the other side. Two wheels turned either contrary to each other, and yet both one way, and the other two turned one way also but contrary to the former, so that when the first two would cast upward whatever thing they caught, the other two would draw it and dash it downward. So frightful was the contrivance that horror seized every one when he looked upon it.

While the wheel was in the making Catharine was made to sit by and watch, that the dismal sounds might cause her to cease her follies or else be torn to pieces by it. She in spite of all remained firm: and amid crowds

the fair maiden was placed to be torn and piteously rent if she would not listen or obey. But she lifted up her eyes and cried to Heaven full loudly with her heart, but with still voice:

“Almighty God, manifest now Thy power, and do honor to Thy high name, Heavenly Lord, and in order to confirm those in the true faith who are converted unto Thee and that Maxene and all his party may be confounded, smite sharply upon it that all the four wheels may be shattered to pieces.”

This was hardly said when an angel came with wonderful flight, flying downward and drove straight down toward it like a thunderclap and struck it such a blow that it began to rattle and to cleave asunder, to burst and to break as if it had been brittle glass, both the wood and the iron, and to dart forth whizzing the fragments among the crowd with such force that full 4999 of that accursed folk were slain. There one might have heard the heathen hounds yell and cry on every side. The Christians laughed for gladness and praised the Saviour who helpeth His people everywhere.

The Emperor was completely baffled, and his wife who watched from afar adressed him saying:

“Wretched man that thou art, wherefore wilt thou wrestle with the World’s Ruler? What madness maketh thee, thou bitter baleful beast, war against Him who created thee and all earthly things? Be now convinced, and acknowledge from what thou hast seen, how mighty and how powerful, how high and how holy is the God of this Christian whom she worships. How vengefully will He, all-incensed, avenge Himself on thee. O wretch! who hast scattered with a stroke, and destroyed on thy account to-day so many thousands.”

Many, moreover, of the heathen people who had rushed to see the sight, when they saw the wonder and heard the Empress’s words, all at once turned and cried out:

“Truly, very worthy and deserving of all worship is the maiden’s God and the Christ the Son of God, and Him we know and acknowledge as Lord, and great Saviour from henceforth, and thy vile idols are all accursed for they can neither help themselves nor those who serve them.”

Maxence, hearing his wife’s words and seeing the effect they had on the people, ordered her to be put to death with the most cruel torture, both breasts being torn away to the bone, and he commanded that Catharine should be beheaded.

She, when brought forth, begged of the executioner a few moments for prayer, and lifting up her eyes to Heaven, said:

“Lord, Light and Life of all true believers, mild Jesu who art Thyself the reward of maidens, praised and exalted be Thou, great Saviour, and I thank Thee Lord, that Thou hast permitted me and wouldest that I should be in the number of Thy women. Lord, be gracious to me now, and grant me what I desire.

“I request by Thee this boon, that all those who mention my pain and my suffering unto Thee, dear Lord, and invoke me when they are about to endure the struggle of death, or whensoever they do this in need or in trouble, Thou listen to them speedily O Heavenly Saviour!

“Make flee from them all war and want, and unseasonable storms, hunger, and every heat that depresses and harms them. Lo! I abide here the bite of the sword’s edge, let him who puts me to death do all that he may, let him

take what he can take—the life of my body, I send my soul to the Saviour in Heaven. Command that it be placed by Thy holy angels in the Heavenly Company among Thy maidens.”

She had no sooner spoken than there came a voice descending from Heaven:

“Come my dearly beloved, come, my spouse, most beloved of women. Behold the Gate of Eternal Life awaits thee fully opened. The abode of every joy expecteth and longeth for thy coming—Lo! all the Assembly of Virgins and the Company of Heaven are coming to meet thee with the crown of victory.

“Come now and doubt nothing in regard to all that thou hast prayed for. All those who think of thee and of thy passion inwardly in their heart, how thou enduredst death, at every time when they shall invoke thee with love and true faith, I promise them help speedily from Heaven.”

She at these words, stretched forth her snow-white neck and said to the executioner: “Jesus Christ, my Life, my Beloved and my Lord hath called me to Him. Now then quickly perform that which is commanded thee,” and as she bade him he lifted up the baleful sword and struck off her head.

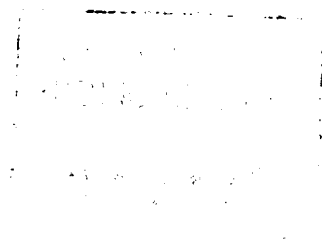
In the same place, instantly two miracles were performed. One of them was, that there sprang out with the stroke, milk mingled with blood, to bear witness of her pure virginity; the other—that angels descended from Heaven and carried her up on high and bore away her body and buried it on Mt. Sinai, a twenty-nine days’ journey from where Moses received the Law. Pilgrims say that the Lord worketh there many miracles past recount, the greatest that a stream of oil ever flows from her small bones which have a healing power wherever they go.

She died Friday, November 25, A. D. 307.

St. Catharine was excellent and miraculous in five things:

- I. Wisdom—having a full knowledge of all that was excellent and miraculous.
- II. Knowledge of herself, and power of self-government as well as of the people and realms she had under her.
- III. The wisdom which learns of God by contemplation and by knowledge of the mysteries of the faith.
- IV. She had a knowledge of the world, knowing its wretchedness and sinfulness, despising its wealth and pleasures, preferring the love of everlasting life and God Himself.
- V. She was long-suffering and patient, and she maintained her chastity under the most trying and difficult circumstances; she had a keen sense of justice.







WALTER PATER

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*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

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## THE WAR AS A CAUSE OF CHINA'S TROUBLES.<sup>1</sup>

BY GILBERT REID.

THE truth as to China's troubles, complications and misfortunes cannot be understood without the knowledge of the great first cause of all these conditions. This primary cause was the Great War, or, more specifically, the entrance of the war into Chinese territory. If war had been kept away from China, it is unlikely that any of her present troubles or her bondage to Japan would have happened. Also it is probable that the Republic of China and democratic principles would have been proved adaptable to Chinese thought and conditions.

The Chinese government, realizing possible danger of conflict on the territories leased to Great Britain, France and Germany, as also to Japan, proposed a plan for neutralization, thus making these territories as neutral as all the territories under Chinese control.

No obstruction came to the proposition from Germany. She was as anxious to keep the war away from Tsingtao as China was to keep it away from the whole of the China coast. The German Minister, finding that Japan was delaying to give consent to the plan of neutralization, went so far as to negotiate with the Chinese government for transfer to China of complete authority over the German-leased area of Kiaochow. This re-cession to China was even brought to the attention of the American government by the Chinese government. Events were sweeping on with electric speed, and this plan, like the other, failed of consummation. Japan's speed was too great for the rest of the world.

Should these negotiations come to naught, it was the wish of

<sup>1</sup> [The following article is portion of a chapter from Dr. Reid's forthcoming book, *China, Captive or Free?* Dr. Reid, organizer and director of the International Institute, Shanghai, China, spent practically the whole period of the war in the Far East.--Ed.]

China, that if war by any means should approach the China coast, it should avoid the treaty ports, such as Shanghai, Tientsin or Canton, and be restricted to the limited areas held under lease by the nations at war.

The places likely to be affected under these conditions were the British leasehold of Kowloon (opposite to Hongkong), her leasehold of Weihaiwei on the north coast of the Shantung peninsula, and the German leasehold of Kiaochow, with fortifications at Tsingtao, on the south coast of the Shantung peninsula.

Much, therefore, depended on the respective purposes of mind of the two antagonists, England and Germany, or, more properly, on the British and German governments. Much also depended on the tendency of the Japanese government toward war or toward peace, toward helping China and Yuan Shih-kai to remain neutral or toward embroiling China in the many complications incident to war at one's own door. As for Japan, jealous of Yuan Shih-kai since the early antagonisms over Korean affairs and averse to China's experiment in a democratic government, she was more likely to make it hard for China than easy. When China formally requested that Japan use her influence to render China immune from warlike activities, the reply was that the time was not ripe to consider the proposal and that Japanese action awaited the war measures of Great Britain.

As for Great Britain and Germany, everything depended on the war schemes of the home governments and on the larger issues of military strategy. In a word, China's fate rested not with the thought of peoples but with imperialistic governments, engaged in the great but perilous game of war. The entrance of Japan into the war was not popular with the Japanese people; and as for the majority of British residents in China, there was sympathy felt for China and dread of coming trouble, if Japan should enter the fray. It was not until the British government took action, that the British resident in the Far East began to discipline himself into enjoying the new condition of Japan as an ally waging war on Chinese soil.

As for the German government, it sent on August 12 the following telegram to its ambassador in Tokyo:

"East Asiatic squadron instructed to avoid hostile acts against England in case Japan remains neutral. Please inform Japanese government."

The Japanese government gave no reply, as it had given no favorable response to the proposals of China.

The German government, while anxious that Tsingtao should not be attacked, did the fair thing by making no attack or threat of attack on either British or French leased territories or on their colonial possessions. Russian Vladivostock also remained immune. The German attitude toward China was thus a considerate one.

What is most significant, as giving proof that Tsingtao was not to be used as a base for naval operations, the German Pacific squadron having left the China and Japan Seas in the summer months, sailed toward the southern Pacific waters, and all that remained behind was what an Englishman has described as "only obsolete craft."

In early August, when war was declared, most of the German Pacific Squadron, under Admiral von Spee, were cruising in the South Seas among German colonial islands, and instead of aiming for the China Sea and the Tsingtao naval base went southward along the coast of South America. Only one ship, the Emden, came into Tsingtao harbor with despatches from the Admiral, but by August 4, along with four colliers "apparently proceeded to cruise in the neighborhood of Vladivostock where she captured a Russian auxiliary cruiser and one or two merchant ships, before going south to make history in the Bay of Bengal." The author from whom I quote, Commander Spencer Cooper, then outlines five possible objects which the German Admiral may have had in mind in this peculiar naval strategy. Among these there is no mention of any purpose to wage war in either the China or Japan Seas. He concludes that the object "likely to yield a richer harvest" than any other scheme was "to harass our trade with South America." For Britain or even Japan to make the attack in that part of the broad Pacific was legitimate.

The German squadron ultimately consisted of the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Leipzig, Dresden and Nürnberg, under Admiral von Spee. The Emden, as I have said, started forth on a raiding expedition of its own in the southern Pacific and the Indian Ocean. Another Englishman, W. L. Wyllie, also writes: "The German Squadron was in the Carolinas." at the opening of the war, and "curiously enough, made no attempt to return to their base at Tsingtao." "During August and the first half of September, Count von Spee's ships steamed about in the South Pacific." On October 30 the squadron was about fifty miles west of Valparaiso. On November 1 there came the battle with Admiral Craddock's ships, the Good Hope and the Monmouth, in which the latter were sunk, the British defenders dying an heroic death.

The German purpose was to restrict the war to Europe. There was no desire to tempt the enemy to attack Tsingtao. If any fighting should take place, far away from the center of military action, let it be on the high seas and not in a neutral country like China. A battle between the British and German fleets on any ocean would have been legitimate, bringing no harm to others. For either fleet to take possession of the island colonies of the other country was also a fair game in war. But there was dynamite in the proposal that an attack be made on Tsingtao, still remaining under Chinese sovereignty, and situated on the China coast.

To infringe on the neutral rights of Belgium may have been construed by the German Staff as a "military necessity," but for Germany or Great Britain or any one else there was no "military necessity" to thrust the European War into the Far East, on to Chinese soil, for the attack of either Weihaiwei or Tsingtao. For a few thousand isolated Germans, 4500 in all, to be subjugated by any kind of enemy forces, whatever the flag, could have no bearing on the ultimate issue of the war, either for or against Germany. "Foreign leased territories in China," says Thomas F. Millard, "were only pawns in the war, and could have been eliminated without affecting in the slightest degree the essential strategical zones of operations."

If the combined naval forces of Russia, France and Great Britain were insufficient to vanquish Tsingtao, it would have been better if they had preserved the peace in the Far East by keeping war nearer home and by using peaceful means in relation to the Far East. Being unnecessary, uncalled for, a mere incident in a mighty struggle, such belligerent activities should have been discountenanced, all the more that China's national entity and well-being might be impaired or imperiled. This was the view I took at the time, thinking of China's interests. What has happened since has confirmed me in this view. To bring the war from Europe to Asia has been a calamity to China, though so worked as to be a gain to Japan. Marquis Okuma was no doubt right in thinking that the new circumstances afforded Japan "the one opportunity of 10,000 years." As for China they brought the one catastrophe of 10,000 years. As between Great Britain and Germany, the blow which Germany received in the loss of Tsingtao and the glory which Great Britain received have been too insignificant to deserve a passing thought. The one serious matter is the harm wrought to China through the inevitable consequences of an unjust war. It

is here that friends of China may be allowed to criticize in calm discriminating spirit the action of the various governments concerned in bringing Europe's war into Asia.

We now come to another question, one more of fact than of opinion: *Which country brought the war into China*, in the attack on Tsingtao, Japan alone or Japan in conjunction with Great Britain?

The world is anxious to know what nation brought on the war in Europe. Many in China are equally anxious to know who was the guilty party to bring on war in China. Will the guilty be made to suffer?

Most writers and speakers have been accustomed to refer to Japan as the guilty interloper. Few Americans or Britishers, especially those living in the Far East, have such regard and admiration for Japan that they are eager to exonerate her through a division of the degrees of culpability. An easier way of rendering judgment is to assume one's own innocence and cast all blame on one individual or on one nation. So far as this is done, Japan is unfairly treated, and the cause of justice dishonored.

Now as to the origin of the war in the Far East. Baron Kato, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a speech in the Diet on September 4 said: "Early in August the British government asked the Imperial government for assistance under the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance." Then, after recounting the terms of this alliance, he continued: "Therefore, inasmuch as we were asked by our ally for assistance. . . . we could not but comply to the request to do our part." And again: "The Japanese government therefore resolved to comply with the British request, and if necessary to open hostilities against Germany."

The British government has never denied the statement of fact, or charge, if you so desire to call it, that the British government asked for the assistance of Japan. The actual documents of the negotiations have not been made public, but the results are so obvious that they reveal the "inner consciousness" of the two governments. In a true technical sense, Japan was the only *ally* which Great Britain had. The relations of Great Britain and France were only of an *entente cordiale*.

The London *Times* on August 18, some two weeks before Baron Kato made his speech in Tokyo, used these words:

"It should be said at once that the Japanese intervention has not taken place without full consultation with Great Britain."

Later on, under date of September 25, the London *Times* used stronger language:

"We appealed to our ally in the terms of the treaty, and she has answered that appeal with the loyalty we have learned to expect of her. . . . Japan had no desire to intervene in the war. She had done so, the Emperor and his ministers tell us, because she could not break her promises."

I remember how indignant Britishers in Shanghai were when I ventured to use the same word, "appeal," in referring to the form of application which Great Britain made to Japan.

According to Jefferson Jones (*a nom de plume*), who was familiar with the facts as they took place in Tokyo, the Japanese government on August 2, expressed to the British a willingness to put in force the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and by August 7, the British Ambassador in Tokyo "handed to the Foreign Office at Tokyo a request that Japan join in the European war."

The American diplomat W.W. Rockill, in an address which he delivered in New York, November 12, the last before his death, gave utterance to this careful statement: "The action of Japan was taken after consultation with the ally, Great Britain, and, inferentially, with the approval of France and Russia."

Mr. Kawakami, who is in a position to know, describes how the war plan of Japan was set in motion by the British government, even prior to Britain's declaration of war against Germany. These are his words:

"The assertion that Japan thrust herself upon the war without England's invitation is as sinister as it is unwarranted. Japan did not join hands with England without England's request. When it became evident that England must come to the rescue of France and Belgium, the press of Japan, without exception [notice the words], hoped that Japan would not be called upon to aid her western ally. But the western ally did call upon Japan.

"On August 3, that is, the day before England declared war on Germany, the British Ambassador to Japan hurried back to Tokyo from his summer villa and immediately requested an interview with Baron Kato, Foreign Minister. At this conference the British Ambassador informed Baron Kato that his government was compelled to open hostilities against Germany and that it desired to ascertain whether Japan would aid England in the event of British interests in the Far East being jeopardized by German activities.

"Baron Kato answered that the question put to him was such a serious one that he could not answer it on his own account.

"On the evening of the same day Count Okuma convened a



meeting of all the Cabinet members. Bearing the resolution of this meeting, Baron Kato, on August 4, called upon the British Ambassador and told the latter that Japan would not shirk the responsibilities which the alliance with England put upon her shoulders.

"At this time Japan did not expect to be called upon to aid England for at least a few months. But on August 7, the British Ambassador suddenly asked for an interview with Baron Kato and told the Foreign Minister that the situation had developed in such a manner as to oblige England to ask for Japan's assistance without delay. On the evening of that day Premier Okuma requested the 'elder statesmen' and his colleagues to assemble at his mansion. The conference lasted until two o'clock the next morning. Before it adjourned the policy of Japan was definitely formulated.

"What caused Downing Street to invite Japan's cooperation so soon is not clearly known to the outside world. But the Japanese press is in all probability right when it says that Japan and England were obliged to act promptly in order to frustrate the German scheme to transfer Kiaochow to the Chinese government before Germany was compelled to surrender it at the point of the sword. [An interesting confession as bearing on an easy way for China to get back Kiaochow.] Had Germany succeeded in carrying out this scheme she would still have enjoyed in virtue of Article five of the Kiaochow Convention of 1898, the privilege of securing in some future time 'a more suitable territory' in China. [And why not, if other nations were to have territory!] This was exactly the condition which the Allies did not want to see established in China. [And what about China's wishes or agreement?] If, on the other hand, Germany were forced to abandon Kiaochow by the arbitrament of the sword, China would no longer be under obligation to 'cede to Germany a more suitable place.' [How considerate of China.]"

It may be taken for granted that the British government—not the British people, still less the British resident in China—while approving and even desiring the military assistance of Japan in the initial stages, was not bound to approve of all that Japan did, into the very end of the war. But an alliance is oftentimes a burden to either ally as well as a prolific source of evil to others. Hence, if we desire to overlook the personal factor, we may lay the blame for these unfortunate transactions in China to so impersonal a factor as the *Anglo-Japanese Alliance*, just as we may blame the horrors and evils of the whole war, not on Germany or Russia or Britain, but on *war*.

## CONTINUITY.<sup>1</sup>

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON BURQUEST.

REBUFFED by the inscrutibility of nature in the face of universal interest apropos of death, profound minds down the vista of time have persisted in pondering the perennial question:

“If a man die shall he live again?”

Those who are meditative and retrospective have found it difficult to fully realize or believe that the self within us ever had a beginning. We may look back to a certain period and say:

“At that time I was not alive—well, where was I?”

We may thus commune with ourselves and continue—“Where was this deeper self—this ‘I’ that thinks, wills, loves, aspires? Can it be that this intangible potentiality, this mysterious awareness called ‘soul,’ ‘spirit,’ ‘ego,’ ‘mind,’ etc., is vastly older than its physical casement through which it manifests? Can it be that this self—this intrinsic ‘I’—has actually preexisted in similar physical casements at other periods of time, reappearing through the *modus operandi* of human birth? Can it be that this ‘I’ is an entity which has been subject to evolutionary processes, rising slowly in the scale of life and consciousness, from the very lowest forms to the human, and upon each return to this world of three dimensions, it is ever in process of unfolding—of becoming more than it was?”

These are metaphysical questions, profoundly interesting, intensely fascinating. Every person who thinks is interested in them.

<sup>1</sup> As an introduction to this article we give the following letter from the late Colonel Roosevelt to the author:

OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y., November 5, 1917.

MY DEAR MR. BURQUEST:—Your article “Continuity” contains much food for thought. I like the use of the words, “Objective and subjective,” and “Conditioned and unconditioned.” The hidden or subjective side of life is unfathomable, and yet if analogy teaches anything, it points to the perpetuity and conservation of all things objective and subjective—and that embraces the phenomena of mind or consciousness. You have presented this great theme in a manner that should appeal to the magazines.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) T. ROOSEVELT.

for sooner or later, in a few days, weeks, months, or years, we will lie cold and still—having gone the way of all flesh.

Savants innumerable, Oriental and Occidental, fearless and original thinkers in all ages, have answered these questions in the affirmative. They have emphasized the logic of preexistence and perpetuity, averring that both were deep convictions rather than borrowed or cultivated beliefs. They have declared that birth was the gateway of life—of resurrection, and that the self in man is subject to repeated births and deaths, each incarnation contributing something to the chemistry of character, but without any definite memory of prior embodiments.

And thus as we ponder, we naturally question whether the millions of battle-slain have gone down into the dust—down to utter oblivion—or whether in response to Immutable Law, they are to live again—to return to the realm of the tangible via the same physiological route that brought us all into our present three-dimensional awareness—or must we assume that absolute blankness is the crown of being and of heroism—must we conclude that death has annihilated selfhood and stamped the seal of *Finis* on the conscious potentiality that was inherent in these men.

Theodore Roosevelt has said that life and death are both parts of the same Great Adventure. Interpreted in the language of metaphysics, this is equivalent to saying that: The objective and subjective phases of existence are both parts of the same Great Adventure of Continuity.

In other words, life and death may be regarded as conditions of objectivity and subjectivity, of activity and quiescence, one being the complement of the other, and analogous to light and darkness, heat and cold, spring and winter, positive and negative.

It appears therefore logical to conclude, using the abundant analogy derived from natural facts, that the pendulum of existence swings to and fro—from the perceptible to the imperceptible—or we may say, from the objective to the subjective and *vice versa*.

The mystery that lies before birth and the mystery that lies beyond death, are both voids, seemingly inscrutable. These voids may be regarded as unconditioned states, and yet from out the birth void we have emerged into our present state of conditioned consciousness. Our pre-birth status was equivalent to a state of death. We were apparently non-existent, just as much as the man who has died. Yet here we are, alive and conscious. Our analogy will still be logical if we assume that we will eventually emerge from the post-mortem

state through the process of human birth, and again move and have our being among men.

#### ULTIMATE GOAL OF CONTINUITY.

As we advance into maturity, we grow more conscious of the inevitable—Dissolution—and we ask ourselves:

“Where am I bound? What is this silent state that mortals fear? Is it the cessation of all awareness, the surcease of being? Is it the final end of the Great Adventure or is it merely a portion, a fragment of it?”

In recent years, there has been a marked and increasing interest in the subject of death and continuity. Men of science and renowned intellect have mobilized their wisdom for a new drive upon the subject. We observe such men as Sir Oliver Lodge, Crookes, Lombroso, Maeterlinck and others, including Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, all of whom were once pronounced materialists, coming forth and asserting the existence of the psychic, and championing the logic and necessity of continuity.

The ultimate goal of continuity, however, is an insoluble enigma. It is equally true that the most elemental fact considered in itself is beyond full comprehension, and that in its final essence nothing can be known. And so from the outset human reasoning is limited to the tangible and conditioned. Hence in discussing continuity we have recourse only to objective analogy and our reasoning is confined within the limits of our conditioned consciousness. However, in contemplating the subject of ultimate destiny, most of the representative metaphysicians are favorably impressed with the Hindu hypothesis that the destiny of human selfhood is union with Nirvana or the Absolute Cause which lies far beyond the phenomena of appearance.

It has been estimated that there are fifteen hundred million human beings on this planet. Within a hundred and fifty years all of them will have vanished—just as the millions and millions that preceded. Whither have they gone? Have they entered a subjective state—a fourth-dimensional world of consciousness? What has become of the fifteen hundred million selves or “I” units that had expressed themselves in these fifteen hundred million bodies? These are baffling questions, but science maintains its probing with magnificent persistence. By almost imperceptible advances, the unknown is being explored and annexed to the known, but of course the riddle continues to tantalize, and hence the direct question:

“What is there beyond the range of the tangible and objective?” Alfred Russel Wallace answers without equivocation: “I hold that the presence of consciousness beyond the grave has already been proved. An unbiased and honest examination of all the facts gathered by modern psychologists would certainly open the eyes of even the most doubtful of all the Thomases!”

#### SUBJECTIVE AND OBJECTIVE MODES.

May it not be quite reasonable to assume, according to all the vast evidence we adduce from inductive and deductive analogy, that death is the subjective mode and life the objective, and that there is a perpetual transit of human selves from the subjective to the objective mode and *vice versa*?

Viewed dispassionately and in the light of science, there is nothing inconsistent in the hypothesis that the subjective state entered by the dead is the same kind of state as that escaped from by the newly born. Is there not strongly presumptive evidence that those millions who are continually entering the objective, corporeal state by birth are the same individuals who have previously lapsed by the door of death into the subjective mode which theologians are so fond of designating as “Heaven” or “Hell”?

Manifestly it would seem the height of logic that a method good enough to be used by the Absolute Cause in bringing the self or “I” out of the loins of the living, into a conditioned, objective state, is good enough to be employed in bringing the same self out of the subjective or death state a second time—innumerable times.

To the mind untrammelled by creed and dogma, this hypothesis is far more reasonable and in accord with scientific thought than the abstract and orthodox idea that the self or “I” which has passed into the subjective or death mode should perforce remain there until some very remote resurrection period.

The arguments advanced for reincarnation are in accord with the principles of science—namely, that no energy can be created or lost, but that all energy is but a form of the universal energy which flows on from manifestation to manifestation, ever the same—never born, never dying, but always moving on and on to new manifestations. Therefore it is but logical to suppose that the self or “I” follows the same law of reemodiment, rising higher and higher throughout time, until finally it reenters the Universal Consciousness from which it emerged, and in which it will continue to exist, as it existed before it emerged for the cycle of objective manifestation—or for the Great Adventure.

## VIEWS OF A VETERAN JOURNALIST.

William D. Eaton of Chicago, the veteran journalist who has enjoyed the friendship of many famous men of letters during a long and interesting career, has for many years been a deep student of metaphysics and the esoteric. Relative to reincarnation he said recently to the writer:

"In these days abundant evidence is offered, of a nature legitimately admissible, that certain powers of incarnate intelligence are active in the world, while physical science has advanced its method so far beyond the old horizon that a clear inference of continuous and teeming life everywhere is not to be avoided.

"The province thus doubly indicated has been known to a few in all ages. The mind of our Western world is uneasily curious about it, and that uneasiness is symptomatic of an approaching change in our whole body of spiritual, ethical, and physical ideology, but the time for it is not yet. The people are not ready.

"The message of Jesus, like all the others that ever have been delivered by the High Ones, has at its heart a steadfast assurance of the continuity of individual existence, and on this we may rest, whatever doubt or denial may have been thrown in by physical science or applied religion. If it will make my meaning any clearer, I may describe what we call death as an incident in life, involuntary as birth, and quite as necessary. This implies life before birth as well as after—in other words, the doctrine of repeated lives, of which we hear so much, so vaguely.

"Since we abandoned the finalities that prevailed before the advent of Galileo, science has found new light, as yet imperfect, but tending to show humanity as included in that scheme of perpetuity which lies at the base of existence in the lower orders, and gives us the only definition of the universe that responds at all to reason.

"The realm of tangibility is nature's transitory phase, appearing and dissolving in processes that are slow only in terms of our exterior consciousness. Only the unseen is immortal. Sense, dimly manifested in our outward contact, indicates the one enduring quality. Man passes, but the spirit of man is not to die."

The belief in the continuity of selfhood or the "I" through human reemodiment was firmly rooted in the minds of the early Christians. To-day it is the keystone in the arch of all eastern religion and philosophy—the belief of nearly two thirds of the population of the world.

As a doctrine hoary with antiquity, we find it advanced by such men as Scotus, Leibniz, Kant, Schelling, Schopenhauer, Maeterlinck, and commanding the respect of such scientists as Lodge, Flammarion, Figuier and Brewster. Poets have plainly leaned toward it—among them Henry More, Schiller, Goethe, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, Emerson, Shelley, Whitman, Arnold and even Whittier.

The story of mankind—the romance of consciousness, takes a fresh meaning in the light of eternal continuity, and the perpetuity of all that exists, is, and can be.

#### EARTH'S CYCLE OF DEATH AND REBIRTH.

In this light, the glacial periods, the wavering poles, and the evidences of change in land and water surface begin to clear themselves up, according to Mr. Eaton. Two thousand years take our solar system but a very little way on its long travel to and from its gravitational seat. Almost 150,000 years are calculated as required for the circuit; yet the last 2000 years have shown a steadily increasing warmth. In the time of Cæsar the rivers of Italy were thickly frozen in the winter, and the north of Europe was a sullen forest, whose scant barbarian tribes clothed themselves in fur.

Egypt and India were the lands of sunshine, whose people had inherited from millennia beyond much of the knowledge we are rediscovering now. The knowledge of the skies that enabled the builders of the pyramid of Gizeh to make an orientation sixteen lines nearer the true than Tycho Brahe could define four hundred years ago, was not held by men who viewed only with naked and unaided eyes the stars above the bare sands of their Libyan desert. High knowledge alone could have enabled them to place the pile in the exact center of the earth's land and water distribution. They were the heirs of an earlier summer of science, that gradually ebbed away as the sun rolled forward into fuller geniality, and spread more fruitful life toward the north.

Time after time the world has spun that far-flung oval, and life has risen and flourished in the rising heat, to fail in fiery floods. Time after time has the world returned to the days of Arcady and golden ages, to sweep away again into the stellar north so far that "the stars grew old and the sun grew cold," and the grip of icy death was fast upon it.

And in the many thousand years of springtime that led to each of these sidereal summers, the other many thousand years of autumn that closed in unimaginable sidereal winters, how many

racés of men have risen, and striven, and been perfected, and passed away, each to itself the sum of all that ever was or could be? How many more will walk the earth, and live and love, and strive, and pass into the oblivious void, before the earth itself shall cease to be?

Races and nations innumerable, busy with their gods and governments, have possessed the world before and since the last long winter, as we possess it now. Names have filled it, worship and sacrifice have been given to deities, all as real as the names and races and the gods we know, and have departed into the forgotten dark, as we shall go; and so it will be through all the unguessable eons that Arcturus and his groups, our own among them, will swing on their appointed journey around some other sun to which Arcturus is as ours to him—forever and forever. The ineffable stars are unaware of us.

Astronomical history is old enough in authentic records to show that somewhat more than two thousand years ago Arcturus was visible only as a luminous speck. Now it blazes in the evening sky, a star bright as Jupiter, a beacon among the glittering points of fire that strew the firmament this side of the Milky Way.

The rate of travel of our sun through space with its little group of satellites has been determined. Southward through the heavens we race, five hundred million miles a year, along an arc whose segment shows undeviating progress in the one direction of that growing point of light, and whose projection in unmistakable modes will carry us close around it, and then away, along a wide and awful sweep, toward Polaris, to the extreme curve that must be passed before the journey back again begins.

How many times the sun and this our planet have swung that course, only the power that hangeth the worlds upon nothing ever can know. That we are now a little more than half way down the journey to the turning-point, and entering on a spring-like opening to a young summer of celestial weather, is made clear by those whose study is the sky, and by those to whom the stars present but partial mystery.

Recent astronomy has shown by a comparison of the gravitational power of all the greater stars in our region of the universe, that the line we are traversing is shaped by the influence of Arcturus, and that its direction will carry us around that star in somewhat more than twenty-five thousand years. The turn will bring us so near to it, and into a zone of heat so high that physical life in its present form will be impossible: for the sun Arcturus is incan-



descent. The shadowy old belief that the world shall die in fire, enwrapped a truth—as all beliefs do when they are understood.

At the other end of the oval are thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice. Flung to the extreme limit of its course, before it turns again in answer to the other magnet of its orbit, the sun and the worlds that circle it, being farthest from their source of heat, will dim and fall into a sleep of cold so deep that life again will be suspended, to again awaken and again begin a new development as the southward turn is made, and warmth flows in once more.

#### ETERNAL ROMANCE OF CONTINUITY.

And all of this unceasing motion is simply nature, life, mind, destiny. It is but a phase of the evolution and involution of life and matter, of the subjective and the objective sides of existence. 'Tis assuredly the eternal romance of continuity—the Great Adventure of life and death. 'Tis the Cosmic Consciousness swinging forward into endless futurity, split up into countless billions of evolving selves ranging upward in tangible variety to the apex of the human.

In the actinic light of the lessons taught by nature in all her mysterious and boundless magnitude, we learn that we are living in a millionth-rate world which is revolving around a millionth-rate sun. Dogma and creed after creed may flourish and have its little day, but the unchanging creed of nature which science is interpreting ever more clearly, points unerringly to continuity and periodical renaissance of all that is, lives and thinks.

That which is aware of itself cannot escape from that awareness. We cannot elude ourselves—the ever present “I” within ourselves. The suicide seeks to do it, but nature refutes the idea in her teeming manifestations of regeneration. We are as atoms of awareness which have been detached and may be for eons, from the central—the Supreme Awareness.

#### TRAINED REPORTERS IN WONDERLAND OF SCIENCE.

Men in their myriad struggles to attain ephemeral, objective realities are prone to be oblivious of the deep and enduring realities of the subjective side of the tangible—the side which is revealing itself fragment by fragment to those few who are out on the assignment in the Wonderland of Science, intent upon securing new and hidden gems of eternal fact which will amaze mankind and awaken ignorance. The trained reporters in the wonderland are

loyal and steadfast, each engaged on special assignments—physics, geology, astronomy, psychology, psychic phenomena, etc.

Newton went out on his assignment. He saw an apple fall, and he reported the law of gravitation, writing a story that was the beat of his time. His story of an eternal fact made possible a knowledge of the trajectory of our sun, and now we know the course and at least the story of the world we inhabit.

Henri Fabre went forth on his assignment—entomology. He saw an insect and marveled. He was one of the first to demonstrate the value of imagination in science, but the fact that we may rely upon his observations is shown by his caution in dealing with the life of the spider. He marveled at the geometry of the spider's web, but was careful to report that the instinct in this case practises higher geometry without knowing or caring about it. What shocked Fabre was the immorality of the insect world—its cruelty, its ruthlessness, its insanity, varied with displays of wonderful hedonism or love of pleasure.

"Life has unfathomable secrets," said Fabre. "Human knowledge will be erased from the archives of the world before we possess the last word that the gnat has to say to us."

Fabre reported upon continuity—reembodiment. He showed how the caterpillar weaves his own silken tomb, and within it passes those months of trance or subjectivity which precede its glorious birth into a new element.

Covering the psychic and psychological, Lodge, Wallace, Meyers, Hyslop, James, Hudson, Münsterberg and others, have gathered facts, wonderful data which future reporters in the Wonderland of Science can utilize in their quest of truth.

Science tells us of the romance and perpetuity of all existence. Thus shall we realize that rank after rank, the souls of men will sweep with the swinging sun toward its turning-point, growing with each return to bodily integuments, finding out as every season passes toward the Arcturus solstice, till the earth is cleared for yet another cycle.

## THE COSMIC VIEW-POINT.

BY T. SWANN HARDING.

ONE day during the war some pictures of fighting men appeared in a newspaper; they were German prisoners, the attempt being to depict Kultur by its undesirable fruits. And they were sorry, unkempt looking fellows; for close-cropped Germans, heavily bearded and freely smeared with trench mud, are not exactly inspiring creatures. Which reminds me that Sven Hedin, in his *With the German Army on the Western Front*, took particular pains to print many sorry-looking pictures of French and English prisoners in order to "prove" that England and France were degenerate nations. And so indeed many on each side verily believed that the enemy was rather a wretched animal.

But yet, we must consider the fact that to millions of people every one of those men was a hero in disguise, a diamond in the rough; his dirty bandages were badges of honor, his very condition was a matter of just pride. As William James has told us, scientist and bricklayer appear very similar to the shoemaker who sees in each but a pair of feet which require shoes of a certain size. It depends altogether on who judges. To your Hindenburgs, your Cadornas, your Petains, your Haigs and your Pershings how differently some placid hillside appears than to us. We see it as a picture of pastoral beauty. But to them--well, just as the engineer would instantly begin to calculate how to put the hill into a near-by valley in the interest of flat monotony, so on their part the generals would be mentally placing their artillery and blowing the landscape to atoms. And, until the world's Reventlows and Renans and Treitschkes and Bernhardis and Wilkinsons learn to see things differently—learn, in short, to see them cosmically—the world will be the loser.

In fact, I have about become convinced that what I choose to

call the cosmic view-point,<sup>1</sup> the view-point of what is a catholic philosophy, is precisely the only thing capable of preserving peace. And until the world gets this larger view-point, war must remain. Its adoption will not mean the righting of isolated wrongs here and there after the manner of the reformer; it will mean something bigger than this. It will mean an ideal attained, a way of looking at things engendered and an atmosphere of good will created which shall bring all the little things along in its wake and shall magically transmute wrong into right. Viewing things cosmically, strife, pettiness, intolerance, bigotry, war—these all are outlawed and impossible.

De Quincey had the idea in "The Manchester Grammar School" when he referred to a concession "to an interest in human nature that, as such, transcended by many degrees all considerations purely national," speaking of "...something inexpressibly nobler and deeper [than nationality], viz., patriotism. For true and unaffected patriotism will show its love in a noble form by sincerity and truth. But nationality, as I have always found, is mean; is dishonest; is ungenerous; is incapable of candor; and being continually besieged with temptations to falsehood, too often ends by becoming habitually mendacious."

But, to turn from international politics, here we see the ardent Christian vociferously upholding his Man of Nazareth as earth's noblest spiritual pattern—which is all well and good—yet he is unable to comprehend that a Buddhist may feel his Gautama incomparable. But, it is asked, what right has a pagan to think that he has any truth in his religion? I answer, that he is sincere and that Truth absolute has many facets of which Buddhism may well be one. But the pagan is not civilized. Look at us! We have sky-scrapers and motor-cars and printing-presses and railroads and everything. We are blessed with science.

And when I begin to think thus my mind reverts to the naive Turkish *cadi* quoted by James who insisted, "Shall we say, Behold this star spinneth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years! Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it!" Who, then, shall be the judge that our civilization is absolutely superior to that of any other age?

<sup>1</sup> And I used this term in print several years before the following sentence occurred in Marvin M. Loewenthal's review of Albert Bigelow Paine's letters of Mark Twain in the *Dial* of Feb. 8, 1919—"This could be the scolding of a satirist if there were not behind it the cosmic view that lumped mankind with himself." I am inclined to think that Mr. Loewenthal's meaning is not exactly mine, but the coincidence interested me.

Who shall weigh mechanics against culture, science against Greek art, modern philosophy against Socrates, modern ethics against Confucius?

A dirty, eccentric old deaf man with habits too execrable for the polite society of to-day, composed nine symphonies which the elect of future generations must appear to appreciate in order to remain the elect! Who are truly civilized—he with his music and his rudeness or the elect with their luxury and their crass inanity?

Dear funny old Charles Lamb comes to mind, he who frankly itemized his surpassing ignorance in "The Old and the New Schoolmaster," saying:

"But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a *tête-à-tête* there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man that does not know me."

And yet the *Essays of Elia*, the product of this self-confessed ignoramus who openly declared therein that he knew nothing of and cared less about the rules of English prose composition, always form one of the classics meticulously studied by our youthful students of to-day.

What explains these paradoxes? They vanish if viewed in the light of a more catholic philosophy, if examined from the cosmic view-point. Christ may be our constant inspiration while certain devotees of Gautama the Buddha find their captain satisfying without detracting one bit from our faith. And Beethoven may compose marvelous music and Lamb magnificent prose—and their efforts may have been made in ignorance of set rules (or in disregard thereof)—yet later, and lesser, minds have been persuaded to analyze their works and invent rules to account for them. Beethoven was more or less of a boor; Lamb all too frequently imbibed wine in disconcerting quantities; Wagner was a libertine and Bobby Burns a scalawag—one way of looking at it.

But considered more broadly, each and every genius has moments of inspiration which never occur to us common, average mortals; moments of such intense spiritual and mental activity that the very nervous strain may have made them the more easy prey to temptation in other moments. It is, nevertheless, our duty to learn from them, to be cultured by them, and, while not condoning

their faults or even extenuating them, to absorb as much as we may of their sublimest and best.

The world suffers from the lack of a cosmic view-point. By this is meant the view-point which transcends the trivial, which looks beyond the dogmatic, which envelops the narrow and which makes of the human animal a *man with an intellect*. Matters viewed cosmically present an aspect totally different from that under which they appear when viewed through the distorted medium afforded by creedal, scholastic or nationalistic bias.

In Emerson we find this view-point. Indeed, the following from his essay on Intellect indicates that trend of mind very strongly.

"God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please; you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being."

This is indeed an empirical statement of the attitude of mind more scientifically described as a discriminating course of action in Edwin B. Holt's *The Freudian Wish*, the method which does not err psychologically by suppressing anything, but which investigates the facts and acts accordingly and whole-heartedly, and which avoids the extreme of desire on the one hand and that of remorse on the other. It resolves itself into the old question of conformity or non-conformity, heterodoxy or orthodoxy, conservatism or radicalism. A concrete illustration is White's *Warfare of Science and Religion*.

We wonder sometimes whether Emerson did not swing too far over toward lack of repose in search of truth. Or could one swing too far? He tells us somewhere that if we do but take our stand fearlessly the whole world will in time come round to us! But perhaps this depends upon how dogmatically we stand. For nothing can be more dogmatic than self-righteous liberalism, and the utter intolerance of the incorrigible radical is in a class by itself. We can take our stand in such a manner as to antagonize and to make

prejudice sufficiently tangible to defeat our ends. And in so doing we again miss truth without attaining repose.

“Reform is affirmative, conservatism negative; conservatism goes for comfort, reform for truth, . . . each is a good half, but an impossible whole,” wisely continues our sage. He gives the conservative his place in the scheme of things, and well enough—for who was it but Emerson who conformed by voting “Nay” when compulsory chapel came up before the Harvard Board of Regents—for its abolition was certainly more in accord with his philosophy.

Certainly the conservative is right in upholding the dignity of things as they are, of the present, to the point where new truth is discovered. But new evidence reopens the case. If your conservative is going to sleep in dogma, or creed, or philosophy, or politics, or nationalism, so soundly that he becomes impervious to the demands of truth in other systems and in other nations, he has lost his claim to respect. Or if your truth-seeker sets out deliberately to demolish established systems from pure love of destruction and in barrenness of any constructive touch to offer, he is unworthy to be a leader. A type of mind can be conceived which respects and retains the good in present systems, but which gladly discards anything, however sacredly enshrined by precedent, when conclusively proven in error; a mind which does not permit formal statements of belief to deflect the light of truth or to inhibit development. Such a mind is after all the noblest and cosmically the most valuable.

A further example of the attitude, worthy to be added to that of Emerson, is from the *Journal Intime* of Amiel:

“My point of view is philosophical, that is to say, impartial and impersonal. The only type which pleases me is perfection, is mankind, is the ideal man. As to the national man, while I tolerate and study him, I do not admire him. I may only admire beautiful examples of the species. Great men, men of genius, sublime characters, noble souls, and those types are found in every ethnographic compartment. My ‘chosen country’ (to quote Madame de Staël) is among chosen individuals. I have no weakness whatever for the French, the Germans, the Swiss, the English, the Poles, or the Italians any more than for Brazilians or Chinese. The patriotic illusion, fanatic, exclusive, professional, does not exist for me. On the contrary, I more readily become conscious of the deficiencies, the ugliness and the imperfections of the particular groups of men to which I belong. My inclination is to see things as they are, allowances made for my individual point of view and all passion and desire banished. My antipathy is not toward this person or

that, but toward error, intolerance, prejudice, foolishness, exclusiveness, exaggeration. I love only justice and the just."

The cosmic view-point was that of Socrates, "the citizen of the world": and of Jesus, the spiritual elder brother of all men—he who ruthlessly destroyed that he might fulfil, and who first conceived the tremendous idea of a one and only God for all men, although this notion had before been adumbrant in other minds. Among moderns it is the attitude of Charles Ferguson in religion, of Felix Adler in ethics and of Ralph Lane in politics.

A recent number of the *Hibbert Journal* (Jan., 1919) contains an article by Rhynd which strikingly describes the destroying Christ. He it was who swiftly overturned a narrow, nationalistic sacerdotal system to construct a world faith, and whose God was "of a truth no respecter of persons." In religion, the cosmic view-point means the ability to study and to appreciate the evolution of religion through countless and varied forms, up to the present phase—and then to realize that this aspect must in turn and in time give place to other manifestations of man's endeavor to get into harmony with the unseen.

In philosophy and in science the cosmic view-point brings the breadth of vision to sift the good from the evil in all schools; it gives all systems their due and profits from the most useful in turn. In art, science and philosophy it refuses to adopt any one school to the blind exclusion of all others, but merely presumes to follow one particular path toward truth in open-mindedness. The advance of cosmic evolution is ever impeded by a false loyalty to an artificially limited sphere of action. Religion is greater than sect, healing than any school of medicine and the welfare of humanity than any political party.

In world politics we sorely need the cosmic view-point as a guarantee of future peace; the view-point which sees matters not through the eyes of this or that nation, but with the evolution of humanity toward true spiritual freedom ever at heart. We sadly need to learn that the welfare of humanity, the ability to develop unhampered spirituality and mentality—these are of vastly more significance than whether we shall live or starve or die in or for some restricted area called "nation" looking upon those without as more or less tolerable barbarians. Until we decide that colonial expansion shall be neither exploitation nor a greedy desire (camouflaged as altruism) to uplift some inferior race for the glory and the aggrandizement of some one country, we shall have failed to get the cosmic view-point. Viewed cosmically, the evolution of the



human race toward that truer democracy which frees man intellectually, places sovereignty in the collective heart of humanity and abolishes false loyalty transcends all else.

And then I begin to wonder about the practicability of it all. Does it work out in practice or is this cosmic view-point philosophy perennially in the clouds? For what can it avail if it loses its efficacy in the petty things of life? Yet I rather think it would and does, when tried, work out in practice right in every-day life.

Said Epictetus that the true test of philosophy was not the quiet meditations of the sage in the closet, but the philosopher's reaction to the constant stress of daily life. The philosopher in the storm-tossed ship at sea is no philosopher if he be not calm while lesser minds howl in desperation. Were he to rage and moan and cry out to fate, what avails this theory he so highly commended to humanity at large? So said he of the lame limb but the stalwart mind.

And it was Socrates who so perfectly fulfilled Epictetus's definition of what a philosopher should be. And how? By what prodigies of dialectics? By what marvel of profound intellect? By what magic of interrogation? By what subtle syllogism? Aye, by none of these! But what then did he do? Why, he lived with a shrew unperturbed and remained calm when taunted by an ingrate son. When his ebullient spouse danced in an ecstasy of anger all over a fine cake some friends had sent him he laughed quietly and murmured, "There now, you shall not have your share of the cake!" This it was that so impressed Epictetus; the Socratic philosophy did not cravenly desert him in the little things.

Socrates was, in truth, a real philosopher—and when the ignorant came to him and asked to be directed to some teacher at whose feet they might learn wisdom—did he say with pardonable self-esteem, "Here am I; you need seek no further"? He was too much of a philosopher for that! He was so truly a philosopher that those who sought a spurious product easily overlooked him. For he kindly directed them to other sages.

And so should our scheme of things, however good it appears academically as a world tonic, fit into the petty irritations of life. When a superior is vexed, a street-car delayed, a typewriter recalcitrant—do we bite our nails and mutter atrocious exclamations in a pale blue language all our own? Big things tend to arouse those excellent dormant qualities half comatose in all of us; war makes heroes of necktie clerks; but the little things—verily these require

an effective philosophy. Will the cosmic view-point tide us over the small crisis?

Or must we admit as did David Hume that those realistic visions of the thinker's closet fade away into thin mist and lose their reality under stress of the city's throbbing life and the business of workaday existence? David almost gave up in despair when he considered it all. He almost resolved that he was no sage at all, and that he might as well forsake his elaborate theories and seek pottage with the common herd.

And possibly old Ben Franklin, despite his wise maxims, wasted many an hour; perhaps Roosevelt had rare moments when he was not strenuous; doubtless Epictetus was not ever and always the stoic *par excellence*; in fact Socrates may now and then have spoken half irritably to his hot-tempered spouse; and we all know that Jesus at least once cast aside his pacific idealism and forcibly ejected the hypocrites from the Temple. And so, while we may not every minute find ourselves equal to the impossible task of placid deliberation, we may make the cosmic view-point our ideal and equability of temperament our end and aim.

In conclusion I would insist that such a view of things does not negate nationalism; it transcends and glorifies it. It lauds the nation whose culture produces a world heritage—a Shakespeare, a Goethe, a Dante or an Emerson. It holds in just admiration the land where men are happy and free and development is wholesome and normal. It glorifies national achievements as such, but does not hope to inculcate culture with the sword. It tacitly assumes that right is bound to live and that that nation is greatest which contributes most to spiritual, intellectual and moral uplift. An Ibsen, a Swedenborg, a Grieg, a Maeterlinck, a Chopin, a Rubens, a Björnson—these in the cosmic view-point, demonstrate that true greatness abideth not in force of arms or in great territories, but in ideals. True democracy will succeed to-day's crude efforts when the cosmic view-point breaks the bonds of tradition, looses the shackles of shibboleth and divided loyalty, emancipates mankind from the slavery of conventional anachronisms and childish mental formulas, places sovereignty in the great heart of collective humanity, teaching man simply to trust his fellow-man.

## WALTER PATER REDIVIVUS.

BY ROBERT SHAFER.

IT is somehow odd in this year to come upon what purports to be a new volume of essays by Walter Horatio Pater. Much water has run under the bridge since those middle years of the eighteen-nineties when Mr. C. L. Shadwell gathered together the floating remnants of Pater's legacy, and in a manner fixed the canon of his friend's work. Pater has, too, during this time been evaluated, placed, one might almost say disposed of, by critics and scholars. We consider his estheticism to be dead; most would say well dead; yet none would deny that, though it be like an apparition from another age, the appearance of a new book by him would be an event of importance.

*Sketches and Reviews*,<sup>1</sup> however,—in its appropriate yellow boards, reminiscent of the great "esthetic" quarterly of the 'nineties—does not contain material as new as its editor believed. This gentleman says in his introduction that none of the pieces he has gathered has ever been printed in book form. But the book's first essay, "Aesthetic Poetry," was reprinted by Pater himself in the first edition of *Appreciations* in 1889. The following year it was dropped from the second edition, the paper on "Feuillet's *La Morte*" taking its place. The other essays in this "new" volume, all save one, appeared in 1903 in the little book called *Uncollected Essays*, published by Mr. T. B. Mosher of Portland, Maine. The exception, "Coleridge as a Theologian," is the weightiest review in this "new" collection. It might alone justify the volume, had not Pater long ago incorporated the essence of the review as well as many passages verbatim into his essay on Coleridge in *Appreciations*.

Some devout followers may welcome *Sketches and Reviews* in spite of its more than doubtful newness, though they will not easily forgive its many typographical errors. The craftsman too,

<sup>1</sup> A volume of essays by Pater, published in their "Penguin Series" by Messrs. Boni and Liveright, New York, 1919.

or perhaps the scholar, may take an innocent pleasure in comparing the two essays on Coleridge—a kind of exercise not without usefulness, but already possible for the curious in Pater's three Wordsworth essays. To others the need for this "yellow book" may not be so apparent. Yet its publishers will have performed a real service if in this way they cause some of us to reflect anew upon Walter Pater's interpretation of life and its meaning. Such reflections are not of merely historical interest, for they bring into view a connection between Pater and ourselves—his way of thinking and ours of to-day—such as apparently not many persons suspect.

The words are famous in which Pater defined the good or, as he put it, successful life. "To burn always with this hard gemlike flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life";—and the flame and ecstasy are just the eagerness with which one welcomes experience of the outside world for its own sake. These words from the "Conclusion" in *The Renaissance*, with their context, give one the essence of Pater's view-point, maintained consistently from the beginning to the end of his career; and through pondering them alone one might come to understand well enough what was his conception of life. But in *Marius the Epicurean* he has written out at once a fuller and a more considered statement of the same position, and by scrutiny of the "sensations and ideas" of the young Marius we may best understand his creator in, at any rate, his not least important aspect.

Pater emphasizes in this romance, as it has been called, the resemblances, more than superficial, between the age of Marcus Aurelius and the the end of the nineteenth century. "That age and our own," he says, "have much in common—many difficulties and hopes"—and he warns the reader that at moments he may appear to have his own time in mind rather than that of Marius. The fact is important for any complete understanding of the book—a picture of a youth brought up carefully in his ancestral religion who, upon coming into contact with the great world, feels compelled to forsake his old religion for a form of hedonism, a materialistic sensationalism which further contact with the world illogically modifies, but in no way destroys. Pater has elsewhere noted some part of those conditions in the nineteenth century which suggested the bare framework of his "romance." "For one born in eighteen hundred and three," he says in his essay on Mérimée, "much was recently become incredible that had at least warmed the imagination even of the skeptical eighteenth century.... A great outlook had lately been cut off. After Kant's criticism of the mind, its pretensions to pass

beyond the limits of individual experience seemed as dead as those of old French royalty. And Kant did but furnish its innermost theoretic force to a more general criticism, which had withdrawn from every department of action, underlying principles once thought eternal. A time of disillusion followed." Energetic souls, however, he goes on to say, attempted to recover themselves in a changed world;—"Art: the passions, above all, the ecstasy and sorrow of love: a purely empirical knowledge of nature and man: these still remained, at least for pastime, in a world of which it was no longer proposed to calculate the remoter issues."

These generalizations reflect their light upon the young Marius's questionings and search for the true way of life. We are given to understand that this youth, with all his capacity for feeling and the store that he set on sentiment, possessed also an independent intelligence. Early set free of the associations and restrictions of his country home, he found himself in the very different atmosphere of a school of rhetoric in Pisa. The town itself, in its insistent new sights and varied gayness, all in vivid contrast with the quiet monotone of his earlier years, seemed forcibly to thrust in upon him new ideals of brilliant color, "absolutely real, with nothing less than the reality of seeing and hearing," while the old ideals of country piety grew "how vague, shadowy, problematical!" Marius soon began to suspect, "though it was a suspicion he was careful at first to put from him," that his cherished ancestral religion "might come to count with him as but one form of poetic beauty, or of the ideal, in things; as but one voice, in a world where there were many voices it would be a moral weakness not to listen to." The religious claim was still strong, but was beginning to yield to another, "proposing to him unlimited self-expansion in a world of various sunshine." The tendency was strengthened by the companionship of a schoolfellow with personality of compelling charm and strength, Flavian, who never hesitated in the pursuit of "various sunshine." And Flavian gave Marius the benefit not only of his own vivid example, but also "the writings of a sprightly wit, then very busy with the pen, one Lucian." Naturally the time was not long until Marius had to come to some settlement with himself, in an attempt to determine what for him were the respective claims of his new life and his old religion. In this moment of parting ways he "instinctively recognized" that "in vigorous intelligence, after all, divinity was most likely to be found a resident." He could maintain his integrity, find his own way of life, only through "the honest action of his own untroubled, unassisted intelligence" in all

fields; and this conclusion was made attractive to him by "the feeling. . . of a poetic beauty in mere clearness of thought, the actually esthetic charm of a cold austerity of mind."

Applying, then, his unaided reason to the search for truth, Marius found it quickly enough; and found it, as had been fore-ordained, in the words of Aristippus of Cyrene, that pupil of Socrates who brought the skeptical inquiries of his master to a nihilistic conclusion and contrived to build upon the latter a philosophy of pleasure. Aristippus had rigidly confined his speculations about the world and life, had indeed attempted not to speculate at all about anything, but merely to interpret human life in terms of immediately known certainties. He was one of those who wished to teach men how to live, believing that all else which philosophers concerned themselves with was a species of nonsense. Moreover, for this purpose he took life, practically speaking, at its worst; he looked only outside of and around himself, and he concluded that since things and persons are but doubtful shadows, never continuing a moment in one stay, knowledge about them—the truth—is impossible, knowledge being something fixed and permanent, and the search for it a mere vanity or delusion. But instead of allowing this conclusion to depress him he turned it into a "stimulus toward every kind of activity and prompted a perpetual, inextinguishable thirst after experience." It was, Pater thinks, Aristippus's rich and genial nature which thus transformed his initial material—giving "the spectacle of one of the happiest temperaments coming, so to speak, to an understanding with the most depressing of theories: accepting the results of a metaphysical system which seemed to concentrate into itself all the weakening trains of thought in earlier Greek speculation, and making the best of it, turning its hard, bare truths, with wonderful tact, into precepts of grace, and delicate wisdom, and a delicate sense of honor. Given," Pater continues, "the hardest terms, supposing our days are indeed but a shadow, even so, we may well adorn and beautify, in scrupulous self-respect, our souls, and whatever our souls touch upon—these wonderful bodies, these material dwelling-places through which the shadows pass together for a while, the very raiment we wear, our very pastimes and the intercourse of society."

Aristippus's "hard, bare truth" was of course what nowadays would be termed the "subjectivity of knowledge." He considered that one could never learn the truth about things because things would never remain still long enough for one to examine them. While one looked they changed from instant to instant under one's

eyes, and nothing under the sun was for two seconds the same thing. But there is no need of going on; everybody knows these famous old arguments against the possibility of any knowledge of reality, or the "thing-in-itself." They have been wonderfully revived and enlarged in modern times, though in essentials they have scarcely changed. The problem raised for one—alike for an Aristippus or a child of the present century—who fancies he has thus dissolved away all possibility of knowledge, is whether any kind of basis for certitude in the conduct of life can still be found. Knowledge being impossible, are we not set down in an all-pervasive fog where one man's guess, about any question, is as good as another's?—where all standards disappear and at the most one can say with Pater that "nothing is intrinsically great or small, good or evil"? So of course Pater's Marius concluded, yet thought he discerned an escape from universal blankness in the reflection that what any individual directly feels is his own, that, whatever it be worth, such feeling requires, at least, no proof. It is just "there." And this reflection thus became the cornerstone for a theory which makes life consist wholly of "direct sensation," as being the one immediate and unquestionable certainty of existence.

Thus the "grace and delicate wisdom" of Aristippus and of Marius lay in the "apprehension that the little point of this present moment alone really is, between a past which has just ceased to be and a future which may never come"; and Marius appropriately resolved "to exclude regret and desire, and yield himself to the improvement of the present with an absolutely disengaged mind." "With a sense of economy, with a jealous estimate of gain and loss," he would "use life, not as the means to some problematic end, but, as far as might be, from dying hour to dying hour, an end in itself—a kind of music, all-sufficing to the duly trained ear, even as it died out on the air." He would aim at every possible kind of experience. He would attempt to set all his faculties free, by "clearing the tablet of his mind" from all doctrines or theories which might set up any interference with this aim. And so would he impartially "burn with a hard, gemlike flame."

Marius was, then—as Pater more than once explicitly says—a materialist, and conceived life as exclusively an affair of the five senses, "which certainly never deceive us about themselves, about which alone we can never deceive ourselves." All things pleasurable became grist for Marius's unexhaustible mill. But Pater was of course not satisfied to stop here; taking beauty to express for himself the Epicurean or, as it was called in his century, utilitarian

concept of pleasure, he attempted to answer the question, what is beautiful, or pleasant? On these principles, as is well known, one can differentiate between pleasures only in terms of quantity, not of kind or quality, and Pater did not, like Mill, at this point give his position away. "Our one chance," he says in the "Conclusion" of *The Renaissance*, "lies in expanding that interval [of life], in getting as many pulsations as possible into the given time. Great passions may give us this quickened sense of life, ecstasy and sorrow of love, the various forms of enthusiastic activity, disinterested or otherwise, which come naturally to many of us. Only be sure it is passion—that it does yield you this fruit of a quickened, multiplied consciousness. Of such wisdom, the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for its own sake, has most. For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."

It was well enough, as an assertion or as kindly meant advice, thus to represent the sensations derivable from the arts as making up the quantitatively pleasantest or most perfect life; but by the very terms of this creed, wherein "nothing is intrinsically great or small, good or evil," the restriction could not hold good save for Pater himself. Each individual—"ringed round by that thick wall of personality through which no real voice has ever pierced on its way to him, able only to conjecture that which may be without"—each so isolated person must prove for himself by the path of impartial experiment what sensations yield him the greatest amount of pleasure;—and we have only to look round us to see how diverse, putting it mildly, are the felt pleasures of humanity. To this fact Pater was not at all blind—he at times insisted upon it—yet he seems never quite to have taken in its consequences for his theoretic position. When later, however, he wrote *Marius the Epicurean* he had come at any rate to see that the creed of sensation perforce dissolved into nothingness both morals and religion. This he was very far from wishing. The fair orderliness, both personal and social, of which a traditional morality is the groundwork, and the observances and associations of an old religion, both meant much to Pater in his personal experience. Hence he was constrained to include them, somehow—make some place for them that would at least seem real—within the materialist's world of sensation.

In the matter of morality, Marius was led by contemplation of "the ethical charm of Cornelius," his Christian friend who in another place had served to reinforce his materialism, to question the exclusion of moral sanctions from the creed of sensation. "The



noble and resolute air, the gallantry, so to call it, which composed the outward mien and presentment of his strange friend's inflexible ethics," called into Marius's mind a suspicion of the graceless contradiction between his own "standards" and those of traditional morality, which might make him in other men's eyes an outlaw; that is, the contradiction might rudely take from him some social pleasure, and might also defeat, socially, the impression his creed *ought* to make! Consequently, if his creed were not to figure for others as different from what it seemed to himself, he had to discover some way of forcing duty and righteousness into the Cyrenaic scheme of things. The "way," Marius found, lay in "the purely esthetic beauty of the old morality." He came to see it "as an element in things, fascinating to the imagination, to good taste in its most highly developed form, through association—a system or order, as a matter of fact, in possession, not only of the larger world, but of the rare minority of *élite* intelligences; from which, therefore, least of all would the sort of Epicurean he had in view endure to become, so to speak, an outlaw." In other words, Marius would conform to the morality of his day on the ground that it would be in bad taste not to; and he would so be more comfortable in plucking Epicurean roses within the limitations of other men's standards of approval.

It is much the same with religion. Christianity gained Marius's pleased approbation—no other words quite so express it—but not his inner assent. When he was first taken to the "curious house" of Cecilia, not yet knowing that she and those about her were Christians, he was enchanted by the sound of singing, coming from he knew not where; and he felt that "it was the expression not altogether of mirth, yet of some wonderful sort of happiness—the blithe self-expansion of a joyful soul in people upon whom some all-subduing experience had wrought heroically, and who still remembered, on this bland afternoon, the hour of a great deliverance." Clinging to all that he saw there was a quiet, astringent beauty, and in this retired, wonderfully confident new way of life Marius found a grand appeal, exactly in its atmosphere of deliverance. For "in truth, one of his most characteristic and constant traits had ever been a certain longing for escape—for some sudden, relieving interchange, across the very spaces of life, it might be, along which he had lingered most pleasantly—for a lifting, from time to time, of the actual horizon. It was," Pater goes on to explain too well, "like the necessity under which the painter finds himself, to set a window or open doorway in the background of his

picture; or like a sick man's longing for northern coolness, and the whispering willow-trees, amid the breathless evergreen forests of the south." Marius was soothed by the mere sympathetic contemplation of the strange way in which other folk could be moved by this remarkable religion. He felt that the sight of it might serve for him, not as the cure, but probably "the solace or anodyne of his great sorrows—of that constitutional sorrowfulness, not peculiar to himself perhaps, but which had made his life certainly like one long 'disease of the spirit.'"

There is inconsistency in this insistence, for a special purpose, upon Marius's great sorrowfulness; and indeed any careful reader may perceive for himself several loose ends—contradictions not merely phraseological—in this so carefully written book, which indicate that Pater's hold upon the task he had set himself was partial and inconstant. Yet one cannot say that he was inconsistent in his treatment of morality and religion. He could not admit as valid any of the real claims of either—and he can be under no suspicion of having done so! Mrs. Humphry Ward in her recently published *Recollections* says that while Pater, having before 1870 relinquished all belief in the Christian religion, never returned to it in the "intellectual sense," still, "his heart returned to it," and "he became once more endlessly interested in it, and haunted by the 'something' in it, which he thought inexplicable." Exactly so; and herein lies the difference which Mrs. Ward speaks of between the "Conclusion" in *The Renaissance* and *Marius the Epicurean*; but it should be completely evident that Pater's theoretic position remains in the later book in all respects unchanged by the perceptible—but for this purpose ineffective—beatings of his new heart. Though his mind did not remain entirely cold to his heart's call, it did remain unconvinced; and at the best Pater has shown that the "right kind of person," the fastidious man of "a hieratic refinement," will so feel the purely esthetic appeal of morality and religion as not to ignore the one nor to trample down the other.<sup>2</sup> With the fact that both would swiftly perish from the earth under such patronage Pater does not attempt to deal. One was to become the "right kind of person" and a patron of traditional morality and religion through the kindly offices of a purely secular culture, and yet this secular culture had come precisely to take the place of

<sup>2</sup> It is but fair to remind the reader that Edward Dowden in his sympathetic summary of Pater's thought has said it is "an erroneous criticism which represents Marius as only extending a refined hedonism so as to include within it new pleasures of the moral sense or the religious temper." The reader must judge for himself whether or not this assertion is substantiated by the explanation which follows it (*Essays Modern and Elizabethan*, pp. 17-19).

traditional morality and religion. Such inconsequence may not have troubled Pater, but it must give pause to less gifted souls.

The grounds of Pater's position are not very far to seek. Of course they lay, first of all, in his own temperament. This is the case, as Pater himself has rightly insisted, with each one of us; and Pater's deeply grained yet economical sensuousness, his "lust of the eye," would in any age have sealed him of the children of this world who contentedly follow the counsels of Horace, moderated and refined as those were from Horace's Epicurean teachers. Pater's affinity, too, with Ruskin, and with Morris and Rossetti, is obvious and has been much talked of. All of these men and some others of their time had in common, though with varying degrees of consciousness, a profound desire to save from impending destruction, in the swirl of nineteenth-century industrialism, the artistic values of life. Their salutary effort was to bring men back to a sense of the enrichment—the pleasure and the good which come from the fair adornment of life itself and of all the instruments of life. The question why their attempts met with comparative failure is as interesting as it is complex; but it cannot be considered here save as Pater's part in it may shed light upon the whole movement.

What must be noticed is that Pater essayed to go further than the rest in linking his position with the intellectual currents of his day. It can in a sentence be written down that Pater's life-long attempt was, in substance, to save and find some valid sanction for the rewards and fruits of culture on the terms imposed by scientific naturalism. His effort was, accepting to the full the conclusions of the natural science of his time, still to provide a sure basis for the personal life of the individual particularly in its highest aspects. He betrays no sense of the difficulty of such a task, and probably felt none—for here his sensuous and uncritical temperament made the path he inevitably chose seem also the naturally "right" and perfect one. To many, of course, it will seem a strange, perhaps outlandish, thing thus to link Pater's name with that of Auguste Comte and possibly with Herbert Spencer's also. Yet the relationship is clear and needs not for proof the evidence of Mr. Humphry Ward concerning the "Comtean" quality of Pater's college lectures; and the more one ponders it the more does it seem the key to any right understanding of what Pater stood for and tried to do.

How deeply impressed Pater was with the negative or restrictive aspect of Kant's criticism of the mind is made clear in a passage already quoted from his essay on Mérimée. He was but one out of very many in his century who believed, as result not only of

this but of almost innumerable other opinions, "demonstrations," "proofs," that the purely empiric method supposed to be followed by natural scientists was the unique path to such tentative knowledge as mortal man may hope to attain. The great gain—or loss!—of this acclaimed method was that it seemed to clear away so much rubbish on which men had foolishly based their lives for centuries. Not merely was historic Christianity or any other religion of moving power swept away, but much else, along with the greater part of the human mind—as all thinking persons know. In actual practice the interplay of assumption and evidence made the new dispensation, in the hands of most men, different in its pretensions rather than in its reality from the old, abandoned methods of inquiry. In actual practice the new gospel of Natural Uniformity was not less dogmatic than less inhuman gospels of our naive forefathers had been. But all men except a few village curates were in that day too busy, and too enchanted, with the mere surface of their novel wisdom to perceive this. All forward-looking spirits were ready to believe anything these benefactors of the race might say, whether in explanation of "the new truth" or in praise of themselves, as when Renan in his *Life of Jesus* wrote: "By our extreme scruple in employing means of conviction, by our absolute sincerity and our disinterested love of the pure idea, we have created (all of us who have devoted our lives to science) a new ideal of morality." This new thing along with the rest the wholly virtuous scientist would provide. Pater, fascinated, believed that already the world had been "proved" to be a self-sufficient mechanism, where chance evidences of intelligence should be smiled at by the enlightened. "The 'positive' method... makes very little account," he says in his essay on Coleridge, "of marks of intelligence in nature: in its wider view of phenomena, it sees that those instances are a minority, and may rank as happy coincidences: it absorbs them in the larger conception of universal mechanical law." In any age, Pater says in the same essay, "the clearest minds abandon themselves to" the time-spirit—to the newest notions, apparently, that they may find at hand; and to him the vision of "universal mechanical law" seemed "like the harmony of musical notes, wrought out in and through the series of their mutations." A beautiful conception, no doubt; yet to a reflective person the beauty might seem hardly skin-deep, for the conception means also that we are parts of an entirely pre-determined world, deluded if we think ourselves other than helpless mechanisms.

It is more than doubtful whether Pater ever saw this, because

it was of course the "mutations" themselves—not their orderly relationships—which enchanted him. This he everywhere emphasized. And settling himself—if I may be pardoned the contradiction—in the ceaseless ebb and flow of inconstant appearances, with all else cleared away by natural science, he preached in the creed of sensation, with his own addition of an esthetic twist, the only "way of life" possible on such premises. "Here at last," he says, "is a vision, a theory, *θεωρία*, which reposes on no basis of unverified hypothesis, which makes no call upon a future after all somewhat problematic; as it would be unaffected by any discovery of an Empedocles (improving on the old story of Prometheus) as to what has really been the origin, and course of development, of man's actually attained faculties and that seemingly divine particle of reason or spirit in him." This "vision," too, reinforces "the deep original materialism or earthliness of human nature itself, bound so intimately to the sensuous world."

And Pater's "vision," elaborated with such grace and refinement of phrase as has rarely been achieved in English, thrives amongst a great and increasing number of people to-day. The esthetic turn which he strove to give it has disappeared. But I have endeavored to point out how fragile, in theory no less than in fact, was the link which Pater took great pains to forge between the materialist creed of sensation and his own personal application of the creed. Setting up the higher life of the individual, moral, religious, poetic, as of the greatest esthetic charm was a superior sort of ornamentation but could not be made an integral part of the Epicurean way of life; for any classification of pleasures could hold good only for the person who himself made it. Consequently, while, among the many, pleasures are reckoned differently as to worth, sensationalism itself—the essence of Pater's "vision"—flourishes as the only credible gospel of our modern age.

The reasons are fairly simple. It is probable that most people who accept as explanatory the scientific hypothesis of a mechanical world never reflect that on such terms their "choosing" any "way of life" whatever is equally a delusion. Even those, however, who are conscious of the meaning of this hypothesis have on their hands, so to say, a belief so at variance with their nature that in practice they *act* from day to day as if they were not mere predetermined mechanisms. Almost none, nevertheless, regards the notion of a mechanical world as simply a piece of interesting although disheartening speculation. It is true that a few men, such as Sir Oliver Lodge, still argue ably and plausibly against the acceptance

of this bleak hypothesis, but no weight seems, with the many, to attach to their effort. Yet even if numerous persons were convinced by the arguments of a Sir Oliver Lodge, they would be convinced only of the possibility of a mild theism—and people do not act on possibilities. They act alone on what they take to be certainties. And they believe readily in their half-perceptions of scientific "truth" because of the seemingly irrefragable proof offered by the practical triumphs of natural science. The modern uses of steam and electricity, the phonograph, the automobile, the aeroplane—these countless new things which are revolutionizing the earth seem overwhelming evidence that the assumptions of natural science are at long last rock-bottom truth. These assumptions, moreover, in the eyes of most, exclude everything for which men in other ages have lived except immediate sensations grasped from dying moment to dying moment—except these and the pursuit, on the part of a smaller number, of power in the shape of great wealth. And while to some these exclusions make life an empty mockery, to many others they come as a grateful release. With comprehensible joy the "natural man" welcomes pronouncements which make his inclinations respectable—a creed which both positively and negatively makes over the world in his own image, "reinforcing the deep original materialism or earthliness of human nature itself, bound so intimately to the sensuous world." This is the creed to which, probably, the vulgar man in any age most easily takes. And in an age secular and equalitarian, where the tyranny of the masses is keenly felt, the cheering message of "do-as-you-please-and-don't-care-a-damn" is bound to appear. The crowd would like nothing better, and at the same moment the high priests of our age, its men of science, providentially seem to give the message official sanction and the weight of their authority.

Other gospels are much talked of. Very recently we have had altogether remarkable examples of the way in which patriotism may fire whole nations; but the emptiness of patriotism as a permanent way of life and its efficacy for only a brief period of great emergency were at the same time proved with equal clearness. And no one can seriously doubt that, however much fine talk we hear of hopeful substitutes for an out-of-date morality and an out-of-date religion, the hopeful substitute actually in use among a very great number of us is the materialist creed of sensation. Proof lies everywhere around us. It is to be found in every aspect of the daily life of the nations. It is vividly reflected in our newspapers, our periodicals, our novels. From great wealth of material a single

illustration may be cited, but one the more striking that the author of *Saint's Progress*, Mr. John Galsworthy, is generally supposed to represent, as far as family and nurture and fastidious high-mindedness go, the best our age can do. Readers of this gentleman's books pride themselves upon having "the best." They feel, too, that their author improves as well as amuses them, since he is widely known as a moralist. Well, there is nothing to complain of in the plot of this recent novel. What there is in it to the present purpose lies entirely in Mr. Galsworthy's presentation of the heroine, Noel Pierson, and the clergyman her father. The poor clergyman is pictured as stupidly not believing in life, while his daughter engagingly does. There is no need of summarizing the story to make the point clear; I shall simply quote the meditations of Noel upon receiving a letter from her "saintly" father—a letter in which he expresses the wish that she should not marry a man, James Fort, who has, or has just had, a cousin of Noel's (Leila) for mistress: "He wanted *her* to pass the time—not to live, not to enjoy! To pass the time. What else had he been doing himself, all these years, ever since she could remember, ever since her mother died, but just passing the time? Passing the time because he did not believe in this life; not living at all, just preparing for the life he did believe in. Denying everything that was exciting and nice, so that when he died he might pass pure and saintly to his other world. He could not believe Captain Fort a good man, because he had not passed the time, and resisted Leila; and Leila was gone! And now it was a sin for him to love some one else; he must pass the time again. 'Daddy doesn't believe in life,' she thought. . . . 'Daddy's a saint; but I don't want to be a saint, and pass the time. He doesn't mind making people unhappy, because the more they're repressed, the saintlier they'll be.'"

And there you obviously are! The words themselves say just how real is the higher life, as it was once called, to either Noel or Mr. Galsworthy. To live the higher life—as Mr. Galsworthy plainly shows in his portraiture of the Reverend Edward Pierson—is simply not to live at all, is just "to pass the time." This writer apparently does not realize that there can be other than a purely negative side to the life of a man of principles. To live means to enjoy—in this case to indulge one's sexual appetite for its own sake, which is manfully taking the bull by the horns. For, of course, on such terms there can be no other Epicurean roses that are not worth plucking.

Indeed, where the materialist creed of sensation leads is not

doubtful, nor is its ending-place a new discovery. Long ago Plutarch remarked that a man had better be a pig than an Epicurean; that, in other words, a healthy pig approaches the Cyrenaic ideal more closely than a being endowed with human faculties can. For man unfortunately, even with the best intentions, cannot escape some occasional thoughts of past and future, of death and its pain and mystery, of "real good and real evil," and the like. This, alas, is still true; yet I do not mean by implication to commend asceticism. For better, for worse, we are in and of this present world, here and now, and we are not ourselves unless we make the most of it. But I do mean that there is more in human nature than the sensationalist or his bosom-friend, the popularizer of natural science, perceives, and that the stream of man's experiences turns sooner or later to ashes in his mouth unless he directs his life of sensation to some end beyond itself. And I do mean that there is in human nature the capacity to judge of ends. The Dauphin of France says, after the battle near Angiers in *King John*:

"There's nothing in this world can make me joy:  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,  
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness."

So it ever was and ever must be with the man who abandons himself to the stream of outward experience, even though for a space all may seem to go marvelously well with him. This gospel indeed is a gospel of the despair of life, no matter how cunningly a Pater or an Aristippus of rich and genial temperament may disguise the fact. And thoughtful materialists do not rest their case on its "exciting and nice" aspects, but on its supposed ineluctable truth no matter how tragically inhuman it be. No man of sense, moreover, can deny the substantial truth of the descriptive formulas of natural science in their own sphere. And none wishes to. But the personal world of the individual—precisely that world in which the sensationalist does take refuge after a fashion—is a different sphere which natural science does not and cannot know. The inner world of his own being is an immediate reality which no living man can doubt in his activity from day to day; yet science can subsist only by framing hypotheses which disregard or deny this world. The significance of the fact is plain, and cannot long remain obscured as now it seems to be. Its meaning can be none other than that man, as far as he is conscious of himself, is different, not in degree, but in kind, from all phenomena of the natural world. This striking,



central fact of human nature is of momentous import, and it is a fact certain and incontrovertible. The sensationalist is at one with wiser men when he tells us that only in proportion as man makes the utmost of the material of his own inner world does he really live, is he fully a man. But there is more within us than sensations. We give as much to our perceptions as we take from them; and we live lives perilously at variance with our real selves if we do not follow this primary truth to the discovery, as far as may be, of the meaning and substance and weight of our inner selves. Even the young Marius was aware of a "loyal conscience. . . . deciding, judging himself and every one else, with a wonderful sort of authority"; he had intuitions, too, of "a fierce opposition of real good and real evil around him." These things were without meaning and absurd according to his own philosophy, yet Pater was betrayed into speaking of them just because they are our unique heritage as human beings and are immediately known by all of us, the more clearly as we let them speak. Nor only this; for in that "other world" of the individual's inner self lies—in the "particle of spirit" in him not "seemingly" but truly divine—his only secure direction through life's perplexed paths;—the only certain guide for even the proudest man, to save him from ultimate emptiness and disillusion in the wreck of earthly hopes.

Walter Pater certainly felt the unique quality of the individual. And if he felt this rather than saw its meaning, it still entered to good purpose into the character of all his work. It saved him from any attempt to elaborate a rigid philosophical "system"; it kept his presentment of his thinking ever literary or concrete in form, rather than abstract. And I cannot end without saying any word about this and other great excellences which color all his writing. I have been concerned only to examine afresh Pater's interpretation of life. About this I have felt bound to speak plainly. Yet incidentally his books are full of the rare charm and rightness of an altogether distinguished mind. Such excellences can hardly palliate or excuse Pater's central weakness; but the humanity of the man, the unobtrusiveness of his scholarship, his scrupulous, never-failing good taste with its perfection of manner, his gift—amounting to genius—for the precise expression of his meaning, his lessons of comeliness and grace so needed by the age—these things and more tinge one's judgment with profound regret. Would that one could finally say of him without misgiving: "He had understanding of righteousness, and discerned great and marvelous wonders: and he prevailed with the Most High, and is numbered among the saintly company."

## THE MAN-MADE GOD.

BY CHARLES SLOAN REID.

WHEN heathen gods had tumbled, as mankind's conceit arose,  
And Heaven's earthly-imaged band had passed into repose  
That all the hosts Elysian into one should be combined,  
A spirit God, invisible, yet with a form defined—  
No longer reigned in thought the type of grotesque moulded delf—  
The God that man created was the image of himself.

And in the limitations of the finite human mind  
The grasp of hateless Godhood no suitable hold could find ;  
The sum of mortal weaknesses, of jealousies and spite,  
Of greed and petty rancor, and the lust of vengeful might  
Defined the worshiped Being as half demon and half elf—  
The God that man created in the image of himself.

Endowed with traits thus fitting, man's ally his God became,  
To ape from Heaven man's passions to glorify His name.  
From some remote retreat supposed to lie beyond the stars,  
He sanctifies man's avarice and justifies his wars ;  
He sanctions wholesale murder and revenge for looted pelf—  
The God that man created in the image of himself.

Invoked on any pretext of mankind's religious zeal,  
He qualifies false prophets to destroy the common weal,  
He serves the mad fanatic, and the lunatic of dreams,  
And glories in the slaughter that befouls the peaceful streams.  
As soulless as the figure that adorns the heathen's shelf  
Is God that man created in the image of himself.

## HEINRICH HEINE'S RELIGION.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

A GREAT deal has been put forth by Heine's friends and foes alike on the subject of his religious belief or unbelief, and, as it seems to me, with small profit or edification. After the Heine-lovers and the Heine-haters have had their voluminous say, one has still to ask oneself the pertinent question—"What was Heine's religion?"

But ere we attempt to suggest an answer to the query, let it be noted *imprimis*, that the poet is himself mainly responsible for the confusion among his apologists and denounciators. Each and all, they are able to make a case out of his writings, public and private—an *ex parte* case, to be sure—and still a candid reader may well feel that the truth has eluded them. For this we can only blame the extraordinary mental and spiritual elasticity of Heine—not his love of mockery, his inherent irreverence or ungodliness, as his censors would put it. Indeed, if Heine were the out-and-out mocker and desecrator that he has been painted, it would not be worth while to waste a page under the above heading. He has written abundantly both prose and verse which give the lie to such a character.

But there is, undeniably, a great difficulty in getting at the truth and doing him the measure of justice to which a writer of his high rank is entitled. And this difficulty arises from his possession of the most versatile and contradictory sympathies as regards religion—a condition, be it said, which offers certain advantages to the poet, but is fatal to the sectary or theologian.

Heine at times praised and admired all the creeds—even, though very rarely, the Creed of Infidelity—and then again at times mocked them all and branded them with the light iron of satire. He was born a Jew, and, as we shall see, he reverted in the end to his first belief in a personal God—the God of Israel. But yet he condemned

the Jews as "an accursed race who came from Egypt, the land of crocodiles and priestcraft, and brought with them, besides certain skin diseases and the vessels of gold and silver that they stole, a so-called positive religion and a so-called church."

This is giving the sword to the hilt; the satire of Heine has yielded nothing more deadly. And yet a man might write so and still believe in God.

He might even sketch this poetic picture of the Man-God and his Mission (by the way, no florid Chateaubriand, no Christian pietistic writer whatever, has come anywhere near it)—

"Then he poured wine to all the other gods from left to right, ladling the sweet nectar from the bowl, and laughter unquenchable arose amid the blessed gods to see Hephaistos bustling through the palace. So they feasted all day till the setting of the sun; nor was their soul aught stinted of the fair banquet, nor of the beauteous lyre that Apollo held and the Muses singing alternately with their sweet voices.—(The Iliad.)

"When suddenly a pale, breathless, blood-stained Jew entered, bearing a crown of thorns on his head, and on his shoulder a great cross of wood. And he threw this cross upon the gods' great banquet table! The golden goblets were shaken, the gods were stricken dumb, they grew pale and ever paler till at last they faded away into vapor."

This is mere literature, perhaps—a purple patch, if you will; but it could not have been written by a coarse mocker and hater of religion.

Heine angrily repudiated this character, which his enemies sought to fasten upon him, and declared that those who called him a second Voltaire did him too much honor. "I do not hate the altar," he said, "but I hate those serpents which lurk under the ruined stones of old altars." Again, he declared himself a friend of the State and of religion, but "I hate that abortion which is called State-religion—that object of derision born from the concubinage of temporal and spiritual power."

His hatred of State-religion is intelligible enough, remembering what he had to suffer from official intolerance in Germany. "Were there no State-religions," he affirms, "no privileges pertaining to a dogma and a cult, Germany would be united and strong, her sons would be great and free."

Again he asserts: "I honor the inner holiness of each religion. . . . If I have no special veneration for anthropomorphism, yet I believe in the omnipotence of God."

These quotations I have purposely made from writings of his prime, when his genius and intellectual activity were at flood-tide. Surely they afford small warrant for the judgment that writes him down as an atheist and a flouter of all things sacred.

I have spoken of his versatile sympathies in regard to different religions, which sprang no doubt in part from his great culture, but I believe mainly from the richness of his artistic endowment. Indeed, as proving his poetic sympathy with religious forms and beliefs otherwise alien to him, I may quote here his words regarding the Roman Catholic Church, written toward the end of his life. Treating of a rumor that he had turned Catholic (which arose from his having married Mathilde according to the Catholic rite<sup>1</sup>), Heine says:

"I cannot be accused of fanatical hostility toward the Roman Catholic Church, for I always lacked the narrow-mindedness which is necessary for such animosity. I am too well acquainted with my own spiritual stature not to know that I could not do much harm to a colossus like St. Peter's by a crazy assault. . . . As a thinker and metaphysician I had even to pay my tribute of admiration to the consistency of the Roman Catholic dogma; and I can pride myself on never having fought either dogma or rites with wit and satire; I have been shown too much honor and dishonor in being called an intellectual kinsman of Voltaire. I have always been a poet, and therefore the poetry which flowers and glows in the symbolism of the Catholic dogma and worship, has been more profoundly revealed to me than to other people, and in my youth I was not infrequently overwhelmed by the infinite sweetness, the mysterious and holy sentimentality, and the strange deathlonging of that poetry. Often I was filled with enthusiasm for the blessed Queen of Heaven. I turned into stately rhymes the legends of her grace and goodness, and my first collected poems contain traces of that beautiful Madonna-period, which I expunged with such absurd care in later collections."

Certain it is that literature has been greatly enriched by Heine's versatile, even contrasted, moods in regard to religion.

<sup>1</sup> In regard to his marriage, after admitting that it had been performed in a Jesuit church (St. Sulpice), Heine says in his *Confessions*:

"I had my marriage solemnized there following the civil ceremony, because my wife, being of a Catholic family, believed that she would not be properly married, in the sight of God, without such a ceremony. Unbelief is, besides, very dangerous in marriage; however free-thinking I may have been, there could never be spoken in my house one frivolous word."

He has written elsewhere: "Beautiful women without any religion are like flowers without scent."

However the moods may have varied during his years of health and full activity, he seems not to have changed his practice—which was to have the least possible to do with churches and churchmen. He parted with Lutheranism immediately upon leaving the church where he had been baptized as a convert, and he left his newly taken Christian names behind him.<sup>2</sup>

But now we come to the story of the last years and the formal recantation of his religious heresies. It is not the least interesting and extraordinary phase of an unexampled career. The so-called "death-bed repentance" of Heine has been greatly exaggerated by those who regarded him as an arch-mocker and sinner against light, expiating his offenses under a signal act of Divine chastisement. The effect of such a moral lesson, even when in the fullest sense edifying, is rather doubtful in our modern eyes. After all, the man's life alone is conclusive; his death changes nothing. Napoleon teaching the Catechism at St. Helena does not approximate him to St. Francis of Assisi. On the other hand, Voltaire's alleged recantation of infidelity has not in the slightest degree altered his terrible role as the Hammer of Christianity. Nor have Heine's late concessions to the religious spirit and the moral change in him wrought by his "mattress-grave" reflections, much availed to change the purport of his life and work. It is true the world was startled to hear from *Eulenspiegel* a strain that seemed to belong to the Man of Uz; but the plagiarism was never very convincing—and *Eulenspiegel* had the last word.

But lest we ourselves sin against grace, it is beyond doubt that the terrible afflictions of Heine's last years moved him to sober thought and a sensible revision of his attitude toward the Eternal Truths. In all apparent earnestness he declares: "I owe the resurrection of my religious feeling to that holy book, the Bible; and it was for me as much a source of health as an occasion for pious admiration. Strange that, after having passed all my life in gliding about the dancing-floors of Philosophy and abandoning myself to all the orgies of intellect, and dallying with systems that never satisfied me—I have suddenly taken my stand on the Bible and knelt in devotion beside my black brother, Uncle Tom!"

To Julius Campe, his publisher, he writes in 1850—six years before the end:

<sup>2</sup> This is not strictly correct. At his Lutheran baptism he took the names of Christian Johann Heinrich. His parents had named him Harry, not Heinrich, after an English friend of his father. The change was a fortunate one, and so much credit at least should be allowed to his "conversion."

"I have not become a hypocrite, but I will not play tricks with God; as I deal honestly with men, so will I with God also, and in everything that was produced in my earlier period of blasphemy I have plucked out the fairest poisoned flowers with a firm hand, and in my physical blindness I have doubtless thrown many an innocent flower that grew side by side with them, into the fire."

In the same year he wrote (Preface to the *Romancero*):

"Yes, I have made my peace with the Creator, to the great distress of my enlightened friends, who reproached me with this backsliding into the old superstitions, as they preferred to call my return to God. I was overcome by Divine homesickness, and was driven by it through woods and valleys, over the dizziest mountain paths of dialectics. On my way I found the God of the pantheists, but I had no use for him, because he is not really a God—for the pantheists are only atheists ashamed. . . . But I must expressly contradict the rumor that my retrogression led me to the steps of any Church or to its bosom. . . . I have forsworn nothing—not even my old pagan gods, from whom I have indeed turned, though we parted in love and friendship."

To Campe in 1851 he writes, with painful significance:

"I suffer very, very much and endure the pangs of Prometheus, through the rancor of the gods who have a grudge against me because I have given men a few night-lights and farthing dips. I say 'the gods,' because I wish to say nothing about *the* God. I know *his* vultures now, and have every respect for them."

Half martyr, half mocker Heine remained even unto the end, and the cynical note constantly recurs to spoil what would have been otherwise no doubt a tremendously edifying "conversion." Good Christians will see in all this a visible contest between the poet's Good Angel and the Dark Enemy of mankind; Heine himself accounted for it characteristically enough in one of his imperfectly sanctified moods:

"A religious reaction has set in upon me for some time. God knows whether the morphine or the poultices have anything to do with it. I believe again in a personal God: to this we come when we are sick, sick to death and broken down. If the German people accept the King of Prussia in their need, why should not I accept a personal God? When health is used up, money used up also, and sound human senses destroyed, Christianity begins. . . . For the sick man it is a very good religion."

Heine's declaration of religious belief, in his Will, is of capital interest, because (as it seems to the present writer) of its essential

consistency, and also because of its deliberate character. It was not a hurried, death-bed avowal, as some have ignorantly supposed, but, on the contrary, a long-meditated, careful expression of the poet's thought and purpose. The dates put this beyond question. Heine's Will was attested in November, 1851; his death occurred in February, 1856.

Respecting religion he declares as follows in the Will:

"Although I belong to the Lutheran Confession by the act of baptism, I do not desire that the ministers of that Church should be invited to my burial; and I object to any other sort of priest officiating at my funeral. This objection does not spring from any kind of free-thinking prejudice. For the last four years I have renounced all pride of philosophy and returned to religious ideas and feelings: I die in faith in one God, the eternal Creator of the world, whose pity I beseech for my immortal soul. I regret having sometimes spoken of sacred things without due reverence in my writings, but I was led astray more by the spirit of the time than by my own inclination. If I have unwittingly offended against the good morals and the morality which is the true essence of all monotheistic doctrines of faith, I do ask pardon of God and man."

All these confessions and declarations were, I think, mainly uncalled for, and sprang from the conditions of Heine's terrible disease. Far greater sinners in kind than he have lived out man's allotted term and passed to their account without exemplary agonies. Heine's extreme self-consciousness, working with his spinal complaint, played him a sad trick: the pathological element in these tackings and veerings of conscience, this half-hearted repudiation of self, seems only too obvious. Behind it all, too, one detects the exaggerated egoism of the dying. What sick man does not view himself as the most important person in the world?—and here was one who had long occupied an intellectual throne!

A quicker or a kindlier death, and perhaps we should have had none of the edifying recantations referred to. And one can't help suspecting that in the event of a complete recovery, Heine would have ironically explained them away!

Finally, the poet deceived himself in his fever-bred fears of the old terrible Hebrew God without pity or humor; and he exaggerated the measure of his offending. Heine was not of the Titans who storm Heaven and aim their blows at the Thunder-bearer himself; and who beaten back, recoil upon their unconquerable pride.



I doubt if his writings have ever made a single infidel or caused any one to mock at the true sources of the religious sentiment. The clergy in our time have lost one of their privileges: because a man is witty they dare no longer impeach him as an enemy of God!

Charity is the most precious virtue of the Christian dispensation, and it is one which the world still receives and practises with reluctance: as we see from the memorable example of Heinrich Heine.

In the fulness of intellectual power Heine assumed various masks, at the caprice of his wonderful fantastic genius, and he has even peeped at us from behind the vizard of Mephistopheles. But he never entirely forgot that he was *a poet by the grace of God*; and the sum of his work proves him not unworthy of that divine title.

## THE SATANISM OF HUYSMANS.

BY MAXIMILIAN J. RUDWIN.

ACCORDING to an old Gnostic tradition Solomon was summoned from his tomb and asked, "Who first named the name of God?" "The Devil," he answered.<sup>1</sup> This legend comes to our mind when we think of Joris Karl Huysmans, who, it would seem, came to know the Lord through the Devil. The author of *Là-bas* has a greater right than the author of *Thirteen Diabolic Idyls* to maintain that he has gone *du diable à Dieu*.<sup>2</sup> Huysmans started on his Road to Damascus from the Valley of Hinnom. He went to Paradise by way of Purgatory. A Pilgrim's Progress reversed—*à rebours*<sup>3</sup>—it seemed at first to be. Previous to setting out *en route* for *la cathédrale* he paid a visit *là-bas*.<sup>3</sup> When he left the earth of the naturalists for the heaven of the mysticists, he put up temporarily at the satanic half-way house of the decadents. Huysmans already backslided in *A rebours*, which is considered the masterpiece of decadent literature. But it is in *Là-bas* that he makes the final break with the naturalists.<sup>4</sup> This novel marks the turning-point in his esthetic evolution. It is here that he takes the leap across the gulf which separates the world of spirit from the world of matter. *Là-bas* contains its author's profession of a new esthetic faith. This book is, moreover, a literary document as well as a literary manifesto, for it offers the model as well as the precept

<sup>1</sup> Cf. M. D. Conway, *Solomon and Solomonian Literature* (1899), p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> Adolphe Retté, author of *Thirteen Diabolic Idyls* (1898), tells the story of his conversion in a book with this title, which appeared in 1907.

<sup>3</sup> These are all titles of novels by Huysmans. They appeared in the following order: *A rebours* (1884); *Là-bas* (1891); *En route* (1895); *La cathédrale* (1898). Of the Durtal trilogy, *En route* has been translated into English by Mr. Kegan Paul (1896), and *La cathédrale* by Miss Clara Bell (1898). *Là-bas*, which, in the opinion of many critics, is superior to the other two of the trilogy, cannot well be recommended to English readers.

<sup>4</sup> André Barre, *Le symbolisme* (1911), calls *A rebours* a pistol shot at naturalism. This book started the Symbolistic reaction; cf. *Le Cinquantenaire de Charles Baudelaire* (1917), p. 22.

of the new type of literature. Its very first pages contain a definition of the principles of the new genre, of which it is to be an exemplification.

*Là-bas* opens with a dialogue between Des Hermies and Durtal, the two main characters of the novel. The conversation turns to literature. "What I object to in naturalism," says Des Hermies in the course of this discussion, "is not the dull, heavy, stone-colored effect of its clumsy style, but the filthiness of its ideas; I accuse it of having incarnated materialism in literature and of having glorified democracy in art."<sup>5</sup> Durtal, although admitting that materialism is equally repugnant to him,<sup>6</sup> feels obliged to defend naturalism against the attacks of his friend. His defense of the method which he has, until now, constantly pursued is, however, half-hearted; and when Des Hermies leaves him, he admits to himself what he would not, as yet, admit to others. He, too, has now reached a point in his esthetic development where naturalism no longer fully satisfies him. He, too, has begun to find fault with the naturalists, but, as yet, fails to see how it will be possible for him to avoid their blunders without committing the greater errors of their opponents. But just at the moment when he believes he has arrived at an impasse in his thoughts, he is inspired with a new literary ideal, and he attempts to define it to himself in the following words:

"It is essential to preserve the veracity of the document, the precision of detail, the fibrous and nervous strength of language, which realism has supplied; but it is also equally essential to draw water from the wells of the soul, and not to attempt to explain what is mysterious by mental malady. The novel ought, if possible, to fall naturally into two divisions, which must, none the less, be welded together, or rather interfused—just as they are in life—the history of the soul and the history of the body, and should concern itself with their action and their reaction, with their conflict and their union. It is essential, in a word, to follow the highroad so deeply dug by Zola; but it is also necessary to trace a parallel pathway in the air, another road, by which we may reach the Beyond, to achieve thus a spiritual naturalism, which will have a pride, a perfection and a strength all its own."<sup>7</sup>

The new shibboleth, then, is spiritual naturalism. The new art

<sup>5</sup> *Là-bas*, pp. 1f.

<sup>6</sup> Huysmans has traveled far away from the views he held but seven years before this when he set his name to a profession of materialism in the *Revue indépendante* of May, 1884.

<sup>7</sup> *Là-bas*, p. 6.

which Huysmans—the names Huysmans and Durtal are now used interchangeably—wishes to inaugurate, is to be a synthesis of body and spirit, of matter and mind, of the seen and the unseen. From now on Huysmans will supplement physical observation with psychological observation. His reform, as we shall see, extends to substance rather than to manner and method. This member of the group known as *l'école de Médan*<sup>8</sup> does not wholly disentangle himself from the ideas of the naturalists. Although he now repudiates certain of their doctrines, he clings to their methods of work.<sup>9</sup> He is a dissenter of the naturalist school, and yet a naturalist. As a matter of fact, the Fleming Huysmans—and he could not and would not be anything but a Fleming<sup>10</sup>—was a naturalist by temperament rather than by conviction. From this moment he will apply the experimental method of the naturalists to the supernatural as well as to the natural.<sup>11</sup> Chaos and chimeras will not be treated by him differently from the real world of real men and women.

The novelty of his ideas pleases our author, whose ambition it has always been to differ from all others of his craft. Here was an opportunity to get out of the rut, to conquer virgin territory. This spiritual naturalism, this attempt to treat spiritual phenomena in a naturalistic way, is, in his belief, wholly his own invention. Dostoyevsky, he admits, comes very near this literary form. But this Russian writer, he adds, is "moins un réaliste surélevé qu'un socialiste évangélique" (less a higher realist than an evangelical socialist),<sup>12</sup> who has given the most beautiful expression to that deep pity for human suffering, which is so characteristic of Russian literature.<sup>13</sup> Huysmans might have added, however, that this mystic, ecstatic visionary allows only his abnormal characters, in their

<sup>8</sup> The group took its name from the place where its master Zola had his country home. The young naturalists published in 1880 a collection of stories, in Decameron-like fashion, under the title of *Soirées de Médan*. "Sac-au-Dos" was Huysmans's contribution to this volume. Huysmans was Zola's favorite disciple.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. René Doumic's essay on Huysmans, which appeared under the title "Les décadents du christianisme" in the volume *Les jeunes: études et portraits* (1896), pp. 52-84. This essay is included in the English volume which was published in 1899 under the title *Contemporary French Novelists*. Paul Levin, in his book *Den naturalistiske Roman* (1907), considers Huysmans as a consistent naturalist.

<sup>10</sup> Cf. Dom A. Du Bourg, *Huysmans intime* (1908), p. 22.

<sup>11</sup> Cf. A. Thorold, *Six Masters in Disillusion* (1909), p. 92, and the abbé P. Belleville, *La conversion de Huysmans* (n. d.), p. 67.

<sup>12</sup> *Là-bas*, p. 7.

<sup>13</sup> Cf. the writer's article "The Gloom and Glory of Russian Literature," *Open Court*, XXXII (1918), p. 406.

hallucinations, to lift the veil and catch a glimpse of the spirit world. It is true that he analyzes the minds of his characters, but a state of mind must be produced by a corresponding state of body for him to be a fact. While Dostoyevsky thus is a consistent naturalist, philosophically as well as esthetically, Huysmans, by giving validity to psychical phenomena as such, abandons naturalism as a philosophy.

However, Huysmans's debt to Russian writers was greater than he was willing to admit. To begin with, it was under the influence of Russian fiction that French novelists welcomed Christian ideas.<sup>14</sup> Furthermore, it was in imitation of Dostoyevsky, who, on account of his interest in the demonic element in human nature, was called the Great Demon,<sup>15</sup> that the supernaturalism in Huysmans first took the form of the diabolical. Yet it would be wrong to claim a wholly foreign origin for the satanism of Huysmans. It is quite evident that his satanism is directly descended from the diabolism of Baudelaire<sup>16</sup> and of Barbey d'Aureville, which, in its turn, may be traced back to the satanic Catholicism of Chateaubriand.<sup>17</sup> Of further influence on our author was the painter Félicien Rops, to whom he devoted the longest chapter in his book of art criticisms, *Certains* (1889).<sup>18</sup> Rops's series of paintings *Les sataniques* and Barbey d'Aureville's collection of stories *Les diaboliques* (1874) were sponsors to Huysmans's *Là-bas*.

But greater than the influence from books and paintings was Huysmans's own natural bent toward diabolism. "Sa gravitation est du côté des Ténèbres," wrote Léon Bloy in his review of *Là-bas*, "son abominable livre ne permet plus d'en douter." (His gravitation is toward the Kingdom of Darkness; his abominable book permits

<sup>14</sup> The neo-Christian influence of the Russian novelists on French literature began with the publication of *Le roman russe* by Vogüé in 1886. The Russian influence on French literature is discussed by V. Charbonnel, *Les Mystics dans la littérature présente* (1897), pp. 1-34. Cf. also Doumic, *Contemporary French Novelists* (1899), p. 352, and *Quarterly Review*, CXC (1899), p. 81.

<sup>15</sup> Cf. the writer's review of Scarborough's *The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction*, *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, XVII (1918), p. 450. To Mr. Robert Lynd (*Old and New Masters*) Dostoyevsky's whole world is "an inferno."

<sup>16</sup> F. Brunetière, *Questions de critique*, (3d ed., 1897), p. 255, calls Huysmans an imitator in prose of Baudelaire; cf. also *Gentleman's Magazine*, CCLXXXI (1896), p. 597, *La Revue*, CXIV (1916), p. 423, and *Revue des Pyrénées*, CCI (1918), p. 33.

<sup>17</sup> Cf. Barre, *op. cit.*, p. 33, and A. L. Guérard, *French Prophets of Yesterday* (1914), p. 35.

<sup>18</sup> A description of these paintings will also be found in G. Coquiote, *Le vrai J.-K. Huysmans* (1912), p. 86ff.

no more doubt on this point.)<sup>19</sup> We shall hear, from Huysmans himself, the reason for a man's inclination toward satanism: "The execration of impotence, the hatred of mediocrity—that is perhaps one of the most indulgent definitions of diabolism."<sup>20</sup> Life to Huysmans was revolting in the highest degree. He felt a horror for contemporary banality, vulgarity and insipidity. The human soul was to him bankrupt, defunct. The stupidity of men and the ugliness of things filled him with bitter despair. How bitter his weariness of life was may again be learned from his own lips: "I am simply bored to death. . . . I am bored by myself, independently of place, of home, of books. . . . Bored by myself—ah, yes, most heartily! How tired I am of watching myself, of trying to detect the secret of my disgust and contentiousness. When I contemplate my life I could sum it up thus: the past has been horrible; the present seems to me feeble and desolate; the future—it's appalling."<sup>21</sup> "No one," says Havelock Ellis, "had a deeper sense of the distressing state of human affairs than Huysmans."<sup>22</sup> For this frightful mess in this best of all possible worlds there could for Huysmans only be one explanation, which is, that, in the eternal combat between the good and the evil spirits, the evil spirit has finally gained the upper hand, and that the mastery of the world now resides with the Devil. "Manicheism," says Huysmans through the mouth of Des Hermies, "is one of the most ancient, the simplest of religions, at all events, the religion which explains best the abominable mess of the present time."<sup>23</sup> For the good of humanity as well as for his own good, a man with this view of the world may take sides with the baffled spirit of good, yet he cannot but show an interest mingled with admiration for the victorious spirit of evil.

Moreover, the taste of Huysmans for all that is artificial and high in flavor, as seen in *A rebours*, inclines him toward demonism. Decadentism passes almost imperceptibly into diabolism. The secret sympathy which unites him with the eccentricities of all ages, as evinced in his selection of the type of Des Esseintes, makes him now write the history of Gilles de Rais, the Des Esseintes of the

<sup>19</sup> Cf. Léon Bloy, *Sur la tombe de Huysmans* (1913), p. 53.

<sup>20</sup> *Là-bas*, p. 76.

<sup>21</sup> *La cathédrale*, p. 220.

<sup>22</sup> Havelock Ellis, *Affirmations* (2d ed., 1915), p. 161.

<sup>23</sup> *Là-bas*, p. 84.

fifteenth century as he himself calls him.<sup>24</sup> But this medieval satanist serves only as the author's *point d'appui* for a portrayal of contemporary demonomania. Huysmans skilfully interweaves medieval satanism with its modern manifestations. His real aim is not to reconstruct the history of a medieval satanist, but to show the hysterical folly of the demonomaniacs of his day.

It is not altogether evident from the novel *Là-bas* whether or no Huysmans himself really believed in the existence of a satanic cult in Paris. In later writings, however, he expressed his firm belief that Satan-worship was prevalent not only in Paris but all over France and Belgium.<sup>25</sup> The principal proofs of the existence of satanism for him were the frequent thefts of consecrated wafers throughout France, which, as he presumed, were employed in the celebration of the Black Mass.<sup>26</sup>

In *Là-bas* Huysmans seems to have in mind the modern Rosicrucians, illuminists, spiritualists and other occultists of the type of the Marquis de Guaita and Josephin Péladan, but in his prefatory essay to Bois's *Le satanisme et la magie* the Masons are included among the Devil-worshipers, although, to be sure, they are called Luciferians instead of satanists and thus rendered slightly less

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 68. Huysmans has also published his study of Gilles de Rais separately under the title *La sorcellerie en Poitou. Gilles de Rais* (1897). The crimes of this original Bluebeard are also detailed by Mr. Baring-Gould in his *Book of Werewolves* (1865).

<sup>25</sup> The satanic cult of France was, on the whole, of a very harmless nature. It appears to have been carried on by small groups of poets, who would meet on a Sunday evening to read their verses written in praise of the Prince of Darkness; cf. L. Maigrin, *Le romantisme et les mœurs* (1910), p. 187. It is not the object of this paper to go into this matter at length, but the reader who is interested in this question will find ample material in the following books and magazine articles: Alexandre Erdan, *La France mystique* (1853); Charles Sauvestre, *Les congrégations religieuses dévoilées* (1867); Stanislas de Guaita, *Essais de sciences maudites* (1886). Marquis de Guaita was at the head of the Rosicrucian Society, which was founded in Paris in 1888. M. Jules Bois, author of *Les petites religions de Paris* (1893) and *Le satanisme et la magie* (1893), has constituted himself the historian of satanism and even loves to pose as the Devil's evangelist. Of interest to the reader will also be Miss Marie A. Belloc's interview with Jules Bois, which appeared under the title "Satanism: Ancient and Modern" in the London monthly magazine *Humanitarian*, XI (1897), pp. 81-87. M. Bois's views on satanism are also detailed in the article by Thomas Walsh, "The Amateurs of Satan," in the *Bookman*, IX (1899), pp. 220-223. M. Bois has in recent years found competitors in R. Schwaeblé, who has written the novel *Chez Satan: Roman de mœurs de satanistes contemporains* (1906), and the study *Le satanisme flagellé: Satanistes contemporains, incubat, succubat, sadisme et satanisme* (1912), and in Joanny Bricaud, author of *J. K. Huysmans et le satanisme* (1913) and of *Le satanisme contemporain*. The Poles, who have always proven to be apt pupils of the French, have also caught the satanic fever. The noted Polish novelist Stanislas Przybyszewski, author of *Homo sapiens*, has also written a study on satanism and magic under the title *The Synagogue of Satan*.

<sup>26</sup> Cf. Huysmans's preface to Bois's book on satanism, pp. x-xv.

odious. The distinction between these two classes of diabolists consists in the fact that while the satanists worship the Devil as the spirit of evil, the Luciferians see in him the spirit of good. Huysmans put his faith in the "revelations" of the anti-Masonic writers of his day. The accusations of Devil-worship and immorality against the Masons, with which Europe was flooded toward the end of the last century, were called forth by the papal encyclical "Humanum Genus," in which the faithful were urged to "snatch from Freemasonry the mask with which it is covered, and to let it be seen what it really is." The snowball was set rolling by Leo Taxil, who, in the very year of his conversion, gave to the world the first of his "complete revelations concerning Freemasonry" in the shape of two volumes called *The Brethren of the Three Points* (1884).<sup>27</sup> This great accuser of the Masons was followed by others, chief among whom were Mgr. Léon Meurin, S. J., archbishop of Port-Louis in Mauritius, author of *The Freemasonry: the Synagogue of Satan* (1893), and Signor Domenico Margiotta, commander of a pontifical order, whose chief book of accusation is *The Palladism as Cult of Satan-Lucifer* (1895).<sup>28</sup> He received from the pope the apostolic benediction for his denunciation of the Masons, his former associates. Other anti-Masonic writers were Paul Rosen, author of *Satan and Company* (1888), Jean Kostka (pseud., Jules Doinel), who wrote *Lucifer Unmasked* (1895), Dr. Bataille, whose novel *The Devil in the Nineteenth Century* appeared in serial form in 1892-1895, and Miss Diana Vaughan, who in her *Memoirs of an Ex-Palladist* claimed to have seen Lucifer as a very handsome young man, clad in a golden *maillot*, and seated on a throne of diamonds.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>27</sup> Other books by Leo Taxil are: *The Cult of the Grand Architect* (1886); *Sister Masons, or Ladies' Freemasonry* (1888); and *Are There Women in Freemasonry?* (1891).

<sup>28</sup> Obviously Signor Domenico Margiotta does not uphold the distinction between satanists and Luciferians marked by Huysmans.

<sup>29</sup> It is now generally believed that Leo Taxil, Dr. Bataille and Miss Diana were all different pseudonyms of Gabriel Jogand-Pagès, who started his literary career as editor of *L'Anti-Clérical*, an anti-clerical paper of the lowest type. He kept up the deception as long as he could, and, on the eve of being exposed, publicly confessed that it was all a hoax (1897); cf. A. L. Guérard, *French Civilization in the Nineteenth Century* (1914), p. 274. The reader who is interested in this Catholic-Masonic controversy is referred to the following writers: Arthur Lillie, *The Worship of Satan in Modern France* (1896); Bräunlich, *Der neueste Teufelsschwindel* (1897); Charles Henry, "Der entlarvte Lucifer" in the Stuttgart Socialist monthly *Die neue Zeit*, XV (1897), Part II, pp. 490-498. The best short account is given by F. Legge in his article "Devil-Worship and Freemasonry" in *The Contemporary Review*, LXX (1896), pp. 468-483. The fairest presentation of the whole matter is Arthur Edward Waite's *Devil-Worship in France* (1896). The present writer has drawn chiefly upon Legge and Waite in the preparation of this part of his paper.



Huysmans has many surprises for the American reader. He will learn first of all that Devil-worship existed in his own country as well as in Europe, and that Americans were at the head of two international associations for the Propagation of the Faith in the Prince of Darkness. The "Ré-Theurgists-Optimates,"<sup>30</sup> founded in 1855, with headquarters in America, had for their grand master, it is claimed, no less a person than the poet Longfellow, whose official title was "Grand-Prêtre du Nouveau Magisme Evocateur" (High Priest of the New Evocatory Sorcery).<sup>31</sup> At the head of the other diabolical organization stood the Southern poet General Albert Pike, who was called "le vicaire du Très-Bas, le pontife installé dans la Rome infernale" (the vicar of the Very-Low, the pontiff installed in the Infernal Rome), by which Infernal Rome our good Southern town Charleston is meant.<sup>32</sup>

The impression must not be gained, however, that all the diabolism in *Là-bas* was evolved out of the author's imagination. As a matter of fact, Huysmans had no imaginative power whatsoever.<sup>33</sup> As a naturalist he relied wholly on observation and documentation for his material, and, as has already been stated, the infernal phenomena were now treated by him in the same manner which he had until then employed in his description of earthly things. He must have read hundreds of folios and collected mountains of notes in the preparation of this book. Léon Bloy calls it a cataclysm of documents. In this novel, this writer continues, Huysmans shows himself more than ever "une cataracte du ciel documentaire" (a cataract from a sky of documents).<sup>34</sup> He supplemented his reading by personal observation. He zealously fre-

<sup>30</sup> This extraordinary phrase is, as Mr. Legge suggests, "apparently compounded of three languages: *Optimates* is used by Cicero for the aristocratic as opposed to the popular party; *Theurgos* is one who works wonders by means of the gods, . . . *Ré* is, apparently, the Egyptian sun-god Ra," who seems to have been confused with the Egyptian demon Set-Typhon; cf. *Contemporary Review*, LXX (1896), p. 472, note.

<sup>31</sup> *Là-bas*, p. 95. Huysmans innocently follows his authorities, who, ludicrously enough, confused the poet Longfellow with a Scotchman by the same name, said to have helped in the organization of the "New Reformed Palladium"; cf. Waite, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

<sup>32</sup> Cf. Huysmans's preface to Bois's book, p. xv. Albert Pike is alleged to have introduced into France, in 1881, together with the Mormon Bishop John Taylor, the so-called "Maçonnerie Palladique" (Palladic, i. e., Luciferian, Masonry). For a detailed discussion of the whole affair see Waite, *op. cit.*, pp. 32ff.

<sup>33</sup> Cf. Rémy de Gourmont, *Promenades littéraires*, 3d series (5th ed, 1916), p. 15.

<sup>34</sup> Cf. Léon Bloy, *op. cit.*, p. 53.

quented, for several years previous to the publication of *Là-bas*, the circles of the occultists and spiritualists in Paris.<sup>35</sup> A great part of his information, in regard to the machinations of unfrocked priests was furnished by an ex-abbé named Boullan, in Lyons.<sup>36</sup> This ex-abbé, who figures in *Là-bas* as Dr. Johannès, an exorcist, was well competent to furnish the information, since he himself committed the acts which he laid at the door of his opponents. While he hoodwinked Huysmans in regard to the character of his own work, he could well speak with authority on contemporary satanism. It is needless to say that the description of the Black Mass, which is so marvelously painted in all its revolting details, was not taken from observation. The reader cannot bring himself to believe that practices of this kind still existed in modern times. Huysmans never attended a Black Mass,<sup>37</sup> and, we trust, never met a woman of the type of Mme. Chantelouve. The details of the Black Mass were derived from witches' trials and supplemented by a study of the life of Vintras, a wonderworker, who was charged by two former members of his sect with the celebration of the Black Mass.<sup>38</sup>

While not altogether trustworthy in regard to modern satanism, Huysmans's presentation of medieval demonology and witchcraft is, on the whole, rather sound. *Là-bas* was not meant to be a novel in the ordinary sense of the word. Huysmans with his naturalistic pretensions to scientific accuracy intended it to be a serious study, and in the journal *Echo de Paris*, where it first appeared, it has as subtitle "Etude sur le satanisme." *Là-bas* is, indeed, a storehouse of occult sciences. We learn in this book all about ecclesiology, liturgy, astrology, therapy, alchemy, theology, theosophy, cabbalism, spiritualism, theurgy, sorcery, necromancy, sadism, vampirism, incubism, succubism, and all other varieties of black magic, in addition to somewhat more conventional subjects, ranging from painting to cooking. We are, moreover, told, as has already been stated, the history of Gilles de Rais, we are instructed in regard to the meaning of the sacrifice of Melchisedek, and we are informed concerning the person of the Antichrist and the teachings of Paracelsus. The central episode of this frightful book, as it has

<sup>35</sup> Cf. Bricaud, *Huysmans et le satanisme* (1913), p. 8.

<sup>36</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 17ff.

<sup>37</sup> Cf. F. Legge, *op. cit.*, p. 469; J. G. Huncker, *The Pathos of Distance* (1913), p. 310.

<sup>38</sup> On the sources of the Black Mass, see Bricaud, *op. cit.*, p. 13; Gourmont, *loc. cit.*; Legge, *loc. cit.*

aptly been called,<sup>39</sup> is, of course, the Black Mass, which begins with a horrible profanation of the Eucharist and ends with a promiscuous orgy. The celebration of the Black Mass vividly recalls a Walpurgis Night when witches, mounted on goats and broomsticks, were flocking to desolate heaths and hills to hold high revel with their master Satan. The Witches' Sabbath, be it well remembered, was not altogether an imaginary affair, but really had a foundation in fact. It was a secret survival of the ancient fertility cult, and the witch is but a degraded form of the old priestess of fertility.<sup>40</sup> The materialist Des Hermies shows a true historical insight when he remarks on Durtal's description of the Black Mass: "Je suis sûr qu'en invoquant Belzébuth, ils pensent aux prélibations charnelles" (I am certain that in invoking Belzebub they think of carnal prelibations).<sup>41</sup>

But Huysmans did not remain long at this stage of his esthetic development. The diabolical was but his point of deflection from the physical to the psychical. His combination of medievalism and modernism soon went over wholly into medievalism, of mysticism and materialism, into mysticism. His spiritual naturalism was but a transition to supernaturalism, his satanism to sacerdotalism, his Manicheism, to monasticism. His contempt for the present fills him with a longing for the past. He dreams of that "dolorous and exquisite period," the Middle Ages. At that time, in contrast to the present, a human personality could fully develop, expand and show forth in the highest relief. Great art, likewise, existed in those good old days. "In sculpture and painting there were the primitives, in poetry and prose, the mystics, in music, the plain-chant flourished, and in architecture the Romanesque and the Gothic—and all this held together."<sup>42</sup> This medieval art was inspired by Christianity. A religion which inspired this art, our author argues, must be true as well as beautiful. Huysmans, who, like his spiritual ancestor Chateaubriand, looks at everything *sub specie pulchritudinis*, sees in Christian art the proof of Christian truth.<sup>43</sup> His affection for the Middle Ages thus brought him into the bosom of the Cath-

<sup>39</sup> Jean Lionnet, *L'évolution des idées chez quelques-uns de contemporains* (1903), p. 96; cf. Léon Bloy, *op. cit.*, p. 53. M. Georges Pellissier, *Etudes de littérature contemporaine* (1898), p. 21, has well summed up the described book in the two words "érotomanie satanisante" (satanizing erotomania).

<sup>40</sup> Cf. the present writer's book *The Origin of the German Carnival Comedy* (1920), p. 41.

<sup>41</sup> *Là-bas*, p. 363.

<sup>42</sup> *En route*, p. 10; cf. also *Là-bas*, pp. 169ff.

<sup>43</sup> Cf. Charbonnel, *op. cit.*, p. 123.

olic Church, which is the depository in modern times of the medieval spirit. Huysmans now abandons *Là-bas* for *Là-haut*, sensual vice is exchanged for spiritual grace, satanic blasphemy for mystical ecstasy. Satanists are succeeded by saints. The sorcerer Flamel yields his place to the mystic Huysbroeck.

But even within the sacred walls of the Church Huysmans is not free from diabolical thoughts. The Devil follows him into the Trappist monastery where he has finally decided to go into retreat in order to escape the temptations and obsessions of evil. The first night Huysmans passes in that asylum of peace is marked by such frightful assaults by the Tempter as he has never experienced even on the boulevards of Paris. Our author experiences the fate of that fabled magician's apprentice and learns to his horror that it is far easier to summon Satan than to banish him. He can as little rid himself of the Devil as of his own shadow. Satanism remains to the end of his days his favorite topic of conversation. "His books," says his friend Gourmont, "are chaste in comparison with his conversations."<sup>44</sup> Those who have read *Là-bas* will admit that this is saying a great deal.

The conversion of Huysmans was perhaps less a matter of choice than of necessity. When his book *A rebours* appeared, Barbey d'Aurevilly, reviewing it for the journal *Le Constitutionnel*,<sup>45</sup> gave its author the same advice he had given Baudelaire upon the publication of the *Flowers of Evil*: "Après les Fleurs du Mal il n'y a plus que deux partis à prendre pour le poète qui les fit éclore, se brûler la cervelle ou se faire Chrétien." (After the *Flowers of Evil* there are but two courses open for the poet who made them blossom: either to blow his brains out or to become a Christian.)<sup>46</sup> Huysmans, in deciding for the Cross as the lesser of two evils, followed the example set by his master Baudelaire. As a matter of fact, he often made light of his religion, and spoke of it as sadism, a bastard Catholicism. In a preface to Gourmont's *Le Latin mystique*, Huysmans pointed out the fundamental difference between Catholicism and literary mysticism. He apparently wished us to infer from his words that the two are not necessarily identical and perhaps even incompatible with each other.<sup>47</sup> What Villiers de l'Isle-Adam says of Baudelaire, that, though professedly a Catholic, he was "un Catholique possédé d'un démon" (a Catholic possessed by

<sup>44</sup> Cf. Rémy de Gourmont, *op. cit.*, pp. 11f; cf. *Academy*, LV (1898), p. 127.

<sup>45</sup> *Le Constitutionnel* of July 28, 1884.

<sup>46</sup> Barbey d'Aurevilly, *Les œuvres et les hommes*, Part III.

<sup>47</sup> Cf. *Quarterly Review*, CXC (1899), p. 90.

a demon),<sup>48</sup> is equally true of Huysmans. The two mystics resembled each other not only in their diabolical writings but also in the diabolical features of their faces.<sup>49</sup> In speaking of Huysmans, Havelock Ellis, who saw him often in Paris, says: "His face, with the sensitive, luminous eyes, reminded one of Baudelaire's portraits, the face of a resigned and benevolent Mephistopheles who has discovered the absurdity of the Divine order but has no wish to make any improper use of his discovery."<sup>50</sup>

<sup>48</sup> Cf. Vicomte Robert du Pontavice de Heussey, *Villiers de l'Isle-Adam: His Life and Works* (Eng. tr., 1904), p. 149.

<sup>49</sup> Maxime du Camp, in his *Souvenirs littéraires*, says that Baudelaire's head was that of a young devil who had turned hermit.

<sup>50</sup> Havelock Ellis, *op. cit.*, p. 161. The reader must not gain the impression that this article has been written in disparagement of Huysmans. The present writer holds Huysmans in very high esteem, although, to be sure, he prefers the earlier to the later Huysmans. No slur was intended on the character of our author, either. It is admitted by all who knew Huysmans that while he was a contentious person and never had a good word to say about his fellow-men, he had a noble heart and a ready hand to help all who were in need. We need but refer to his deep devotion to his poor friend Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, whose chief support he was in his last agony.

## FORTY YEARS OF A SCIENTIFIC FRIENDSHIP.

BY MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

IT has often been remarked how frequently scientific ideas seem to be "in the air" at some particular time, and to strike simultaneously the minds of two or more investigators. The instances of Wallace and Darwin with natural selection, and of Leverrier and Adams with the discovery of the planet Neptune, are but two of the best known. No adequate explanation of this strange phenomenon has been given; and another similar happening, the frequency with which men working in the same line of research possess the same birth-date, has seldom been even noted. Yet any number of such illustrious "mental twins" might be pointed out. 1809, for example, was a remarkable year in this respect, most of its eminent children being distinguished in literature.

One such couple, for whom 1920 marks the centenary, showed in other respects also a curious parallelism. Herbert Spencer and John Tyndall, pioneers both among English evolutionists, were not only both born in 1820, but died on almost the same day of December, Tyndall just ten years before Spencer. Tyndall's death brought an end to a friendship which had endured for exactly forty years—an unusual circumstance in the contentious life of the author of *First Principles*.

Yet no pair could have been more unlike in temperament. The younger man (Tyndall was born in August, Spencer in April) was an active, energetic, emotional, volatile Irishman; the older a cautious, crotchety, and painfully reserved Englishman. Tyndall was distinguishing himself as an Alpine climber while Spencer from sad necessity was designing a patent invalid-chair. Tyndall, in spite of his warm championship of persons and causes, which led him sometimes into intemperate dogmatisms, kept around him a staunch and unchanging circle of devoted friends; Spencer, even as he smilingly condemned his friend's "chivalrous tendency to take up the cause

of any one he thinks ill-used," himself antagonized and quarreled with nearly every other acquaintance he had, even his lifelong friend, Huxley. For several years before the Irish chemist's death, he was forced to experience the ill-health which was largely accountable for the philosopher's uncertain temper; but whereas Spencer dwelt excessively upon the details of his invalidism and its treatment, Tyndall laughed off the very disease which was killing him, and even scouted his friend's well-meant suggestions for rest and care.

Spencer was all his life a bachelor, telling one lady who became insistently personal that, "frankly, no woman could live with me." He denied vehemently the rumors of a love-affair with George Eliot, even attacking her husband after her death because he would not make the refutation strong enough. For many years, Tyndall threatened to follow his example of celibacy to the end, but at the age of fifty-six he finally married. It is indicative of the bitterness of feeling of those early rationalistic days, that Spencer, greatly as he desired to be present at his friend's marriage, could not bring himself to enter the church (Westminster Abbey) in which the ceremony was performed. He broke only once this lifelong rule never to enter a place of worship, and that was when Darwin's funeral was held in that same historic edifice.

From the day when Spencer and Tyndall were introduced by Huxley, in the rooms of the Royal Society, early in 1853, until an accidental overdose of chloral cut short the illustrious career of Faraday's successor, they were in close and constant association, so far as the work of either touched on the province of the other. Spencer especially seems to have published very little that had not already been submitted to Tyndall for his criticism. He was in the habit of consulting Huxley and Darwin as well; but usually the final draft or proof was sent to Tyndall—as witness one proof-page, in which Spencer calls Tyndall's attention to a pictorial comment on the margin by Huxley, in which an inquiring dog, labeled "T. H.," is gingerly examining a porcupine, marked "H. S.," with the caption, "Can't get hold of it anywhere!"

When Spencer undertook to reorganize the magazine *The Reader*, Tyndall was one of the first from whom he solicited contributions. Soon after, they came near to a break because of what Tyndall considered an unjustified attack on men of science in Spencer's *Sociology*. The difficulty was smoothed over, however, as was unfortunately not possible in Spencer's later dispute with Huxley over the land question. It must be understood that, closely connected as Spencer and Tyndall undoubtedly were, they never spent much

time in intimate companionship. Had this been so, it is unlikely that the friendship would have endured; for Spencer remarked more than once that he was easily tired by Tyndall's "infectious vivacity." To a man who had been able to attend but one theatrical performance in ten years, and who, when he hired a musician to play the piano for him, was obliged to dismiss her because of the nervous strain after only two engagements, the constant presence of a lively, ebullient Irishman would have been worse than trying. On the other hand, some of Spencer's peculiar ways struck Tyndall as amusing, and he did not hesitate to show his feelings to his sensitive friend. For example, Spencer relates how while he was writing his *Psychology*, he kept up his health by playing at rackets, indulging in a game after every few pages. Tyndall discovered him engaged in this unusual method of literary production and considered it very funny, as Spencer rather testily observes.

But whatever the natural antipathies between these two great forerunners of modern evolutionary science, they had a deep and abiding respect and admiration for each other. Spencer on one occasion applied to the government for a consulship, and asked his acquaintances to furnish him with letters of recommendation. In reply, Tyndall in part said: "It gives me pleasure to state that in your writings I discern the working of a rarely gifted and a rarely furnished mind. I do not know that I have met anywhere a deeper and truer spirit of research. Your facts are legion, and your power of dealing with them. . . . is to me almost without a parallel."

And Spencer, in his *Autobiography*, says of Tyndall: "Professor Tyndall is chiefly distinguished as a scientific inquirer; but among those who are classed as poets because they write verses, there are probably few who have an equally great love of beauty. . . . With Professor Tyndall. . . . one of the chief interests in science is . . . the light it throws on our own nature and the nature of the universe; and the humility it teaches by everywhere leaving us in the presence of the inscrutable."

For forty of the hard, experimental years of modern science, these two members of England's galaxy of pioneers labored side by side to lessen this ultimate "inscrutability" of the universe, until at last Spencer was left alone, almost the last of the group. Tyndall's sudden death shocked him greatly; he was himself an old man (seventy-three), and the friends of his youth were dying all about him: but he wrote, in a beautiful letter to the great chemist's widow, that he rejoiced in the other's peaceful death, "such a one as he would desire for himself." Ten years later, he, too, went into the



greatest "inscrutability" of all. Both he and Tyndall, in the first impetuous triumph of materialistic science, contemptuously refused even to investigate or discuss the question of the survival of personality after bodily death; but as we contemplate the marvelous achievements of biology and chemistry since even Spencer's demise, we could wish that in some way it might be possible for these two ardent and single-minded students, co-workers still in some other phase of life, to know and contemplate with just pride the present great estate of the study to which they gave their lives, and which owes so much of its supremacy to the labors of two men who came as a gift to British and universal science just one hundred years ago.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### "SAVAGE LIFE AND CUSTOM."

My attention has only just been called to a letter, signed Peter Filo Schulte, which was printed in the November number of *The Open Court*. As no less than five months have elapsed since the appearance of my *last* article, and the publication of that letter, I am justified in concluding that the latter is the well-considered attempt on the part of Mr. Schulte to deal with certain statements of mine which have excited his ire. It is for this reason that I myself regret that he did not take advantage of the opportunity afforded, and deal specifically with those points in which my "knowledge of the race problems is very piecemeal." I am quite prepared to do battle for every statement of fact that I have made, and to justify the conclusions that I have drawn from those facts.

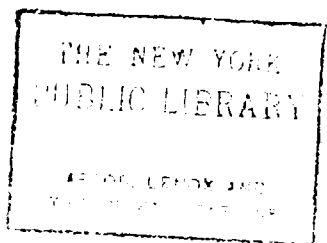
Your correspondent's letter is too diffuse and discursive; and alludes to matters quite foreign to those discussed in "Savage Life and Custom." Besides its bad logic, he has the bad taste to castigate the late veteran Editor, not only for printing my articles, but charges him with inconsistency in so doing! In this country at least, the late Dr. Paul Carus was regarded as one of the most catholic in the cause of science, and his *Open Court* a court wherein the meanest supplicant might plead the cause of Truth. Would that many others were infused with the spirit of the late versatile Editor of *The Open Court*.

There is only one point that strikes me forcibly in your correspondent's letter—his assumption that the white man, whom he describes as "a fiend and traitor to his own race" is to displace the lower races in the interest of civilization. We have no scientific warrant that the white race will eventually do anything of the kind; what data we do possess seem to indicate that while the white man may succeed in exterminating the darker races, he will *not* become the heir to Naboth's vineyard. I can assure your correspondent that although I may not "seem to know enough about biology and the evolution of species," that there is biological evidence for the statement that I have just made. "The correct view of life" which he advances—that the value of life of savage races is not above that of the higher mammals—has no place in the law of nature, any more than it has in the ethics of the author of "Savage Life and Custom."

EDWARD LAWRENCE.

WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA, ENGLAND.

[In justice to Mr. Schulte we wish to say that his letter on "Savage Life and Custom," which we printed in our November issue, was received late in July, 1919, editorial considerations compelling the delay. It goes without saying that in giving it publicity we strictly adhered to the policy of our late Editor, commented on in Mr. Lawrence's letter, of allowing "the meanest supplicant" to "plead the cause of truth"—naturally as he sees it—in *The Open Court*.—Ed.]





MARRIAGE OF HERACLES AND HEBE IN OLYMPUS.  
(From Gerhard, *Apulische Vasenbilder*, Pl. XV.)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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## THE KING OF THE MEDIUMS.

BY ROBERT P. RICHARDSON.

SPIRITUALISM, like other forms of the occult and mysterious, seems to have a perennial interest for the public mind. Ghost-stories and tales of messages from the dead are coeval with the human race, and spiritualistic "phenomena" far antedate the spiritualistic cult which only came into being toward the middle of the nineteenth century.

Our modern spiritualism took its rise in the "Rochester knockings" of the Fox sisters in 1848. These mediums soon found imitators, spiritualism became fashionable, and for a while mediumship and prosperity went hand in hand. Some years later the movement suffered a temporary eclipse, the priesthood having been too often detected in deception and fraud, while the inconstant public had found other fads more diverting.

The collapse was not complete; the faith of many believers never wavered, and the movement survived, though on a much diminished scale. Of recent years it has gained some ground and appears to be again approaching an apogee. The feats of their favorite mediums are brought well into view by certain eminent devotees of the day, but a discreet oblivion is decreed to the strange fact that the phenomena ascribed to the seers of the twentieth century are child's play in comparison with the prodigies of the palmy days of spiritualism. The doings of these older mediums can lay as much claim to authenticity as those of their successors, and it may not be unprofitable to recall some of the marvels of bygone days.

By far the most wonderful of the wondrous mediums of the nineteenth century was Daniel Dunglas Home. Born near Edinburgh in 1833, he had as father the illegitimate son of the tenth Earl of Home, while on his mother's side he was descended from

a Highland family in which the traditionary Scottish gift of the second sight had been preserved. Scotland did not long hold the heir to these powers, for, adopted by his aunt, Mrs. Cook, he was taken to the United States at the age of nine. His early youth was marked by one or two visions of the departed, but the first sign of real mediumship came at the age of eighteen.

At this time Daniel was not in the good graces of his aunt, a staunch member of the Kirk of Scotland, who resented her adopted son's espousal first of the Wesleyan and then of the Congregational heresy. One morning at breakfast, while the good lady was finding fault with Daniel and the prayer-meetings he attended, her ears were assailed by a perfect shower of raps all over the table. Young Home knew, he tells us, of the spiritualistic "Rochester knockings," but only in a casual way, and was as much surprised as his aunt. The latter ascribed these raps to the Evil One, but none the less became for some strange reason exceedingly angry at Daniel, accused him of bringing the Devil into her house, and seizing one of the chairs threw it at him. As the tale runs (told by Home himself), the only cause for connecting the phenomena with her nephew would seem to be his attendance at the wrong church, but with a glorious inconsistency the old lady next proceeded to send for the heretical village ministers, Baptist, Wesleyan and Congregationalist, and begged them to pray over Daniel.

The ministrations of these clergymen were of no avail. The rappings continued to occur, and furniture began to be moved about without any visible cause. Upon one occasion, as the table was running around the room, Mrs. Cook endeavored to drive the Devil away and stop the performance by placing the family Bible upon it. But the table jogged on at an even livelier gait, and when, determined to stop the motion, she threw her whole weight upon it, she was actually lifted up bodily from the floor.

A week of these performances, aggravated by the curiosity of the neighbors who almost besieged the house, exhausted the patience of his aunt, and Daniel was suddenly turned out of doors. Mrs. Cook, it would seem, acted as she might have been expected to behave had she believed herself the victim of the incorrigible pranks of an overgrown boy. That, however, she took no such view but believed the phenomena to be of supernatural origin we know from Home's own account, and this is all we have to go by.

On leaving the house of his aunt at Greenville, Connecticut, Home found temporary refuge with a friend in the neighboring town of Willimantic where he exhibited to the excited townspeople

the phenomena brought about by his mediumship. After a stay of some weeks he passed on to another place, Lebanon, as the guest of the Ely family. Here one of his first exploits was the recovery, under spirit guidance, of certain valuable title-deeds through which a lady in straightened circumstances came into her inheritance that had been withheld her for want of these missing papers.

Home was now fairly launched on his career as a medium. Solicited to take payment for his seances he constantly refused, and laid down the rule, to which he adhered for life, never to traffic in his mysterious gift. Henceforth he led the life of a man practising no trade or profession and with no visible means of support save the donations of his admirers. As a guest, exercising his mediumistic powers for the benefit of his hosts and their friends, he found welcome in one home after another; transportation to a new abode being provided, if not by those who would welcome the coming, by those who would speed the parting guest. Of suitable clothing he seems to have had no lack, and when he reached the higher circles of the European nobility and royalty itself summoned the great medium, it became customary to reward his exertions by a parting gift of valuable jewels. Thus abnegation went not unrewarded, and many a medium who eked out a miserable existence by seances at so much a sitter must have envied the lot of Home the unpaid.

The American audiences of Home soon included visitors from the extreme Southern and Western states who came from these remote quarters to observe his phenomena. And such men as Prof. David A. Wells of Harvard and William Cullen Bryant were so impressed that they drew up and signed a declaration describing the wonderful manifestations they had witnessed, winding up, somewhat dogmatically, with the statement: "We know that we were not imposed upon nor deceived." Dr. Hare of the University of Pennsylvania, Professor Mapes of agricultural chemistry fame, and Judge J. W. Edmonds of the New York Court of Appeals likewise investigated the phenomena, and though approaching the subject "as utter skeptics" all three became fully satisfied. Some years later Judge Edmonds wrote an introduction to Home's autobiography endorsing spiritualism in general and Home in particular.

The spiritualistic movement was now getting into full swing in the United States, and mediums were springing up everywhere. How far this competition affected Home's livelihood we do not know, but it appears he ceased to confine his ministrations to circles "consisting of gentlemen of education and means," and went

"amongst the poorer classes" in order to impart to them the cheering truth of spirit communion. At one time, he tells us, he was on the verge of studying for the Swedenborgian ministry, but was admonished by the spirits that his mission was a more extended one than pulpit preaching. Later he purposed taking up medicine, and was supplied by his friends with the means to pursue the preliminary studies necessary for entrance to a medical school. But, though the spirits interposed no veto, this project never materialized. Indeed Home already possessed, it would seem, greater control over disease than the physicians. Early in his career he had healed Mrs. Bill of Lebanon of a dangerous illness by going into a trance and making passes over her, prescribing, however, further treatment with simple herb remedies. "In Springfield, also," he tells us, "there were many instances of the sick being healed. I was so sensitive to any one who came near me in a diseased state, that I not only myself felt but accurately described their symptoms, and the seat and causes of the disease." None the less, the healer seems to have been unable to heal himself and to have mistrusted mediumistic diagnosis in his own case; his left lung became affected, the symptoms grew more and more alarming, and "Dr. Gray of New York and other eminent medical friends whom he now consulted" united in declaring his life in danger and in recommending a trip across the Atlantic. "This recommendation," says his wife, "was the sole and sufficient reason why Home quitted America." Financed by his friends for missionary work in the cause of spiritualism, he sailed from Boston in the spring of 1855, and taking up quarters at a London hotel in Jernyn Street, soon found a firm friend and ally in Mr. Cox, the proprietor.

Europe at this time was an almost virgin field for the exhibition of spiritualistic phenomena. In England Home had, in fact, no predecessor worth mentioning aside from Mrs. Haydon, a medium far below him in power. Successful seances were held in the rooms of his hotel, and his fame began to spread. Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster were among the early sitters at Cox's hotel, and when a little later Home held seances at Ealing, as guest of a London solicitor, the circle had as members Bulwer-Lytton, Mrs. Trollope and T. Adolphus Trollope, the first of these being admonished by the spirits to believe on the cross. The Brownings likewise attended a seance here, and from this arose the poem "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." Home's enemies claimed this to be the result of his detection in fraud, while his friends contended that Browning's vanity had been deeply wounded by the spirits placing a wreath of



clemantis on Mrs. Browning's head instead of upon his own, and that in revenge he unjustly attacked Home in these verses.

At all events, the Ealing seances resulted in an invitation being extended to Home to become the guest of Mrs. Trollope at her Florence villa. Home went to Italy in the early autumn, and passed several months in Florence. Requested to give his attention to a haunted house occupied by an English resident he held several seances there, and succeeded in laying the ghost whose noises disturbed the repose of Mrs. Baker. Equal success attended the evocation of new and more desirable spirits, the manifestations at Florence being especially strong. Upon one occasion, while the Countess Orsini was playing upon a grand piano, the latter "rose and balanced itself in the air during the whole time she was playing." Investigation showed that the spirit of the Countess's father had taken this quaint way of announcing its presence.

Favored though he was by the spirits Home did not find Florence a bed of roses. Scandalmongers accused him of "leading a most dissolute life," and his friends in England, believing the report, refused, he says, "to even send me money of my own which had been entrusted to their care." Whatever may have been the life he led in Florence, he seems to have made enemies as well as friends, since an attempt was made to assassinate him. One evening, as he entered his doorway, an Italian gave him three blows with a poignard and then ran away. No serious wound resulted from this assault, and following it attempts were made to arouse animosity among the superstitious lower classes by spreading rumors that Home administered the sacraments of the Catholic Church to toads as a means of raising the dead. Warned by the Tuscan authorities that it was unsafe to show himself on the public streets, Home decided to leave Florence. After announcing that his spirit guides had informed him his powers would leave him for a year, Home accepted an invitation to visit Naples and Rome as the guest of Count Branicka, and in February, 1856, again set out on his travels.

Notwithstanding his loss of power, Home's presence aided in developing mediumship in others. At Naples he found a medium in Prince Luigi, brother of the King, and met Robert Dale Owen who was converted to spiritualism in the presence of the Prince. The latter was so taken with Home as to present him with a ring set with a ruby in the form of a horseshoe. After six weeks' stay in Naples the Branickas and Home proceeded on to Rome.

This city was now to be the scene of Home's adoption of the Catholic faith. It would naturally be supposed that spirit advice

would be paramount in so momentous an issue, but it did not even enter into consideration. In fact, the weighty question as to which of the Christian sects is right seems to be left quite unsettled by spirit communications, though on one occasion a departed friend assured Home that on the other side he "had seen no personal God." T. A. Trollope remarks that in his experience with Home the spirit messages given a sitter impartially favored the sect to which he already belonged, strengthening his particular form of Protestantism or confirming his Catholicism as the case might be. In Home's conversion the failure of supplies from his Protestant English friends seems to have played some part, and the kind attentions of the Catholic Branicka family may be presumed to have had its influence. Received into the bosom of the Church, he was favored by Pius IX with an audience, and the Pope is said to have subsequently sent "his special blessing guaranteeing to Home and to his relatives an entry into Paradise."

For a time Home contemplated entrance into some monastic order, but the attractions of the world proved too strong, and he accompanied Count Branicka to Paris in June, 1856. Here he vegetated for the next eight months, breaking the monotony by frequent conferences with his confessor, who forbade him to have anything again to do with spirit intercourse—an admonition he felt himself unable to obey.

The date of the predicted return of Home's power, the tenth of February, 1857, was known at the French court, and on the eleventh the chamberlain of Napoleon III presented himself to inquire if the expectation had been realized. An affirmative reply brought Home an Imperial invitation to exhibit his phenomena, and on the thirteenth he was presented to the Emperor and Empress, and held a seance at the Tuileries. The spirits replied by their raps to the mental as well as the spoken queries of the Emperor, and for the Empress was materialized the hand of her father which she identified by a defect in one of his fingers. At a second seance a table was levitated several feet, and a handkerchief that the Empress held in her hand was softly taken from her by invisible means, and seen to rise and float in the air, while the small hand of a child was materialized to the great terror of the Duchess of Montebello. At a third seance the hand of Napoleon I was materialized; this, after writing a beautiful Napoleon autograph, allowed itself to be kissed by the Emperor and Empress.

Home's reputation was now firmly established, and the fashionable world flocked to his seances. So pleased was the Empress

Eugenie with him that she engaged to care for the education of his sister Christine, who was for this purpose brought over to France and placed in an aristocratic convent. Home himself was summoned again and again to hold seances at the court. In one of these, it is noted, the spirits kindly reminded the assembly that it was time to attend mass which all had forgotten in their excitement. Some especially striking manifestations took place in the presence of the King of Bavaria who was badly frightened at what he saw. It was not long before the Duchess of Hamilton took Home to Baden-Baden where the King of Württemberg and the Prince Regent of Prussia investigated his phenomena. Invited to the Hague he held successful seances before the Queen of the Netherlands who at his departure drew one of her rings from her fingers and insisted upon his acceptance of this memento.

The frequent seances held by Home proved a tremendous strain upon his vitality and ill health again overcame him. Ordered by his physicians to Italy he visited Rome in the early part of 1858 and there made the acquaintance of Count Koucheleff-Besboroda, reputed one of the richest of Russian noblemen. Home was presented to the Countess and to her sister, Alexandrina de Kroll, youngest daughter of Count de Kroll, a Russian general. Within twelve days he was engaged to this girl, an heiress and the god-daughter of the Czar, and their marriage took place in St. Petersburg in August. Alexander Dumas made a special trip to Russia to be present at the wedding of his friends, who had as groomsmen Count Bobrinsky, Chamberlain of the Imperial Court. A few days after Home's arrival in Russia he was invited to hold a seance at Peterhof, but, for the time being, his power had left him, and it was a full month before he was able to obey the command of the Czar. Finally however, finding himself in fit condition, he presented himself at court, and spent a week holding seances with the Russian monarch. Alexander II presented him a diamond ring, and on Home's subsequent visits to Russia repeatedly summoned him to hold seances anew. Later gifts of the Czar included an emerald ring set with diamonds, bestowed upon the birth of a son to Home, and a ring set with a sapphire of great size surrounded by diamonds, on the occasion of his second marriage in 1871 to another Russian lady of the Aksakoff family.

During Home's honeymoon he was granted a holiday by the spirits, except when it was necessary to oblige royalty. Indeed, it was not until November, 1858, that his full power returned. Mrs. Home, who had originally been a doubter, now became a convinced

spiritualist and assisted at her husband's seances. One night, we are told, the spirit of Cagliostro appeared to Mr. and Mrs. Home in their bedroom and accepted the position of guardian angel to the overjoyed couple. Notwithstanding this protection and the miraculous gift of healing, which Home still enjoyed and continued to exercise from time to time, Mrs. Home developed tuberculosis at the early age of twenty-one, and after eighteen months' suffering died in 1862. And the disconsolate widower found a lawsuit on his hands when he attempted to realize on her estate which was under the control of his brother-in-law.

The sixties and early seventies were the years in which Home's mediumistic power was most strongly shown. Beings from the other world watched over him with special solicitude. At Cerçay his life was miraculously preserved from a falling tree limb of monstrous size, the spirits taking him by the collar of his coat, lifting him from the ground and drawing him six or seven feet aside out of the path of danger. As a memento Home sawed off and preserved a segment of the branch, and on subsequent occasions some very marvelous manifestations took place with it. At this height of his renown Home had in England such sitters as Sir Edwin Arnold, Thackeray, Bright, Buckle, De Morgan, the Master of Lindsay, Lord Adare and his father (the Earl of Dunraven), Lord Dufferin, Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Houghton. Nassau Senior attended a seance and used his influence with Longmans to induce this firm to stand sponsor for the first volume of Home's *Incidents in My Life*, published in 1863. It is claimed that many observers were convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations but were too fearful of public opinion to avow their convictions openly and permit their names to be published. Crookes, introduced to Home by Lady Burton (infamous for the destruction of the manuscript of her husband's *Perfumed Garden* under the combined influence of priests and spirit apparitions), began his celebrated investigations into the phenomena in 1871, and attained perfect conviction that they were all Home claimed them to be. And it is noteworthy that, after Home ceased to hold seances, Crookes found he could not get along with his experiments because the other mediums of London were such cheats. "I am so much disgusted with the whole thing," he wrote to Home in 1875, "that were it not for the regard we bear to you, I would cut out the whole spiritual connection, and never read, speak or think of the subject again."

Fertile as these years were in phenomena, they did not leave Home free from care as regards his finances. We find him in 1863

deciding to take up the study of art and become a sculptor, but on going to Rome for this purpose, after a stay of six weeks, he was expelled by the papal authorities as a sorcerer. Some time later he decided to eke out his livelihood, while awaiting a legal decision in the matter of his wife's estate, by giving readings and lectures, and appeared on the public platform a number of times. In 1866 he obtained the position of secretary to the newly founded and shortlived *Spiritual Atheneum* and in this capacity met Mrs. Lyon.

Mrs. Jane Lyon was a wealthy widow, elderly and somewhat vulgar, and interested in spiritualism. Her life was a lonely one, and the fact that she had few friends, and none of any social standing, seems to have weighed upon her. She had read Home's *Incidents* and been much impressed by the aristocratic circles in which the great medium moved. Hearing of the opening of the *Atheneum* she called to inquire about it and was received by Home. She at once took a fancy to him, and seems to have conceived the project of advancing her social position, and mingling with the aristocracy by a matrimonial alliance. Just how far she was influenced in her subsequent actions by spirit messages from her departed husband, delivered through Home, we do not know, as his version of the matter and hers are materially different. But at all events, finding that her hints on the subject of marriage met with a cool reception, she decided to content herself for the present with proposing to adopt Home as a son, and have him shed part of his luster on her by the addition of Lyon to his surname. Ten days' acquaintance sufficed to bring her to the point of making this proposal, sweetened by an offer to transfer to him £24,000 of her money. Mrs. Lyon claimed that spirit communications purporting to be from her husband were what brought her to take this step, while Home denied it. He, however, admitted that spirit messages from the departed Mr. Lyon were given through him. It was only after much urging, according to Home, that he consented to Mrs. Lyon's proposal and accepted the money. A little later an additional amount of £6000 was bestowed upon him, followed by the making of a will bequeathing him Mrs. Lyon's entire fortune, and, to avoid legacy duty, there was immediately transferred to him £30,000 with the understanding that during her lifetime Mrs. Lyon was to receive the income from this last amount.

The arrangement thus made did not long remain satisfactory to Mrs. Lyon. If she did not still have lingering hope of ultimate marriage, she at least expected to gain in social relations, and Home, who found her a difficult person to get along with, does not appear

to have introduced her to his fashionable friends. Friction arose, and she gave her ear to another medium whose messages were hostile to Home. The upshot was, after a few months, a demand on her part for the return of the £60,000 she had transferred to her adopted son. Home replied by offering to cancel the deed by which the last £30,000 had been settled upon him, provided she would leave him in undisputed possession of the first £30,000, and make written acknowledgment of the personal honesty of himself and his friends. A suit at law for the recovery of the whole was then brought by Mrs. Lyon. While this litigation was in progress, a man, one evening, waylaid and attempted to stab Home as the latter was returning to his hotel. After inflicting a wound on the back of the hand of his victim, which the latter threw up in self-defense, the would-be assassin ran away. This outrage aroused some sympathy for Home, but had no influence upon the lawsuit. The decision was in favor of Mrs. Lyon, it being ruled that Home had been proved to exercise dominion and influence over the plaintiff, and that upon him hence rested the burden of proof that the gifts made him were the pure, voluntary, well-ordered acts of the giver.

The Franco-Prussian War brought to Home the new role of war correspondent. It is not recorded that spirit communication helped him either in gathering news for his paper or in transmitting it to London, and his experiences during the war do not seem to be differentiated from those of his colleagues, except that his former seances at Baden-Baden won him recognition and a greeting from William I at Versailles. Home's marriage in the following year, and the death in 1872 of the daughter resulting from this union marked the end of his intensive activities. He now settled down into domesticity, holding only occasional seances, over-exertion on his part being carefully guarded against by the spirits and by his wife.

In 1877 he published his *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*, a large portion of which is devoted to attacks upon other spiritualists. He here fell foul of Col. Olcott and Madame Blavatsky of theosophical fame. Some of Home's animus in this case can be attributed to the desertion of the cause of spiritualism for that of theosophy, by the founders of the latter movement, at a time when the former appeared to be a rapidly sinking ship, but personal reasons may also have played a part, as Olcott had taken occasion to remark that "a well-known artist in Hartford" had stated that he detected Home "in acts of deception, both before his departure for Europe, and during a subsequent visit to this country." What-

ever may have been the motive, it is interesting to compare the account given by Olcott of the seances held by the Eddy brothers, in his *People from the Other World* (written when he was a spiritualist), with the same events as described by other witnesses ferreted out by Home, and see how the wonders described by Olcott fade away.

Home's criticism of theosophy and its supporters were drastic, and Mrs. Home ascribed to theosophists the statement that as result her husband had been solemnly cursed by H. P. B. "whose curses, it was added, always slew." But the reputed theosophical curse does not seem to have weighed heavily upon Home, who quietly passed the remaining years of his life, free from financial cares, in the company of his adoring wife. His death took place in France in 1886, and the unwavering admiration of his widow is evinced by her essay in biography published in 1888, *D. D. Home, His Life and Mission*.

What, it may well be asked, were the phenomena by which Home gained so high a reputation? What was it that hopelessly puzzled men of high scientific attainments and even brought about their conversion? What were the marvels which brought literary and social leaders to beg the privilege of sitting in Home's circles and which made emperors summon him to hold seances with them again and again? We may pass over the rappings, ringing of bells, playing of accordions and guitars, assumption of apparently new personality in a trance state, and the conveyance of spirit messages as to the whereabouts of pins and of pussy cats—these feats are the common stock performances of most mediums. Far more than this was shown by Home to the favored among his sitters. Often, when the spirits deigned to make known their presence in a room, the very walls would shake and the floor vibrate like the deck of a moving steamer. Tables waltzed around, rocked to and fro in time to the various tunes and tipped themselves over at an angle of forty-five degrees without any of the objects on top falling off. Under these trying circumstances everything from a lead-pencil to a lamp retained its position, until at a word from the medium the law of gravitation would again come into force, and the objects on the inclined surface glide gently down to the very edge to be once more safely arrested at that point. Such tipping took place even when a spectator jumped upon the table, he being retained on the polished surface while it remained at the angle

of forty-five degrees, but being thrown off when it finally cantered to an almost perpendicular inclination.

Upward movements of the furniture were also observed. Upon one occasion, when Lucas, editor of the *London Star*, and John Bright were present, a table with a stout gentleman sitting on top of it was "not only raised but tossed up as you would toss a baby in your arms." Sir William Crookes testified that "on five separate occasions a heavy dining-table rose between a few inches and one and a half feet off the floor, under special circumstances, which rendered trickery impossible." And at the house of Mrs. Milner Gibson a large table rose in the air and floated away from the company high above their heads, passing over sofas and chairs on its way. Sometimes Home himself would be levitated and float around the room writing upon the walls and ceiling with a crayon. In one such case the Count de Beaumont, to convince himself of the reality of what he saw, seized the boots of the medium, and pulling them off left Home floating around in the air in his stocking feet. And Lord Adare and the Earl of Crawford testified that in 1866 Home in their presence walked out of an open window into the bare air eighty-five feet above the ground, and then floated back through another window into the next room.

Not content with levitating Home the spirits would sometimes make him undergo elongation and compression. His height would be increased some six or eight inches, and he would then shrink below his normal stature to a like amount. As can readily be imagined, this and other phenomena were a great strain upon Home's vitality, but his spirit controls were not without care for his health, and would at times tell the host of the evening (through the vocal organs of the medium) that after the seance he must "give Daniel some bottled porter." It may be remarked that the spirits themselves at one seance consumed, or at least disposed of part of a glass of brandy and water, taking the glass under the table, and returning it with its contents in an apparently much diluted state.

Materialization of spirit hands was a great feature of Home's seances. These might appear in any part of the room, far above the heads of the spectators or in one's immediate vicinity. Of all shapes and sizes, they were sometimes deathly cold, sometimes warm like flesh and blood, and it was observed that they terminated at the wrist. Most remarkable was the fact that they could be clasped in one's own hand and be held for a moment, but would then melt away. Sir William Crookes tells us that he took hold of such a hand, firmly resolved not to let it get loose, but it gradually



seemed to resolve itself into vapor, and faded in that manner from his grasp.

Most wonderful of all, perhaps, was the power shown by Home to handle, and let his sitters handle, hot bodies with impunity. Home would go to a glowing fire, stir the red-hot coals about with his hands, and, placing his face in contact with the burning mass, move it about as if he were merely bathing his head with water. He would take out a lump of red-hot coal with his naked hands, and throw it on the white muslin dress of a lady, or place it on the head of a white-haired old gentleman, or lay it in the naked hand of a sitter without harm to cloth or hair or skin. Held in the hands of a lady, such a glowing mass would feel merely warm to her, while when she bent down to examine it more closely the heat radiated to her face would be so intense as to be unbearable. But woe to the sitter who did not have full faith or whom the spirits selected as a witness that the body was really hot. When such a sitter even touched the coal his finger would be burnt and blistered in a most painful way. These fire phenomena and other higher manifestations, were not, to be sure, exhibited to every one, but they were testified to by a number of witnesses, and the character of these favored sitters, their social position or scientific standing, was such that their accounts of Home's phenomena could not be dismissed with a laugh.

One's own view of nature and the supernatural will inevitably color any judgment delivered on Home and the marvels reputed to have taken place at his seances. The accounts of his phenomena may be looked upon as authentic by a supernaturalist, while a rationalist will be inclined to discount these tales and to characterize Home as a wonderfully clever adventurer. Taking for granted, however, the rationalistic interpretation of nature, can we go over the accounts of Home's exploits and reconstruct an approximation to the real scene in a seance? Serviceable material for this is none too plentiful, but we can read between the lines in the enthusiastic stories of Home's admirers, while side statements here and there give some inkling of the actual facts.

First of all, we may note that the social and intellectual status of those whom Home admitted to his circles by no means militated against trickery. Among people of culture and refinement the elements of good faith are taken for granted in social intercourse, and Home would have had far more to dread from the prying curiosity of a vulgar boor than from the decorous precautions against decep-

tion taken by an aristocratic host. We note, in fact, that Sir David Brewster and Lord Brougham, when asked by Home to search him before a seance declined to do so, that on other occasions the searcher merely put his hand into each of Home's pockets, that one witness tells us he searched the medium "as far as was compatible with decency," and that Dr. Wilkinson contented himself with watching his guest walk up the path to his house, believing that Home's manner of walking precluded the presence upon his person of "any machinery or apparatus of any kind whatever."

Obviously there might be found, even in the best society, persons whose curiosity outran their courtesy, but Home had means of guarding against this menace. The members of his circles were carefully selected, and it was not uncommon for several successive seances to be held before any phenomena of consequence took place. So we may presume that a sitter was merely taken on trial and that the sight of manifestations vouchsafed him varied in the measure that he showed himself to be not too prying an investigator. This view would be confirmed by a failure to produce results when no weeding-out of the observers was possible, and, in fact, we know that blank seances were not infrequent, and that when in 1869 the London Dialectical Society endeavored to investigate Home's phenomena by having him hold sittings with a committee containing some of the most incredulous members of the society (Bradlaugh among others), the result of four successive seances did not extend beyond slight rappings and movements of the table, further seances being precluded by the illness of Home.

Taking further precautions against inconvenient curiosity, Home, we find, would sometimes actually admonish the sitters not to pay too much attention to the manifestation that was being produced for their benefit. When about to be levitated he would say: "My chair is moving, I am off the ground. Don't notice me; talk of something else." And a sitter records that when he put out his hand, and touched (as he thought) the levitated medium, he was told: "Don't touch me or I shall come down." This prohibition would not seem consistent with the fact that at another seance a sitter could not merely touch Home but even pull off his boots, without the medium being brought down from his suspension in mid-air. Some accounts of Home's levitations make it quite clear that in these particular cases his movement toward the ceiling was known, not by observation, but by the statement of the medium himself as to what was taking place in the darkness. The only confirmation afforded was the passage of a vague shadow before

the open window, and the varying sound of Home's voice, which seemed to come from different distances and directions. Home, to be sure, claims that he never held "dark seances," the light being at its worst dim, but darkness would appear to be a good description of a "dimness" in which the medium was not visible.

Failure to discriminate between what is observed to take place and what a medium says is happening, and inability to distinguish between what is directly observed and what is inferred from observation will be admitted to vitiate the testimony of any witness. Yet these sources of error, particularly the last, are by no means uncommon, in ordinary life as well as at spiritualistic seances. To take merely one familiar case, conjuring, which is liable to deceive us all, is largely the art of making the spectators imagine they see what really they do not see, and preventing them from seeing what is actually before their eyes. We would have more confidence in the witnesses of Home's seances if they had explicitly recognized the distinction, and shown some signs of drawing it in their reports. We find quite the contrary: the lack of the details most relevant in this connection showing that consideration of this possible source of error had never entered their heads. Again and again will a witness state that deception "was impossible" or that he "knew he was not deceived," without giving any reason for this positiveness, but with an emphasis that defeats its own purpose. For the implication is that it is easy to know whether one is or is not deceived, and to take this stand is really an indication of gullibility.

Deception by sleight of hand and mechanical tricks, combined with common fallacies of observation on the part of the audience and the tendency of witnesses to gross exaggeration—will this account for Home's wonders? We would certainly not so contend. For the higher manifestations—materialized hands that could be clasped and melted away in the grasp, fire ordeals in which not only Home but also sitters took part—for these the every-day methods of the commonplace medium would not suffice. We must bear in mind that the facilities of the professional medium holding seances in his own rooms were lacking to Home, who could not have brought very elaborate paraphernalia into the houses of his hosts. The single alternative to admitting Home's claims is to hold that in certain cases he was able to put sitters in an abnormal state, where suggestion ruled their minds, and where they saw and heard and felt precisely what Home pleased to tell them was taking place. And the circumstances under which the higher manifestations occurred tend to confirm this view. They did not occur in the beginning of

a seance, the sitters being first treated to an hour or two of rappings and other minor manifestations. Given a circle of sufficiently susceptible sitters (and the higher manifestations were not for the common herd), it was in Home's power to so arrange his preliminary work as to bring about a mental state verging on hypnosis. This is no far-fetched supposition; the hypnotic state may be induced by a continued concentration of the gaze on an object so placed that the muscles of the eyelids undergo severe strain while it is kept in view, and with sufficiently susceptible subjects a sudden sensation, such as a flash of light in a dark room, the sound of a gong, the ring of a bell or even the vibration of a tuning-fork may bring about hypnosis. Protracted exposure to the odor of musk has also been found effective with the more susceptible, and it is significant that at Home's seances the spirits frequently favored the sitters with the scent of sweet perfumes.

Beginning with rappings, ringing of bells and other trivial phenomena Home could soon bring a picked group of sitters to the point where they were awaiting with bated breath what the spirits would do next, and it would be easy to produce in each of the party a fixed gaze and a highly concentrated attention on whatever object the medium cared to designate. The results obtained would doubtless vary: one sitter might be only very slightly affected, another might undergo a complete hypnosis. To the latter Home's most extreme suggestions would have all the reality of actual happenings, while the mind of the former would not be so easily led. We know that Home gave intimations of what was to be seen, and that these did not always lead to the desired result. Thus at one seance Count Alexis Tolstoi was told that Home and Mrs. Home "constantly saw a star on one of the chairs," but he himself was unable to see it. And we know also that some sitters perceived manifestations that others could not perceive. Count Tolstoi tells us that at another seance Lord Clarence Paget "feeling his knee clasped wished me to touch the hand that was holding it; and when I placed my hand on his knee without finding anything, he still felt beside my hand, another that was touching his." And both Lord Dunraven and Sir William Crookes repeatedly record cases in which apparitions were not visible to all the persons present.

If complete hypnosis were produced Home could not only go as far as he liked, with the full assurance that whatever he chose to impress upon the mind of the sitter would be retained in the memory of the latter as an actual occurrence, but it would even be possible to make the subject see and hear at a future time, away

from the medium, whatever Home had suggested should be seen and heard. The suggestion would be obeyed without there remaining any recollection that it had been made. And this may explain the fact that a sitter sometimes experienced manifestations in his own rooms after returning from a seance, and the next morning would receive a letter from Home giving an accurate account of these phenomena. But such perfect control over a sitter was probably very rare. It is noteworthy that great care had to be taken to avoid interrupting a higher manifestation, or, in other words, distracting the attention of the enthralled sitters from Home's suggestions. Crookes records a case in which, while Home was in full view, a phantom form came from the corner of the room, took up an accordion, and then glided about the room playing it, only to vanish when a frightened lady in the audience gave a slight cry. Similarly when, in a seance at Nice, Home was undergoing a fearful fire ordeal which left his hands and face unscathed, and the Count de Komar called out in fright "Daniel! Daniel!" the performance was stopped, Home reproaching the Count for his want of faith, and saying "Now we can do no more."

Explaining away the phenomena of the mediums will naturally not convince the spiritualist. He may indeed ask with some show of reason why we should seek to explain them away, instead of accepting these "manifestations at their face value as we do the marvels of modern science?" Surely, the alleged spiritualistic phenomena are no more wonderful than what we accept as scientific matter of fact, and if we accredit the one on the testimony of scientists why should we not likewise accept the other when numerous witnesses, including such men of science as Crookes and Lodge, here too give their testimony?

The answer to this question is that in rejecting the accounts of spirit manifestations we are not rejecting the marvelous as such, but are acting upon a principle which can and often does lead to the rejection of very commonplace statements made by scientific investigators. It is a great mistake to suppose that the touchstone for a scientific fact is the testimony of eminent authorities to having observed it: in modern science there are no Aristotles of observation whose *ipse dixit* must be accepted as conclusive. Any alleged fact must stand the test of repeated investigation, and the statement that a specified phenomenon has been observed is invalidated if subsequent workers in the same field cannot obtain like results.

Now the phenomena of spiritualism obviously do not stand this test. Manifested fitfully and to but a favored few, they elude

systematic investigation. The searching inquisition of too skeptical an inquirer leads either to the detection of fraud or to the subsidence of the manifestations. More amenable to examination is the subject of deception and illusion, and turning here we find results produced that absolutely duplicate many of the so-called spirit manifestations, and enable us to understand the rest when we discount the inevitable inaccuracy in the testimony of witnesses.

Spiritualists admit the prevalence of fraud, and take the stand that even the best mediums are prone to intermingle spurious phenomena with the genuine. Notwithstanding this, they accept at par what they regard as the residuum of true spirit manifestations. And perhaps, stripped of minor matters of dispute, the controversy between believers and unbelievers may be narrowed down to an assertion sometimes put forth by spiritualists. This is that the detection of fraud or illusion in ninety-nine cases is no presumption that detection is also present in the hundredth case, where a like result has been produced but no deception detected. We might well call this the Primary Postulate—the Fundamental Error—of spiritualism, and upon it the spiritualists and their opponents must agree to disagree.

## INTELLECTUAL LIBERTY AND LITERARY STYLE.

BY THEODORE SCHROEDER.

ONE'S attitude toward free speech or toward popular or established ideas and institutions is, I believe, always a matter of temperament. So in the field of religious discussion we have men like J. W. Gott of England and Michael X. Mockus of America, who are compelled to come in frequent conflict with the blasphemy laws, largely because of their inability (unwillingness) to conform their public discussions to the amenities customary in the drawing-room. These temperaments, in imitation of the absolute, have their counterpart among industrial agitators, judges and millionaires. My own judgment is that they would all be more efficient in enlarging human understanding if they were more considerate of the feelings of others. In the absence of such considerateness their function is limited to furnishing intellectualizations and rationalizations to those whose emotional conflicts leave them in need of such props. When these intense and inefficient "propagandists for evil" come before a judge who is a victim of similar emotional conflicts, then their very inefficiency in promoting "evil" is made the excuse for a more severe punishment, and for excluding them from the beneficence of statutory or constitutional toleration.

Sir Robert Le Estrange, once chief censor of England, in his refutation of Richard Baxter says: "They [the Dissenters] labor to promote the cause by scandalous and rank invectives, against the Church, and stirring-up of tumults to reform it: by a loud pharisaical ostentation of their own holiness, and a sour churlish censure of all others: by sharp and sawcy aspersions upon the Royal party and by reflections yet more bitter and audacious upon his Sacred Majesty and his murdered father. . . . A tumult for religion is within one step of rebellion."<sup>1</sup> Obedience to the King

<sup>1</sup> In the introduction to *Interest Mistaken or, the Holy Cheat*, 3d impression, London, 1662. (Pages not numbered.)

was a divine precept. It is just for such impatient men as Baxter, and for the protection of such speakers as those above described that the free-speech issue was fought out, both for the religious and the governmental heretic.<sup>2</sup> It is for the very purpose of suppressing the physical violence, which the common law directed against the irritation of mere verbal violence from the impatient critics, that free-speech guaranties were written into our American constitutions. This liberal attitude was based upon the sound psychologic doctrine that the relief of an emotional repression through an explosion in passionate words is the best way of precluding a would-be speaker from resorting to physical violence.<sup>3</sup> The better remedy against overt acts of violence from the audience is rightly believed to consist in exhibiting to it a better argument, expressive of a better temper, and the product of a more mature understanding.

Feudal-minded judges whose illiberal temperament is perhaps the product of much thwarted and repressed passion, tell us from their seats of judicature and learning that intellectual liberty consists in the right to discuss anything with impunity so long as the amenities of polite discourse are preserved by the absence of scurrility, abuse, invective and the like. In other words, the judge's vanity must be protected by criticizing his views with abjectly humble poses.

In a blasphemy case Lord Denham put it thus: "Discussions on a subject, even the most sacred, might be tolerated when they were conducted in a fair spirit. But when appeals were made not to reason but to the bad feeling of human nature, or where ridicule or invective were had recourse to, it could not be considered discussion."<sup>4</sup> In like manner do even our own unconscious aristocrats justify their feudal-mindedness, by exhibiting the same irritable temperament as those who are accused of transcending the limits of conventional intellectual hospitality. It is in the very likeness of their autocratic dispositions that we find the true explanation

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the writer's *Constitutional Free Speech Defined and Defended*, especially Chaps. 20-21; also: *Free Speech for Radicals*, enlarged edition, especially Chap. 8.

<sup>3</sup> For confirming quotations see *Free Speech for Radicals*, pp. 21-22.

<sup>4</sup> *A Full Report of the Trial of Henry Hetherington on an Indictment for Blasphemy*, 1840, p. 22. See also: U. S. v. Harman 45 Fed. Rep. 415-16, 423. Sir Fitzjames Stephens, *Digest of the Criminal Law*, p. 97. For contrary view, viz., that an unoffending style enhances "evil," see: U. S. v. Smith 45 Fed. Rep. 477. For an elaborate discussion see Peter Bayle, *Historical and Critical Dictionary*, 2d ed. His treatise "An Explanation Concerning Obscenities" is republished in the writer's *Free Press Anthology*, pp. 114-148.



for the very hearty hostility toward each other, which may be at times exhibited between such persons as the Ex-Kaiser, William Hohenzollern, the Anarchist Emma Goldman and the late tempestuous Theodore Roosevelt.<sup>5</sup> It is the conflict of absolutes, in an impatient contest for power and authority.

The opponents of censorship held a different view from that of Lord Denham. In America they found a voice in Dr. Benjamin Rush who held intellectual intercommunication was needed for "conveying *heat and light* to every individual in the Federal Commonwealth."<sup>6</sup> Likewise the Continental Congress declared for freedom of the press, "whereby oppressive officials are *shamed or intimidated* into more honorable or just modes of conducting affairs."<sup>7</sup> These and other declarations like them, from Roger Williams, James Madison and Thomas Jefferson,<sup>8</sup> negative the idea that constitutional mental liberty was to depend upon politeness of style.

No one who ever made a fight for the *unabridged* intellectual liberty guaranteed by our constitutions ever dreamed of creating a stylists' aristocracy. Such men conceived of intellectual liberty as a general human "right," not a special privilege for the few who had attained some approved degree of rhetorical or oratorical culture. The cultured and culturined defenders of things as they are have always enjoyed unlimited intellectual liberty. The inherent and inalienable human "rights" sought to be protected by our constitutions did not take account of the ruffles and frills by which some discourses are adorned. If constitutional free speech is recognized as a "human right," then every human must have an equal "right" to express his own ideas, in his own way, with his own vocabulary, in the service of his own temperament. If equality of human "right" in relation to religious, political or economic opinion is to be observed, then the crudest artisan has the same "right" to portray his ignorant opinions, in his own ill-tempered fashion, as has the cultured priest to express a contrary opinion in a more efficient manner. The more educated and refined defenders and beneficiaries of things as they are, have enough advantage in their superior scholarship, without being given the aid of the policeman, or the power of a feudal-minded judge. Those who can, by

<sup>5</sup> For a composite psychologic picture of the first and last, see the writer's "Psychology of an Ex-Kaiser," in the *New York Call*, June 15, 1919.

<sup>6</sup> Niles, *Principles and Acts of the Revolution*, p. 235.

<sup>7</sup> *Journal of Continental Congress*, Vol. I, p. 108, edition of 1904.

<sup>8</sup> Cf. *Constitutional Free Speech, Defined and Defended*, Chaps. 20-21; also *Free Speech for Radicals*, enlarged ed., pp. 108-111..

an orator's or author's bad taste, be so influenced that they are blind to the larger problems of equality in human "constitutional rights," may be led to define liberty and equality, in relation to intellect, to consist in protecting the standpatter's "right" to attack atheists and agnostics, pacifists and industrial heretics or sex-reformers, with all the scurrility, invective and abuse that he can command, while the proponent of the unpopular idea may attack the orthodox opinions only according to the most polite and approved-of parlor etiquette, used with the humble prostration of intellect.

However, no friend of equal liberty, such as our constitutions were designed to guarantee, can give his approval to such an interpretation of intellectual liberty. Only those who forget the requirement of equality in liberty and are seeking a plausible excuse for protecting and perpetuating "spiritual tyranny" and general reaction will ever define our constitutional guaranties as do our modern courts, in following the precedent of the Star Chamber court. It is only on rare occasions that judges have that democratic temperament which make possible the calm acceptance of the more mature views of Roger Williams, James Madison and Thomas Jefferson.

It is related of the Duke of Guise, an ardent Romanist, that during the siege of Rouen a Protestant was brought to him who confessed a design upon his life. The Duke dismissed him thus: "Get thee gone. If thy religion commands thee to assassinate those who never offended thee, mine will have me give thee thy life, though I may justly deprive thee of it. Judge of the two religions which is the best."<sup>9</sup> Catholics like the Duke of Guise, and Protestants like Roger Williams seldom find the road to the legislative hall or to the judicial bench. Let us hope that the time will come when judges, legislators and policemen, will be as tolerant of opposition and as patient over verbal resistance as they expect the industrial and religious heretics to be over that which is to them a painful and material affliction.

<sup>9</sup> Bayle's *Historical and Critical Dictionary*, 2d ed., III, 289.

## THE COSMIC TRANSMUTATIONS.

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN.

**M**YTHIC transmutations or changes of substances or objects in nature or form, or both, are referable primarily to the natural phenomena of change everywhere and always in evidence, not only in the animal and vegetable kingdoms of the earth, but also in the heaven as connected with day and night, sunrise and sunset, clear and clouded skies, etc. Transmutation in form (and generally also in nature) is metamorphosis, transformation, or transfiguration, as in the life history of insects, or rather of the true *insecta* of naturalists; while transmutation in the nature of a substance in itself formless is transubstantiation, as in natural or artificial chemical processes—whence such mythic transubstantiations as water to wine, and the Eucharistic bread and wine to the flesh and blood of Jesus in the Roman Catholic doctrine.

Words for "bread" are sometimes employed for all solid foods that are transmuted into the flesh or bodies of men, while water or (red) wine is conceived to be changed into blood. Wine is often called the "blood of grapes" or the "blood of the grape," as in the Old Testament (Gen. xlix. 11; Deut. xxxii. 14, etc.); and the juice of the grape is naturally conceived as having been transmuted from water by the heat of the sun, which is also the chief factor in the fermentation of wine. As a mythic variant of blood, the cosmic wine belongs to the red sky of sunrise and sunset, especially to the latter as connected with such drunken solar figures as Dionysus, Silenus and Noah (see previous articles of this series, on "The Cosmic Hemorrhage" and "The Cosmic Madness"). But this wine appears to belong to the rising sun in Gen. xlix. 10-12, where it is generally, even if erroneously, supposed that we have a certain Shiloh (as if "Peace-bringer") who is to come in the future—"and unto him shall the obedience of the peoples be (Sept., 'he is the expectation of nations') . . . he washeth his garments in wine, and

his raiment in blood of grapes; his eyes shall be red with wine (Sept., 'more cheering than wine'), and his teeth white with (=as) milk (Sept., 'whiter than milk')." This Shiloh (whether or not in the Hebrew text), was recognized as the Messiah by both Jews and Christians; whence doubtless came the concept of Jesus as a "wine-drinker" who is contrasted with John the Baptist as an abstainer (Matt. xi. 18, 19; Luke vii. 33, 34). Justin Martyr supposes that the Old Testament text signifies that Jesus "would wash those that believe in Him in His own blood. . . . That the Scripture mentions the blood of the grape, has been evidently designed. . . . For as God, and not man, has produced the blood of the grape, so also (the Scripture) has predicted that the blood of Christ would not be of the seed of man, but of the power of God" (*Dial. cum Tryph.*, LIV).

In the Egyptian legend of Horus of Edfu, that god smites the enemies of Ra, and the latter says to the former: "'Thou makest the water of Edfu (red with blood) like grapes, and thy heart is rejoiced thereat.' Hence the water of Edfu is called (the water of grapes)" (Sayce, *Rel. Anc. Eg. and Bab.*, p. 220). In the Destruction of Mankind, the deluge is poured out from seven thousand jars of human blood, representing the red color of the Nile waters shortly after the beginning of the inundation (*Records of the Past*, VI, pp. 105-112). In the *Rigveda* it is said of the miracle-working Aswins: "You filled, from the hoof of your vigorous steed, as if from a cask, a hundred jars of wine" (I, 116, 7—as probably suggested by the solar horse in the red sky of the morning or evening). On the Egyptian Obelisk of the Lateran we read: "The King Ra-Men Kheper (Thothmes III), the son of the sun, like the sun immortal, gives wine" (*Records of the Past*, IV, p. 13). Dionysus was identified with the sun by the Eleans (*Etymolog. Mag.*, s. v. Dionysus) as by others (see Servius *ad Virg. Georg.*, I, 5; Arnobius, *Adv. Gent.*, III, 33), and Pausanias says: "No god is more revered by the Eleans than Dionysus, and they say that he attends their festival of the Thyia. The place where they hold the festival called Thyia is about eight furlongs from the city (Thyia in Elis). Three empty kettles are taken into a building and deposited there by the priests in the presence of the citizens and of any strangers who may happen to be staying in the country. On the doors of the building the priests, and all who choose to do so, put their seals. Next day they are free to examine the seals, and on entering the building they find the kettles full of wine" (VI, 26, 1—substantially the same account being given by Pseudo-Aristotle, *Mirab. auscult.*, 123 [134], and by Athenæus from Theopompus of

Chian, *Deipnos.*, I, 61). According to Pausanias (*loc. cit.*), "The people of Andros also say that every other year, at their festival of Dionysus, wine flows of itself from the sanctuary. If these stories are to be trusted, one might by the same token believe what the Ethiopians above Syene say about the Table of the Sun" (cf. Herodotus, III, 18). Pliny tells us on the authority of Mucianus that the prodigy at Andros occurred every year, on the 5th of January; that the water flowing from a fountain in the temple tasted like wine during the seven days of the annual festival of Dionysus, but if taken out of sight of the temple it again tasted like water (*H. N.*, XXXI, 13).

There is no Old Testament story of transmutation of water to wine; but we have mythic variants in the changing of the waters of Egypt to blood by Moses, and in his sweetening of the bitter waters of Mara (= Bitter) by casting a tree into them (Ex. xv. 23-25). Elisha permanently sweetened a brackish spring at Jericho by casting salt into it (2 Kings ii. 18-22; the saltwater of the harbor of Syracuse became sweet for one day when Dionysius the Tyrant was expelled from his kingdom (Pliny, *H. N.*, II, 104), and the water of the Nile at one time had the taste of honey for eleven days, according to Manetho (Brugsch, *Hist. Eg.*, I, p. 76). In a Christian legend of Egypt, the fountain of Heliopolis had always been salt until the arrival of the infant Jesus and his parents, when it miraculously became a source of sweet water that cured all the sick who drank of it (Wilkinson, *Modern Egypt*, Vol. I, p. 296).



THE MARRIAGE-FEAST OF CANA.

Ivory in the cathedral at Ravenna, 5th-7th cent. (From F. X. Kraus, *Geschichte der christl. Kunst*, I, 156.)

The Gospel miracle of turning water into wine is found only in John and appears to be a sort of companion piece to the multiplication of the loaves (and fishes); the author of the Fourth Gospel probably having in mind that Jesus designated bread and wine as symbols of his body and blood, according to the Synoptic accounts of the Last Supper (Mark xiv. 22-24; Matt. xxvi. 26-28; Luke xxii. 19, 20). In the Apocryphal *Acts of John* (8), Jesus at one time turned stones to bread, as doubtless suggested by what the Devil says

to him in Matt. iv. 3—"If thou art the son of God, speak that these stones may become loaves"; and in the *Revelation of Esdras* the Antichrist is declared to have said, "I am the Son of God, who made stones bread, and water, wine."

The miraculous transmutation in the Gospel of John (ii. 1-11) is related as follows: "And on the third day (apparently from the calling of the first disciples at the close of the preceding chapter) a marriage took place in Cana of Galilee (doubtless at night), and the mother of Jesus was there; and Jesus also was invited, and his disciples, to the marriage. And being deficient of wine, the mother of Jesus says to him, Wine they have not. Jesus says to her, What to me and to thee, woman (A. V., 'Woman, what have I to do with thee')? Mine hour has not yet come. Says his mother to the servants, Whatever he may say to you, do. And there were six water-jars of stone standing according to the purification of the Jews, each holding two or three metretæ (A. V., 'firkins'). Says Jesús to them (the servants), Fill the water-jars with water. And they filled them to the brim. And he says to them, Draw out now and carry (some of the contents) to the master of the feast. And they carried it. But when the master of the feast had tasted the water that had become wine, and knew not whence it is—but the servants knew who had drawn the water—the master of the feast calls the bridegroom and says to him, Every man first sets on the good wine, and when they (the guests) may have drunk freely, then the inferior: thou hast kept the good wine until now. This beginning of the signs (or 'miracles') Jesus did in Cana of Galilee, and manifested his glory; and his disciples believed on him." This is the first miracle of Jesus, according to John, just as the changing of the waters to blood was the first plague inflicted upon the Egyptians as one of the miracles of Moses. But the Johannine marriage-feast appears to have been recognized as a variant of the great feast of Rabbinical tradition, which is to inaugurate the coming of the Messiah, and at which he shall drink wine made from the grapes that grew in Paradise during the six days of creation and were since preserved in Adam's cave (Buxdorf, *Synod. Jud.*, p. 460). The *Fo-pen-hing-tsi-king*, a Chinese life of Gautama Buddha, relates that this last Buddha declared that when one of his predecessors attended a wedding in the city of Jambunada, he not only kept the foods and drinks miraculously undiminished during the feast, but caused the host's uninvited guests to come and partake of it, even as the host had silently wished (according to Lillie, *Buddhism in Christianity*, pp. 169, 170; *Popular Life of Buddha*, pp. 305, 306).



The mythic marriage is primarily that of the sun (see Phædrus, I, *fab.* 6), either with the earth or the moon—whence, doubtless, the Athenians at one time celebrated marriages at the new moon (when she was in conjunction with the sun—Proclus *ad Hesiod. Oper.*, 782). Practically nothing is related of the Johannine bridegroom, and there is no reference to the bride; but in the mythic view the bridegroom is a mere variant of Jesus (the figurative “bridegroom” of John iii. 29, cf. Mark ii. 19, 20, etc.), while his mother and the bride are duplications of wider variation. Thus the Virgin Mary is often called the Rose of Sharon and Lily of Israel; epithets from Canticles ii, where the bride is “a rose of Sharon and a lily of the valleys,” who is brought by the bridegroom to “the banqueting-house”—literally “the house of wine,” as in the Septuagint. The



BEL-MARDUK AND ISHTAR (ASTARTE).

Phrygian basrelief from Boghaz-Köi, supposed to represent the marriage of the solar god and the lunar goddess. (From Carus, *The Bride of Christ*, page 8.)

Greek Hebe (= Youth), who fills the cups of the Olympian gods with nectar (for wine—Homer, *Il.*, IV. 2), is married to the solar Heracles after his ascent to Olympus (*Od.*, XI, 603; Hesiod, *Theog.*, 950). In an ancient Greek representation of this marriage (see frontispiece, upper half), the winged Eros (Love) hovers between the seated Hebe and the standing Heracles; on their right are Zeus and Hera, while on their left are Aphrodite and two female attendants with the winged Himeros (Desire) between them (the lower half of the picture does not relate to the subject of this article).

In all probability the Johannine story had its primary suggestion in some version of the Dionysiac legend of the transmutation of water to wine. The Dionysia were primarily vintage festivals in

honor of Dionysus as the god of wine, and they were always celebrated with the drinking of wine, drunkenness, and revelry—in which respect they were much like marriage-feasts. The Attic festivals of Dionysus were four in number; the “lesser Dionysia” in the month Poseidon (corresponding nearly to our December); the Lenæa = Of the Wine-Press, in Gamelion = Of Marriages (our January, nearly, and the Ionian Lenæon); the Anthesteria = Flowering, in Anthesterion (our February, nearly), and the “great Dionysia” in Elaphebolion = Of the Deer-Hunter, Artemis (our March, nearly—see Smith’s *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities*, s. v. “Dionysia”). The “great Dionysia” belong to about the



#### MARRIAGE OF DIONYSUS AND ARIADNE.

Picture on a Perugian amphora. (From A. Baumeister, *Denkmäler des klassischen Altertums*, I, p. 441.)

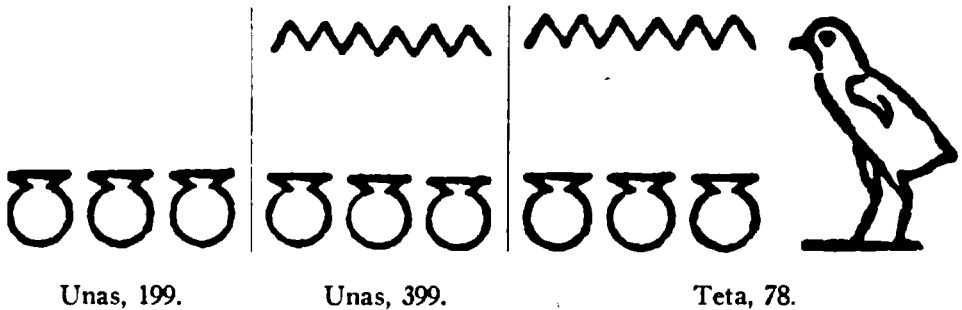
time of the spring equinox, and spring is nature's marriage season. The spring equinox was the time for marriage of men and women in ancient Persia (Strabo, XV, 17), and it is generally believed that the marriage of Dionysus and Ariadne was enacted in Crete every spring—other mythic marriages celebrated in the same season being those of Adonis and Aphrodite at Alexandria, of Siva and Parvati in India, and of the King and Queen of the May in Europe (see Frazer, *Golden Bough*, II, pp. 108, 229). The festival of the “great Dionysia” corresponds roughly to the Passover as the great spring festival of the Jews; but John places the marriage at Cana some little time before the Passover in Nisan (ii. 12, 13), probably in



the preceding month Adar, answering approximately to the Greek Anthesterion, in which the Athenians celebrated the annual marriage of Dionysus and the woman (otherwise Ariadne) who acted the part of his queen (Demosthen., *Neaer.*, 78; Aristot., *Constit.*, III, 5). And as the Anthesteria were of three days' duration, there is a possibility that John's "on the third day," when the wine was exhausted, originally belonged to the last day of the Anthesteria. But a Jewish marriage-feast generally continued for seven days (Gen. xxix. 27; Judges xiv. 12, 17), and the Dionysiac festival at Andros, at which water became wine, also continued for seven days, from the 5th to the 11th of January (according to Pliny, as above cited). The Roman January answers approximately to the Attic Gamelion, the month "Of Marriages," with its Dionysiac festival of the Lenæa = Of the Wine-Press; Aristotle speaks of winter as the most auspicious season for marriages (*Polit.*, VII, 15), and we find the miracle at Cana finally assigned to the same day as the Epiphany or Manifestation of Christ at his baptism, Jan. 6 (see Epiphanius, *Adv. Haeres.*, II, 1, 29, etc.).

The Johannine six water-jars are generally supposed to have been for the washing of hands before and after meals (cf. Mark vii. 2-5; Matt. xv. 2); but it cannot be confirmed that this number of vessels was ever employed by the Jews for such a purification or for any other purpose. In the mythical view the Johannine jars represent the sources of the rain that is transmuted to grape juice and wine, and in all probability they were derived from the nature mythos in which Dionysus was the solar transmuter. According to Chrysostom, He who performed the miracle at Cana is the same who annually changes the rain into wine, through the vine (*Hom. in Ioan.*, XXI). As the miracle belongs to the spring (apparently not very long before the Passover, according to John), it is quite probable that the primary suggestion for the six jars is to be sought in the celestial Hyades (= Rainy), sometimes reckoned as six. It is true that the "rainy Hyades," together with the Pleiades (both in Taurus), "are the antagonistic stars of the second month" of spring (see Brown, *Primitive Constellations*, I, p. 289), to which month belong the Palestinian "latter rains"; whence it follows that the Johannine chronology is not in strict accordance with the concept of the six jars as the sources of the "latter rains." It is also true that seven stars are generally recognized in the Hyades group, as in that of the Pleiades; but nevertheless the seven of both groups were sometimes reduced to six. Thus according to Hyginus, six of the seven Hyades as terrestrial nymphs fled with the infant

Dionysus when Lycurgus threatened him, wherefore in gratitude the god placed them among the stars, making a group of six (*Poet. Ast.*, II, 21); and according to Pherecydes the Logographer, these six nymphs were the nurses of Dionysus on earth (*Apollod.*, III, 4, 3). Some derived the word Hyades ("Υάδες) from Hyes ("Υης), a surname of Dionysus, as also of Zeus (*Hesych.*, s. v. Hyes): while others referred it to the V-shaped figure of the stellar group. Thus Hellanicus of Mytilene says that the Hyades were so called from the Greek letter υ, "or because at their rising and setting Zeus rains" (*Frag.*, LVI), and some of the Latins called the group "the Roman V" (*Allen, Star Names*, p. 388). The Greek υ was the Pythagorean symbol of life, otherwise represented by the numeral six; while the Roman letter V corresponds to the Hebrew and Arabic Vav, with the numerical value of 6 and the general shape of the Babylonian single wedge which represents 6 as a unit, as well



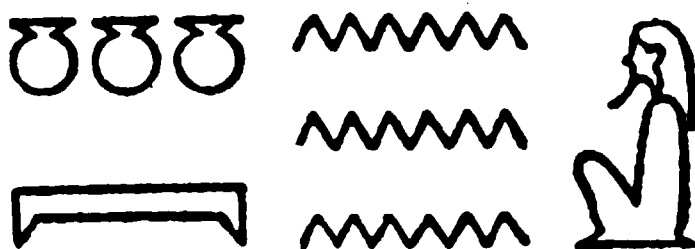
OLD HIEROGLYPHIC FORMS OF THE NAME NU.

(From Budge, *Gods of the Egyptians*, I, p. 283.)

as 1. But as the author of John probably places the Cana miracle in Adar, the twelfth Jewish month, whereas the rainy season of the Hyades belongs to the second month, Ijar or Zif, it is entirely probable that the six water-jars were referred in a secondary view to the six months' rainy season of Palestine, October to March inclusive—the remaining six months of the year being practically without rain. Roughly speaking, the Palestinian year is thus divided into a winter of rain and a summer of clear weather, with the production of grapes belonging to the latter season. In one view, therefore, the Johannine jars may well have been taken for multiple variants of the Jar of Aquarius as the source of the midwinter rains of Western Asia; this Jar being duplicated in the opposite sign, Leo, as the constellated Crater or water-jar (*Hydria*) from which the Nile inundation was sometimes conceived to be poured out, and which *Manilius* calls the Bowl of Bacchus (= Dionysus—see *Allen*,

*Star Names*, p. 183). The Nile god has one, two, or three water-jars (Horapollo stating of the three that one is for the soil, one for the ocean, and one for the rains—*Hieroglyph.*, I, 21); while Nu, the Egyptian name of the god of the heaven as an upper sea, was originally written with three such jars, or the three jars with the sign for water; the final form being the three jars (for the pronunciation) together with the signs for the heaven, water and a god (Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 283). In rainless Egypt the three jars of Nu were conceived as the sources of the Nile; and they appear to be represented by the three empty kettles miraculously filled with wine at the Elean festival of the Thyia attended by Dionysus (see above).

In connection with the marriage at Cana, there can be little doubt that six, as the number of the jars, was also recognized as the number of marriage, procreation, and creation, as it was in the mystico-mathematical system of the Pythagoreans. Clement of Alexandria says that he thinks that "the Pythagoreans reckon six

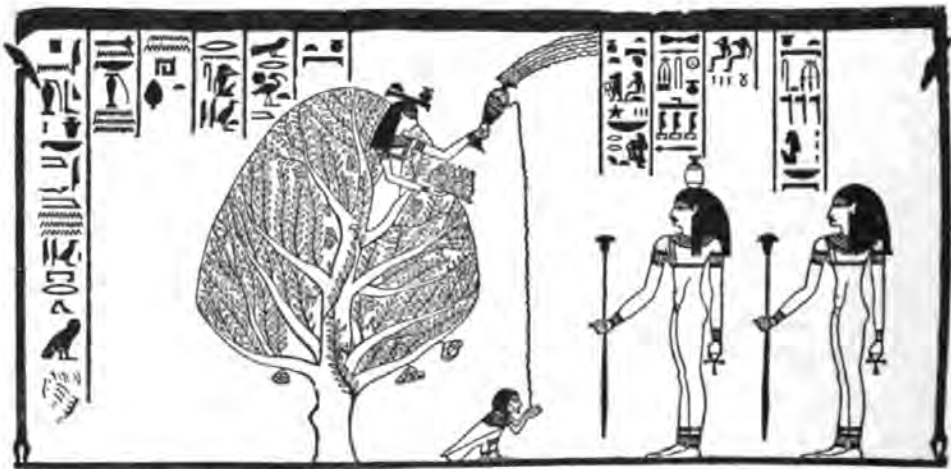


FINAL HIEROGLYPHIC FORM OF THE NAME NU.

(From Budge, *op. cit.*, I, p. 283.)

the perfect number, from the creation of the universe (in six days), according to the prophet (Moses, in Gen. i); and (they) call it Meseuthys (= Between the even ones) and Marriage, from its being the middle of the even numbers, that is, of ten and two. . . . And as marriage generates from male and female, so six is generated from the odd number three, which is called the masculine number, and the even number two, which is considered the feminine. For twice three are six. . . . also man is said to have been made on the sixth day" (*Strom.*, VI, 16). Philo Judæus had previously made much of the number six—as the number of creation and of the day on which man was created—as the first perfect number (the second being ten)—as connected in principle with unity (it was a basic number or unit in Babylonian arithmetic)—as both odd and even—and as sometimes called "harmony and matrimony" (*Quaest. in Gen.*, I, 91; II, 32, 45, 56; III, 49); and he also says that it is both male and female, being the multiple of the first odd or male num-

ber, three, and the first even or female number, two—"whence it was fitting that the universe was created in six days" (*De Mundi Opific.*, 3). Six was considered the perfect number as being the sum of its divisors, one, two, and three (Augustine, *De Civ. Dei*, XI, 30); and according to Marcus the Heresiarch, it possesses the power of production and regeneration, whence the "dispensation of suffering" (i. e., the Crucifixion) occurred on the sixth day and in the sixth hour (Hippolytus, *Philosophum.*, VI, 42). Six was called "Aphrodite the mother" by the Pythagoreans, who recognized it as the symbol of life (Iamblichus, *Theolog. Arithm.*, 10); while Proclus affirms that it is allied to "soul" (*in Tim.*, III). The soul as the life principle was sometimes associated with the blood; again,



NUT POURING THE WATER OF LIFE ON THE SOUL OF THE DECEASED IN THE FORM OF A BIRD.

Isis and Nephthys witnessing. (From Lenormant, *Histoire de l'Orient*, III, p. 202.)

with the breath (= spirit); and the Chinese have the "Six Breaths," which produce all things in silence, and the "Six of Earth" (probably as a cube), in contradistinction to "Heaven's One" (Kidd, *China*, p. 292). The dove is the bird of Aphrodite, and six doves are sometimes figured breathing the soul into the infant Jesus (Didron, *Christ. Iconog.*, p. 125). The Greeks identified their Aphrodite (the Roman Venus) with the Egyptian Hathor (Het-hert = the House above) who originally belonged to the eastern heaven; but as she was finally assimilated to Nut (the feminine counterpart of Nu) as a figure of the whole heaven (see Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 428), she is sometimes represented in the cosmic sycamore tree, pouring the "water of life" from the celestial jar upon the deceased, thus

reviving him for his resurrection and ascension into the celestial regions. She is recognized as a female counterpart of Ra, the sun (*ibid.*, p. 429); and thus, if the marriage at Cana be referred to Egyptian mythology, the bride and bridegroom would represent Hathor and Ra. Hathor was associated with the rise of the Nile at the summer solstice; and as the red color of the river shortly after its rise was sometimes attributed to blood, in all probability the "water of life" poured out by Hathor (or Nut) was conceived to be transmuted to blood for the revived deceased. Simon Magus



HEBE POURING NECTAR FOR THE EXHAUSTED HERACLES.

Vase painting. (From Inghirami, *Monumenti Etrusche*, Pl. XXXVI.)

declared that he had changed air (= breath or spirit) into water, then the water into blood, and finally solidified the blood into flesh, forming a new human being (*Clementine Recognitions*, II, 15). And it may well have been conceived that the wine transmuted from water at the Cana marriage would be changed to blood for the new human being who would spring from that marriage. In the accompanying Greek representation, Hebe pours a cup of nectar for Heracles, her husband to be, who has just ascended to Olympus in

an exhausted condition—perhaps as suggested by the Egyptian concept of Nut or Hathor with the revivifying “water of life.”

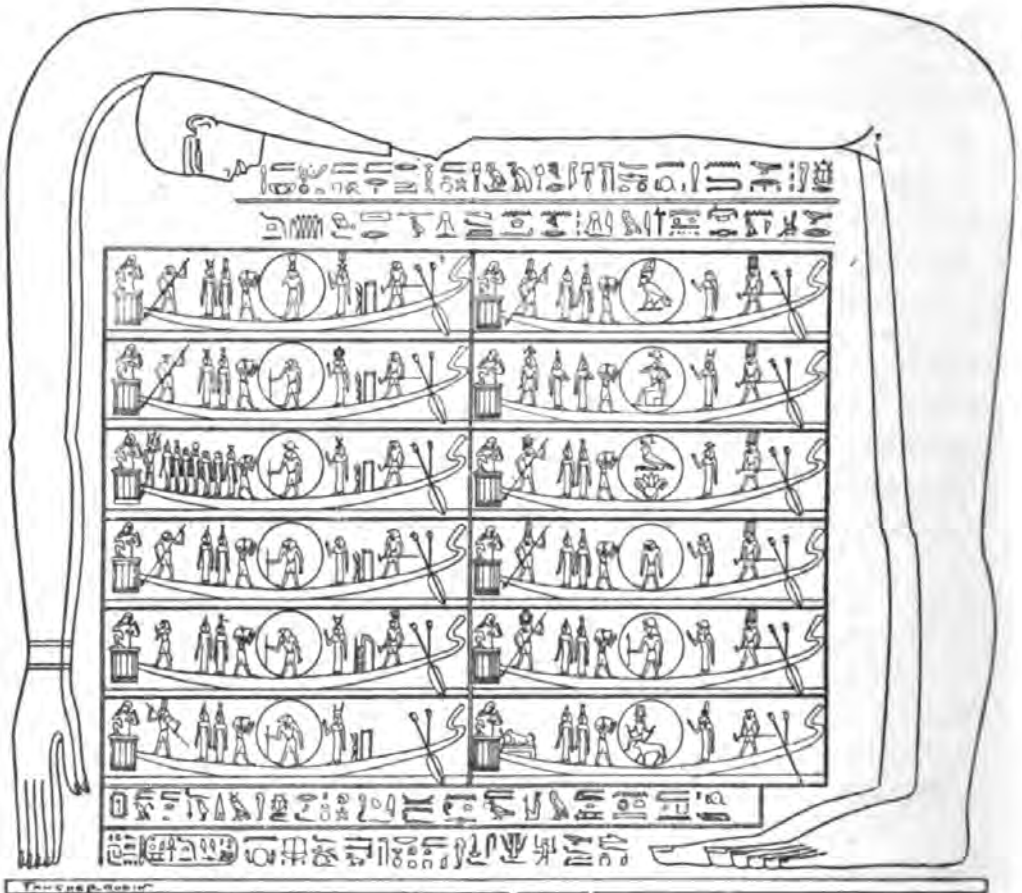
Stories of miracles suggested by the natural transmutations or transformations in the vegetable kingdom are numerous and various. In the Homeric hymn entitled “Dionysus and the Pirates,” the god confounds the pirates with wondrous deeds when they forcibly take him to sea; causing wine to bubble up through the ship, while a vine loaded with clusters of grapes grows over the mast and sails. In a favorite Apocryphal legend of the infant Jesus, he sows wheat with his own hand, and at the proper time it produces a miraculous harvest in point of quantity (*Pseudo-Matthew*, 34; *Gospel of Thomas*, First Greek form, 12, Latin form, 10; see also Donehoo, *Apocryphal Life*, p. 118). In a variant legend, Jesus enters a field of wheat newly sown and commands it to become ripe, which it does immediately (Donehoo, *op. cit.*, p. 94, note). The propagation of trees from cuttings or slips was probably the primary suggestion for the many miracles of the blossoming rod or staff, such as that of Aaron (Num. xvii. 5-8). Jesus is fabled on one occasion to have planted three staves which immediately became as many trees, covered with bloom and fruit; while on another occasion, on May 25, an olive tree grew from a staff that he stuck in the ground (Donehoo, *op. cit.*, p. 107). In one form of the legend of the sacred sycamore tree of Matarea (see *Gospel of the Infancy*, 24), the fountain brought forth beneath it by the infant Jesus is led in streams through the country and causes barren trees to bear fruit (Xaverius, *Persian Life of Christ*, p. 102). Generally speaking, trees are green and fruitful in the summer half of the year, and dry and barren in the winter; the sun-god being the mythical transformer in all seasons. In a representation of the solar Mithra we find a tree in leaf connected with a bull’s head (for Taurus as the spring sign), while another with fruit is connected with the opposite or autumn sign of the Scorpion (Montfaucon, *L’antiq. expl.*, I. Plate CCXV).

In the Canonical Gospels the only miracle of Jesus belonging to the vegetable kingdom is the one in which he causes a green tree to become leafless and dry, and this is also the only miracle of a destructive nature in these Gospels. It was probably introduced on the suggestion of Joel i. 7, 12, where the destruction of the fig-tree, which withers or dries up together with other trees, was naturally taken in connection with the earthquake and darkening of the sun in the following chapter (ii. 10); and the two latter elements reappear in connection with the Crucifixion of Jesus, while

the miracle of the fig-tree is placed shortly before that event—four days before, according to the Gospel chronology. This, however, leads to the inconsistency of making Jesus find a fig-tree in leaf in the spring season; for the leaves are preceded by the fruit, the early crop of which begins to form in spring and ripens in summer (Pliny, *H. N.*, XVI, 49; Hackett, *Illustrations of Scripture*, p. 133). Mark's story (xi. 12-14; 20-23) is as follows: "And on the morrow (the day after our Palm Sunday), having gone out from Bethany, he (Jesus) hungered. And seeing a fig-tree afar off having leaves, he went if perhaps he will find anything (i. e., any figs) on it. And having come to it, nothing he found except leaves, for it was not the season of figs. And answering, Jesus said to it, No more of thee forever let any one eat fruit. And his disciples heard. . . . And in the morning (of the next day), passing by, they saw the fig-tree dried up from the roots. And having remembered, Peter says to him, Rabbi, see, the fig-tree which thou cursedst is dried up." Matthew alone (xxi. 18-22) repeats the story, with some variations: omitting the statement that it was not the season for figs and stating that the tree "dried up immediately" after Jesus cursed it. All authorities are agreed that it was not the season for figs when this cursing occurred, whence some suppose that the tree had put forth leaves out of the ordinary course of nature, and that Jesus therefore expected to find fruit on it—for the figs precede the leaves. But this not only denies the omniscience of Jesus, but makes him curse the tree for not bearing fruit out of season. Strauss conjectures that the story was originally symbolical of unfruitful Israel (*New Life of Jesus*, 81; cf. Luke xiii. 6-9), as if that nation were expected to be fruitful out of season; but both Mark and Matthew obviously intend the story to be taken literally. The Gnostic Docetæ identified the Gospel fig-tree with the great cosmic tree, without regard to seasons; and according to them Jesus cursed it "because he did not find upon it that sweet fruit, the sought-for produce" (figuratively of the Israelites or men in general—Hippolytus, *Philosophum.*, VIII, 1).

Stories of the metamorphosis, transformation, or transfiguration of men and gods are found in the most highly developed mythologies as well as among primitive peoples generally. In Greek mythology such transformations are legion, many of them being collected by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*. The chief of the Greek transformers is Zeus (Jupiter) in his solar character; while Proteus, the Greek old man of the sea (probably a cloud figure originally) had the power of assuming all possible shapes (Homer, *Il.*, IV,

410, 455, etc.). In the *Book of the Dead* the deceased "arises as the living soul of Ra in heaven. He performs the prescribed transformations" (CXXVII, 11, Saïte). He is "the lord of the transformations" (CXXXIII, 10), like Horus, who is "radiant every day, and the master of transformations" (CXXXV, 1, Saïte—or "whose transformations are many," Theban). Twelve of the chapters in the *Book of the Dead* consist of formulas through



TWELVE TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE SUN-GOD IN THE HOURS OF THE DAY.

Edfu. (From Maspero, *Dawn of Civilization*, p. 89.)

which as many transformations of the deceased are effected—into a dove, the serpent Sata, the bird Bennu, the crocodile Sebek, the god Ptah, a golden hawk, the chief of the principal gods, a soul, a lotus-flower and a heron (see Renouf, *Rel. Anc. Egypt*, p. 189). On a monument from Edfu the twelve transformations are assigned to the sun-god in his journey through the twelve hours of the day (Rochemonteix, *Edfou*, Plate XXIII, C; Champollion, *Mon.*, Plate



CXXIII; Maspero, *Dawn*, p. 89). Like the solar Ra and Osiris, the deceased may take any of the divine forms; whence it is said of him in the *Book of Respirations* (6): "Thy soul is divinized in heaven, to make all the transformations thou desirest." He becomes a Bennu (= Phœnix, a figure of the rising sun—Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 97) in the most important of his transformations (*Book of the Dead*, XVII, 27; XXIX, C, 1, etc.). In the *Litany of Ra*, where that sun-god appears both as the *pantheos* and the cosmic man, he is called "the god with the numerous forms in the sacred dwelling" (i. e., the heaven—I, 32); the forms especially mentioned being those of the at-fish, ram, scarabæus beetle, and lion (I, 23, 26, 32, 33 and 56). Again, "his form is that of the transformer" (*ibid.*, I, 36); he has seventy-five forms (I, 76), and the deceased king to whom the *Litany* relates is called both "the Royal Osiris" and "Ra himself" (II, 2). In other texts, the solar Osiris makes for himself various forms in the underworld (*Book of the Underworld*, in Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 230, etc.); and "The secret dwelling is in darkness in order that the transformations of this god may take place" (*Records of the Past*, I, p. 90). Again, during the conflict following the slaying of Osiris as a man, the enemies of Ra transform themselves into crocodiles and hippopotamuses, intending to swallow him; but they are conquered by Horus, who during the same conflict takes the form of a winged (solar) disk and afterward that of a lion, while Set changes himself into a serpent after he is slain in human form by Horus (Budge, *Gods*, I, pp. 478-482). In the Harris Magic Papyrus, the soli-cosmic Osiris takes the form of a monkey (probably for a storm-cloud) and afterward that of a crazy man (for the stormy heaven—*Records of the Past*, X, pp. 152, 153.).

Although the transformation concept was probably utilized in Egypt for the purpose of accounting for the various assimilations of originally distinct deities, it is evident enough from the above-cited texts that the sun-god was always recognized as the great transformer—doubtless because he was conceived to assume different shapes in each month of the year as in each hour or other division of the day. Thus in one text he says that he is Ra when he rises and Tem (or Tum) when he sets (Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 335), while in another he says: "I am Khepra (the scarabæus god) in the morning, and Ra at noonday, and Tem in the evening" (*ibid.*, I, p. 352)—just as the Hindus identified these three phases of the sun respectively with Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, who were thus recognized as one god (*Asiatic Researches*, I, p. 267; V, p. 254).

In the view in which the daily revolution of the sun is divided into three equal parts by these three phases, they correspond to the three seasons of the Egyptian year; while the twelve hours of the day correspond to the twelve months. In his *Epistle to Anebo* the Egyptian, Porphyrius asks: "What is the meaning of those mystic narrations which say that a certain divinity is unfolded into light from mire...and that he changes his form every season (*ῶρα*, here for 'month') according to the signs of the zodiac?" And the answer is found in Iamblichus where he says that "the sun is diversified according to the signs of the zodiac, and every season changes his form" (*Theolog. Arithm.*, 3). In a hymn of the *Mahabharata*, the soli-cosmic deity is "the (one) god in twelve persons," and it is said to him: "Thou dividest thy person into twelve parts, and thou becomest the Twelve Adityas"—the Hindu gods of the months (*Vana Parva*, V, 189). The forms of the sun-god especially mentioned in the *Litany of Ra* as above cited—the fish, ram, scarabæus and lion—were not improbably referred to the zodiacal Pisces, Aries, Cancer and Leo; while Taurus corresponds to the bull-form of Osiris (as Asar-Hapi or Serapis). The Persians appear to have transferred some of the characteristics of the sun to Sirius, the brightest of the stars; for we find Tistar (= Sirius) assuming successively the forms of a man, a horse and a bull, and producing rain for ten days and nights in each form—or for a month of thirty days in all (*Bundahish*, VII, 4; *Tistar Yast*, 13, 16, 18).

The twelve ordinary months become twelve cycles of some two thousand years each in the great year of the precession of the equinoxes through the signs of the zodiac; and it is here in all probability that we have the primary suggestion for the periodical incarnation of the deity—a concept that reached its most highly developed forms among the worshipers of Vishnu. The number of his *avatars* or "descents from (heaven)" are variously given in Hindu works, the most popular group comprising ten forms in as many incarnations—a fish (Matsya), a tortoise (Kurma), a boar (Varaha), a man-lion (Narasinha), a dwarf (Vamana), Rama with the ax (Parasurama), Rama, Krishna, Buddha and Kalki—all belonging to the past except Kalki, who is yet to come on a white horse, sword in hand, for the destruction of the wicked (*Ayeen Akbery*, III, pp. 285-292). Kalki corresponds to the future incarnation with a sword who comes on a white horse at the close of the current cosmic cycle, in Rev. xix, 11-16; and there can be little doubt that the mystic lamb of that Jewish-Christian book was recog-

nized as the Aries incarnation (*ibid.*, V, 6). The Pisces precessional month began at about the beginning of the Christian era, whence doubtless some of the early Greek and Roman Christians identified Jesus with a fish (see the preceding article of this series, on "The Cosmic Multiplications").

In Section XI of the *Bhagavad-Gita*, the incarnate Krishna reveals himself to Arjuna in the form of the cosmic man. He "made evident unto Arjuna his supreme and celestial form. . . . The glory and amazing splendor of this mighty being may be likened to the sun shining at once into the heavens with a thousand times more than usual brightness. The son of Pandu (i. e., Arjuna) then beheld within the body of the God of Gods (Krishna), standing together, the whole universe divided forth into its vast variety." To him Arjuna says: "O universal Lord, form of the universe! . . . I see thee, difficult to be seen, shining on all sides with light immeasurable. . . . the sun and moon thine eyes; thy mouth a flaming fire, and the whole world shining with thy reflected glory. . . . The (three) worlds, alike with me, are terrified to behold thy wondrous form gigantic." And Krishna answers, "Well pleased, O Arjuna, I have shown thee, by my divine power, this my supreme form, the universe, in all its glory." Finally, Krishna changed back to "his natural (human) form, and having assumed his milder shape, he presently assuaged the fears of the affrighted Arjuna."

The appearance of Gautama Buddha in his divine or celestial form is perhaps the most conspicuous event of his life on earth. In the *Book of the Great Decease* (IV, 47-52), the beloved disciple Ananda places upon Buddha "that pair of gold-cloth robes, burnished and ready for wear," and the former says to the latter: "Wonderful, O Lord! Marvelous, O Lord! that the color of the Tathagata's (Buddha's) skin should be so pure and purified. For when I placed upon the person of the Blessed One this pair of gold-cloth robes, burnished and ready for wear, it appeared bereft of its brightness." Buddha replies that the Tathagata's skin becomes thus pure and purified on two occasions: on the night when he is supernaturally enlightened, and on the night when he finally enters Nirvana (i. e., when he dies); and the account closes with a poetical quotation which attests the antiquity of the legend:

"The pair of gold-cloth robes were brought by Pukkoso:  
The Master, when begirt therewith, in golden color shone."

In the Malalankara-vatthu version of the story, it is said of Buddha that "His body appeared shining like a flame. Ananda

was exceedingly surprised. . . . 'Your exterior appearance,' said he to Buddha, 'is all at once white, shining and beautiful above all expression' " (note to above, in *Sacred Books of the East*, XI, p. 82). The *Fo-pen-hing-tsi-king* (part of which is translated in Beal's *Romantic History of Buddha*) tells of the transfiguration of the child Buddha, at a time when he was being praised and bedecked with jewels—"the glory of the prince's body eclipsed the glory of these gems, so that their brightness was not seen, and they all appeared dark and black even as a drop of ink." Buddha was also seen on Mount Pandava, sitting in the shade of a tree, "his body glorious as a bright golden image. . . . as the brightness of the sun and moon in the midst of the mountain"; so that the people said, "This is no mortal man, for never yet did man possess such beauty, and shed abroad such glory" (XXII, 2). He passed the night on the mountain, and in the morning went to the city of Rajagriha, where the people were filled with awe at beholding "the spiritual luster" that shone from his body (XXIII, 1; in Beal, *Romantic History*).

In the Old Testament account of the Giving of the Law on Sinai, God said to Moses: "Come up unto Jehovah, thou and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy from the elders of Israel, and prostrate yourselves at a distance. And let Moses alone come to Jehovah. . . . And Moses. . . . arose early in the morning, and built an altar below the mountain, and twelve memorial pillars, according to the twelve tribes of Israel (corresponding to the twelve signs of the zodiac). . . . Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy from the elders of Israel. And they saw the God of Israel; and there was under his feet the like of a paved work of sapphire stone, and the like of the very heaven for clearness. . . . And Jehovah said unto Moses, Come up to me into the mountain, and be there, and I will give thee the two tablets of stone, and the law and the commandment. . . . And Moses went up into the mountain and the cloud covered the mountain. And the glory of Jehovah abode upon Mount Sinai, and the cloud covered it six days; and the seventh day he (Jehovah) called to Moses out of the midst of the cloud. And the appearance of the glory of Jehovah was like devouring fire on the top of the mountain in the eyes of the children of Israel. And Moses entered into the midst of the cloud. . . . and Moses was in the mountain forty days and forty nights" (Ex. xxiv. 1, 4, 9, 10, 12, 15-18). When he returned, Moses found that the people had made a golden calf, and in his anger he not only destroyed this image but also broke the two tablets on which Jehovah

had written the ten commandments (*ibid.* xxxii. 19, 20). But replicas were subsequently written by Jehovah on Sinai; and when Moses returned with them "the skin of his face sent forth rays" (A. V., 'had become shining'; Sept., 'was made glorious'), so the people feared to approach him except when he put on a veil (*ibid.* xxxiv. 1, 4, 28-35). According to the *Book of Enoch*, men shall not be able to behold the faces of the elect ones at the time of the Judgment, for the Lord of Spirits shall cause his light to illumine their faces (XXXVIII, 4). In the *Litany of Ra*, that sun-god is addressed as Senekher = Shining Face, and "his form is that of Senekher" (I, 62); while, as we saw above, the whole body of Buddha shone brighter than gold, and that of Krishna shone brighter than the sun—whence it seems that Moses in his glorified transfiguration is of solar character, while the sun-god himself is represented by Jehovah in his glory "like devouring fire" (just as Ra has the form of "the burning one" and is "the master of light," in the *Litany*, I, 40, 75). Furthermore, the destruction of the golden calf coming as it does after the institution of the Passover at about the time of the spring equinox, with its sacrifice of a male lamb and change of date for the beginning of the year (Ex. xii. 2-11), suggests that the lamb was substituted for the calf by the Israelites, and that this substitution and change in the calendar belong to the epoch when the spring equinox retrograded from Taurus into Aries.

The generality of the Jews at the beginning of the Christian era held that the history of Moses as the first Redeemer would be repeated in that of the Messiah as the second Redeemer (*Eccl. Rab.*, I, 9; *Mishna, Sanh.*, 111a, etc.). In the figurative language of 2 Cor. iii. 7-iv. 6, the veiled glory of the face of Moses represents the Old Testament dispensation which is superseded by the "glad tidings" of Christ; the veil being taken away from "the surpassing glory" of Christ, "who is the image of God," so that Christians "with uncovered face beholding the glory of the Lord (God) as in a mirror (i.e., in Christ), to the same image are being transformed (*μεταμορφούμεθα*) from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit (God)." It is not impossible that we have here the immediate suggestion for the Gospel story of the Transfiguration of Jesus, the earliest extant form of which is presumably in Mark ix. 2-10, where it is evidently an interpolation, breaking as it does the connection between verses 1 and 11. But the Gospel story is certainly intended to be taken literally, whereas in 2 Corinthians the transformation (of both Christ and his followers) is spiritual, somewhat like that of Enoch, whose "spirit was trans-

figured" when he was translated into the heaven (*Book of Enoch*, LXXI, 11). Mark's story follows: "And after six days (i. e., on the seventh day, doubtless originally the Jewish Sabbath, as in the Mosaic account of the appearance of Jehovah in his glory), Jesus takes with him Peter and James and John, and brings them alone up into a high mountain apart. And he was transformed (*μετεμορφώθη*: Vulgate, *transfiguratus est*; A. V., 'was transfigured') before them; and his garments became shining, white exceedingly as snow, such as a fuller on the earth is not able to whiten (or, 'he became shining, and his raiment became white like snow,' according to the Sinaitic Palimpsest). And appeared to them Elijah, with Moses, and they were talking with Jesus. And answering, Peter says to Jesus, Rabbi, good it is for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elijah. For he knew not what he should say, for they had become greatly afraid (like Arjuna at the transfiguration of Krishna). And there came a cloud overshadowing them, and there came a voice out of the cloud (the voice of God, who spoke to Moses out of a cloud), saying, This is my son, the beloved (as at the baptism of Jesus, Mark i. 11; Matt. iii. 17; Luke iii. 22): hear ye him (cf. Deut. xviii. 15; Acts iii. 22; vii. 37). And suddenly having looked around, no longer any one they saw but Jesus alone with themselves"—and "as he was (before his transformation)," according to the *Diatessaron*. The story closes with the descent from the mountain and the charge of Jesus that no one should be told of the occurrence till after his resurrection. Matthew (xvii. 1-9) has substantially the same story, with the same Greek word for "he was transformed"; but with some variations and additions. Thus this Evangelist says of Jesus that "his face shone as the sun, and his garments became white as the light. . . . and a luminous cloud overshadowed them; and lo, a voice out of the cloud saying, This is my son, the beloved, in whom I have found delight: hear ye him. And hearing it, the disciples fell upon their faces, and were very greatly affrighted. And having come to them, Jesus touched them, and said, Arise, and be not terrified. And lifting up their eyes, they saw no one except Jesus alone." In Luke (ix. 28-36) the account is recast throughout—"And it came to pass after these words about eight days (probably 'on the eighth day' in the original of Luke's version, with Sunday instead of Saturday recognized as the Sabbath), that having taken Peter and John and James, he (Jesus) went up into the mountain to pray. And it came to pass, as he prayed the appearance of his face (became) changed, and his

clothing (became) gleaming white (or, 'as the light of lightning'—*Diatessaron*). And behold, two men talked with him, who were Moses and Elijah, who appearing in glory spoke of his departure (i. e., his death) which he was about to accomplish in Jerusalem. But Peter and those with him were oppressed with sleep; and having awoke, they saw his glory, and the two men who stood with him. And it came to pass, as these (two men) departed from him . . . . a cloud came and overshadowed them (the disciples) and they feared as those (two men) entered into the cloud: and a voice came out of the cloud, saying, This is my son, the beloved (or, 'the chosen,' as in the Sinaitic Palimpsest and the *Diatessaron*, answering to 'the Elect One' of *Enoch*, XC, 5, etc.): hear ye him. And as occurred the voice, Jesus was found alone." The story is wanting in John; but there is an allusion to it in 2 Peter i. 17-18, where the writer follows Matthew in a general way, but rather loosely refers to "the apostles" as eyewitnesses of the scene. This probably suggested the statement in the *Apocalypse of Peter* that the twelve disciples went with Jesus into a mountain; and when they begged him to show them one of the dead in the other world, "suddenly there appeared two men (Moses and Elijah) standing before the Lord toward the east, on whom we were not able to look, for there came forth from their countenance a ray as of the sun" (4-6).

It should be sufficiently evident without detailed comparisons that the Gospel stories of the Transfiguration are to a large extent mere variant composites of the two (or more) stories of Moses, in the latter (or last) of which he appears with his shining face; while the shining or gleaming garments of Jesus are like those of the glorified Buddha (and Krishna).

Primarily the three Apostles with Jesus are counterparts of Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, who with Moses "saw the God of Israel" on Sinai; and they also serve as the number of witnesses required by Jewish law (Deut. xix. 15; Luke ix. 28, etc.). Peter, James and John were also the witnesses of the raising of the daughter of Jairus and of the agony of Jesus in Gethsemane, while James and John had desired seats on the right and left of Jesus in his "glory" (Mark x. 37) or "kingdom" (Matt. xx. 21). Moreover, in Mark iii. 17, James and John are called "Boanerges" (= Sons of Thunder, with reference to their zeal), and in Ex. xix. 9, 16, 18, Jehovah appears on Sinai in a storm-cloud, with thunders and lightnings, smoke, fire and earthquake. Moses alone went to Jehovah in Ex. xxiv, his three companions evidently remaining somewhat lower on the mountain; whence in all probability Jesus was conceived

to have gone somewhat higher than the three Apostles when he was transfigured—which gives a symmetrical arrangement of the typical seven figures in the scene, with the three visitors from heaven highest of all, doubtless in the air according to the original concept. Jehovah was alone when he appeared to Moses; but he is accompanied by Moses and Elijah in the symmetrical Gospel arrangement of the seven figures. Without this arrangement, Enoch might well have been included with Moses and Elijah, as they were the three human beings supposed by the Jews to have been translated to heaven, the rest of the dead being in the underworld (Heb. xi. 5; Josephus, *Antiq.*, IV, 8, 18; 2 Kings ii. 11, etc.). Moreover, Moses and Elijah (without Enoch, for the reason suggested) were probably recognized by the Gospel writers as a sort of connecting link between the old and the new dispensations, attesting the Messiahship of Jesus.

The identification of the Mount of the Transfiguration of Jesus with an actual mountain or hill in Palestine has been abandoned in despair by critical commentators; in fact, we may be sure it would have been definitely named had such an identification been plausible. The Gospel mountain corresponds not only to Sinai, but also to Pandava in the transfiguration of Buddha; and in the mythical view all three mountains represent the dome of heaven, primarily with the sun-god in the meridian. This is probably the position of Jehovah in both the Mosaic and Christian scenes, while in the latter Moses and Elijah are on Jehovah's right and left, to the east and west. In the same view, Jesus is also in the meridian, below Jehovah, as is Peter with James to the right or east and John to the left or west; and as Jesus is the Pisces incarnation, while Peter is recognized as the Apostle of that sign, the sign itself may well have been conceived as in the meridian at midday at the time of the Transfiguration—with Jehovah and Jesus as duplicate solar figures, and James and John perhaps in Gemini and Sagittarius respectively. This would appear to put the original date of the Transfiguration of Jesus at the spring equinox in Pisces, about a year before the Crucifixion; for that equinox retrograded into Pisces about the beginning of the Christian era.

In the Gospel stories Jesus does not appear to undergo any actual change in form, in which respect these stories are like those of Moses and Buddha, but unlike that of Krishna. But it is not impossible that Mark (and Matthew) employed the word *μετεμορφώθη* (= "was metamorphosed" or "transformed") on the suggestion of some symbolical reference to the metamorphosis of the



Messiah for his incarnation in the Pisces precessional period; for the Greek word properly signifies an actual or apparent change in form or figure (whence the A. V. "transfigured"); and while the Messiah is symbolized by a lamb in Revelation (as if for the Aries incarnation), Jesus was frequently represented as a fish by the early Christians (for the incarnation of the Pisces period). Luke omits the statement that Jesus "was transformed," and states instead that "the appearance of his face changed"; while the *Diatessaron* has it that "Jesus changed and became after the fashion of another person, and his face shone like the sun" (XXIV, 3). According to the *Acts of John* (4), that Apostle beheld the transfigured Jesus as naked and not in any wise as a man, but standing on the ground with his feet whiter than snow and luminous, and his head reaching into the heaven; and when John cried out in fear, Jesus again became as a man of small (or normal) stature.

In the *Gospel of the Infancy*, Jesus transforms boys to kids, but shortly restores them to human shape (40); and he also restores a man who had been changed into a mule through witchcraft (20, 21).

## MANIFESTATIONS OF THE RISEN JESUS.

BY WM. WEBER.

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THE Gospels and Acts contain a few accounts of appearances of Jesus after his resurrection which may be considered together under the heading "Manifestations of the Risen Jesus." They are: the Last Interview, the Emmaus Appearance, the Touch and Food Test, and the Thomas Episode. I pass over the appearance at the Lake of Tiberias, the last appendix to the fourth Gospel, because that narrative is based on Luke v. 3-9, belonging to a different period of the life of Jesus. For several reasons, it is advisable to examine first the Last Interview. In doing so, the first Gospel will be disposed of as far as the resurrection is concerned. Besides, it is the only one of the pericopes just named of which we possess parallel versions. Last but not least, it is the most important and instructive of them all, as will appear in the course of the following investigation.

The first Gospel records only a single meeting of Jesus and his disciples after he had risen from the dead (Matt. xxviii. 16-20). It took place in Galilee, and the opening words: "And the eleven disciples went into Galilee," apparently join it directly to either of the two preceding versions of the story of the Women at the Grave. For the angel as well as Jesus directed the women to tell the disciples they should go to Galilee where they would meet their risen master. But when we find verse 16 to continue: "unto the mountain where Jesus had appointed them," grave doubts are bound to arise whether the final pericope of Matthew is really and organically connected with the preceding passage. For no mountain nor any other place of rendezvous is mentioned in either the angel message or the command of Jesus. Acts i. 12 locates the last meeting of Jesus and his disciples expressly on Mount Olivet near Jerusalem; and Luke xxiv. 50 names Bethany, a village on the same mountain, as the exact place where Jesus ascended into heaven. Our

tradition is, therefore, contradictory; and it is not improbable that the just quoted first part of verse 16 owes its existence to the compiler who added the burial and resurrection chapter to the first Gospel. That impression is confirmed by the peculiar character of the pericope of the Women at the Grave as well as by the negative testimony of the other sources. We neither expect any direct continuation of the angel message, nor is such a continuation met with in any of the other Gospels. Our passage is therefore to be recognized as an entirely independent narrative, leaving, however, the question where the mountain was located undecided.

The most important feature of Matt. xxviii. 16-20 is the new commandment of Jesus: "Go ye and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit" (Am. R. V., verse 19). To convey a more distinct idea of the meaning of that commandment, it would be better to use the term "all the Gentiles" instead of "all the nations." For that is what the corresponding Greek words really signify.

We have here a strict and unequivocal order, directly opposed to the first missionary precept given by Jesus and found Matt. x. 5. The latter reads: "Go not into any way of the Gentiles, and enter not into any city of the Samaritans; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." According to those words, Jesus enjoined his apostles emphatically to confine their missionary work strictly and absolutely to members of their own nation; he forbade them directly to preach the Gospel to Gentiles and Samaritans.

Jesus considered himself bound by that rule, as one may learn from the pericope of the Canaanitish Woman (Matt. xv. 21-28 and Mark vii. 24-30). He refused at first to heal the daughter of the Gentile woman, saying: "I was not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel" (Matt. xv. 24), and: "It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs" (Matt. xv. 26 and Mark vii. 27). The "children," of course, are the Jews and the "dogs", the Gentiles. Another saying of Jesus to the same effect has been preserved Matt. vii. 6: "Give not that which is holy to the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine."

Statements of that kind are characteristic of the spiritual pride and exclusiveness of the Jewish nation which was either shared or at least taken into serious consideration by Jesus. It does not fall within the scope of the present paper to account for or to explain the attitude of Jesus in this matter. But it is necessary to establish the fact that Jesus prohibited his apostles when he first

commissioned them to preach his Gospel from attempting to reach the Gentiles or even the kindred Samaritans. That will render it clear how strange and unexpected the missionary charge of the risen Jesus must have sounded to the astonished disciples. It was bound to leave just on that account an indelible impression upon their minds and memory; and if they ever had believed in Jesus and obeyed him before, they now could not but regard it as their most sacred duty to go at once to the Gentiles and invite them to enter into the Kingdom of God.

It might be said, of course, those words which bear the imprint of all that is repulsive in Pharisaic Judaism, occur with a single exception only in Matthew. We have learned to look upon everything vouched for by one of the Gospels, and especially one of the Synoptic Gospels only, as of doubtful authenticity. Why should not that rule be applied to the passages under discussion and Matt. xxviii. 19 be accepted as the only genuine missionary commandment of Jesus? It certainly forecasts the actual course of the Christian propaganda and the development of the religion of Christ into one of the universal religions. Both commandments can have been given hardly by one and the same person since they contradict and exclude each other. Moreover, also the third Gospel ascribes to the risen Jesus a statement closely related to Matt. xxviii. 19, namely, "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all the Gentiles" (Luke xxiv. 47). Besides, we have a similar saying in the parallel account Acts i. 6-11: "Ye shall be my witnesses both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Thus, as far as the number of witnesses is concerned, the universal commandment is even better attested than its opposite.

We must not be overhasty, however, to apply mechanically in any instance a text-critical rule which holds good in very many, if not in most cases. There are in the given instance some other factors which ought not to be lost sight of. That Matthew alone has handed down those sayings of Jesus does not stamp them as spurious automatically. It is not difficult to understand how and why the early Christians may have obliterated the corresponding passages in the other Gospels. For those words must have struck the Gentile Christians from the very beginning as incompatible with the spirit of Christianity and the actual spread of their religion. They could not see how such a phenomenal growth could have started in opposition to Christ's will and command. They failed to conceive the circumstances which might have made such a precept

of Jesus wise and reasonable, at least as a temporary measure. Thus, all the Gentile compilers and editors of the Gospels during their formative period were sorely tempted to reject all such obnoxious words of Jesus they might come upon in their sources. That they were retained in the first Gospel may be due to especially favorable conditions. Matthew may have been, for instance, in the care and keeping of Jewish Christians much longer than the other Gospels. After a certain time, reverence of the written sacred words of the New Testament writings no longer permitted any serious omissions and other changes in the text as it had been handed down.

Fortunately, we are not dependent upon such reflections in order to decide whether Matt. x. 5-6 or Matt. xxviii. 19 or both preserve genuine sayings of Jesus. Everybody has to admit that the charge given the disciples by their glorified master ~~admitted~~ of neither doubt nor hesitation. It was impossible for them to forget that momentous precept. ~~Supposing~~, therefore, the words Matt. xxviii. 19 to have actually been uttered by Jesus, we must take it for granted that the apostles began at the very first opportunity to carry their message not only to the Jews but also to the Samaritans and Gentiles.

On the day of Pentecost, indeed, when the disciples bore witness to their faith in Jesus for the first time in public, they seem to have addressed representatives of all nations on earth (Acts ii. 9-11). But we ought to remember: Jerusalem at that time was by no means a cosmopolitan metropolis with a large foreign population. The city was nothing but the religious center of the Jews, not even the official residence of the Roman governor. Far removed from the great routes of travel, it had no commercial importance; no great industries flourished within its walls. Its life and existence depended altogether upon the temple and its visitors. There was nothing to attract foreign settlers, nor would they have been welcomed to stay. They were "dogs" and "swine," unclean beasts whose very breath defiled a pious Jew. A heathen would hardly dare to sneak into the temple, as to pass a certain limit within the temple meant death for him. Hence it is unthinkable that heathen in any number should have gathered anywhere in the temple at the Feast of Weeks and admitted in public not to be Jews. What happened to the apostle Paul who was accused of having brought Greeks into the temple and thereby defiled the holy place (Acts xxi. 28), gives us an inkling of what the Jews would have done to unknown

and uninvited visitors, reckless enough to proclaim their foreign nationality within the halls of the temple.

But the Pentecost address of the apostle Peter (Acts ii. 14-36) shows unmistakably who was really present at that occasion. He appeals to his audience as "Jews and all ye people of Jerusalem." The translation "ye men of Judea" (Am. R. V.) is misleading. For at that period, the term "Jews" had long become the name of the entire nation. The apostle speaks to two classes of people, pilgrims who had come from the different districts of Palestine as well as other parts of the world, and inhabitants of the holy city. Both of them were Jews by birth and by religion. Thus, when he employs the vocative a second time he calls them simply "Israelites" and, in his peroration, appeals to them as "all the house of Israel." The leader of the Twelve is therefore trying in his first great effort of making converts, to reach, not representatives of heathen nations, but alone his own countrymen.

According to Acts x the first-fruits of the Gentiles, gathered in by St. Peter, were the centurion Cornelius of Cæsarea and some of his kinsmen and friends. But it required, on the one hand, a special divine revelation, repeated three times, to cause the apostle to listen to the invitation of the Gentile centurion, and, on the other hand, the gift of the Holy Spirit bestowed upon those Gentiles, even before they were baptized, to bring him to the conclusion: "Can any man forbid the water that these should not be baptized who have received the gift of the Holy Spirit as well as we?" If St. Peter had been aware at that time of Matt. xxviii. 19, neither the vision nor the gift of the Holy Spirit would have been necessary. He would not even have waited for being invited by a Gentile to explain the Christian conception of the Kingdom of God to him: but would rather have inquired among his friends who of their heathen acquaintances might be interested in his message.

Acts xi. 1-13 illustrates how ignorant also the other apostles and brethren were of the great missionary commandment. They rebuked St. Peter when he came again to Jerusalem for having held intercourse with Gentiles and were not satisfied until he had explained in detail all the circumstances which had led to the baptism of Cornelius and his people. "When they heard these things, they held their peace and glorified God, saying: Then to the Gentiles also hath God granted repentance unto life."

The first to preach Jesus to Samaritans and Gentiles were followers of the protomartyr Stephen, who had to leave Jerusalem after the death of their leader. Philip, one of the colleagues of

Stephen, became the apostle of the Samaritans (Acts viii. 4ff). Others traveled north as far as Antioch but spoke "the word to none save only to Jews." Not till they had arrived at the Syrian capital, did some of them speak "to the Greeks also, preaching the Lord Jesus" (Acts xi. 19).

The persecution whose first victim was the Hellenistic deacon Stephen did not affect the Palestinian Christians but only those who had been won over from among the Jews of the diaspora who spoke Greek. These held more liberal views than the natives of Palestine and were the first to recognize the true character of their new religion and that Christianity was superior to Judaism. The charges raised against St. Stephen, who was evidently the leader of the universalistic movement whose chief exponent afterward St. Paul became, was: "We have heard him say that this Jesus of Nazareth shall destroy this place [the temple] and change the customs which Moses delivered unto us" (Acts vi. 14). In his defense, the martyr does not deny that accusation but rather undertakes to prove the truth of the statements ascribed to him. The temple cannot be the house of God; and the Law, credited by the Jews to Moses, is an adulterated substitute for the true divine law which had to be revealed anew through Jesus.

If men who cherished such convictions acted at first as if they were still bound by Matt. x. 5-6, they cannot have known the commandment of Matt. xxviii. 19. To be sure, they communicated eventually their religious knowledge to Gentiles, but, in doing so, they followed their individual judgment and not an order given by Jesus. Consequently, a special meeting of the apostles was required at Jerusalem to approve of that missionary work among the Greeks at Antioch (Acts xv).

The frequent references of the apostle Paul to Judaistic interference with his work among the Gentiles will close and clinch our argument. Numerous passages in his Epistles treat of that controversy. It is sufficient for our purpose to review only the statements found in the first two chapters of the Epistle to the Galatians. The apostle furnishes us a few data of his Christian career. He was called by Jesus to preach him among the Gentiles (Gal. i. 16). He labored first for some time in Arabia and then "again," that is, a second time, at Damascus (Gal. i. 17). Apparently three years after his second stay in Damascus, he spent two weeks at Jerusalem and made the acquaintance of Cephas and James the brother of the Lord. Thence he went to Syria and Cilicia. Fourteen years later, he ascended another time to Jerusalem, and to use his own

words: "I laid before them the gospel which I preach among the Gentiles" (Gal. ii. 2). He wanted to come to an understanding with the leading men among the original disciples, "lest by any means I should be running, or had run, in vain" (Gal. ii. 2). Judaistic intrigues had forced that decision upon him (Gal. ii. 4f). The outcome of that conference may best be told in the apostle's own words. He writes: "When they saw that I had been intrusted with the gospel unto the uncircumcision, even as Peter with the gospel to the circumcision (for he that wrought for Peter unto the apostleship of the circumcision wrought for me also unto the Gentiles); and when they perceived the grace that was given unto me, James and Cephas and John, they who were reputed to be pillars, gave to me and Barnabas the right hands of fellowship, that we should go unto the Gentiles, and they unto the circumcision" (Gal. ii. 7-9).

Such words leave no room for doubt but that the first apostles as late as twenty years or more after St. Paul's conversion and even a longer time after the death and resurrection of Jesus, obeyed still the command of their master, preserved in Matt. x. 5f, and worked exclusively among the Jews. They acknowledged the apostleship of St. Paul, not because they remembered words of Jesus like those of Matt. xxviii. 19, but because they could not overlook the great success of St. Paul and his fellow-workers among the heathen. Yet in spite of that official recognition, even St. Peter was not quite sure whether St. Paul was right or not. During a visit to Antioch, he communed at first freely with Gentile Christians, but withdrew from all intercourse with them after some friends of St. James had arrived (Gal. ii. 11ff).

The objection might be raised the controversy between St. Paul and the Judaistic Christians did not involve the question whether Gentiles could become Christians but rather whether Gentile Christians had to accept the entire Jewish religion in addition to their belief in Jesus. But how could Gentiles have been converted at all, if all the disciples had worked exclusively among the Jews and if they shrank from intercourse even with Gentile Christians that had not been circumcised? Such an attitude presupposed that they would not approach Gentiles except they had been converted to Judaism by some one else. How impossible that was appears from the words of Jesus: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves" (Matt. xxiii. 15).

Our present knowledge entitles us to maintain: If all the early



Christians had decided to wait with preaching to Gentiles directly until the latter had become Jews, Christianity would have remained an insignificant Jewish sect and as such would have been lost to the world. For Judaism as a strictly national religion could and can never become a universal religion. If the world at large was ever to accept the religion of Jesus of Nazareth, that task had to be approached in just the way St. Paul and his colleagues went at it. Christianity pure and simple, not Judaism plus Christianity, had to be offered to the Gentiles. That is what St. Paul did, not because Jesus had left any direct order to that effect, but because he had become convinced that he was doing what was right and necessary. He himself calls the process by which he arrived at that conviction a special and personal divine revelation. "God. . . . called me through his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the Gentiles" (Gal. i. 15f).

The statement of St. Paul, representing a strictly authentic and contemporary source of history, a characteristic which does not belong unconditionally to all the passages found in the Gospels and the Acts, carry the greatest possible weight, especially as they are confirmed in our case by the testimony of the Acts. They render it absolutely certain that the passage Matt. xxviii. 16-20 cannot be an authentic record of what actually happened and was said when Jesus appeared after his death to his disciples. It is rather an account written many years afterward by a person to whom evidently the conquest of the heathen world for Jesus was the result of the divine master's will and express command.

That conclusion, from which there is no escape, enables us to fix, at least approximately, the date when the closing section of the first Gospel originated, which, however, is not by any means the date when it was added to the Gospel. As an indisputable fact, nobody could have dreamt of putting the universal missionary commandment into the mouth of Jesus during the Apostolic Age. For it was contradicted by the fierce struggle of Judaism against the Pauline conception of Christianity. Wherever St. Paul had succeeded in founding a congregation of believers, he was followed by Judaistic missionaries who taught in the name of the original apostles that it was not sufficient simply to believe in Jesus Christ but that the Gentile Christians had to become full-fledged Jews before they could be sure of their salvation. They did not acknowledge the apostleship of St. Paul and evidently claimed that Jesus had not sent his true apostles to the Gentiles.

The memory of that bitter struggle cannot have died with the

Apostolic Age. The second generation of Gentile Christians must have been quite familiar with all its phases, especially since the Judaistic propaganda remained very active. But several circumstances combined in causing the Gentile Christians to forget during the first half of the second century entirely under what conditions the new religion had first gained a foothold among their grandfathers. The number of Gentile Christians increased and multiplied so rapidly that oral tradition, handed down from father to son, ceased to be a living factor. The Judaistic Christians, while still very active, were no longer a real menace, for lack of proportionate numbers. The Gospels, or rather what Justin calls "Memoirs of the Apostles," were translated into Greek and other languages and read regularly at the religious services of the Christians (Just. Mart., 1 *Ap.*, 67). From those "memoirs" the Gentiles learned to regard and honor the Twelve Apostles as the leading representatives and principal missionaries of Jesus Christ even among the heathen. Justin Martyr himself, who had received some philosophical training, does not mention the apostle Paul by name in his writings, although he speaks of St. Peter. The pressing duties of the day and the bloody war with the religious intolerance of their heathen neighbors, left those Christians neither time nor inclination for studying the history of their religion, provided there were people able to do such work in their midst.

In such an atmosphere, the words of Matt. xxviii. 19 were bound to be ascribed to Jesus sooner or later. But I doubt very much whether Justin Martyr ever found them in his "Memoirs of the Apostles." He mentions repeatedly that the Gospel was carried to every nation on earth. But in doing so, he rather introduces an accomplished fact. The nearest he comes to ascribing that fact to a direct command of Jesus is that statement (1 *Ap.*, 31): "Some were sent by him to every nation of the human race." But that is very far from being a direct quotation of either our Matthew passage or Acts i. 8f or Luke xxiv. 44ff. Matt. xxviii. 16-20 has, therefore, been written hardly before the death of Justin Martyr. We may assign that section to about the year 150.

The second half of Matt. xxviii. 19 contains another clause which, if part of the original text, would bring down the date of the origin of our passage to A. D. 200, or even a later year. I am referring to the words: "Baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." They are our present-day baptismal formula. But that, while very old, does certainly not go back to the Apostolic Age. The New Testament

mentions baptism and baptizing quite frequently. But wherever the word is modified by a prepositional phrase, it is always baptizing in or into the name of Jesus Christ. On the day of Pentecost St. Peter advised his hearers: "Repent ye and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ" (Acts ii. 38). People of Samaria, as we learn Acts viii. 14, were baptized "into the name of the Lord Jesus." St. Peter ordered Cornelius and his friends "to be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ" (Acts x. 48). The apostle Paul met at Ephesus certain disciples who had been baptized "into John's baptism" and had them baptized "into the name of the Lord Jesus" (Acts xix. 5). The Epistles of St. Paul give testimony of the same fact. Rom. vi. 3 we find the question: "Are you ignorant that all we who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death?" Gal. iii. 27 the apostle states: "As many of you as were baptized into Christ put on Christ." Likewise the question: "Were you baptized into the name of Paul?" (1 Cor. i. 13), and the clause: "lest any man should say that ye were baptized into my name" (1 Cor. i. 15), imply clearly that the baptism St. Paul knew and practised was performed into the name of Jesus.

Here again we encounter a discrepancy between Matt. xxviii. 19 and the whole New Testament which cannot be removed by any explanation. We are thus compelled to regard the words which appear but once as unhistorical. The statement put into the mouth of the risen Jesus must be spurious. The risen Christ either directed his disciples to baptize into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. In that case the apostles would doubtless have done so. Or the risen Christ did not tell the Eleven to employ that formula because they always baptized into the name of Jesus only.

The Baptismal Confession, or "Apostles' Creed" represents the oldest attempt of systematizing the Christian doctrine. It is generally supposed to be based upon the baptismal formula, naming the three persons of the Trinity, which in turn is supposed to be of apostolic origin. But that belief is an unproven and unprovable assumption. The "Apostles' Creed" may just as well and even more likely be older than the trinitarian formula; and the latter would then represent the shortest epitome of the former. As such it cannot have been used in baptizing before it had become customary to have the candidates for baptism repeat the "Apostles' Creed." Neither the New Testament nor the *Didache* nor Justin Martyr know of such a use of the Baptismal Confession. They antedate, of course, the latter.

The early history of the "Apostles' Creed" is comparatively well known. It is supposed to have originated in Asia Minor after the first quarter of the second century and spread during the second half of that century gradually among the churches of the East and West. It may have been used at Ephesus and Rome as early as A. D. 130. But it was bound to require quite a good while until the trinitarian formula, derived from it, succeeded in replacing the original apostolic formula. That could not happen before the Christians had come to look upon the doctrine of Trinity as the very corner-stone of their religion. The first writer who uses the word "Trinity" and says distinctly "that tri-personality pertains to the one God as He is in Himself" is Tertullian, A. D. 150-230. Consequently the baptismal formula: "into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit," has to be assigned to the beginning of the third century.

However, the direction; "Baptize into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit," occurs twice in the seventh chapter of the *Didache*, which treats of baptism. That little book is assigned by most authorities to the beginning of the second century. Bryennios, the discoverer and editor of the text, places it between 120 and 160. If what was said shortly before is correct, we could not expect to meet the trinitarian formula in such an early writing even though it should belong to the year 160. As a matter of fact, the apostolic formula appears at the end of Chapter IX where we read: "No one shall eat or drink of your Eucharist except those who are baptized into the name of the Lord." How can, under these circumstances, the trinitarian formula be accounted for in Chapter VII? To say: "The shorter form does not necessitate the inference that the larger formula was not in use," means nothing but to refuse to recognize and try to solve the problem presented by the occurrence of both formulas in one and the same writing.

No matter whether one accepts or rejects what has been said about the origin of the trinitarian baptismal formula, the apostolic formula is the older of the two. The two formulas express different ideas, belonging to different ages of Christian thought and development. To baptize *in* the name of Jesus means to baptize by the authority of Jesus, who was a real person. To baptize *into* the name of Jesus signifies, if we accept the definition of St. Paul, to unite with Jesus. Both ideas are understood readily and by everybody, being, if one may use such a term, of a concrete nature. The trinitarian formula, on the other hand, bears a mystic char-

acter. Nobody can baptize in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, for there exists no baptismal commandment given by the three persons of the Trinity. And to baptize into the name of the Trinity is something of which no distinct and adequate idea can be formed. During the period of transition, there may and must have been Christians, especially in different parts of the Christian world, some of whom continued to cling conservatively to the original formula while others of a more progressive nature adopted the new one. But it is inconceivable how one and the same person could make use of both alternately.

Under these conditions, the occurrence of both formulas in the *Didache* simply demonstrates that the original text contained the apostolic formula in both chapters and that this was replaced later on for certain reasons by the trinitarian formula in the first passage.

The *Didache* is the oldest church manual handed down to us. It consists of two main parts; the first six chapters are devoted to Christian ethics for the instruction of catechumens, the remaining chapters contain directions pertaining to worship and discipline. Any one who wanted to be admitted into the fellowship of the Christians had to learn and know the first six chapters before he was admitted to baptism, as the opening words of Chapter VII indicate and as also Bryennios sets forth in a long note to that passage. That excludes, as a matter of fact, the "Apostles' Creed" and the formula based upon that confession. The booklet was used as a catechism for a long time, as appears from the following statements of Bryennios: "Other Christian writers who read the *Didache* of the Twelve Apostles and used it, evidently in their writings are: the author of the *Clementinae*, Irenæus, Clemens of Alexandria, and John of Climax. Clemens, the teacher of the Alexandrians, counts indeed the *Didache* among the Divine Scriptures and is evidently, in doing so, exaggerating its authority. Eusebius, the friend of Pamphilus, has placed it among the doubtful writings. The great Athanasius, however, counts it among those scriptures which were ordained by the holy Fathers to be read by neophytes and such as wish to be taught the principles of our religion."

The *Didache* was used therefore as a text-book for religious instruction even in the fourth century. In the long time between its first publication and the Council of Nicæa, important changes took place in the Christian Church. The orthodox faith was elaborated and firmly established. The new doctrines affected the entire church life and, not least, the old sacred rites. The

*Didache* had thus become obsolete. But being held in such high esteem, it could not be put aside. Thus, the only alternative left was to bring the text by emendations up to date. In that way the apostolic baptismal formula was replaced in the chapter on baptism by the trinitarian formula and the words "three times" inserted in the statement: "If you have no running water, baptize in other water. If you cannot do it in cold water, do so in warm water. If you have neither, pour [three times] water upon the head [in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit]." For I am under the impression that baptism in the Apostolic Age consisted of only one, not three immersions.

Having drawn above the conclusion that Matt. xxviii. 19 was still unknown to Justin Martyr, we are facing now the question whether the philosopher was familiar with the trinitarian formula. If that formula is related closely to belief in Trinity, Justin Martyr is not likely to have ever heard of it. The doctrine of Trinity, the most important contribution of the Greek mind to Christianity, was formulated and developed in the course of the third century. Apart from the insignificant body of Judaistic Christians, it was universally acknowledged from the day of its first appearance. For the controversies, settled by the ecumenical councils, did not concern the fundamental doctrine but rather the accurate definition of the mutual relationship of the three persons who formed the one Trinity. Accordingly, it is *a priori* improbable that the trinitarian formula was known and used during the age of Justin. For, as Fisher in his *History of the Christian Doctrine* expresses it: "It is evident that his conception of the Holy Spirit and of the relation of the Spirit to the Father and Son is not well defined in his own thoughts." What that really means may best be learned from the confession of faith with which the apologist meets the charge of atheism right in the beginning of his *First Apology* (6): "We confess to be atheists as far as such so-called gods are concerned, but not as for the most true God, who is both Father of righteousness and self-control and the other virtues and unalloyed by wickedness. But we adore and worship Him and also the Son who came from Him and taught us this and the host of the other good angels who follow and are similar to them and the prophetic Spirit, giving honor in word and truth and imparting ungrudgingly to everybody who wishes to learn what we were taught."

1 *Ap.*, 61, however, we come upon the statement: "For in the name of the Father of the universe and of the Lord God and of the Saviour Jesus Christ and of the Holy Spirit they are then made

the bath in the water." The translation follows closely the Greek text. In the first place, those words are not exactly our trinitarian formula. In the second place, the verb does not agree with its direct object. The Greeks used to say "to give a bath" and "to bathe a bath," but not "to make a bath." Even if "to make a bath" were idiomatic Greek, the passive voice could not be constructed with the accusative of the direct object, just as little as we could say "I am made a bath." The quoted sentence is therefore, to say the least, suspicious. The temporal adverb "then" strengthens that suspicion. Baptism with Justin is a new birth, or regeneration. The immersion in water is the act that symbolizes the new birth. The very last word, preceding the just quoted passage, is the verb "they are born anew," "they are regenerated," that is to say: "they are baptized." Under these circumstances, the adverb "then" proves the whole statement of which it forms a part to be entirely out of place. That means, the sentence must be a gloss. This conclusion is confirmed when we drop the sentence. The whole passage then reads: "As many as have become persuaded and believe what is told and said by us is true and promise to be able to live accordingly, are taught to pray and ask from God with fasting forgiveness of their former sins while we pray and fast with them. Then they are led by us to a place where there is water, and in an act figurative of a new birth, as we ourselves also were born anew, they are regenerated. For also Christ said: Unless you are born anew, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." The terms "born anew" and "regenerated" stand for the same Greek word. The sentence omitted stood between the words "regenerated" and "For also Christ said." It interrupts undoubtedly the close and original connection which exists between the first two and the third sentences just given. For all these reasons, the baptismal formula 1 *Ap.*, 61, must be assigned to a commentator.

There remains to be examined the closing section of that chapter. It is introduced by the words: "As a statement, however, to that effect we learn from the apostles this." The words indicate that the text is hopelessly corrupted. It follows directly upon a lengthy quotation from Isaiah. Thus the demonstrative pronoun "this" must be constructed with the succeeding passage. The latter reads: "Since we were begotten, unconscious of our first birth, by necessity out of the humid semen at the mutual mixture of our parents and grew up in foul habits and bad education, in order not to remain children of necessity and ignorance, but of choice and understanding, and to obtain forgiveness of the sins we committed

before, the name of the Father of the universe and the Lord God is named in the water upon the person who has chosen to be born anew and repents his sins; the party who leads the person to be washed to the bath pronouncing just that alone. For nobody can give the name of the unexpressible God. If, however, anybody should *dare to be to do so*, he would suffer of incurable madness. But this bath is called enlightenment as those who learn this are enlightened in their understanding. And the person enlightened is washed in the name of Jesus Christ who was crucified under Pontius Pilate and in the name of the Holy Spirit who foretold everything about Jesus through the prophets."

There are two distinct assertions neither of which can be correct as they stand. According to the first, the neophytes were baptized in the name of the Father of the universe and the Lord God *alone*. According to the second, baptism was administered in the name of Jesus Christ and in the name of the Holy Spirit. As we have no other information of these two modes of baptism, we may safely assume that the original text of our passage, whatever that may have been, contained only the apostolic formula.

If we had to close our investigation concerning the baptismal formula in the received text of Matt. xxviii. 19 right here, we should have to assign the entire passage Matt. xxviii. 16-20 to the third century. But Eusebius has preserved for us in his *Church History* (III, 5, 1) another version which reads: "Go ye and make disciples of all the Gentiles in my name." The words, as far as they go, are identical with those we find in our text. Only "baptizing them" is omitted and, instead of the trinitarian formula, the phrase "in my name," which answers to the apostolic formula, appears. The omission of "baptizing them" does not affect the meaning of the passage.

Eusebius cannot be accused of having changed the text deliberately for any ulterior purpose. His orthodoxy cannot be doubted. He was one of the leading members of the Council of Nicæa. He never was an anti-trinitarian. As is more than probable, the trinitarian formula was used at that time exclusively in the Gentile churches. The bishop of Cæsarea must, therefore, have found the words as he quotes them in his copy of the first Gospel, and his contemporaries must have been aware of that fact. As the most learned man of his age, Eusebius cannot have used an inferior text. He certainly enjoyed exceptional opportunities for comparing his text with others. He had studied at Antioch, and afterward spent some years at Tyre and in Egypt: as a friend of Constantine, he



traveled extensively and had occasion to visit the principal seats of Christian learning. His copious writings attest how well he used his opportunities for gathering information. Therefore, his reading of Matt. xxviii. 19 must be accepted as the original text; and the additional words now found there have to be regarded as a later emendation made in order to represent Jesus as the author of the trinitarian formula. Moreover, that formula must have been inserted into the official text after the Council of Nicæa, for Eusebius lived till A. D. 339 or 340.

The entire passage Matt. xxviii. 16-20 forms one organic whole. The author, however, cherishes a certain opinion of his own. He does not know anything about the ascension of Jesus—at least, he does not mention it. His silence in that respect is significant, the more so as it is shared by two other Gospels, the second and the fourth. But more important even are the parting words he puts into the mouth of Jesus: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." According to these words, there was no separation and hence no need of a return, or "second coming." The statement implies the idea of immanence of the crucified Jesus, which does not agree exactly with the transcendence of the ascension account in the Acts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. For Bible Classes and Private Study. By *Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph.D., D.D.* Milwaukee: Morehouse Publishing Co.; London: A. R. Mowbray & Co., 1919. Pp. xiii, 193. Price, \$1.25.

This volume is the first of a series of handbooks constituting another attempt to establish the university in the home—or, if not the university, at least the seminary. The object of this series is to deal with questions of the Bible and early Oriental civilization in such a way as “to make the results of expert investigation accessible to laymen,” as well as to assist “those of the clergy who feel the need of direction in their reading.” The general editorship has been entrusted to the care of Dr. Samuel A. B. Mercer, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature in the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago. Each volume is “planned as a guide to eight months’ work of an hour or more a day.” In every case specialists will be employed who will endeavor “to present their subjects in the most effective and profitable way which is consonant with the best methods of leading the student to diligent work, careful thinking and thoughtful expression” (Preface).

The volume before us, dealing with the Book of Genesis, presents its subject-matter in the form of daily readings; each assignment is followed by a discussion outlining the author’s interpretation of archeological, ethical, social and religious questions involved; suggestions for written and other exercises are added at the close of each lesson. Besides the whole material of Genesis proper, an Introduction is prepared along the same lines, intended to acquaint the student with Old Testament problems in general. A copious list of Review Studies closes the volume.

The prevailing standpoint is that of the liberal Protestant theologian, i. e., an effort is made to reconcile the irrefutable conclusions of modern Biblical research and natural science with the basic religious and moral teachings of Christianity as a revealed religion. Thus we read on page 13: “The Bible is inspired and valuable not as a book of modern science, but as a religious book, containing a religious message for all time. Between the intelligent student of the Old Testament and the intelligent scientist there is absolutely no conflict in the matter of Jewish science.” Again, on page 25: “The first act of creation after the organization of the universe was thought to have been light. There need be no misgivings about unsuccessful attempts to reconcile Biblical science with modern science. In this Genesis account we have an expression of the best Hebrew information of the sixth century B. C.” These passages may be complemented by one on page 23, defining the “spirit of God” in Gen. i. 2: “Mankind has learned only gradually to know the true character of God. The Jews of the sixth century B. C. had not arrived at a conception of a trinity of persons in the Godhead. The term ‘spirit of God,’ in this passage, meant to the Hebrews the invisible creative power of God. It did not mean to them what it means to us. Our Lord revealed the true character of God, and told

us of his Holy Spirit. . . ." But the key-note of the whole volume (and, we presume, the whole series) is really sounded in the opening paragraphs of the Introduction, where we read (pp. 3f) :

"In the beginning God revealed himself in his universe which he brought into existence. According as the universe developed in manifold ways, so God's revelation of himself developed. Now, at an early stage in man's development, his mind gradually began to discover and to become aware of God; and according as the mind of man grew, so his understanding of God increased. God's revelation of himself and man's discovery of God were, thus, progressive and gradual. . . . Now, many ancient peoples have left permanent records of their ideas of God, and notable among them are the Israelites. Those records which give a peculiar spiritual, truly religious, and a satisfactorily moral ideal of the character of God, and of his relations with men, we call inspired. The test of inspired writings is the religious response to them in the heart of man."

This test of inspired writings is interesting, for in actual application the term "the heart of man" must be taken to signify "the heart of any man living to-day," and in the last analysis the whole matter of divine inspiration is thus acknowledged to be of private concern. In other words, it is not only "Biblical science" that may be discarded, but any passage, whatever its import, may be discarded just as well if it fails to awake a religious response in the modern reader. In fact, the whole volume may be said to constitute a guide as to which passages to discard and which to keep.

We have no quarrel with the author as to the selections which he suggests. Whoever agrees with his premises will find in the little volume much food for thought, even if it is not as independent as the author has tried to make it. Time only will tell whether the compromise embodied in the book has any chance of living. While rockbound orthodoxy may feel its foundations shake, the claims of science can hardly be said to be satisfied—and they will not be silenced either. But it must be granted that the author has solved his self-imposed task with remarkable skill. He does demonstrate the abundant wealth of Hebrew lore in material apt to stimulate modern religious and social thinking—independent of the question as to the exclusive character of this material.

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THE ORIENT IN BIBLE TIMES. By *Elihu Grant*. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company, 1920. Pp. xii, 336. Price, \$2.50 net.

In the present volume the author undertakes "to help people who are interested in the Bible to see the Hebrews among their neighbors, and to give a rapid, unified impression of the course of events in the Biblical world" (p. vii). As a matter of fact, the volume might well be described as a literary sightseeing trip through the early history of the Near East, for the aim to address "busy people of to-day" (*ibid.*) is constantly kept in mind. The personality of our guide is apt to heighten our interest, considering the fact that Dr. Grant, an expert on Biblical archeology, was himself a resident of the Bible land for a number of years.

The days are past when it was thought possible to gather all information needed regarding the Bible from the Bible itself. So it is not surprising to see the author include practically the whole territory from Persia to Greece, and from the Red Sea to the Euxine, within the scope of his studies. The material thus defined he divides into sixteen chapters of which we mention only the following: The Oldest Civilizations and Modern Interest (I); The Re-

lations of Egypt with Asia (IV); Life in Earliest Babylonia (VI); The Classical Age of Babylon (VII); The Neighbors of Palestine from Ocean and Desert (X); Establishment of the Hebrews in Palestine (XI); Reconstruction Under the Persians (XIII); Old and New Palestine, Features and Customs (XIV); Social and Religious Conditions of the Jews (XV); Political Background for New Testament Times (XVI). At the end of each chapter, Suggestions for Study and Book Lists are added.

As may be apparent even from this partial list, the prevailing interest is centered on the history of civilization as such, i. e., on the development of trade, politics, social institutions, international relations, intellectual and spiritual achievements, etc., of all the various nations involved. It goes without saying that in this way an enormous amount of reading and learning has been thrown together and condensed. To give a specimen of the author's style and mode of thought, we wish to quote his presentation of the religious revolution of Amenhotep IV (Ikhnoton) in the fourteenth century B. C. (pp. 58f):

"The idiosyncrasies of this king have been attributed to various causes, to the influence of his mother, or of his wife, or both. We do not know the facts concerning the origin of his system of thought. He departed from the orthodoxy of his day and founded the cult of the solar disk. He was a youth of lofty intellectual ambition, idealistic and rigorously logical. He came to the throne at the height of the empire and ruled seventeen years. He lacked political acumen or any adequate interest in the practical side of government. He was enamored of speculation. A propensity to closet philosophy led him to become an academic theologian... Of course, he ran counter to all popular thought, which was very pluralistic, when he insisted upon a monotheistic interpretation of life...

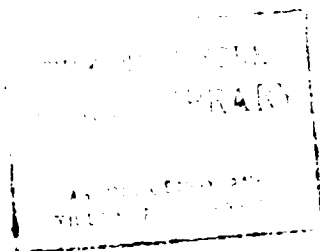
"The dominating conception of the new system was that the sun itself is the life-giver and embracer of all lands and peoples. Distinctions of our day, such as materialist, spiritualist, deist, etc., could hardly be applied to the thought of that age. It was the actual material sun and its heat and force which Ikhnoton adored. To that extent he would seem comparable with a materialist, but he was the most advanced idealist of history to that time. We do not know that he held any idea of the omnipresence of the deity but simply believed that the sun's rays, that is, its power, went everywhere throughout the daytime. At night the sun was absent from the world. Had Ikhnoton lived in our age we might say that he was a deist at night. Logically perhaps he ought to have personalized the night or darkness and the foes within them or to refer all to a hostile force, but we do not know that he did this."

Transcending, however, any benefit from actual information transmitted, seems to be the spirit of free research pervading the whole volume, as it finds expression, e. g., in the author's final remarks on Professor Torrey's revolutionizing studies on Ezra (p. 287):

"Whatever else may be said of any or all of these theories in *Ezra Studies*, the resultant picture is a much more attractive one than the picture that is displaced. This result so common in criticism is of course not the guiding motive, but rather an earnest search for the truth, which may have been undertaken at first because of the suspicion that something was wrong with the traditional scheme of things."

It is the combination and interaction of our knowledge of facts, fragmentary as it may be, and wide-awake common sense in their interpretation, which form the chief charm and distinguishing feature of the book, teaching their own lesson, and thus helping the reader to help himself.

The book includes thirty illustrations from photographs, mostly representing landscapes in modern Palestine, and aptly reminding us, as the author remarks, "of the connection between the ancient and the present times."





THE CHALDEAN ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION.

Clay tablet, 650 B. C., British Museum. (By permission of the Trustees.)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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## THE CHURCH OF TO-MORROW.

BY ROBERT LEET PATTERSON.

THERE has been no movement in the religious world in recent years of more significance than the development of what is known—for want of a better name—as the New Theology. It would be more strictly accurate to call it the New Theologies, for the unity of the movement consists in the spirit which animates its followers and in the underlying principles upon which they agree, rather than in the speculations and theories which are ultimately produced. Its most prominent characteristics are an absence of dogmatic assertion, a rejection of external authority, an appeal to reason, a complete acceptance of the results of historical criticism and of the physical sciences, and the employment in its own department of the scientific method.

The first of these characteristics is worthy of special emphasis. Dogmatism can be most truthfully and briefly defined as the attachment of moral value to intellectual belief. History bears witness to the nature of it in characters of fire. From the writing of the Gospel of John down to the present hour, it has been one of the deadliest and most venomous of many diseases which have assailed Christianity. From generation to generation and from century to century, yes, from millennium to millennium, its evil influence has been present, poisoning affections, perverting men's efforts, dismembering families and separating friends; it has spilled more blood and broken more hearts than the Thirty Years' War and the Hundred Years' War and the late World War put together; to-day in its period of decline and disfavor it is still a living force, sundering sect from sect and man from man, a dagger ever active on the body of Christ.

With this thing so potent, so enduring, to which the Old Theology yet yields a half-hearted allegiance, the New Theology has broken forever. 'The leaders of this school assert, in Channing's noble words, that we are responsible, not for the rightness but for the uprightness of our opinions. They deny that there exists any external authority before which the consciences of men may be tried. Certain intellectual beliefs are, doubtless, a part of Christianity, but a man may reason honestly and yet mistakenly, therefore they refuse to condemn or pass judgment upon those who differ from them upon intellectual grounds alone.

It is this winsome tolerance, this fellow-feeling with those who differ, which appeals so powerfully to a great number of enlightened men to-day. No less strong an attraction is the sincerity of the new school. This, of course, is not without blemish in the case of individuals, but on the whole its followers exhibit an unwillingness to defend traditional doctrines merely because they are traditional, and a readiness to abandon preconceived opinions in the interest of truth which are indicative of mental honesty.

To represent the New Theology as faultless would be foolish and dishonest. The chief deficiency, that with which its orthodox opponents are so fond of reproaching it, is a lack of spirituality. This, however, is probably not the result of any doctrinal errors, but rather the natural consequence of the scientific method. With the exaltation of reason as the great solver of difficulties, the tendency almost inevitably arises to regard it as the Alpha and the Omega, and to approach every question as though it were a problem in logic or mathematics.

Our psychological enthusiasts are sure that they can trace the course of man's religious instinct back through the ages and explain its origin. Our philosophical friends must have a deity whom they can express in terms of the Absolute, and cannot be satisfied without some explanation of the problem of evil. The result of such an attitude is that much of the finer element in religion inevitably escapes it, even as Darwin relates that, as he became absorbed in his biological studies, the love for music passed from his life.

The intellect must always be the chief element in theology, since this is the natural expression as well as explanation of the religious instinct. But the intellect alone is not enough. As the skill of the great general consists in the use of no single arm, but in the harmonious manipulation of infantry, cavalry and artillery, so the truly catholic theologian must utilize reason, experience and intuition in his assault upon the strongholds of truth.



This over-intellectualism of the liberal movement is shown in its disregard of mysticism and of the study of comparative religion. In regard to the former, the reason for this attitude is obvious. A man who has yielded himself wholly to the scientific spirit, who has found his reason an invincible weapon for the pulling down of creedal strongholds and an inevitable guide through the labyrinths of historical research; who with this experience has plunged into the new science of psychology and whose soul is fascinated at the sight of fresh fields of knowledge—such a man is frequently most reluctant to admit that experiences may be passed through and that events may take place which his reason cannot explain nor his science elucidate, and is apt to insist with some vehemence that all such experiences must be purely subjective and illusory, and consequently possess only a reflexive value.

Whether this explanation be correct or not, the fact remains that mysticism has played a part, and that a most vital part, in all great world religions; it has expressed itself in phenomena possessing permanent worth for all peoples and times; it has moulded the lives of most, if not all, of the great religious leaders of history; it has exercised a powerful influence upon the Christian Church from generation to generation; and it demands to be studied with sympathy and respect by all those who would place themselves in line with the tradition of the past and enter upon the entire inheritance of the Church of the ages. Happily there are signs of an awakening interest in this field among the younger generation of liberal theologians, an interest which the experiences of the late war will probably do much to stimulate.

In regard to the study of comparative religion, much the same may be said. A growing interest is noticeable, but it needs to be fostered and encouraged. Too many men go out of our seminaries with scarcely any knowledge of religions other than their own. Moreover, too great a part of our work heretofore has been the comparing and cataloging of specific doctrines held by different races of mankind. This is excellent in its way, and more work needs to be done in this field. But there has not been sufficient appreciation and understanding of the inherent religious nature of man, that mysterious and unconquerable spirit which expresses itself through all doctrines and dogmas, which lurks behind all fetishes and superstitions, which has not left itself without witnesses among any race or in any age, in devotion to which men have sacrificed all things and inspired by which they have accomplished all things, which everywhere is unceasingly active upon their inmost lives.

which can never be vanquished nor destroyed, but, though seemingly overwhelmed by the floods of materialism and skepticism, returns ever to the contest with irresistible might. This spirit, I say, in its native strength and grandeur, we have not been taught to wonder at and reverence as we should. Repelled by the lower forms of expression of which it is compelled to avail itself, we have concentrated our attention upon one or two of its noblest manifestations, and have failed to appreciate the vastness of its power.

This tendency must be checked and is being checked. If we are to make our religion the highest and final expression of the religious spirit of mankind, we must cultivate in ourselves a sympathy for all manifestations of that spirit.

Such, then, is the condition of affairs at the present day. What of the future? We may safely say, first of all, that Christendom is facing changes more sweeping than any that have taken place since the Reformation. In the second place, we may note with pleasure that the chances for a reunion of the scattered members of the Church of Christ are greater than they have been at any time since Arius and Athanasius joined in their immortal combat.

To appreciate this fully we have first to contemplate the destructive side of the liberal movement, and terribly destructive, indeed, it has been. The mighty enginery of truth have made irreparable breaches in the middle walls of partition. The ramparts of dogma have been broken down and their blood-stained battlements are no longer tenable. Consider, for instance, what are the vital issues at stake between a twentieth-century Presbyterian and a twentieth-century Methodist? Or between a Methodist and a Congregationalist? The question itself is a *reductio ad absurdum*. Our sects and denominations to-day are the interesting relics of historic contests over issues that are dead and gone. How can we quarrel now concerning our doctrines when the search-light of historical criticism has revealed to us their steady growth through the centuries and the tiny seeds from which they sprang?

Take, for example, the conflicting views as to the nature of the Eucharist. Historical investigation shows us clearly the gradual evolution of the primitive love-feast of the early Church into a mystical substitute for blood-sacrifices both Jewish and pagan. The conflicting speculations of a later day are thus brushed aside by the hard hand of fact. Again, with what face can we insist upon the acceptance of any particular Christology when the slightest acquaintance with the history of the first three centuries makes us familiar with any number of Christologies varying all the way from

Adoptionism and Samosatianism to Sabellianism and Patripassianism? Or how can we demand assent to the doctrine of the Trinity when the very term was unknown to the early Church, many of whose members, as Tertullian, its inventor, himself testifies, objected strongly to its introduction on the ground that it set up three gods? Furthermore, to any one familiar with the history of the first century, who appreciates the spontaneous democracy of primitive Christianity, and the formless and extemporaneous character of church government, how absurd seem the claims of certain ecclesiastical hierarchies and high-church parties to be the sole representatives of Christ and his apostles!

The foundations of intolerance and bitterness and particularism have been undermined by the historical investigators, and their parapets are crumbling away. We have gotten back beyond Augustine and Origen, we are getting back behind Paul, back even to Jesus himself. And as we do so there comes into the minds of most of us the remembrance of a certain day at Jerusalem when the question was asked, "What commandment is the first of all?" And we recall the noble words of the reply, "The first is, Hear O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. The second is this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." And when we ask ourselves in perplexity just what it is to be a Christian we hear the answer, "Behold my mother and my brethren. Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

How refreshing are such words to our tired souls, how sweetly they sound across the centuries, like echoes out of paradise! As when in the restoration of some ancient cathedral a coat of white-wash has been removed and underneath is found untouched the beautiful painting of some long-dead master, so when the accretions of superstition and dogma and tradition have been taken away from the edifice of historical Christianity, the gospel of Jesus is left unchanged and unchanging in its eternal beauty, so that we are moved to exclaim with the apostle, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

This has been the great achievement of modern scholarship, that it has relegated our theologies to obscurity and recovered for us the message and the personality of the historic Jesus. To-day liberal men of different parties are fraternizing upon the ancient battlefield and together pledging their loyalty to the two command-

ments on which hang all the Law and the Prophets. The foundations are being laid for a new catholicism. The work of destruction is nearly at an end. By the removal of the false we have established the true. The great realities of God's fatherhood and man's sonship, of the possibility of communion with the Divine, of the universal love of God that unites all men in a common brotherhood—these are being emphasized now as never before in Christian history.

The future is ours if we dare to seize it. But we must seize it without fear and hesitation, we must press onward without doubt or vacillation, if we are to turn possibility into fact and make actual reality of so glorious a hope.

Herein lies the great opportunity for the New Theology. For it, at least, there is very little to unlearn. But to lead the march to victory it needs to transform itself from a school of tranquil, somewhat easy-going, theologians into a movement full of life and enthusiasm, to place upon its negative conclusions a purely incidental emphasis and to thrust into the foreground the recovered gospel for which the world cries aloud to-day. It must cultivate, above all else, the practice of the spiritual life, it must preach to men the friendship of God. It must stretch its sympathies to include all the faiths and peoples of the world. It must assimilate all that is of value in the experiences of the past. It must sift from superstition and fantastic illusion and false interpretation that element of permanent reality and value in the mystical life, which the mystics of all faiths and ages share in common, that we may have a mysticism which will not be in contradiction to the reason, but corroborative of and complementary to it, a perpetual fountain of life and hope and inspiration. And when it has done this the New Theology will be theology no longer, it will be religion.

Nor will it be religion only, it will be a new catholicism. It will welcome to its fellowship men from all the world, and each will find himself at home in it. Here is the opportunity if we are men enough to take it. But if the theologians of the liberal school choose supinely to let it pass by it may not return for centuries. The spirit of freedom is hampered to-day by the division of its followers. These are either confined to two small denominations or are scattered here and there, singly or in little groups, throughout the orthodox churches, their presence in which seems to lend support to the sluggish mass of tradition.

The favorite argument of the latter class is that the Church cannot be got to move by action from without; that what is needed is pressure from within. In many instances, in some of the more

unprogressive and dogmatic quarters, the liberals are compelled to resort to a certain amount of insincerity and duplicity neither just to the conservatives nor fair to their own brethren in order to retain their membership. In other quarters this is not the case, and the liberals are allowed to remain undisturbed, but they are none the less sundered one from another and obscured by the crowd of their companions. The effect of their united influence is lost. What we need is a rallying-point. "Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpah and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!'" Some landmark we need about which to gather, some program to stand by, a united movement which shall split the present denominational lines, whether by the formation of an actively liberal party in all churches, or by uniting elements of these into a new body, so that if men must be divided from one another, they may at least be separated by living issues and not by those that are dead.

If this be not done, if we go on stifling the living breath of freedom within the walls of ancient creed, then there is scant hope of swift betterment in the future. Those who look toward Rome for the catholicism of to-morrow are building their hopes upon a foundation of sand. No organization can hope to inherit the future which has declared war upon science and history, upon the human reason and the instinctive longing of the soul for free and personal fellowship with God. No, the catholicism of the future will be liberal if it exists at all.

It is the function of the New Theology to provide a basis upon which all intelligent and broad-minded men can unite in a spirit of truest religion and profoundest devotion. If this can be done successfully the greatest task will have been accomplished. The spread of general education will gradually eliminate the unprogressive elements which refuse to be absorbed by the new movement. Needless to say, there are many rocks on which the ship may split. There is the question, for instance, of government and organization. This must be approached in a spirit of brotherly forbearance and compromise, with a main eye to the practical situation. In a liberal church it goes without saying that any form of government which is to be successful must be founded upon the recognition of the spiritual autonomy of the individual. But if the foundations be laid in wisdom and faith, we may trust that the builders who come after shall not fail.

What might not be accomplished by a reunited church, by an undivided Christendom! We have only to look back to the Middle

Ages to see what the Church universal meant to the world. Though in a later day when corruption, intolerance and bigotry had nearly slain its soul the world rejected it, yet the ideal remained and still remains, God's proud and confident challenge to the courage of his sons. What such a church might be, what influence it might wield, we can but vaguely imagine.

The medieval Church failed because it attempted to control every sphere of life, to command instead of to suggest and encourage, to repress instead of to inspire. Therefore men feared and hated it. Human spontaneity demands freedom in every sphere. But if religion is anything, it is, as Mazzini said, "the center of life," and its influence must permeate the whole. Is it possible that art in all its forms—music, sculpture, painting, the drama, the dance, etc.—that education, science, government should remain permanently and confessedly without God as at the present day? Or will the Church of to-morrow bless the geologist, the linguist, the excavator, the biologist and the historian as they labor to lay bare the secrets of the world, fearless of how their discoveries may react upon herself, fearless because protected by the impenetrable armor of sincerity and truth? Will the statesman of to-morrow, who guides the progress of his State, or perhaps of the World-State, will the educator and the reformer who struggle to uplift and enlighten the ignorant, will the artist and the author whose task it is to make life beautiful once more, as well as the capitalist and the laborer who make it possible, feel that together they are members of one mighty organism of which their various activities are but the manifold expressions and which is the synthesis of them all? Whether this shall be or shall not be depends upon the breadth of vision, the unselfishness, the loyalty, the courage and the strength of the love of the men of to-day.

## “THE HOUSE OF UNITY.”

BY ANNE KIMBALL TUELL.

THE redoubled discussion of church unity, apt for these days of project, may well be judged even outside the Christian order a sign not of folly but of reenforcement. We have recognized by other tests a quickening of the religious life. We have applauded a readiness in the Christian press and pulpit to a more evident courage. We have felt a recovery of lapsed simplicities. We have recognized a new accessibility to criticism. We have witnessed a real, if bewildered, searching of the Christian conscience for the secret sin which has delayed the world's salvation. Reaction or cowardice this may in some cases be, as the rationalists affirm, the recoil of weakness seeking support in a tottering universe, even if that support be but the projection of an inward hope. But that the core of the movement is sound, we need no better proof than the gathering conviction within the Church that only a consistent Christianity, that is, a Christianity delivered from provincialism, can stand the test of our logical and searching years.

A church, however, which wills to-day to be catholic, which wills even to survive, must consider boldly the adequacy of its credal system. For the current attacks upon Christianity concern not alone the familiar reproaches at the scant display of its fruits, its long failure to achieve a world of justice, its alleged ineptitude in grapple with social issues. It has ceased, we are told, to speak the modern language of spiritual hope. Broadcast we meet the conviction, contemptuous or sorrowful, that the Christian Church may by an emphasis upon dogma, perhaps more apparent than real, shut out the future. The Church must recognize with more than common honesty that speculation upon the future of religion which ignores the continuation of Christian dogma even as a denatured survival.

The stimulus of heresy is nothing new, to be sure. Antichrist has always been active about the “House of Unity, Holy Church in

English." He has proved himself by our modern judgment a respectable opponent. He has been for the most part well informed, better informed too often than the defender of the faith. To-day there is the sole but significant difference in his prospects that he addresses himself not only to the great body of skepticism tacit or avowed; he speaks to the conventional churchgoer and the automatic pewholder, expecting not to shock but to be considered.

Such a stress of challenge has been inevitable as apocalyptic calamities have unrolled. One virtue at least has sprung from limitless distress—that men have dared to seek eternal values in their right proportions. Not only creeds, all fundamental principles once thought axioms are now in the ordeal. The average mind, impassive before the world's normal agony, has taken to question at the spectacle of evil rampant in a world delivered over to torment. Within or without the Church, typical thinkers of the present generation will not appear at the last day among the unblest company who—to borrow the older language of the strong psalm—"have taken their souls in vain." This is the generation which has sought the face of God.

Before so honest an inquiry there should be no misgiving. Whoso is nervous at the exposure of his truth to exterior contacts is condemned already of unbelief immeasurably more noxious than the assault of open opposition. A sincere faith should be able to offer its critics a sufferance as courteous and serene as was shown itself long ago by the unprofessing Pharisee: "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will be overthrown; but if it is of God, ye will not be able to overthrow them, lest haply ye be found to be fighting against God." To-day, then, as surely as in St. Paul's time, whatsoever things are written are written for everybody's instruction.

The present censure is written in large assumptions. For criticism no longer condescends to attack this or that explicit dogma of this or that sporadic sect. It discredits with a sweeping negligence of ancient issues the ancient status of dogma itself. Take for instance four familiar excerpts from English publication during the war, selected at random:

"The present crisis is for the Church of England an unprecedented opportunity for either making a fresh start or for committing suicide. . . . The student calls himself a churchman. He believes in the Holy Catholic Church invisible, wherein is and shall be gathered up all we have hoped and dreamed of good. He also calls himself an English churchman. But he will never be satisfied till the Church



of England be the Church of all good men and women in England, and till all the good thoughts and deeds in England are laid at the feet of the Lord of all good life through the medium of his body the Church." (Donald Hankey.)

"It has sometimes seemed to me that the one great advantage of Western Christianity lies in the fact that nobody very seriously believes in it. . . . I cannot believe that anywhere between Suez and Singapore there exists that healthy godlessness, that lack of any real effective dependence upon any Outward Power. . . . which is so common in and around the Christian churches." (William Archer.)

"Nevermore shall we return to those who gather under the Cross. . . . Even such organization as is implied by a creed is to be avoided, for all living faith coagulates as you phrase it." (H. G. Wells.)

"Whatever else be the outcome of this business, let us at least recognize the truth: it is the death of dogmatic Christianity. Yes, dogmatic Christianity was dying before this war began. When it is over, or as soon as men's reason comes back to them, it will be dead. . . . Let us will that it be the birth of a God within us and an ethic Christianity which men really practise." (John Galsworthy.)

The above quotations carry each the sanction of a distinguished name. Donald Hankey indeed voices perfectly the common Anglican ideal, but with a bold reserve implicit in the context. William Archer's squib, to be respected and not disregarded, may nevertheless be discounted for the present purpose. Such as he will populate no future church. They ignore the witness of mystic experience: they have not so much as heard whether the Holy Ghost was given. The other two cuttings are representative of a contemporary tone both in point of assault and scope of assumption. Mr. H. G. Wells, expressing himself after what flourish his nature wills, has been, as we have all recognized, possessed of an apostolic earnestness, come in his own opinion not to destroy but to fulfil, provided not with a philippic but with a gospel. Mr. Galsworthy has been used to lend his utterance the authority of a poignant genius sensitive to experience. In both we read the current distrust of dogma taken for granted in the lay press on both sides of the Atlantic.

In vain the churches, one and all, deny such emphasis. There are the denominations less rigorous and more indulgent, who have grown to ignore though seldom to repudiate the lines of sectarian cleavage. There are the liberal congregations, increasingly numerous, who have reduced their entrance requirements to the minimum of creedal test. There is the still infrequent but significant appear-

ance of the non-sectarian church, which must tend to appear, unless church policy alters, a separate and non-Christian growth.

Even the conservative, jealous in the guardianship of creedal tradition, reject the reproach that it is static or exclusive. Such misconception, they say, and often with truth, comes frequently from unwillingness or inability to realize the life within the dogmatic system. For the creeds they allow a tolerated diversity of interpretation. Creeds, Protestants are coming to confess to be, not final statements of revelation but tentative adumbrations of truth; a church's mission, not to present a platform but to offer approach to spiritual experience. To such experience, dogmatists declare, a dogma is no dead survival but a symbol of life. The letter, as all agree, was made for the spirit's sake, not the spirit for the letter.

The fact remains, however, that for the large majority of the Christian world the primary requirement for church initiation is not hunger for the bread of life, but direct assent, however qualified by personal translation, to the historical creeds or to some modification of them. So far at least the churches deliberately allow, for reasons however valid in their own belief, the apprehension of the undogmatic world that their truth is crystallized, no longer fluid to the stream of ages, that they protect as their supreme treasure still another though strangely diversified deposit of faith.

The demand therefore grows frankly vocal to-day that the Christian Church, if it wills to become the church of all and the church of the future, be "open free" without test or barrier of belief. There need be no immediate question of abandoning the creeds. Such abandonment would be for a noble body of believers to withhold the essential act of faith. The tentative specifications, furthermore, already offered for the future creed of the united churches, though auspicious of good intent, are, to say the least, premature. The churches can, however, during our crucial years of transition, abate their rigors—allow to their full fellowship, and receive at their sacraments, with a hospitality still rare even in these tolerant days, any soul whatsoever in need or desire of a corporate religion. Telling sanctions for so unguarded a freedom are frequent nowadays even from the inner zone of orthodoxy.

Such relaxation of polity would appear to many a devout spirit submission to an inferior standard, a fresh and final denial of its master. Let the possibility nevertheless be discussed with candor if the churches consider with sincerity the vision of ultimate union. The church of the past, at least in fact of reconstructive attack, has failed more often through caution than through liberality. The

schism of Christendom had perhaps never befallen if the rigid world of the sixteenth century could have held the illumined judgment of Erasmus toward anxious guardians of tradition: "Why should they try to narrow what Christ intended to be broad?"

A church of the future, we all admit, must be built against far horizons. It must approach its ultimate catholicity with an understanding generous and alert for the diverse messages which fill the air of the present. Churches of the present therefore must never sun themselves in the pride of a specious or partial tolerance, each secretly persuaded that it is destined to be the center of a coming patchwork. The future will achieve, we hope, not a mere combination of sects but deliverance from sectarianism. It must embrace not only the body of church-members who enjoy privilege within the fold, but the far more considerable body not eligible for association. It cannot count upon the nicest adjustments of the most finely balanced compromise. A patchwork of all existing communions would make but a sorry sight at the Day of Judgment. A patchwork meanwhile will never suffice for the spiritual reenforcement of a world reborn, however vaguely marked be the pattern of its stitch. Concessions of ceremonial, concessions of ordination, concessions of administration, concessions of minor doctrine, may make a composite but never a catholic church. The church of the future will never grow out of a perpetuation of the historic mistake incident to ecclesiastical polity. It must not condemn to narrowness what by necessity of nature must be broad. It exists to repeat the bidding of its master who called to his companionship all who labor heavily.

The church of the future, we may hope, rich in abundance from the eternal fountains, may venture to discard both caution and economy in her hospitalities. She will trust like the eternal mother in the souls of all her children till the souls begin by virtue of that trust to "come into being and to take a certain shape." Unreserved in grace, she will abide the return of the prodigal and the stubborn. Replenished in pity, she will serve better, if she may, the blind who will not see, the hungry who hunger not enough, the seekers for righteousness who seek not with all their hearts. Gentlest like her master for the "poor in spirit," she will in those far-away, lenient days, minister with special welcome to the half-strangers within her gates, who, uncomforted by the persuasion of religious experience, seek the more eagerly from the Church the Christian habit, a support to follow without vision the hearsay of divine commandment. The church of the future should shut out to loneli-

ness not one soul which desires companionship, remembering the warning of her saints: "Take to thyself faithful companions, that in going up the mount thou mayest use their counsel and be supported by their aid—because woe to him that is alone! If he fall, he shall not have one to help him up. But if one fall beside another, by another he shall be saved." At least until such abundant grace has been offered by all communions, the Church sorrows without logic that "the world" rejects its Christ, lest haply the Church be found in the name of Christ to be rejecting the world. Premature as well is the elegiac consolation which the Church sometimes allows herself—that she keeps alive in a neglectful world a secret flame in a secret shrine. To cherish a flame in a secret shrine is only a less disobedience than to put a candle under a bushel. In the coming years of test the Church must be the light of the world or die.

Any body of Christians, however cautious, acts with evasion unworthy of its message if it turns away any religious impulse which cannot commit itself to the historicity of a selected doctrine. If there is value in the corporate life of a religious body, the Christian Church, still the accepted exponent of Western religion, must provide that life. It claims besides a capacity able to include the entire reach of religious aspiration. It should embrace without scruple whatever worship, genuine though less explicit, desires or accepts such alliance.

By so bold a latitude Christians may use their supreme chance in the tremendous years ahead, may prove perhaps the universality of their faith, its sufficiency for the future gospel. For the proclaimed substitute, the expected religion of the future, has not yet arrived, despite the flutter of contemporary prophecy. As usual and more plentiful than usual, there are the religions adequate for the righteous; but as usual the righteous is less than another in need of a prophet. For the patriot who has forgotten his soul in his country's behalf the "religion of nationalism" may suffice, partial ideal though it must one day prove in an infinite universe. For the serviceable and humane of mind may suffice the apotheosis of humanity, the religion of service. For the virile of will and potent in hope may suffice the "Invisible King," indomitable spirit of immortal youth which feels no need for the Ancient of Days. Here has been no new doctrine since Anglo-Saxon times: "Wyrd often helps a man not marked for death if his courage is good." But among Christians survives a saying, still held in some sense true and likely of more men to be received with gladness—that a supreme

religious genius, a certain Jesus, once came into the world to save sinners.

The status of creeds is a problem most intense, among Protestants, to the church of Anglican tradition. For this widely dispersed order as for the Romanist, the historical formulas are an integral part of a fixed system. Radical departures besides have proved intrinsically unnatural to its development. It desires to serve the future for the very reason that it has respected the past. Within its rubric, with however imperfect a consistency, it has preserved for the Protestant world the clustered heritage of immemorial prayer, the incremental religious expression of all the Christian ages. With instinctive comprehension it has kept for the Protestant world the mystic value of the sign, through which diverse centuries can express together their Protean image of the inscrutable truth. The protection of the creeds, therefore, with their undiminished authority appears at first to the Anglican only a proper act of faith due to a cherished continuity.

But the Anglican Church possesses in its past the precedent not only of loyalty but of compromise. At any rate, it must face the issue which it has been so eager to raise. From this church more insistently than from other Protestants has come the summons to a united Christendom, the dream of a church catholic not only in phrase but in truth. It has been ambitious to contribute of its own values toward the nucleus of the church-to-be. If it desires with a valiant logic this new and spiritual catholicism ample for the church triumphant of a world restored to progress, it may understand with a fresh significance its ancient title of "the middle way." It has thought to possess the mission for a unique mediation.

A church, too, which holds the sacramental life a principle of its essential health, should welcome as the best proof of its vitality the desire for its communion in a type of modern mind which, religious of temper, must loyally reject the historical creeds. Such minds, at present repudiated by the "House of Unity," cannot for their part feel alien from any Christian fellowship. They remember the reputed promise of Jesus, "Ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened to you." Their need and desire, identical with that of the accredited sheep, should in their idea be a sufficient plea. They too, failing to quicken their own souls, have sought upon their pilgrimage the support of faithful companions. They too have read in the liturgies of the Church the expression which the soul desires of its search for righteousness, its penitence, its recurrent hope, its insufficiency for its own salvation. For them

too, though they scruple to confess a unique and localized Incarnation, the sole support of life is the faith, difficult to sustain in solitary devotion, that the Word has been and shall be again made flesh. For them too, it may be, the sacramental life is a necessity of spiritual growth. For them in a peculiar sense perhaps more mystical than for the standard churchman, the Eucharist is a universal and immortal symbol, of a significance more ancient and comprehensive than inheres in its Christian import—type of the primordial hunger for the bread of heaven and the relief that awaits the act of entire faith. Hence perhaps might grow, if the Church could recognize its august opportunity, the central heart of a religious body for the years to be, wherein could gather that complete unnumbered multitude who must touch in some fashion the invisible symbol in search of invisible grace. This is no feast for the select and the elect; we know it if we will be quite fearless. Not alone Romanist or Anglican, not alone Christian, not alone Persian or Phrygian, not localized to any cult or mystery, is the ancient impulse of the God-seeking soul to dramatize itself in a unique sacrament, to express itself in a special metaphor: "What shall I render unto God for all that He hath rendered unto me? I will accept the cup of salvation."

By grace free without proviso the whole Christian Church may live in the younger generations to which the future belongs. For youth is forever religious and agnostic. Wistful for worship, he follows the quest of the unknown God with the thrust of imperative desire. Non-conformist always, and to-day with a multiplication of his normal independence, he knows no bondage to the most sublime tradition, he attacks ineffable mysteries with the full energy of his complete intelligence, holding that intelligence highly as the sole access to truth. For the unfelt mysteries of dogma he has the distrust of a courageous reason which has not apprehended defeat. For the old-believers and their heritage of formulas he maintains the complacency of a superior, indulgently conscious of emancipation. Reverent toward the present more easily than toward the past, he may not humble himself to the experience of the ages; for he lives in a present of multiform experience with instincts unfettered as his own. Fearless for truth, he rejects as a point of fundamental honor that compromise of the modernist and the easy-going, the acceptance of dogma with a personal interpretation. Interpretation has appeared to the literal-minded a questionable luxury since the days of *A Tale of a Tub*. Interpretation in spiritual confession would be to his mind perjury, the authentic sin against the Holy

Ghost for which no forgiveness has been found. This is the generation, let us never doubt, which has sought the face of God; but it must seek in ways self-reliant and austere, loyal to a vision real though less defined. To refuse to such youth the fellowship of a Christian communion is to choose the break between a passing and a coming generation: "And the hearts of the fathers shall be turned to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers, lest I come and smite the world with a curse." The essential curse for an ecclesiastical system ambitious to be the channel of eternal life, has long been pronounced and more than once remembered: "Ye make the word of God of none effect through your traditions."

Consistent dogmatists need feel no uneasiness at so unreserved a gospel. Minds which hold dogma dear, not through habit or stubbornness but in persuasion of their spiritual values, fear without logic or obedience if they foresee from a liberal church the lapse of essential formulas. Let the formulas reveal their own vitality. More reasonably should each dogma inherently valid be preserved and recognized anew, as better known to a more intimate comprehension, if the critics think from within rather than from without the Christian fold. Debarred from a church's communion, minds distrustful of authority are provoked to attack or tempted to indifference; within, they should judge of the doctrine with a closer sensitiveness, a surer access to its potential life. Again a legacy from the fair and liberal mind of Erasmus may serve both for encouragement and for correction, the faith not yet uniformly accepted for all our modern confidence—that the sources of truth can never suffer from being understood. If a dogma be the very word of eternal life, it will bear best witness at nearest range, will show at closest contact the proof of authentic religion, the reenforcement of temporal being from the sources of unseen power. Within the Church, at any rate, whether dogma hold or fail, should be the nearest approach to the intimate recollection of Jesus.

With the power of that personality, as we have always known, not with our interpretations, lies the future of the Christian Church. Let the Church trust to its Christ; let Jesus represent his Church; and the Cross may still remain the symbol of an expanding salvation. Still it remains as of old the call to creation's sacrifice, the death-in-life, immemorial paradox at the core of universal religion. Still it continues for minds not, like Mr. Wells and his kind, "unaccustomed to the idea that they are lambs," the symbol of a peculiar gentleness, the gentleness of the good shepherd. An example it may yet remain of a great humility, virtue not yet to be discarded, though we await

with some skepticism the material heritage of the meek. It may last for the limit of the world's travail, reminder of its central sorrow, whither the heart of man withdraws itself to renew a loyalty and to gain support. And for an age pledged to an incalculable reconstruction, the Cross may become in a fresh sense the sign and promise of unbroken will.

For as we return afresh to the Synoptic Gospels to read anew the tidings of its evangel, there emerges always more visibly to our ken the conception of an ever more manly Jesus, quite as virile, we have felt, as the Invisible King. His is a figure instinct of activity and attack. His is a message whose characteristic utterance is perhaps not a beatitude but the fearless rebuke, "Thou hypocrite!" His is a spirit bold to righteous aggression, unsparing to cut the sham of falsehood and self-interest, indomitable in hope, speaking with authority because his words have power.

So strongly conceived his Christ the Anglo-Saxon poet of long ago as a hero stout of courage, strong in assurance, mounting his cross in the face of mankind eagerly and with speed. Here was an act not primarily of submission but of achievement. Here in the vision of the "glory-tree" was the sign not of renunciation and of accepted defeat, but of a victory potent in hope. Of such victory—who knows—men still to be born may be telling when the nations become kindred in very truth and the ends of the earth remember themselves. And for a present labor, the Cross may stand confessed anew, symbol of energy supported till the end.

Provided that it stands the symbol of a true catholicism for a world which gropes toward fellowship. For a more hospitable Church, breaking with tradition, can find sure compensation in a closer approach to the spirit of its master in his more illumined moments. The Jesus of the Synoptic Gospels, however we interpret his Messiahship, was too completely the incarnation of his message—the loss of self in an entire devotion—to be a stickler for a belief among his followers in his divine incarnation. No prayer to his person was enjoined upon them, no ordeal of profession as initiation to discipleship. He would feed five thousand who had shown interest in the kingdom with no question asked. His was a policy, or rather a power, not of discrimination but of summons, ready to send out to the by-ways and hedges and force to the feast a heterogeneous crew by no means appreciative of the privilege. Hunger was blest in his sight, not for its poverty but for its promise of fulfilment. Still the final consolation of seekers after truth, rejected or not of the Christian Church, is the word of the Christian's master.



"If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine." A church hesitant before the dangers of liberality will do well to remember that the great parable of Jesus is half a statement, only half a prophecy: "Other sheep have I"—not, "shall I have"—"and they shall be one fold and one shepherd." The Church at least should dread less an indiscriminate generosity than the risk of an ultimate rejection at some judgment day, if it should be proved, condemned of obscurantism, unequal to the future: "Depart from me. I know you not. For I was anhungered and ye took me not in!"

## GENESIS AND THE CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS.

BY H. W. MENGEDOHT.

ON December the 12th, 1872, a discovery which astonished the whole world and especially the world of Biblical study was announced. On that day Mr. George Smith read before the Society of Biblical Archæology in London a paper containing a translation of an Assyrian tablet in the British Museum which gave the Chaldean account of the Deluge, an account which presented astonishing agreement with the Biblical version.

This wonderful inscription may well be called the Magna Charta of Assyriology, for it established at once and forever its importance as an aid to Biblical study. The inscription has been so often translated and commented upon that there is no need to make a detailed examination of it here, but some of the more important features deserve notice.

The gods decide to make a deluge to punish men for their sins. The opening lines read:

“I will declare to thee the hidden word and the decision of the gods will I reveal to thee.

In the city of Suripak which thou knowest, that city was ancient when the gods within it, their hearts prompted them to make a deluge.”

One just man named Shamas-napishtim or Tzit-napishtim (Living Sun) was, however, to be saved by the intervention of the god Ea or Ia, and he is directed by Ea to build an ark or ship:

“Pull down thy house and build a ship,

Forsake thy possessions and take care of thy life,

Abandon thy goods and save thy life

And bring up the seed of everything into the ship.”

The wise man Tzit-napishtim did as he was told and the deluge began. The inscription further describes in the most graphic

manner the terrible storm which swept the land for seven days and destroyed all. The mother goddess then laments over the destruction of her people:

“The old race of man has been turned into clay  
Because I assented to this evil in the council of the gods  
And agreed to a storm which hath destroyed my people.  
That which I brought forth, where is it?  
Like the spawn of fish it filleth the sea.”

For seven days and six nights the wind blew and the deluge and tempest overwhelmed the land. When the seventh day drew



THE CHALDEAN ACCOUNT OF THE DELUGE.

Clay tablet, 650 B. C., British Museum. (By permission of the Trustees.)

nigh the deluge, tempest and storm ceased. The ship rested on Mount Nizir (Safety) for twelve days and then another week.

We have now the episode of the sending forth of the birds, the dove, the raven and the swallow:

“On the seventh day I sent forth a dove and let her go.  
The dove flew hither and thither,  
But there was no resting-place for her and she returned.  
I sent out a swallow<sup>1</sup> and let her go forth.

<sup>1</sup> The swallow was called by the Babylonians “the bird of destiny.”

The swallow flew hither and thither,  
 But there was no resting-place for her and she returned.  
 Then I sent forth a raven and let her go.  
 The raven flew away and beheld the abatement of the  
 waters.

And she came near, wading and croaking but she returned  
 not.

Then I brought all forth to the four winds of Heaven."

Next we have an account of the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and  
 an interesting reference to the rainbow :

"The Lady of the gods drew nigh

And she lifted up the great arches which Anu had made  
 according to his wish."

Then a covenant is made that there shall be no more deluge,  
 and Tzit-napishtim and his wife are translated "to be like the gods  
 in the sacred region at the mouth of the rivers."

It can well be imagined what an excitement such a discovery  
 caused, and in 1875 it was followed by a still more startling one,  
 namely that of the Babylonian tablets of Creation. This discovery  
 excited as much if not more interest than that of the Deluge;  
 and the inscriptions have been published and commented on by  
 nearly every Assyriologist of importance.

The opening lines of the first tablet show a striking similarity  
 to the Mosaic account :

"When on high the heaven was not named,  
 On the earth below a name was not recorded,  
 The primeval Apsu (Deep) begat them  
 And Chaos Tiamat was the mother of them all.  
 The waters were gathered together,  
 No field was formed, no marsh was seen  
 When (as yet) the gods had not been called into being.  
 None bore a name and no destinies were ordained.  
 Then were created the gods in the midst of heaven."

The next tablet of importance is the fifth, which describes the  
 creation of the stars, moon and sun, the arrangement of the signs  
 of the zodiac and the regulation of the measurement of time. Re-  
 cently Mr. L. W. King of the British Museum has discovered a  
 small fragment which describes the creation of man. It reads :

"When Marduk heard the word of the gods  
 His heart prompted him and he devised a cunning plan.  
 He opened his mouth and spake to Ea.

That which he had conceived in his mind he imparted to him:

My blood I will take and bone I will fashion,  
I will make man, that man may. . . .<sup>2</sup>

I will create man that he shall inhabit the earth."

This fragment, unfortunately much mutilated, does not accord completely with the Hebrew account in Gen. ii. 4-7, but agrees with the version of the Greco-Chaldean historian and priest Berosus. There is another story of the creation of man found in the Gilgamesh-Nimrod epic which is especially interesting. The story relates to a companion for the hero Gilgamesh, and the creation is performed by the goddess Aruru, a mother-goddess:

"On hearing the words of the gods  
Aruru planned a godlike man in her mind.  
Aruru washed her hands,  
She broke off a piece of clay and cast it on the ground,  
Then she created Ea-bani the hero."

The expression "godlike man" (*amil ana*) closely resembles the Biblical expression "man in his own image," Gen. i. 27.

The question which now arises is as to the date of these Assyrian documents, especially in their relation to the Mosaic accounts. In the early days of the study many declared them to be copies of the Hebrew accounts, but that is now shown to be impossible. The tablets which Mr. George Smith first translated came from the royal library at Nineveh founded by Assurbanipal between 640 and 625 B. C., but they are distinctly stated to be transcripts of older documents in the Babylonian libraries. Some of these have been brought to light and among them two fragments of the Deluge Tablet, one discovered at Sippara by Dr. Scheil, the other by Dr. Hilprecht at Nippur. Both of these fragments are fortunately dated copies from the reign of the Babylonian king Ammizaduga, B. C. 1800, therefore about six hundred years before the age of Moses. The period of the first Babylonian dynasty, B. C. 2300 to B. C. 1800, was a great literary epoch and during it most of the national traditions, legends, poems, etc., were collected and committed to writing.

On the other hand, it is not correct to describe the Hebrew accounts of the Creation and Deluge as copied from the Babylonian versions, and this can not be too strongly insisted upon. No doubt, during the great revision of Hebrew literature in post-Captivity times under Ezra, the Babylonian traditions which the learned Jews

<sup>2</sup> Tablet broken here.

must have been familiar with in Babylon may have supplied some details, but the marked polytheistic turn of the Chaldean stories and the plain monotheism of the Jewish version preclude the theory of direct borrowing. We must look rather to a common source of tradition far back in the dim azure of the past from which the writers of both nations drew their inspiration.

Passing on now to that portion of Genesis which we will call the secular or historical portion as distinct from the early chapters containing the traditions of the Creation and Deluge, there are many which receive ample illustration from the monuments, all of which tend to prove their accuracy.

One of the most interesting of these is the purchase of the field and cave of Machpelah from Ephron the Hittite (Gen. xxiii.



AN INSCRIPTION IN HITTITE HIEROGLYPHICS.

Found at Carchemish on the Euphrates. (From J. H. Breasted, *Ancient Times*, p. 241.)

3-20). This incident has been made the basis of a severe attack by hostile critics; yet we shall see that monumental evidence has amply vindicated its accuracy: In the first place, the seller of the field is Ephron the *Hittite*. How can this be, said the critics, since the Hittites were an unknown people, and even if they existed, which was doubtful, they were only a race of barbarians and therefore quite incapable of taking part in so orderly a transaction on strictly business lines as the purchase of the cave as recorded by the Hebrew writer.

The discoveries recently made at Boghaz-Köi in Asia Minor, and at Carchemish and other sites in Syria, have brought to light a number of monuments of strange art and inscribed in a hieroglyphic script not that of Egypt. Among the documents which

come from Boghaz-Köi are a number of tablets inscribed in the cuneiform script of Babylonia and Assyria and are the letters and dispatches of the kings of the Hittites to Rameses II and other Egyptian kings of the XIXth dynasty, about B. C. 1366-1200. Rameses II defeated a confederation of the Hittite kings in a great battle at Kadesh on the Orontes and later concluded a treaty of peace and offensive and defensive alliance with them, so they must have been a people of considerable importance. A copy of this treaty was engraved in hieroglyphics on the walls of the temple of Karnak in Thebes by order of Rameses II and among the tablets found at Boghaz-Köi was a duplicate of this treaty in cuneiform characters and in the Babylonian language.

This is absolute proof of the existence of a powerful confederation of tribes known as the Hittites whose capital was in Cappadocia, on a site now represented by the rock fortress of Boghaz-Köi. This place the tablets call *alu sarruti Khati*, "the royal city of the Hittites." Some doubt has been cast on their being so far south as Hebron, but this is proved to be unwarranted by an important inscription now in the Louvre in Paris. In this inscription, which dates from the XIIth Egyptian dynasty, some time prior to the date of Abram, the writer speaks of the palaces of the Hittites in the neighborhood of the Heru-sha or Mentu, the Arabs of the southern frontier of Palestine. The Negeb having been destroyed, this region would include Hebron.

The account of the purchase of the cave of Machpelah might be taken from a Babylonian contract tablet of the time of Hammurabi, about B. C. 2200, but the similarity is explained by the fact that the laws and phraseology of Babylonian commerce were in use over the whole of Western Asia and would be thoroughly understood by Ephron the Hittite and by Abram coming from Ur of the Chaldees. In general facts and even in minutest details the account is perfectly accurate, and it affords another proof of the all-important value of the evidence of the monuments now so amply substantiating the Biblical record.

## MANIFESTATIONS OF THE RISEN JESUS.

BY WM. WEBER.

### II.

The account of the ascension, as contained in the Acts, presents particular difficulties. In the first place, it seems to be impossible to decide where the introduction written by Luke ends and where his first source begins. Westcott and Hort assign apparently the whole passage Acts i. 1-5 to the compiler. In that case, verses 3c-5 would have to be regarded as a kind of summary of Acts i. 6-8. though the review and the full text would be of nearly the same length. The two passages are certainly to a great extent parallel. Verse 3c informs us that Jesus, between his resurrection and ascension, discussed with his disciples "the things concerning the kingdom of God." According to verses 6-7 the disciples asked Jesus at their last meeting: "Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, It is not for you to know times and seasons, which the Father hath set within his own authority." Verses 4-5 as well as verse 8 refer to the promise of the Holy Spirit the disciples are about to receive. But while the two passages agree as to these two points, they also differ from one another. Verse 4 Jesus charges his followers "not to depart from Jerusalem" until they were baptized in the Holy Spirit. Such an express command is not found in the second passage. On the other hand, verse 8 contains a missionary command of which no trace is extant in verses 1-5. That command, while evidently quite independent of Matt. xxviii. 19, is just as comprehensive and includes preaching to the Gentiles. That is demonstrated by the words "Samaria." For as the apostles are enjoined to go to the Samaritans, "the uttermost part of the earth" means the Gentiles.

These differences render it highly probable that our passages represent two different sources. That would be in line with the curious term "the kingdom to Israel" (verse 6) as over against



“the kingdom of God” (verse 3) as well as the two forms of the name of the Jewish capital. Verse 4 we come upon “Hierosolyma,” whereas verses 8 and 12 “Jerusalem” is used.

The text of verses 1-5 offers still other difficulties. The Greek text of verse 4 begins with a participle which is translated by the Am. R. V.: “being assembled with them.” But the Greek text has no equivalent for the words “with them.” A literal translation would read either “while he was assembled” or “while he assembled himself,” which is, of course, sheer nonsense. But it is not the duty of the commentator to hide grammatical mistakes; he has rather to face and explain them if possible. In our case, the only explanation is to see in the participle the blundering attempt of the compiler of joining together statements derived from different sources. A second objection is the sudden and uncalled-for change from indirect to direct discourse in verse 4. The Am. R. V. felt compelled to smooth away that difficulty by inserting the words “said he” into the text. In my opinion, the entire statement: “which ye heard from me: for John indeed baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized in the Holy Spirit not many days hence,” belongs to the compiler. As he did not know any such promise made by Jesus in the name of the Father, he made words, originally uttered by John the Baptist, serve his purpose (cf. Matt. iii. 11, Mark i. 8, Luke iii. 16).

The words: “He charged them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father,” require our special attention. According to them, the disciples had remained at Jerusalem after the crucifixion and resurrection of their master and were going to stay there at least until the day of Pentecost, in all a period of fifty days. From Matt. xxviii. 7 and 10 and Mark xvi. 7, however, we learn that Jesus appeared to the Eleven, not at Jerusalem, but in Galilee. We have therefore to decide which of the two conflicting traditions is historical.

When Jesus was arrested, “all the disciples left him and fled” (Matt. xxvi. 56, Mark xiv. 15). Peter alone, or Peter and an unnamed disciple, followed Jesus into the palace of the high priest. But even they must have fled afterward. Where could they have sought a place of refuge except in Galilee? There, at home, they were safe and able to earn a livelihood by taking up their former occupations. They had been prepared like all other pilgrims to spend the days of the Passover at Jerusalem; beyond that time, they had not the means of lingering and subsisting there. No congregation of Christians existed in that city which might have taken care of

them. Thus, the statement of the Acts that the apostles and other disciples stayed at Jerusalem during the whole time between Easter and Pentecost, must be considered as unhistorical.

It is easy enough to understand how such a tradition could arise among the Gentile Christians, who were unfamiliar with the conditions in Palestine and the customs of the Jews. All the important events which ushered in the Apostolic Age happened at Jerusalem. Even St. Paul, when he wanted to see the original apostles, went to the holy city. But that does not mean that Jerusalem, during the Apostolic Age, was the permanent seat of Christianity. It was the temple which attracted at stated seasons the Jews not only of Palestine but of the whole world to their religious capital. For that reason the Christians of Jewish descent, desiring to carry the message of Jesus to their compatriots, would naturally attend the great festivals and address their compatriots in the halls of the temple. On the other hand, whenever a man like, for instance, St. Paul wanted to confer with some of the leading Christians in Palestine, he would try to meet them at Jerusalem on one of the three great feasts (cf. Acts xx. 16). In the given instance, the disciples were to go to Jerusalem for the Feast of Weeks. For Jews who had been prevented from celebrating the Passover at the temple or staying there for all the days of the feast, were expected to return for the Pentecost festival. For that reason, it required no special order from Jesus to bring his disciples back to Jerusalem for the day of Pentecost; neither was it necessary for them to remain in the city for fifty days in order not to miss that day.

Jerusalem was never a center of Christianity such as Antioch, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, etc., became later on. It is even doubtful whether there ever existed in Jerusalem a large and flourishing congregation of Christians who were natives and permanent inhabitants of the city. Jerusalem was the very stronghold of all that was reactionary in Judaism; and the permanent population was to such a degree depending upon the prosperity of the temple that, far from favoring reformatory ideas, they would do anything in order to suppress them. The fact that before the siege and destruction of Jerusalem the Christians living there left the city and moved to Pella in Perea proves those Christians to have belonged to the floating population of the Jewish capital and to have been comparatively few in number. Nevertheless, Jerusalem as the religious center of the whole Jewish world played a most important part in the early history of Christianity.

While thus Acts i. 1-5 was evidently written by a Gentile, the same is true of Acts i. 6-8, as is demonstrated by the missionary

commandment. In that commandment the term "Judea" demands our special attention. "Judea" might be another name for Palestine, signifying the country of the Jews. But in that case we should hardly expect Samaria to be mentioned expressly because it is only a subdivision of Palestine. For that reason "Judea" in our passage denotes most probably the southern district of Palestine alone. We might wonder why the other districts, Galilee and Perea, are not mentioned. But, as a matter of fact, the Acts have nothing to say about winning over to Christ people of those cantons during the Apostolic Age. Therefore, the expression "in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth" names the actual scenes of the missionary activity of the apostles, including St. Paul, as related in the Acts. As such the expression points clearly to either the original compiler of the book or to the editor of a second enlarged edition of the work. I am rather inclined to accept the second choice.

- The question asked of Jesus: "Lord, dost thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" sounds rather strange in the mouth of the original disciples of Jesus. Their master had never pretended to have come for the purpose of restoring the national kingdom of the Jews. He promised to bring the "kingdom of God," or the "kingdom of heaven." His personal disciples, however dull and slow of understanding we may imagine them to have been, could not help but be fully aware of the vast difference between the terms "kingdom of God" and "kingdom of Israel" from the very beginning. The former is an idea, the latter a concrete object. According to John xviii. 36 Jesus, in reply to the question of Pilate: "Art thou the King of the Jews?" said: "My kingdom is not of this world." That statement implies that Jesus had nothing whatever to do with a kingdom of the Jews. Luke xvii. 20f a similar saying of Jesus has been preserved. "Being asked by the Pharisees, when the kingdom of God cometh, he answered them and said: The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here, or there! for lo, the kingdom of God is within you." "Not with observation" means undoubtedly not in visible, concrete form. Our bodily senses are unable to perceive it. No hand can point to it. This negative definition is accompanied and supplemented by the positive statement that the kingdom of God is within us. It exists within our hearts, that is to say, it belongs to the ideal world. As an abstract term, belonging to the same category as God, spirit, righteousness, virtue, love, etc., it shares with them the quality not of being real, but of being actual.

If Jesus thought his enemies worthy of receiving such information from him, how much more thoroughly must he have discussed this very basic fact of his revelation with his intimate disciples whom he had chosen to continue his work after him. None of the Eleven could therefore have asked the risen Jesus the question of Acts i. 6. It rather bears the stamp of a later age when grossly materialistic expectations, connected with the belief in his second coming and derived chiefly from Jewish apocalyptic writings, had found favor among Gentile Christians.

A similarly materialistic conception prevails also in the closing sentence of our paragraph. In the last sentence of the first Gospel, as we have seen, Jesus consoles his disciples by assuring them of his everlasting presence. Acts i. 11 the disciples are told that Jesus who had been taken away from earth and transferred into heaven would return to them at some future time. As consolation the bereaved adherents of Jesus were offered the promise of a later reunion instead of a permanent communion.

Matt. xxviii. 16-20 as well as Acts i. 1-12 have a curious parallel in Luke xxiv. 44-53. The clause: "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name to all the Gentiles" (Luke xxiv. 47), reminds us of Matt. xxviii. 19. The last words of the same verse "beginning from Jerusalem" refer to Acts i. 8, where Jerusalem is named as the first place at which the apostles should bear witness to Jesus. The statement: "Behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high" (Luke xxiv. 49) is based upon Acts i. 4: "He charged them not to depart from Jerusalem, but to wait for the promise of the Father," and Acts i. 8: "Ye shall receive power, when the Holy Spirit is come upon you." Also the locality whence Jesus ascended into heaven, is the same in Luke and Acts.

The compiler of the closing paragraph of the third Gospel has derived his material chiefly from the Acts, but he used also the first Gospel. The composer of the third Gospel and the Acts hardly possessed three different accounts of the ascension of which he added one to his Gospel while he inserted two into the Acts. The ascension inaugurates the history of the apostles. That is the reason why it introduces the relation of the deeds of the apostles. If that is right, it could not have been made, by the same person, also the conclusion of the Gospel. In other words, Luke xxiv. 44-53 must have been added to the third Gospel some time after it had been completed and published by Luke.

That supposition is confirmed by the literary character of Luke

xxiv. 44ff. It consists, far from being one organic whole, of a number of unconnected fragments. Verse 44 is an incomplete sentence, consisting of words put into the mouth of Jesus directly. A literal translation reads: "These words which I spoke to you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which are written in the law of Moses and the prophets and the psalms concerning me." The Am. R. V., to make the sentence readable, has added the verb "are" and translates: "These *are* the words," etc. But as the text does not contain any words to which the demonstrative pronoun could refer, the sentence, which is complete only apparently in the Am. R. V., floats in the air.

Verse 45 opens with "then," an adverb instead of the coordinate conjunction "and," which in most cases, if not always, is characteristic of the work of a compiler or glossator. The entire sentence of verse 45: "Then opened he their mind that they might understand the scriptures," is a connecting link, joining together verse 44, which contains words of Jesus in direct discourse, and verses 46f, which is indirect discourse. (It would, by the way, be difficult to explain what kind of a process that opening of the mind was.) At the end of verse 47, the construction changes again to direct discourse with the words "beginning from Jerusalem" and continues as such to the end of verse 49. The participial clause belongs, of course, to the following sentence: "Ye are witnesses of these things." It ought to be translated: "Beginning from Jerusalem, ye shall be witnesses of these things." For the participle "beginning" is of masculine gender and in the nominative plural in our Greek text and can, therefore, in no way belong to the preceding accusative and infinitive clauses. For in that case, it would have to stand in the accusative. Even if we wanted to overlook the grammatical construction of the participial clause, it could apply only to the first half of the indirect discourse. Such things mark the seams where sentences picked up from different sources have been stitched together in an unskilful manner.

As the party who deemed it necessary to furnish what he considered a better conclusion of the third Gospel than the first editor had done, has made use of Matt. xxviii. 19 as well as of Acts i. 1-12, his work is younger than either of those passages. It would have to be assigned to a very late date, if any importance were to be attributed to the words: "Behold, I send forth the promise of my Father upon you" (verse 49). Acts i. 4 we simply learn the disciples were to wait for the promise of the Father. Thus Luke

xxiv. 49 seems to be connected with the dogma that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son.

But all these arguments seem to be vain because we find 1 *Ap.*. 50a, clear reference to Luke xxiv. 49. We read in Justin Martyr: "and having seen ascending into heaven and believed and received power sent by him from there to them and gone to them and gone to every nation of the human race." The first of these participle constructions, "having seen ascending into heaven," is derived from Acts i. 11; but the third clause, "having received power sent by him from there to them," is undoubtedly based upon Luke xxiv. 49. We must take notice, however, of the fact that the first two participles, "having seen" and "having believed," lack their direct object. It is, of course, easy enough to supply the personal pronoun "him" to "having seen." The meaning of the first clause undoubtedly is: "having seen him ascending into heaven." Still the question remains to be answered: Why should Justin have omitted that little word? That the object of "having believed" is missing is a much more serious thing. For it cannot be easily supplied. The third clause speaking of the sending of power from heaven by Christ is, to say the least, expressed very clumsily. In addition to these minor details, we must not overlook the more important fact that the close and original connection between the immediately preceding and succeeding passages is disrupted by those participles, and not only as far as the meaning of the words but also their grammatical construction is concerned. A literal translation of the entire passage with the doubtful clauses placed in parentheses will render this quite clear. "Now after he was crucified, even his disciples apostatized all and denied him. But later on, after he had risen from the dead and been seen by them and taught that it was found in the prophecies in which all those things had been foretold as going to happen—(and having seen ascending into heaven and having believed and having received power sent by him from there to them and having gone to every nation of the human race)—they taught those things and were called apostles." Before the parenthesis the genitive absolute is used in the original text, while within the parentheses the participles are in the nominative plural. For all these reasons, I feel compelled to regard the words in the parentheses as an interpolation.

There remain Luke xxiv. 13-43 and John xx. 19-29. The first of these passages consists of two parts, verses 13-35 and verses 36-43. The former section relates the experience of the two disciples that went to Emmaus. The pericope offers no exegetical diffi-

culties. It is a perfectly clear and straightforward story. There is a direct reference, however, to Luke xxiv. 1-11 in verses 23f which indicates the age of the whole passage.

The Emmaus pericope attempts to solve the problem how people could become convinced of the resurrection of Jesus who had no chance of seeing the risen Lord because they belonged to a later generation. The solution is: by studying closely the Old Testament which has foretold the suffering and resurrection of Jesus. That again points to the time of Justin Martyr.

The two Emmaus disciples were made aware that Jesus himself had opened their eyes to understand the Old Testament. It is necessary, however, to observe how the presence of their risen master was revealed to them. They failed to recognize his figure, his features, and voice. Not until he had accepted the invitation of being their guest, "was he known of them in the breaking of the bread" (Luke xxiv. 30f and 35).

The breaking of the bread of the Eucharist was a characteristic ceremony of the Christians and distinguished them from the other inhabitants of the empire. By taking the bread, blessing, and breaking it in the proper way, any stranger could identify himself as a believer in Christ among Christians. But in Palestine, it was different. For there all bread, not only the unleavened bread of the Passover, is broken even to-day, for it is baked in rather thin cakes, somewhat like our crackers. The Palestinians, therefore, had no use for the bread-knife. The head of the family takes, blesses and breaks the bread before he offers a suitable piece to each of his table companions. Where such a custom is in general use, it cannot be a distinguishing mark of any individual person. Thus our Emmaus episode belongs to the Gentile Christian world, not to Palestine.

Verses 36-43 deal with certain objections raised by opponents of the Christians. The first Christians, as they readily admitted, had indeed beheld Jesus after his crucifixion. But they could see nothing extraordinary in that fact. It was only what was to be expected. Jesus had died as a criminal. His return to his disciples after his ignominious death proved simply that he had deserved his fate. For wicked people could find no rest after death but had to haunt as ghosts the places where they had lived and practised their wickedness. Their surviving associates were the first to be thus visited. The ancients distinguished between ghosts and other spiritual beings. The former had no real body. Being merely an image, a shadow, a ghost—although visible to the eye—could

not be touched by a living person nor partake of food. Only spirits like angels possessed, besides the gift of becoming visible or invisible at will, tangible bodies which could consume and digest food. Some Christian who considered it his duty to meet and refute such slanderous objections claimed the original apostles had thought of that and been at first suspicious of the character of the risen Jesus. But the latter had dispelled quickly all their doubts and misgivings by proving to their sense of touch that his body was of real flesh and bones (verse 39) and by eating a piece of broiled fish in their presence (verses 41ff).

Our section is in all probability an even later addition to the third Gospel than the closing paragraph. We noticed in verse 44 the statement "these my words," etc., which in its present position introduces either an incomplete sentence or lacks an antecedent. If we eliminate verses 37-43 and join verse 44 directly to verse 36 "These my words," or "These are my words," would refer to what Jesus had said to the disciples on the road to Emmaus, or to what Cleopas and his companion were just relating to their fellow-disciples. Connecting verses 44-53 directly with verse 36 does not remove all the difficulties presented by our passage, but that is not to be expected in such a piece of patchwork.

John xx. 19-29 is a close parallel to Luke xxiv. 13-35. The problem is the same. The answer given is: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed!" (Am. R. V.). The perfect tenses, "have not seen" and "have believed," ought to be replaced by the past tense. For the Greek text contains in both cases the aorist which corresponds to our past tense. Accordingly we should read: "Blessed are they that did not see and yet believed!" We expect Jesus to have employed rather the future tense and to have said: "Blessed are they that shall not see and yet will believe!" The out-of-place tense indicates simply the late origin of the whole pericope. That Thomas puts his finger into the print of the nails and his hand into the side of Jesus reminds us of Luke xxiv. 36-43. It proves the risen Jesus to have been, not an ill-boding, malignant ghost, but a spiritual being, an inhabitant of the heavenly world.

In closing this investigation, we may touch shortly upon the question of the so-called abrupt ending of the second Gospel. Mark xvi. 9-20 has been recognized long ago as a very late appendix. But the end of Mark appears to have been lost only if we compare that Gospel with the last section of the other Gospels. Now, just those closing sections for which the second Gospel offers no equivalents have been proved to be of late origin and foreign



additions to those three Gospels as originally compiled. Thus, we cannot escape the conclusion that the second Gospel has preserved its original shape and volume more faithfully than all the others. For some reason, the process of adding new chapters to the Gospels which at first ended with the death of Jesus, came to a full stop much earlier with Mark than with the other Gospels. The second to be closed was Matthew, although Luke and John must have received their final additions not very long afterward.

## PLOTINUS AND THE ECSTATIC STATE.

BY WALLACE N. STEARNS.

NEO-PLATONISM represents the last stand of Greek thought as an interpretation of the world and of life. What speculation had undertaken, and what Christianity claimed through revelation, neo-Platonism as the last effort of Hellenism now sought through illumination. The Greek became a mystic. Another name for illumination is "the ecstatic state."

Despite imperial favor the old state religion declined. Incoming cults either failed of approval or proved wanting. Christianity outlived them all. To the Greek mind—for captive Greece did the Empire's thinking—there was only one way open. This Galilean cult must be fought with its own weapons. The Christian and the philosopher were now theologians, and each regarded his way as the way of salvation.

The first impulse was from Alexandria, the home of Clement and Origen. The first stage was the attempt to formulate a distinct working theory, to determine a new standpoint. Later scholars resorted to eclecticism but this first move was an attempt to move into new ground. Recognizing that there was some truth underlying the success of the new Christian teaching, philosophers sought some such point of view for themselves. For revelation they put illumination.

The first was Plotinus (204-269). This scholar's rare modesty, or at least reluctance to make known any facts concerning his career or to permit himself to be painted, has left us with very few details as to his life and person. While yet a young man he gave himself to philosophy and after trying several masters became a pupil of Ammonius Saccas. At forty he was himself a teacher in Rome. About 253 Plotinus began to write. His treatises, fifty-four in number, were edited by his disciple Porphyry.

His death is obscured by wonderful stories, but he was loved

by a host of friends and revered and trusted by all who knew him.<sup>1</sup> Devoted to philosophy, he was a bit impractical. His fond dream of a philosophers' city, Platonopolis, governed according to the laws of Plato, was, of course, never realized.

A pure life; a scholarly but impractical mind; a pleasing, sympathetic nature; possessed of the fervor and enthusiasm of the true student—Plotinus commands our respect and even our admiration.

## I.

The starting-point of the neo-Platonic system as represented by Plotinus, the most typical representative of this school, is the One —τὸ εἷς— (called also God, the Good),<sup>2</sup> indivisible and non-numerical, found in all things but in no one of them,<sup>3</sup> by its nature giving existence to attributes though itself above them.<sup>4</sup> Transcending existence, this One is unthinkable, ineffable,<sup>5</sup> and inasmuch as we are compelled to speak of it in our limited terms, is involved in mystery, is as a statue not yet in the round. From this primal one the rest of the scheme is derived by a series of emanations. As at each stage of the lava flow the stream is less than at the point whence the last stage was derived, so these emanations at each removal from the primal source diminish in perfection and significance. This process of emanation is also not wholly explicable, being comparable, among other things, to the rays of light from the sun, or of heat from a fire.

1. Intelligence, the first emanation, is the most perfect, and the only perfect, thing in the universe. Comprised in this though not separable from it, similarly to the two sides of a coin, are the subjective phase—intelligence proper, and the objective phase—the intellectible world.<sup>6</sup>

2. As intelligence emanated, so itself, though of less productive power, gives forth an emanation, namely the soul. The soul also may be considered under two aspects: pure soul, i. e., the world-

<sup>1</sup> The Delphic Oracle, consulted after Plotinus's death, replied (so the legend goes) that "he was partaker of immortality with the blest." His philosophical opponent, Longinus, said that "he loved and revered beyond measure the manner of the writing of Plotinus."

<sup>2</sup> VI, vii, 23.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Porphyry, *Sentt.*, xxxi.

<sup>4</sup> V, ii, 1; cf. VI, ix, 6.

<sup>5</sup> VI, ix, 4.

<sup>6</sup> VI, vii, 35; cf. V, iii, 7.

soul and the individual forms it has taken on,<sup>7</sup> e. g., human souls; and soul as formative power. Soul, like intelligence, may be compared to the coin with two sides.<sup>8</sup> By separating from the soul the desires, as sense and hunger, and such other things as verge to the mortal nature, we come to that residue which may be denominated "the image of the intellect," and which preserves something of its light. Intelligence strives<sup>9</sup> upward toward the One; soul, toward intelligence. There is here the twofold function: (1) Contemplation of the next higher, and (2) creation, by emanation, of the next lower. Through the agency of souls comes in the generation of physical being: human souls; animal; stars, sun and heavens.<sup>10</sup> Soul not only produced but orders the movings of the universe.<sup>11</sup>

3. The emanation from soul, body, is farthest removed from God, yet bearing to some degree the impress of the Absolute. Body expresses itself in forms, which constitute its reality, its being, as matter its non-being. Nature (*φύσις*) fluctuates between being and non-being, ever becoming, ever changing.

4. The system of Plotinus is bounded beneath, as by a shadowy horizon, by pure being, existence whose sole characteristic is privation of all attributes. On this, or, better, into this, the rays emanating from the Primal One shine as the ur-light shone on the void, giving to it the semblance of form or quality in so far as it may appear to reflect the rays from the Primal One falling upon it in its order of emanation.

## II.

Plotinus held the soul to be immortal,<sup>12</sup> devoid of quantity, indivisible, and everywhere present in its entirety throughout the body. It is incorruptible, allied to a more divine and eternal nature, and though merged in sensible objects has become forgetful of its

<sup>7</sup> Stoic, *Logos spermatikos*.

<sup>8</sup> In another place (V, i, 6) Plotinus says: "That which is generated from what is superior to intellect is intellect." As intellect is the reason of the One, so is the soul the reason of the intellect. The reason of soul is obscure, but must be that part of soul which looks back to intellect as intellect looks back to the One. Each stage in the series looks two ways; on its better side to that which generated it, and on its lower side to that which came after, i. e., to that which was generated by it.

<sup>9</sup> V, iii, 9; see also Proclus, *Quaest. Theol.*, i, 24.

<sup>10</sup> V, i, 2.

<sup>11</sup> To further illustrate the members higher up in the series: Intelligence was held to be by nature what soul could be only by effort, and to proceed intuitively while soul was compelled to have recourse to logical procedure.

<sup>12</sup> IV, vii, 10; cf. V, i, 1.

source, yet needs only to be reminded of its divine origin. Individual souls are subordinate to the world-soul, which is ever transcendent, a certain portion of their essence being limited to this terrene abode, and by mergence into bodies. All souls are proximate to the world-soul, but some more nearly so than others by virtue of a more certain, energizing desire strengthened by memory's promptings.

### III.

Departing on the one hand from the method of pure reason as represented by the Greek philosophers, and on the other hand deprived of the aid of revelation as represented by the Christians, the neo-Platonists, religionists as well as philosophers, had recourse to illumination. Illumination like revelation was a divine gift, but whereas revelation represented something handed down to man, illumination was rather an elevation of the human until it was *en rapport* with the divine.

This illumination is a "suprarational apprehension of divine truth, an apprehension which the individual man comes to possess in immediate contact with the deity itself; and though it must be admitted that there are but few who attain to this, and even these attain only in rare moments, a definite, historically authenticated special revelation, authoritative for all, is nevertheless put aside."<sup>13</sup> The spiritual quality of the soul is the avenue by which illumination becomes possible. The soul becomes God, not by intellectual perception<sup>14</sup> but by contemplation, by associating, and, as it were, by so conversing with God that there would be a content to communicate to others. This contemplation must be rapt, continuous, absolutely forgetting self in its vision of the divine.<sup>15</sup> The soul becomes one with the deity, like him. This involves no change from self to some one or something else. The soul becomes elated without loss of identity, and, as it were, snatched up, enthused,<sup>16</sup> filled full of the divine efflatus, and so, as it were, borne up by it, loses passions and desires, and even mental perception; settles down in unmoved and solitary union, in this respect being even as the One Itself (God Himself). Nothing excites the soul now, not even that which is beautiful. The gaze is fixed on divinity itself—"just as if some one having entered into the interior of the adytum should leave behind all the statues in the temple, which on his departure

<sup>13</sup> Windelband, *History of Philosophy*, p. 227.

<sup>14</sup> V, xi, 7.

<sup>15</sup> VI, ix, 7.

<sup>16</sup> VI, ix, 11.

from the adytum will first present themselves to his view, after the inward spectacle, and the association that was there, which was not with a statue or an image, but with the thing itself."<sup>17</sup> These images which before shadowed forth to the soul the real thing itself, now become second matter. This state Plotinus calls ecstasy, "an expansion and accession of himself, a desire of contact, rest, and a striving after conjunction."<sup>18</sup>

This attaining to the vision of God is not an act of the intellect nor does it come through the intellect. It must come, if at all, through virtue. "Virtue, therefore, indeed proceeding to the end and being ingenerated in the soul in conjunction with wisdom, will present God to the view. But to speak of God without true virtue, is to utter nothing but a name."<sup>19</sup> The soul, then, finds itself at a certain stage in the progression of emanations, but belongs to a higher world, and finds its highest mission to be free itself from the sensuous and to live in that highest world. The perfect life is the life of thought, of reflection, of contemplation. This life of thought is the perfect life: merely external things play no part in true happiness. The soul finds here helps, as sensuous beauty, and, far better, mediated thought. The *summum bonum* is to become completely buried in ourselves, and disregarding all else, to be elevated even above thought, in a state of unconsciousness (as to things external and other), ecstasy and singleness. Whoever reaches this perfect state is filled with the divine light, becomes so immediately one with the divine being (the One) that all distinctions between the two disappear. Ecstasy is thus a certainty of God, the Divine, the One, a blessed rest in Him, a sinking into the divine essence.<sup>20</sup> This is not the direct result of man's own effort: it is a divine gift. It comes not of reasoning but of faith; hence, there is great need of prayer.

Constant abiding in this ecstatic state may be possible, but is not actual. The common, the average man, is not equal to it: only the philosopher attains and he only at intervals. "How, then, does the soul not abide there? Is it not because it has not wholly migrated hence? But it will when the soul has continuous vision being no longer troubled by the hindrance of the body."<sup>21</sup>

<sup>17</sup> So Taylor's translation, VI, ix, 11.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>19</sup> II, ix, 15.

<sup>20</sup> It is fair thus to personify the primal being. The philosophy of Plotinus was a religious philosophy, and the ecstatic state as thus attained would be impossible were not a personal relation thought of. Cf. VI, vii, 15.

<sup>21</sup> VI, ix, 10.

There is now a change in the soul's relativity. It now becomes not a seer but a thing seen. Indeed, we talk of perceiver and thing perceived because compelled to use language familiar to us in earthly affairs. But soul is one with God. The soul does not see or distinguish by seeing or imagining the existence of two things. The soul becomes wholly absorbed in God, conjoining center with center.<sup>22</sup> Several times this experience came to Plotinus, and he obtained it by "an ineffable energy." Porphyry says his master enjoyed this experience four times to his knowledge, and adds on the authority of an oracle that the gods often directed Plotinus in the right path by extending to him rays of divine light, so that his books were composed in the contemplation of the Divine. Porphyry states that he himself enjoyed this experience at the advanced age of sixty-eight.<sup>23</sup> The occasional, fitful enjoyment of the soul while in the flesh is only a shadowing of the life of the soul after physical death, if we may so style liberation from the body. Supreme souls, as Plotinus, Plato, Pythagoras, dwell together in perpetual peace and joy. They even approach the judges of the dead, not expecting judgment, but that they may enjoy conversation with them.

<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>23</sup> For estimate of neo-Platonism see Harnack, *Expansion of Christianity*, III, pp. 133ff; Wendland, *Christentum und Hellenismus*, p. 12.

## GOD.

BY JOHN DENMARK.

I WAS musing the other night by the fire while the pine logs crackled musically. . . .

There came a very gentle tapping at the door. I thought at first it was our pet dog gotten loose from the stable where he sleeps at night, but when I went to the door and opened it, the cold November wind blew in without any dog. Startled, I looked into the darkness and saw an old, white-haired man crouched by the doorway. There was an expression of real terror on his face and, as I opened the door farther, he slipped in and crouched in the corner.

"What is the matter?" I asked in some astonishment. "What are you doing in those rags on such a night?"

"They are looking for me," he whispered. I noticed that he was trembling violently.

"Who is looking for you?" I asked.

"Everybody," he replied. "I guess I am what you call a criminal. I have committed more crimes than any other person in the world, and wherever I go somebody is trying to kill me."

As the door blew shut, he jumped as if he had been shot. Then he stared at me so unblinkingly that I thought he must be suffering from some mental disease. Finally I pulled a chair up to the fireplace and asked him to sit down and tell me his story. He was suspicious at first, but after we had warmed our hands together he seemed to thaw out. Then he told me this strange tale.

"I am God." I jumped a little, but he looked at me unperturbed. "That is what everybody does when I tell them my name," he said, "but you see they don't understand."

I smiled and waved my hand for him to go on.

"I am very old," he said. The deep wrinkles in his face and the long white hair falling to his shoulders bore evidence of the fact.



"I don't know when I was born, but it was a long time ago. For a good many centuries I lived in big trees and mountains and clouds where I had a delightful time. Then I went up above the clouds where it is cold, very cold. Occasionally I came down to special celebrations like miracles and earthquakes, but most of the time it has been very lonely. I was glad when they brought me down to earth and I hoped at first that folks would make friends of me, but they didn't. They don't seem to know how human I am. In almost every spot in the world now I am subject to hanging or electrocution."

"But my friend," I asked, "what are all the terrible things you have done?"

For answer he pulled out from his bosom a long white printed bill. It was so long that it seemed to unroll itself for miles and miles before I saw the end. He noted my surprise with evident pride.

"Read it," he said, "and you will see why I am wanted at every bar of judgment in the world."

I took it eagerly and began to read:

Wanted—A person who calls himself God.

Variouly described as a tree, a cloud, ether and a man.

When last seen was on top of Sinai.

He is wanted by the criminal court of humanity for the commission of the following crimes:

He created Adam, and then tempted him to destruction.

He drowned several million innocent people for disagreeing with some of his bigoted Hebrew prophets.

He wanted to destroy the world but was prevented from doing so by the sacrificing charity of Jesus.

He made Judas a betrayer and then sent him to hell for playing true to his part.

He has murdered many millions of his children by famines, fires, earthquakes and plagues.

He has been the leader of every gang of national murderers from the first tribal blood feud to the recent European holocaust.

He has made the human race ignorant, diseased and hateful—

"Yes, yes," interrupted God, pointing a long bony finger at the last indictment I had read. "That at least is true."

His finger touched my hand and it seemed to burn with a terrible sting. I jumped up in my agony.

My wife was laughing at me, for a spark from the fireplace had fallen upon my hand while I was asleep.

Since that dream I have thought a good deal about God and found the subject rather profitable. The religious teacher often scorns the simple, common-sense questions about God which occur to any man when he begins to think. The idea of the fatherhood of God is usually treated with the obscurity of philosophical terms or the soporific of personal raptures. If a preacher ever recovers from these evasive treatments of the subject of God, he asks some strangely naive but strangely penetrating questions.

If God is my Father, why does he leave me alone at so many crises of my life?

If God is my Father, why does he not want to live on more intimate terms with his children?

If God is my Father, why does he allow one half of the world to kill the other half in his name?

To put our questions in the words attributed to Sydney Smith, "Damn the solar system—bad light—planets too distant—pestered with comets—feeble contrivance—could make a better with great ease."

Now the common-sense reply to these queries is almost too simple to record, but I have never heard it effectively combated. If I call any man my father, I assume that he is something like me, that he belongs to my race and family. I assume that he cares enough for me to guard me as much as possible from disease, crime and disaster. If an American father who had the power to save his son from dying in a burning house allowed him to be destroyed without an attempt to save him, he would be branded as a legal and moral criminal. Yet God took the flower of my family and burned her to death one day in a cellar because she inadvertently tipped over a kerosene lamp.

The popular attitude after such a disaster is to "cling bravely to my faith." In that way millions of Russian peasants clung to faith in their czar after he had shown himself utterly heedless of their welfare. For myself I cannot dodge the issue. I cannot continue to believe that God is my father or the father of the human race when he betrays so little care for the lives and welfare of his poverty-stricken, diseased and helpless children.

When the evils of the world weaken our faith in the fatherhood of God, there comes with the weakening a reaction toward optimism. We pass in review the many splendid privileges of the modern man, the delights of nature's beauty, and the friendship of kindly and

honest souls who make life rich and happy by their unselfishness. "How," we ask in this optimistic mood, "how can a God who is careless or cold give mankind all these blessings?"

But the truth is that the blessings which God bestows upon humanity are not half so prolific or beneficial in proportion to his supposed power as the kindnesses which the average earthly father bestows upon his child. The earthly father sacrifices himself to keep the child warm and well-fed and happy. The earthly mother goes into the valley of the shadow to bring the soul of her child into the world. Where outside of the fatuous fictions of theology can we find the love of God manifested as superior to this? If a child is suddenly left to the exclusive mercies of a heavenly father, how clearly superior the earthly father appears!

We cannot evade the truism that a good father will not make some of his children wealthy and some of them diseased and poor, if he has the power to make them all happy. If God is the all-powerful father of the human race, he must be referred to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

There is current in some quarters to-day a certain brand of agnostic optimism which passes for faith in the fatherhood of God. Our healthy animal natures will not allow us to be pessimistic all the time. We are surrounded by people who have strong religious convictions and whose convictions unconsciously influence us in our judgments. So, when we are asked to believe in the fatherhood of God, we are honest enough to say that we do not know anything about God and we do not believe anything in particular about him, but we hope for the best. We are agnostics but not cynics. Whatever is the Power that controls the universe, we are bound that we shall deal with It (or Him) cheerfully and without distrust. The world is a pretty good place to live in in spite of all the earthquakes and fires. You can call this faith if you want to.

This determination to be cheerful plays an amazingly large part in the faith of the people. Tennyson in his *In Memoriam* reaches anti-religious conclusions and then sinks back from sheer exhaustion to a cheerful and innocuous faith. The desire of his heart is so strong that all else is forgotten. He dare not look into the darkness of the night and declare, "I do not know." He loves human life and human hope too much to be so cruelly candid. He allows the tremendous emotional power of a great desire to bring him into a mood of exaltation, and the power of that desire he calls "faith."

Is it not so with the preacher? He does not stop to analyze the idea of the fatherhood of God. He is embarked upon the task

of finding a solution for the world riddle, a solution that shall make him and the world happy. In the joy of doing effective work his critical faculty is dulled and forgotten, so far forgotten indeed that he comes to regard any hostile criticism of religion as indecent. The inexpressible yearning which he has to "know God" is exalted to the level of faith, and imparted with all the power of his being to his fellow men. He prays "Our Father" so often that the habit becomes an unshakable belief.

He does not stop to reason that if this world were really conducted by a beneficent father he would not have to pray at all, and there would be no unutterably horrible pain to explain away.

But a new generation of clergymen is arising which insists on discussing candidly the problem of God. Many sturdy-minded preachers of our own day are trying to adjust the idea of the fatherhood of God to the facts of science and common sense. They are seeking to put a new content in the term "Father," and still ally themselves with the Christian Church. What they have really done is to take over two conceptions of God which are quite foreign to Christianity.

"God," says the modern liberal thinker, "is Universal Life inspired with purpose and moving forward toward better things. All things are a part of God and in various degrees inspired with his purpose."

Such a belief comes naturally to the man who realizes that the old tribal God of the Jews is too small for our modern world and contradictory to the teachings of evolution. Obviously some mighty force is working in nature and in human life, bringing things into a rough unity, creating and destroying human life and keeping rigid the great natural laws. The existence of that force is necessary to explain the largeness of life and its multitude of complexities.

So when the modern thinker describes God as the Life Force and each one of us as the "children of the universal God who is not separate from material life but directly identified with it and expressing Himself through every manifestation of life," we feel that we have found a belief that can agree with our common-sense judgments and what little we know of science.

But is this kind of God our father? Only by the most inexcusable distortion of the term. The fact that I am a part or product of God does not prove that I am his son. I cannot claim that the Life takes any special interest in me or that I am a more significant part than other parts. The Life is also the father of monkeys and toads and volcanoes.

When we are children, we think of God as a great, white-bearded man, or as the enlargement of our father. When we are older, we still think of him as a man with certain powers of "spiritual" extension. But the reflection of maturity will bring us inevitably to this conclusion, that we have no more right to call God a man or a person than the orange has the right to call the orange-tree "The Great Orange." The relation of part to the whole is not the relation of child to father. Only our animal limitations lead us to think of the universe as human.

So the first idea of God which the modern man naturally accepts it too large for fatherhood. The universe no doubt contains qualities of love and friendship, but those qualities are buried deep and quite lost sight of in the great mass of mechanical forces that compose nature. The blind men who felt the elephant described it variously as a wall, a rope and a tree. The Christian enthusiast who takes a few characteristics of the World Force and considers them apart from the blind and unmoral course of life is feeling only part of the elephant. God as Universal Being has even less of fatherly qualities than the elephant has of rope. To describe him as father shows an unforgivable weakness in allowing our wishes to blind our reason. He is not "good" any more than he is green. He is not our father any more than the air we breathe.

My gentle reader will be shocked by these views, for you are no doubt accustomed to very skilful word-juggling about the personality of God. It is a subject easy to becloud by a few skilful phrases. To satisfy the average congregation the preacher must at least seem to reconcile the Christian idea of God as a personal being in the sky who came down to beget a child by a Jewish virgin, with the modern idea of a Progressive World Force. The beclouding and the fusion are done in this way:

"We see in the universe Unity, Thought and Feeling. These are the great characteristics of personality and cannot be manifested apart from personality. So the Universal God must be personal. He is the Father of us all, for from Him we gain all the elements of our being. Our religious consciousness is valid for He manifests consciousness in the evolution of the world-process."

Now the thinness of this reasoning can be seen when we record its opposite.

"We see in the universe Chaos, Ignorance and Cruelty. These are the characteristics of an Insane Devil and cannot be manifested apart from the phenomenon of personality. So the Universal Devil must be personal. Our religious consciousness is invalid because

the Universal Devil does not reveal in the course of evolution any consciousness akin to our own."

And we arrive exactly where we started.

Whether a man believes in the goodness of Life or its essential devilry depends upon the condition of his digestion and the place he occupies in society. If his digestion is good and his place in society is secure, the preacher has little difficulty in persuading him that the Great Power which he vaguely believes in is the personal Father of Jesus Christ.

But for myself I must recognize that the Universal Power indicated by the findings of modern science, whether that Power is divine or devilish, does not fit the description and does not accord with the prophecies of Jesus. It would be studiously inaccurate and evasive if I sought to convince the people that the moving force of the solar system is the same God who was about to destroy the world between 25 and 50 A. D. and set up a kingdom for His son Jesus.

But what of religious experience? Thousands of honest men and women have gained a "personal knowledge" of God, and there is a growing desire among all variety of thinkers to explain this experience in rational terms. That experience ranges all the way from the hysteria of a Pentecostal camp-meeting to the personal prayers of a great philosopher.

To meet this necessity there has grown up a different idea of God. Instead of making God omnipotent and universal we must make him intimate and tangible. God is made up of the combined spirit of the faithful believers. He is the group spirit of the mob. He is the medium of consciousness, the inclusive consciousness which binds our minds together. He is the finite god whom we feel in the enthusiasm of the great revival, in the onward rush of a mighty army, even in the mad blood-lust of an infuriated mob. There is something more in every group of people than the individual mind of each person. That something is the Common Spirit with which men commune when they have religious experience.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This promise of Jesus is taken up by the believer in the new god and a new meaning put into it. Where two or three are gathered together, they create the god-spirit for themselves. They are reborn in the realm of a new existence, larger and nobler than their old life.

This god is union-made. He is spelled with a small g. He fires the heart of the agitator with passion for redeeming his class.

He thrills the soul of the Fifth Avenue rector with a like passion for preserving all the niceties of upper-class morals. He is the spirit who makes new decalogues on the Sinai of Public Opinion.

This god is the social conscience of the people. He expresses his will in the moral laws of man. He grows with men, suffers with them, and saves them through the tangible forces of social communion.

He is not responsible for the world's earthquakes, fires and murders, for he does not control the solar system.

It does not take a moment's thought to decide that this god of modern reflection is not our father. He is a child of humanity whom we have made out of the texture of our own consciousness. He cannot be omnipotent and he cannot explain the meaning of life. But he can explain those heart-yearnings and vague communions which we have learned to call religious experience. He is our spiritual confessor in a very real sense, for to him we take our judgments, sorrows and sins, and by communion with him we purify our souls of selfish ways.

With us the personality of this god has been associated with the personality of Jesus because Jesus has been identified with all the best ideals of our common life. But the association has been purely accidental. The same kind of god leads the pilgrims to Mecca and stirs the spirit of the Hindu fakir, and like the Christian, the Mohammedan and the Buddhist believe that this god is necessarily associated with their favorite prophets. But when the world has passed beyond the worship of any one prophet, this god will still reign.

The transition to belief in the god of common spirit has already been partly accomplished. The truth is that the world for a long time has been giving only a lip profession to God the Father. There is a hopeless confusion in our thinking of God as Universal Force and god as common spirit. The average man shakes up the mixture and affixes the Christian label "Father," but only in the wildest moments of evangelistic rapture does he assume that any spirit is taking personal charge of his life.

Bernard Shaw has pointed out that what men really believe can be discovered not from their formal creeds but from the assumptions on which they act. The test when applied to the human race shows that we have long ago abandoned the idea of the fatherhood of God and have adopted a double idea of God as Universal Force and God as personal spirit. In the natural course of our thinking I believe we have hit upon the truth.

I believe in both of the Gods I have described above, for both of them are necessary to explain life. Science points the way to a Universal Force which makes order possible. Personal experience and the teachings of modern psychology indicate the existence of a god of group-consciousness. These Gods bear some relation to each other but that relation is not an intimate one. They cannot be consolidated into one by a trick of intellectual gymnastics.

When we have thus escaped from the idea of God's fatherhood, there should be no pretense of being Christian. Jesus Christ has not given us our God nor will we ever be able to go back to the God of Jesus. Little Judea, alive with Oriental imaginings, shut in from mighty Western currents, has given us many mystical treasures, but she cannot give us a God adequate for the world of modern knowledge. Each era must choose its own Gods, and the time has at last come when we are ready to acknowledge the people's part in the choice.

For myself, the only God who means much to me will be the god of our common opinion. He tells me what is right and wrong. He is made in my image. With him I am willing to go into the future ignorant of the Great Riddle but still unafraid.



## CONVENTIONAL VIRTUE'S DEVIIOUS PATH.

BY T. SWANN HARDING.

IT is small wonder that many minds fail to find evidence of reason in the workings of the world and its biped parasites when the veil of conventional virtue is permitted so completely to obscure positive right and true morality. As James Branch Cabell has remarked in *Beyond Life*, we are prone to be conventional before all else, even in the matter of amusement, which should, above all, be free from the bored appearance of going through the motions because it is the correct thing to do. And yet how much less artificial and how much more healthy our lives would be did we but boldly stand forth and call that ingeniously shaped soil-overturning instrument a spade now and then.

Theodore Dreiser is not the only novelist (see H. G. W. *et al.*) whose ruminations have led him to question the plan and purpose of the universe; nor is he the only person who, swamped in the slough of antagonistic philosophies, has had recourse to that popular refuge of minds bewildered or unenergetic—Pyrrhonism. In the *Nation* of Aug. 30, 1919, Mr. Dreiser has tabulated his interrogations with engaging frankness and complete detail and has thus added another chapter to the creed of "All is at variance, therefore believe nothing," an attitude of intellectual laziness further exemplified in the works of Joseph Conrad and permeating that pleasing *Book of Prefaces* which H. L. Mencken has given us.

Not that such an attitude of mind is to be condemned altogether. It is indeed a just and reasonable half-way house in the evolution of a working philosophy of life; and every mind needs such a philosophy, whether personally evolved or accepted machine-made. The tendency of just a certain amount of study and reflection is to make the student question the existence of any such thing as the absolute good or moral, in the sense of Aristotle's doctrine

of means, and to eschew speculation forever in disgust—as half threatened even so incorrigible a scholar as one David Hume.

Moreover, so meticulously systematic a philosopher as Royce remarked (in his *Religious Aspects of Philosophy*), “We choose some fashion of life in the morning, and we reject it before night. Our devotional moments demand that all life shall be devotional; our merry moments that all life shall be merry; our heroic moments that all life shall be lived in defiance of some chosen enemy.” But he recovered from this depression to formulate his philosophy of loyalty which is his solution of the problem of life.

It must be remembered, first, that such things as religion, philosophy and morality are inherently individual matters. Says Emerson, “Religion has failed; yes, the religion of another man has failed to save me. But it saved him.” And, while the dedication of life to great ends is supremely necessary a diversity of thought and method is inevitable; and it is perhaps this diversity which makes Mr. Dreiser’s millionaires and meat merchants seem so utterly at variance in their ideas of right and morality.

Then again, if we peruse the *Protagoras* we find Socrates opining that the pleasant is the good and that “nobody does anything under the idea or conviction that some other thing would be better and is also attainable,” and that “to prefer evil to good is not in human nature.” From whence the conclusion is that people are after all doing what to them seems best and most moral; that morality is more subjective than objective; that judgment cannot be made out of hand by another poor human who finds it forever impossible to weigh justly all submerged motives and adumbrant ideals; and that the education and diversion of impulse and instinct are wiser than repression and hypocrisy.

While the attitude that might be summed up in the single word “Chance” (of Joseph Conrad) is a convenient and a necessary one it should by no means be final. The writer was once told by a Presbyterian minister that his Unitarianism was a plausible half-way house to greater enlightenment; and it was—but to a broader and more vigorous philosophy of life rather than to orthodoxy! Yet the mind incapable of proceeding further than to recognize that “Chaos is in Cosmos, all’s wrong with the world!” had better revert to conventional morality and traditional theology as safeguards of conduct and leave further cogitation to the more robust.

Whatever else may or may not be true, we are practically all agreed that we have been placed here to perfect ourselves as much as possible mentally, morally and physically; to help our neighbor

evolve into something better and to use the best means at hand for the accomplishment of these purposes. It is surprising but none the less true that the most depraved, the most absorbed in trivialities, and the most stupid have within them some force which feebly attempts to dictate the right; some impulse that propels them almost irresistibly toward some service to intangibles—whether that intangible be religion, philosophy, morality or more simply duty to friend or relative or organization.

The more nearly we approximate our ideal in practice the more certainly that ideal is lifted beyond practice, thus to become a perpetual goad to further attainment. For that ideal is pursued oftentimes in error. Yet error does not always spell disaster; it may indicate growth, as Emerson testifies in "Considerations by the Way" when he says, "'*Croyez moi, l'erreur aussi a son mérite.*'" said Voltaire. . . . In short there is no man who is not at some time indebted to his vices." The matter is also pleasingly discussed by Samuel Butler in *The Way of All Flesh*, Chapter 19, one of the many interpolated essays. Here the gist of the matter is that "there is no useful virtue which has not some alloy of vice, and hardly any vice, if any, which carries not with it a little dash of virtue."

The problem is studied more scientifically by Mary Whiton Calkins (in *The Good Man and the Good*) when she says:

"...every virtue keeps, as it were, a balance between corresponding vices. For a vice is simply the overindulgence of any instinctive tendency, the absence of any moral control of a given impulse. The material of our vices is, in other words, precisely that of our virtues—our instinctive feelings, impulses, reactions—but these are uncontrolled by moral habits of willing. So, the greedy or untruthful man gives full play to instinctive acquisitiveness or secretiveness; he throws the reins over the neck of every impulse and disposition, whereas the virtuous man does not humor any instinctive tendency to the top of its bent. Every virtue is thus, in Aristotle's words, a 'mean' between two opposing views, in Holt's term,<sup>1</sup> a 'resolution' of diverse instinctive impulses."

In this same book Miss Calkins has very clearly and accurately analyzed the difference between the moral, the immoral and the unmoral act. She has demonstrated that the young man who enlists may be a moral hero; he may be an instinctive or non-moral hero; and, if acting in opposition to some more fundamental loyalty of family tie or conscience, he may be positively immoral. Her essential conclusion is that "a man is good or bad, moral or immoral,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Edwin B. Holt, *The Freudian Wish*.

according as he wills or refuses to will what is to him, and not to any one else, the good."

It follows in consequence that many men acting in diverse ways and animated by widely differing ideals must yet be accredited equally good and equally moral. With this thought in mind much of our confusion at beholding the comings and goings of men and their apparent lack of virtue disappears, and we may begin to see order emerging from chaos and to believe in the possibility of a universe of law. Indeed Thoreau of Walden has told us in "The Pond in Winter" that "our notions of law and harmony are commonly confined to those instances which we detect; but the harmony which results from a far greater number of seemingly conflicting, but really concurring, laws, which we have not detected, is still more wonderful."

It is with these facts in mind that we should consider things moral and religious as reflecting conventional virtue. And as we are venturing into the sacred precincts of traditional theology it may be well to remember Voltaire's saying,<sup>2</sup> that "we must never be apprehensive that any philosophical opinion will ever prejudice the religion of a country"—because such opinions never sink deeply enough to penetrate the credulous mass. The *Hibbert Journal* normally and regularly discusses theology of a type that would profoundly move simple laymen to inordinate wrath, and no one who should be kept ignorant of the fact that religion is now tempered with reason, is the wiser.

It has been said that religion and morality are essentially matters which most concern the individual. And, indeed, Christianity as taught by Jesus was intensely individualistic as far as matters of interpretation were concerned; it was in fact a revolt against conformity; it preached devotion to cause but diversity of method. That this individualism eventually centered around the purely selfish matter of the salvation of the individual's soul is to the shame of organized Christianity, but detracts nothing from the lofty idealism of Jesus.

In the matter of religion we have now come to the point where sects innumerable have arisen in order that people may be successfully organized into group-units composed of those who profess to believe similarly about matters the absolute truth of which it is humanly impossible to ascertain. Durant Drake, in his *Problems of Religion*, has pointed out that we should recognize the difference between the assured conclusions of science and those personal "over-

<sup>2</sup> *English Letters*, XIII, on "Locke."

beliefs" which, however passionately we espouse them, cannot be used as the basis for a universal religion. And no matter how many and fantastic the sects formed, it will always be impossible to get absolute agreement on matters purely of opinion where even two are gathered together.

Nevertheless, it is quite possible to have sufficient agreement among a very great many as to what is best and expedient and to accomplish much good. Trinitarians and Unitarians may cherish their pet beliefs as fervently as they wish without prejudicing the benefit of their philanthropic enterprises carried on in common. For we are very widely agreed that poverty and social distress should be alleviated; that education should be more accessible and more free; that higher ideals should be inculcated; that the trivial and the ephemeral should be neglected for the character-building and the permanent; that there is within each of us something less gross than the flesh, which revolts at shallow materialism and assures us that there is a "force which makes for righteousness" with which we should cooperate for the betterment of ourselves and of our neighbor. Upon some such basis as this a universal religion could be evolved.

Religion is after all but one conventionally organized path to virtue. Personal morality offers another. And here it is also apparent that while the conventional is not always wrong the unconventional is often eternally right. While one might well question the purity of motive on the part of that government which legitimized twenty thousand war babies partially in order not to be lacking in human material for future warfare, one must admit that in some instances the child born of love out of wedlock is more properly born than is the accidental and undesired offspring of parents legally wed. Without necessarily going to the lengths advocated by Freud and his school, it must be admitted that in the matter of sex, the very civilization whose matrimonial requirements defer wedlock till later and later in life does not provide rationally and sanely for the sex life of those upon whom it imposes celibacy. There is no tendency here to advocate either free love or polygamy; but monogamy will not come into its own until civilization is reorganized to be more perfectly adapted thereto. In the meantime, they who cast the first stone should be sure beyond all peradventure that they are without sin in the matter of helping to bring about conditions which make sexual irregularity inevitable.

Perhaps in no matter of morals is our position so artificial as in those relating to sex. Here we have a powerful basic instinct

tremendously repressed by the superficial requirements of civilization in order to present the external appearance of virtue, so much so that one cannot avow the Freudian school altogether in error when it traces all neurosis to this prolific source. The wonder indeed is that we have sublimation so often and perversion so comparatively seldom! For, smirk and sidestep as we may, here is a real fact that we should face; a fact so real that a philosopher as bland, as mild and as gentlemanly as Emerson remarked, in "Culture," that "the preservation of the species was a point of such necessity that nature has secured it at all hazards by immensely overloading the passion, at the risk of perpetual crime and disorder." And crime and disorder there will be until we face sex seriously, sanely and above all clean-mindedly.

Surely there is no race whose attitude toward sex exceeds in imbecility that of the Anglo-Saxon; no nation whose attitude exceeds in stupidity that of the United States; and no section of the land of the Puritans whose attitude exceeds in its not-as-that-publican-there sanctimoniousness the Middle West. For Huneker observed truly that Puritanism had migrated bag and baggage from staid New England to the Middle West.

There comes to mind a suggestive and idiotic set of rules recently promulgated by the moral censors of a complacently self-satisfied Middle Western city for safeguarding the moral tone of the community theatrically, and herding the human cattle into the narrow path of rectitude. In their paternal solicitude for the feeble-minded, average, citizen these rules bear comparison with those less openly promulgated which decreed what it was right and what it was naughty for adult Americans to know during the late war. For herein were theatrical producers warned, e. g., that young ladies of the chorus must swathe their lower limbs in vulgar and ill-fitting pink tights, lest the unsophisticated spectators perchance discover that female nether extremities are veneered with cuticle—a fact so recondite that it has never before even been suspected!

Consider, if you will, the inherent lecherousness of the mind which can focus upon such purely minor details and evoke therefrom wickedness. Consider the absurdity of having such a mind to safeguard the morals of people who are well balanced enough morally to take care of themselves in such trivial matters.<sup>3</sup>

It is beyond doubt that our attitude is utterly artificial and

<sup>3</sup> H. L. Mencken has sufficiently covered the matter of Puritanism in a clever and pointed essay in his searching *Book of Prefaces*, so that further discussion seems unnecessary.

that what we aim at is not true morality at all. Our aim is to give in appearance and legislation an outward evidence of virtue while we inwardly and privately indulge in things we cannot tolerate in others. We are in the clutches of certain unhealthy-minded individuals who rush merrily about suppressing violently that which is much less wrong than things they privately condone. The rules of an apartment hotel insure public decency by prohibiting any man from entertaining any lady in his room, but engagingly permit any lady to entertain any man in her room! It is obvious that the result is not moral probity but rather the mere superficial and shallow semblance of decency.

And while asinine (to use no more forceful adjective) censors gad about seeking purely unmoral acts that they may transform into the, to them, immoral; while learned legislators pass euphonious laws against this and that—illicit drinking and prostitution and worse sins go on apace, matrimony becomes a mockery and careless living the rule. It is all very well to laugh at Samuel Butler's ridiculous Erewhonians who tried to legislate disease out of existence and yet found that it would occur every now and then, as indeed it must occur until sanitary precautions are taken and the masses are educated up to the point of spontaneous cooperation for the attainment of health; but we are quite as ridiculous as the naive inhabitants of Erewhon when we try to legislate or repress immorality out of existence. For until we learn the process of reform from within-out and forget the process of pseudo-reform from without-in, immorality will remain.

While no girl of real moral stamina and lacking the germ of sexual perversion ever yields to the combination of low wages and high prices, however much she may condone herself by using the popular formula as a cloak for weakness, we do need a reorganization of society to lessen the strain on those of impaired strength. While no man in his right mind would be moved by a stage representation of nudity, measures must be taken to doctor the perverted minds of the moral censor and of the more honest depraved who candidly admit their condition. We need, in short, the attitude toward immorality depicted in Erewhon where moral weakness is looked upon as an illness and kindly measures are taken to restore the patient to his virtuous health.

When we think of immoral we should endeavor to get away from the conventional meaning of the term. Perhaps a better idea is given by Mowry Saben (in *The Spirit of Life*) where the essence of immorality is regarded as the taking of a part for the whole.

The Spanish audience which dispassionately viewed a nude dancer as a purely esthetic spectacle, as depicted in Havelock Ellis' book, was moral because it saw the body as a whole. And none are more immoral than the blind bigots who fasten upon a half truth, declare it to be a whole truth and hence unalterable, and denounce as dangerous heretics all who hold a differing opinion. The Comstocks who have sought out parts to proclaim them immoral and have refused to see the beauty, the symmetry and the perfection of the whole are most immoral of all. It is the Comstocks who see nothing but nudity in art and fail altogether to appreciate a masterpiece in proper spirit. It is the Comstocks who invent the salacious in musical comedy while a more fundamental immorality is our demand that amusement be ever more extravagant and costly until our finer senses are satiated and glutted beyond the point of appreciation.

The immorality of money only exists when it is no longer seen as a medium of exchange but becomes an all-important thing in itself. Our very food and clothes may become immoral when the end and aim of life becomes animal gratification. We cannot imagine Plato or Socrates or Jesus living to eat and to wear fine clothes; we can well understand that they were clothed and fed in order to live decently.

We curse high prices, yet we habitually demand too much even of what we choose conventionally to dub necessities. Far less of these than we think are absolutely necessary to our mental, moral and spiritual welfare and to focus inordinate attention upon these things is moral perversion. Of course, the path of the single iconoclast set against society would be rock-strewn; but it is a fact that persons in moderate circumstances have more clothes and more jewelry and more "conveniences" than they need; they expect too boundless an extravagance in amusement. If our incomes were cut, our myriad "necessities" shaved down to real necessities, our hours of work shortened to the very few sufficient to provide us with these—would we not live more wholesomely, more happily, more morally? Think too of the back-breaking, blood-sweating labor we are compelled to do in order to achieve an artificial standard of living in a certain social stratum while actual necessity would require but sufficient work to be a real pleasure.

We speak of Christian morals. What do we mean? One can really improve little upon Epicurus, Juvenal, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Plato, Lao-Tse, Aristotle and other "pagans" except by fulfilling their precepts more nearly than has been done before. We speak of French immorality; but may not the actual fact be that



the French are more nearly moral than we in that much we see as immoral is, to them, unmoral and a part of a greater whole? Real immorality steps in where we become obsessed with fractional views of things, and see, like paranoiacs, all things distorted through the sadly imperfect medium of some preponderant delusion.

However rabid we may be for prohibition, we must face the fact that a moderate use of wines and beer certainly does no harm in a large number of instances. However Puritanical we may be in the matter of blue laws, we must admit that mental and physical recreation on the only possible day is not altogether detrimental to office-cooped humanity. However particular we are on the question of taking human life, we must see that euthanasia is absolutely moral and humane in certain cases. Virtue is not and never can be a thing of fixed and iron-clad rules; it consists in reasoned adjustment to environment and in following out the highest ideals within us. Let us not put a dead weight on progress by compelling thoughtful minds to be bound by rule.

If any human faculty was given to be used fearlessly, boldly and to our best advantage that faculty was reason; and we should be seriously enough interested in matters of virtue to evolve our own philosophy of living. This does not imply moral and religious anarchy; for any individual painstaking enough to evolve a practical philosophy of life after conscientious heart-searching, deep study and profound meditation, realizes the personal character of such matters, respects the beliefs of his fellows and lives so as to cooperate with all efforts toward ideals and right, however divergent his beliefs on matters of opinion from those of his fellows. And he will find himself perhaps capable—more capable than ever indeed—of being a valuable member of society. Rules, in so far as they concern the practical solving of problems, are rules of necessity; rules in so far as they stultify intellect by requiring conformity to propositions of a speculative character or to inane customs and precedents are useless and dangerous.

It is surprising indeed to reflect how nearly ideas of "what is to be done" coincide among men who have attained these ideas by the most diverse cogitations. In essential matters of living and of world-betterment there is little indeed to choose between Socrates, Christ and Lao-Tse; between Huxley, Emerson and Haeckel; between Ingersoll, Comte and an orthodox divine. William James touched upon this matter when he said in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, "He believes in no God, and he worships him," said a colleague of mine of a student who was manifesting a fine atheistic

ardor. And the more fervent opponents of Christian doctrine have often shown a temper which, psychologically considered, is indistinguishable from religious zeal."

True enough, there are those who devote time, talent and intellect to matters other than religion and morality; those who do not care to go to the bother of evolving a philosophy of life, and those who are incapable of intelligently doing so did the idea occur to them. Among many of these is the field of conventional morality and traditional theology; and for such they are very necessary rules of conduct and adequate measures of virtue. Furthermore, convention and conformity are necessary in other cases until the mind reaches a maturity sufficient to permit it to attack problems independently and to attain reasoned conclusions; while others need convention as a perpetual safeguard since their time is so taken up that they do not care to reason on matters of virtue and morality.

For these reasons the most heterodox should look kindly upon traditional theology and conventional morality; and should hesitate to deny those who desire some machine-made creed or code as a guide and anchor. A supercilious attitude on the part of the non-conformer is not only bad grace but is positively evil. Reform must come gradually, and we must beware lest we disrupt established institutions and set circumscribed minds at sea to their destruction; we must see that we have something better to give for that we desire to take away.

Those among us who have evolved beyond the point where a moral code or a religious creed fashioned by another human will suit our needs unaltered, certainly have the right to study under great pioneer minds and to seek true morality and real virtue. Such was the candid effort for which Nietzsche was stigmatized. In *Beyond Good and Evil* he was perplexed to find some way that the highly intellectual physical invalid might have some ruling power for good over the heedless and brainless mass. Creeds and codes which stabilize the lives of sincere believers deserve respect for what they have done; but they deserve renovation for the good of their adherents.

It is well also to remember the felicitous epigram of Joubert. "C'est la force et le droit qui règlent toutes choses dans le monde; la force en attendant le droit." And while we await the easy yoke of right it is necessary to invoke the less congenial rule of force to hold in leash those who lack moral control of impulse. But force in moderation, and then only until right is ready. Iron-clad rule inhibits growth.

G. Lowes Dickinson has very aptly expressed the essence of real religion, and real religion embodies true virtue and morality, in the following words: "The bottom of his belief is that the impulse in him to love and to create is the divine impulse; that that is the core and meaning of the world. And whatever he may believe or may not believe about a world beyond, that spirit working in this world is the spring of his religion. That is why Christians and atheists may, and often do, have the same religion. For the essential thing is the common spirit, not the theology." Ruskin further amplified this thought when he reminded us that we are in any case bound to do our best while on this earth; for if there be no life beyond we must at all hazards make the very most we can of this interval of light between two eternities of darkness. With the poet of Sanskrit we must

"Look to this day!  
For it is life, the very life of life!"

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### "THE MYSTERY OF EVIL."

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

I was much interested in Paul R. Heyl's excellent review of "The Mystery of Evil" (*The Open Court*, Jan., Feb., Mar., 1920), and let us hope, his solution, in a distant future, may come to pass.

Assuming certain interpretations of evolution, there seems possible a mathematical solution of the problem of good and evil, and the late Paul Carus suggested it at various times in his writings.

For instance, he makes comparison with the old and new ideas of "heat" and "cold." We now know them as different degrees of one kind of motion. We name all degrees above an assumed point as "heat," and all below as "cold." The surveyor assumes an average level as zero, and calls distance above that, "plus," and distance below, "minus," though all is one vertical space.

Assuming the "enjoyments" and "sufferings" of life to be all made of "feelings," we arrive at a similar solution. All feeling above a certain standard is "happiness," and all below, "suffering."

A certain philosopher has devoted a chapter to "wave-motion" in life and evolution. A flag, in a steady wind, waves. A branch of a tree waves in the stream. The great electric current about the earth gives waves of variation to the magnetic needle. We have waves of health and energy. "All things are good and bad by comparison." We call the upward sweeps of the waves of

feeling, "happiness," and the downward sweeps, "sadness." And yet it is all one sweep of feeling, life, evolution.

Assume your datum-line of life high or low, and you add or subtract for your happiness.

According to this supposition one solution for perfect happiness consists in having a wave of life forever upward in its sweep. This should be the condition in "Heaven." Yet here the law of conservation might limit us!

Change is the condition of feeling. Without change the world would be frozen. No change—no feeling, no happiness, no sorrow. If the change is in wave-motions, we are sure to call the downward sweeps "evil," by comparison, even in a "Heaven." And even in a Heaven, should we not look upon the lower past part of the "ever-upward wave" as "evil"? In this case "perfect happiness" would necessitate eliminating memory. Other solutions suggested involve stimulants, narcotics or illusions to tide over the downward sweeps!

We have assumed all enjoyments and sufferings of life to be made merely of "feeling." I feel better now than a while ago, and so I am happier. But is there a "quality" in certain deeds that would make our mathematical formula insufficient? Is injustice a degree of justice? Is hatred a degree of love? Is pain a degree of normal health? Is lying a degree of truthfulness? Can we imagine any beneficent being drawing a datum-plane below all the "horrors" of murder and robbery and torture, and then giving the plus sign of "good" to all life? And yet the appreciation of all seems to lie in the assumed "feeling" of our formula, and our value of  $x$  is still the apparent answer!

Those human beings who have "evolved" toward Mr. Heyl's "free soul" abhor these "evils," and it seems impossible to include such evils as mere "degrees" of a universal life of evolution or creation. Were the waves of life smaller, so as to eliminate the most abhorred features, would not the remaining, lower parts of waves have the same effects on good hearts? Would there not still be things to abhor? Paul Carus has said that the greater the intelligence and culture, the greater the capacity of feeling, both joyful and sorrowful. In the case of smaller waves, life would merely be slower, more clam-like.

What could "The Creator" eliminate from our lives to insure perfect happiness? What is the definition of perfect happiness? Is the nearest approach to it the well-cared-for ox?

It appears impossible to ignore the "elements of feeling" in all nature, as suggested by Dr. Carus, and we can imagine a certain enjoyment of the Grand Architect in the swirls of the nebulae, and in the making of suns and worlds, out of eons of quiet ether, electrons or quartels, and a delight in evolving "feelings" and wondering "souls" to appreciate it all, as suggested by Mr. Heyl.

"In Him we live and move and have our being," and perhaps we are enjoying a part of His life and enjoyment, needing only His vast point of view for the right understanding. The child tires of its beautiful playthings, and enjoys wrecking them, and perhaps we enjoy making and wrecking worlds!

Shall man, made in the image of God, be a beggar and a coward, or shall he be just, and fear not, ever aiding to make the "free soul" which evolution seems to indicate, as so well shown by Mr. Heyl?

Definitions are generally necessary in excursions into the unknown, but

we leave plenty of latitude for the application of modern ideas of mental or other activities of the cosmos. The people who live in "Flatland," or a plane, are zero in thickness, and multiplying them into a fourth dimension would leave them zero still. The fourth dimension is a mathematical convenience merely. Yet we shall ever dream of possible combinations to carry us along in "eternal life," so let us "dream," if we do not harm our neighbor, or his freedom of mind!

The solutions are sure to be found in Carus's form and formal thought, or reason, and their "laws," which are the Eternal in the ever-changing.

HARRY LEE BAILEY.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANS.

*To the Editor of The Open Court:*

Mr. Paul R. Heyl's admirable article in your issues from January to March on "The Mystery of Evil" seems to me to assume to deny almost without argument the answer to his problem. The usual argument runs like this, "God is the Supreme Being. If, then, God is controlled by anything, that which controls Him is God instead of Him." Which is the same as to say, "The Dreadnought is supreme on the sea. If the Dreadnought is controlled by anything else, then that which controls it is the Dreadnought. Therefore, the Rudder is the Dreadnought." The fallacy is in postulating power as the criterion of Godship.

The God of the dog is his master. If what controls the master is God in His place, then the dog ought to worship the Baby or the Bank instead of the Master. I see no reason to take it for granted that a God must be all-loving, all-knowing or all-powerful. Such an interpretation of Deity as that of the Hindus implies a loving God, and will probably be concurred in by most spiritual teachers. Natural philosophy has taught us that the Life Force, whatever it is, pervades all things that we know about. So pervading all things, it may be assumed to have more knowledge than a mere Maker has of what He creates.

But granted a loving and wise God, it does not appear why we should consider it necessary or probable that God is omnipotent, much less deny that a God of powers limited in some ways is a God at all.

No creed but our own asserts, as far as I know, that its Divinities are all-powerful. Even the Jews, from whom we seem to have gotten that incomprehensible idea, called Jehovah "almighty" only as nations generally called their kings.

Most of our difficulties of the "problem of evil" and the existence of pain come from this unwarranted claim of omnipotence. Granted a loving and all-wise God, there can be no explanation of any pain nor any excuse for Him who knew how to prevent it and was able to do so—but refrained.

As we advance in knowledge, we can see that we learn more and more through our pleasures and have less and less need of pain as a teacher. For a commonplace example: we learn to take care of our teeth and to enjoy having them clean, and so avoid much needless toothache. The primitive man without such knowledge can do nothing but bear the ache, or knock out the tooth.

All diseases appear to be the results of ignorance or neglect of some

natural laws—if not, then clearly the Creator, if all-wise and all-powerful, has a streak of malignancy in Him. Why should He bring beings into life who must suffer, if He knew how to produce the same results without suffering and was able to do it?

If you or I, with such love as we have, were able to make two varieties, say of clocks or of pictures, equally good, one kind which would suffer agonies, the other the common kind which does not, no one of us would hesitate which kind to make.

It may be that in some of the countless millions of worlds God has installed creatures who are always joyous, like the angels or devas of which we have traditions and ideas. They may be there for a good purpose of which we know nothing, but if that Creator could have accomplished through us the same purpose without our tears and groans, he is certainly brutal not to have done so.

It seems evident to the unsophisticated mind that we make whatever we are making as well as we, being such as we are, can make it. Why should we imagine an all-wise God who is stupider in that respect than we are?

I do not suppose this explanation will appeal to many persons; it is too simple; we like mysteries and love to tie our minds in knots for the fun of unraveling them.

For an all-wise and loving God to make replicas of himself only less powerful would be without any object that we can think of. But we can easily imagine Gods experimenting with creatures to see how they could best be made. Hear now a fable from the *Independent*.

“And God rested on the seventh day and He saw that ‘it was all very good.’ But the Devil said, ‘It is pretty good; but it would have been better if you had made men of cement instead of red clay.’”

“And God said, ‘I have plaster saints enough already. I want *men* that can mould themselves.’”

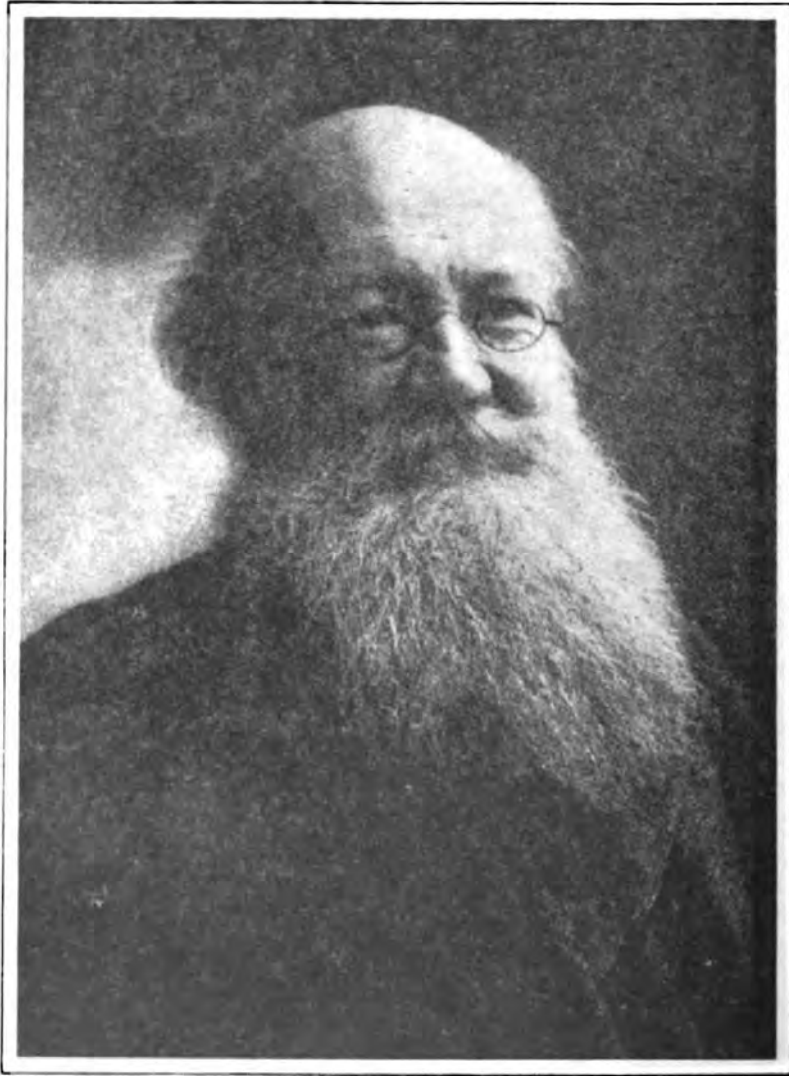
Pain and pleasure are the necessary stimulants to men so to mould themselves into the perfect God-likeness, fitting companions for God.

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PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN.

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*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*



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Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
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## THE SOCIOLOGICAL IDEAS OF PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN.

BY M. JOURDAIN.

THE sociology of Prince Peter Kropotkin is essentially Russian since it has to a great extent been called into being by the peculiarity of the social-political life of that nation. Brückner calls the Russian Slav a born anarchist;<sup>1</sup> he is certainly a born communist. The Russian peasant has a firm hold upon the institution called the land commune or community ownership, which, although in 1906 allowed to be broken up, survived to a considerable extent, and the idealization of the commune appear in Kropotkin as in Cernyševskii and other Russian populists. What gives color to his sociological theory can be analyzed readily enough, Bakuninism (and other less powerful Russian influences), the influence of English thinkers such as Adam Smith, and in the last resort, the psychology of the Russian revolutionary and a kindly and temperamental personal optimism. Russia has been called the land of extremes, and Kropotkin is an illustration of this divergence—a man emotionally humane, who can mete out no punishment to the work-shy,<sup>2</sup> justifies and recommends the destruction of a tyrant as though he were a "viper." Yet Kropotkin is of the stuff that Shaftesbury and Shelley were made of.

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der russischen Literatur*, p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> "Kropotkin is himself a fresh illustration of the psychology of the Russian revolutionary. Humane as a man can be, a gentleman in the best and finest sense of the word, when he speaks of 'vipers' Kropotkin is concentrating in that expression the revolutionary mood of a lifetime. Thus does it come to pass that a man who by temperament and philosophic training is one of the kindest of his day can justify the slaughter of a tyrant." Masaryk, *The Spirit of Russia*, London, 1919. Vol. II, p. 386. This valuable study, recently translated into English (1919), is an authoritative and well-documented history of Russian thought by Professor Masaryk, first President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic.

Kropotkin, who was for so many years resident in England and whose books and contributions to the English press are widely read, is sometimes regarded by English readers as the originator of certain ideals which he shares with other Russian thinkers such as Lavrov, Cernyševskii and Bakunin. He reflects and develops rather than originates. He is in sympathy with Cernyševskii's socialism, which is based on the *mir* or commune, and he accepts the solution presented in *What Is Done* of the problem of marriage and divorce.<sup>3</sup> But the leading influence is, without doubt, that of Bakunin, and Kropotkin may be described as a genial Bakunin. A more temperate visionary than that turbulent dreamer who delighted in the idea of shattering the world to bits,<sup>4</sup> Kropotkin's leading idea is rather the remoulding of the world into a new and desirable order.

Kropotkin's views are distinguished from Marx's in the recognition of morality. He believes that the moral sense is, like the sense of taste, innate. "Morals, therefore, need neither sanction nor obligation—*une morale sans obligation ni sanction*, as Guyau puts it. . . . The natural inclinations of human beings serve to explain human action; every one treats others as he wishes to be treated by them."<sup>5</sup> It is on this foundation of "natural sympathy" that Kropotkin builds his communistic ideal. The sense of membership produces a spontaneous social order, and this order he terms *mutualism*. He contends that there has always been a harmony of interests between the individual and the community, but he admits the existence of men unable to grasp this mutuality, whose actions are anti-social. At the same time he contends that there have always been men able to recognize the principle, and therefore able to lead a perfectly social life. To Kropotkin society is "a great total, organized to produce the greatest possible result of well-being with the smallest expenditure of human strength."<sup>6</sup> It is "an aggregation of organisms trying to find out the best ways of combining the wants of the individual with those of cooperation for the wel-

<sup>3</sup> Masaryk, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 386.

<sup>4</sup> Bakunin inveighs against those who demand a precise plan of reconstruction and of the future. "It suffices if we can achieve no more than a hazy idea of the opposite to all that is loathsome in contemporary civilization. Our aim is to raze things down to the ground; our goal, pandestruction. It seems to us criminal that those who are already busied about the practical work of revolution should trouble their minds with the thoughts of this nebulous future, for such thoughts will merely prove a hindrance to the supreme cause of destruction." Quoted by Masaryk, *op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 453.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, Vol. II, p. 383.

<sup>6</sup> *Revolutionary Studies*, p. 24.

fare of the species."<sup>7</sup> All social aggregates—both animal or human—are united by a consciousness of the oneness of each individual with each and with all, and this sense, not love, which is always personal, is the guiding principle of his acts.<sup>8</sup>

This sense of solidarity, which may appear in the form of instinct in animals, and the principle of federated cooperation have been, in Kropotkin's view, the chief influences in the formation of society, and he concludes that those who practised mutual aid, among animal and human societies, were better equipped for survival and for progress, while struggles within the species are unfavorable to survival and development. The periods when institutions have been based on mutual aid have made the greatest progress in the arts, industry and science.<sup>9</sup> To this factor of mutual aid Kropotkin's attention was drawn by a lecture of Professor Kessler in 1880, while he based his emphasis upon sympathetic solidarity upon Adam Smith's *Theory of the Moral Sentiments*. "Adam Smith's only failure was," he writes, "that he did not understand that this same feeling of sympathy, in its habitual stage, exists among animals as well as among men,"<sup>10</sup> When Kropotkin was studying the relations between Darwinism and sociology he saw no reason to admit the struggle for the means of existence of every animal against all its congeners, and of every man against all other men, as a law of nature. To admit a pitiless inner war for life within each species, and to see in that war a condition of progress was to admit something which not only had not been proved but also lacked confirmation from direct observation.<sup>11</sup> In a lecture delivered a year before his death, Professor Kessler contended that besides the law of mutual struggle there exists the law of mutual aid which is far more important for the progressive evolution of the species, and Kropotkin, when he became acquainted with the lecture in 1883, began to collect materials for the further development of the idea which Professor Kessler did not live to develop.

Mutual aid, in human society, tends toward communism, and its organization must be the work of the mass, and a natural growth. It is, according to Kropotkin, with its freedom from centralized control, favorable for individual development, and an opportunity for "a full expansion of man's faculties, the superior development

<sup>7</sup> *Anarchist Communism, Its Basis and Principles*, p. 4.

<sup>8</sup> *Mutual Aid*, p. 300.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 296.

<sup>10</sup> *Anarchist Morality*, p. 11.

<sup>11</sup> *Mutual Aid*, p. ix.

of whatever is original in him, the greatest fruitfulness of intelligence, feeling and will."<sup>12</sup>

The existence of primitive communistic communities suggests to him that if the State were destroyed, communistic societies would spontaneously spring up from the ruins. The State is, therefore, a stumbling-block in the way of perfect liberty of the individual, "the blood-sucker,"<sup>13</sup> in fact, the arch-enemy. He sees in it nothing but "an institution developed in the history of human societies to hinder union among men, to obstruct the development of local initiative, to crush existing liberties and to prevent their restoration."<sup>14</sup> His anarchism is directed against the State, being essentially astatism and apolitism, and also against authority in every form, and he defines it as the "no-government theory of socialism." He has no use even for the democratic State, for Parliament cannot help the weak; nor are, he believes, electoral methods the way to find those who can represent the people. The root of the evil lies in the very principle of the State, and therefore the State is not to be reformed and modified but annihilated. Like many other Russian thinkers, Kropotkin believed in the Revolution as the appropriate engine for the destruction of his enemy, the State, and considered Revolution as the accelerated period in a process of natural evolution, as natural and necessary as the slower processes. It was, therefore, not an accident but an ideal and an inspiration, and the aim of the revolutionary must be to guide it in its channel so that it may yield the best results. Of the Revolution as an ideal he writes in the closing words of *Law and Authority* with all the fervor of the French revolutionaries of the late eighteenth century.

"In the next revolution we hope that this cry will go forth: Burn the guillotines; demolish the prisons; drive away the judges, policemen and informers—the impurest race upon the face of the earth; treat as a brother the man who has been led by passion to do ill to his fellow; above all, take from the ignoble products of middle-class idleness the possibility of displaying their vices in attractive colors, and be sure that but few crimes will mar our society, as the main supports of crime are idleness, law and authority; laws about property, laws about government, laws about penalties and misdemeanors; and authority, which takes upon itself to manufacture these laws and apply them. No more laws! No more judges! Liberty, equality and practical human sympathy are the only effec-

<sup>12</sup> *Anarchism, Its Philosophy and Ideal*, p. 20.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 19.

<sup>14</sup> *The State, Its Historic Role*, p. 39.

tual barriers we can oppose to the anti-social instincts of certain among us."

His Utopian revolution is very different from the reality in Russia. His revolution amounted almost to the peaceful dissolution of the State by agreement, as in the dreams of Shelley. Kropotkin's revolutionaries were to have a distinct aim, to choose the right moment for the crisis. Civil war was to be restricted and the number of victims was to be as small as possible.

It is characteristic of Kropotkin's temper that he desired no unnecessary blood-letting, but he recognized the right of individual acts of violence if undertaken in the last resort and as an act of self-defense. Tyrannicide is permissible according to him, because the terrorist asks us in advance to slay him should he become a tyrant. "Treat others as you would wish them to treat you in similar circumstances."<sup>15</sup> This argument, of course, would only be valid in the case of the destruction of a Lenin, not of a Romanoff.

As the *raison d'être* of the Revolution is to produce small self-governing agricultural communities, each cultivating its communal land, and fairly sharing the produce among its members, the objections to his communal Utopia, which are obvious, may be indicated. He assumes a race of men who will be moral from habit, and who need no compulsion to do the right thing. "Men are to be moralized only by placing them in a position which shall contribute to develop in them those habits which are social and to weaken those which are not so. A morality which is instinctive is the true morality." It is easy to draw up a scheme of a new society in which no member is anti-social. Kropotkin's method of dealing with the case of a work-shy member of a community is, as Professor Masaryk puts it, extremely amiable but somewhat childish.<sup>16</sup> Let us suppose, he says, that a group of men have combined to carry out an undertaking. One man proves disorderly and work-shy: what is to be done? Is the group to be dissolved, or is it to be given an overseer who will dictate punishments or keep a time-book of work done? Kropotkin solves the difficulty in the following way. The comrades will say to the comrade whose conduct is injuring the undertaking: "Good friend, we should like to go on working with you, but since you often fail to turn up and often neglect your work, we shall have to part company. Go and seek other comrades who will get on better with you."

Kropotkin's contributions to social science are, as we have seen,

<sup>15</sup> Masaryk, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 386.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*

Bakuninist and concerned with theory. Of greater practical value is his discussion of the advantages which civilized societies could gain from a combination of industry with intensive agriculture, of brain with manual work. His ideal State is a society of *integrated labor*, where each individual is producer of both manual and intellectual work; where each able-bodied worker works both in the field and in the workshop.<sup>17</sup> The value of such a combination had already been emphasized and discussed under the names of "harmonized labor," "integral education" and so on. Specialization had been the direct outcome of the industrial revolution, and economists had proclaimed the necessity of dividing the world into national workshops, having each of them its speciality. So it had been for some time past; so it ought to remain. "It being proclaimed that the wealth of nations is increased by the amount of profits made by the few, and that the largest profits are made by means of specialization of labor, the question was not conceived to exist as to whether human beings would always submit to such a specialization; whether nations could be specialized like isolated workmen."<sup>18</sup>

At a definite stage of the industrial revolution, union between agricultural and industrial work could only be a remote desideratum. But the simplification of the technical processes in industry, partly due to the increasing division of labor, has brought such a synthesis nearer. Agriculture has also changed, and it is on the possibilities of the *petite culture* and the new methods of transmission of motive power in industry, that Kropotkin insists.<sup>19</sup> "It is precisely in the most densely populated parts of the world that agriculture has lately made such strides as hardly could have been guessed twenty years ago. As to the future, the possibilities of agriculture are such that in truth we cannot yet foretell what would be the limit of the population which could live from the produce of a given area."

<sup>17</sup> *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, p. 6. Where Cernyševskii advocated social reforms in connection with the concrete conditions of the day, as for example when he deals with the decay of silk-weaving in Lyons, his suggestions were extremely modest; the weavers, he tells us, must have their workshops outside the town, must cultivate a plot of land in addition to working at their looms, etc.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 3.

<sup>19</sup> "It would be a great mistake to imagine that industry ought to return to the handwork stage in order to be combined with agriculture. Whenever a saving of human labor can be obtained by means of a machine, the machine is welcome and will be resorted to.

"Why should not the cottons, the woolen cloth, the silks, now woven by hand in the villages, be woven by machinery in the same villages, without ceasing to remain connected with work in the fields? There is no reason why the small motor should not be much more general in use than it is now, wherever there is no need to have a factory." *Op. cit.*, p. 220.

He sees as the present tendency of industry the aggregation of the greatest possible variety of industries in each country, side by side with agriculture, instead of over-specialization in industry. The industries must scatter themselves all over the world, and "the scattering of industries amidst all civilized nations will be followed by a further scattering of factories over the territories of each nation."<sup>20</sup> Under this new distribution, industrial nations would revert to a combination of agriculture with industry, and there would ensue, in Kropotkin's Utopia, an integration of labor on the part of the worker, who would divide his time working for some hours, for instance, at his loom and for others in his garden.

All this is very much in the spirit of Fourier, who maintains that "all labor may be pleasant; it is only overwork that is unpleasant, and that should be unnecessary," and that "change of occupation is good; no man ought to devote long consecutive hours to one piece of work." The hours of labor are to be reduced by the abolition of the idle class. "We must recognize that Franklin was right in saying that to work five hours a day would generally do for supplying each member of a civilized nation with the comfort now accessible for the few only, provided everybody took his due share in production....more than one half of the working day would then remain to every one for the pursuit of art, science or any hobby he might prefer....Moreover, a community organized on the principle of all being workers would be rich enough to conclude that every man and woman, after having reached a certain age—say forty or more—ought to be relieved of the moral obligation of taking a direct part in the performance of the necessary manual work."<sup>21</sup>

In Kropotkin's conception of society all common and necessary commodities would be available to every one without stint, laid on, as it were, like water is at present. As he points out, without a certain leaven of communism in the present, societies could not exist. "In spite of the narrowly egoistic turn given to men's minds by the commercial system, the tendency toward communism is constantly appearing....The bridges, for the use of which a toll was levied in old days, are now become public property and free to all; museums, free libraries, free schools, free meals for children; parks and gardens, open to all, streets paved and lighted, free to all, water supplied to every house without measure or stint—all

<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 225.

<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 264.

such arrangements are founded on the principle 'Take what you need.'"<sup>22</sup>

Leaving the material side of Kropotkin's scheme, there is a divergence of opinion as to the human factor, the motive leading men to work. Supporters of the existing wage-system maintain that if the wage-system were abolished men would cease to do enough work to support the community in tolerable comfort. Kropotkin holds that practically every one will prefer work to idleness, because it is "overwork that is repulsive to nature, not work. . . . work, labor, is a physiological necessity, a necessity for spending accumulated bodily energy, a necessity which is life and health itself." Mr. Bertrand Russell, basing his view too exclusively upon the willingness to work of the *intelligenzia*,<sup>23</sup> also believes that "nine tenths of the necessary work of the world could ultimately be made sufficiently agreeable to be preferred before idleness even by men whose bare livelihood would be assured, whether they worked or not. There would, of course, be a certain proportion of the population who would prefer idleness. *Provided the proportion were small, this need not matter.*"<sup>24</sup>

The contents of Kropotkin's books and pamphlets can be thus divided into the advocacy of (1) communistic anarchism, and (2) of intensive production; and while the former is the negation of the existing order, his views on production might well be carried out under a socialist or a capitalist régime. His views on production, remarkably concrete and convincing, have had, perhaps, more effect in England than his communistic anarchism, and it is obvious that Mr. Bertrand Russell is under his influence. In his *Roads to Freedom*, Mr. Russell, from the point of view of liberty, has "no doubt that the best system would be one not far removed from that advocated by Kropotkin, but rendered more practicable of the adoption of the main principles of guild socialism." The plan of the Utopia sketched by Mr. Russell in the last pages of his book is Kropotkin's,<sup>25</sup> with certain criticisms and reservations.

Of Kropotkin's attempt to influence Russia directly on his return there in June, 1917, little has been heard. An eyewitness saw

<sup>22</sup> *The Conquest of Bread*, p. 35.

<sup>23</sup> "I think it reasonable to assume that few would choose idleness in view of the fact that even now at least nine out of ten of those who have, say, £100 a year from investments prefer to increase their income by paid work." *Roads to Freedom*, London, 1918, p. 193.

<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 114.

<sup>25</sup> Cf. pp. 104-114, 193, 197.



his "venerable figure" on the railway platform at Tornea on the Swedish-Finnish frontier, talking to a group of soldiers, and "the word ran round the station, 'Kropotkin has come home.' More and more pressed round him to hear the reiterated declaration in his quavering voice: 'We must have peace, but, friends, unless it is peace with victory, our brothers will have died in vain.'" All along the line crowds collected at each station to see him, and cheered Russia and war and Kropotkin and liberty, while the bands beat out the Marseillaise. "At Viborg, three thousand soldiers paraded in the station, and the train was delayed until he had reviewed them to the thunders of the Marseillaise and the plaudits that drowned the drums. One of his family murmured to the writer: 'He insisted on returning—he thinks it his duty to his people, but I know that he is going to his death. He will never leave Petrograd alive.'"<sup>26</sup> He reached Petrograd at a time when Russia was attempting to put into practice the most advanced doctrines of European socialism, and descended into a whirlpool of pandestruction very different from the benevolent anarchism that he had advocated. A report of his death was spread, but a later account spoke of him at Khar-kov, under surveillance, but not, fortunately, renewing his acquaintance with Russian prisons.

<sup>26</sup> *Country Life*, Jan. 11, 1919.

## IN THE THROES OF RECONSTRUCTION.

BY RICHARD C. SCHIEDT.

**T**HE great war has revealed the senile condition of many time-honored institutions; in the hour of trial they failed. The universal demand for reconstruction proves this contention. There can be no doubt that we are once more at a turning-point in human history, with new problems to confront us, but also with new means to solve these problems. We are passing through the birth-throes of a new era, pangs which occur only once in the space of a few thousand years when a new day of creation has dawned and a new "Let there be" is heard in the life of humanity.

This demand for reconstruction is nowhere of greater significance and of more far-reaching consequences than in the sphere of religion. For, as Benjamin Kidd satisfactorily proved years ago, the struggle which man has carried on throughout the whole period of his social development rests upon the motive power supplied by his religious beliefs. There is to-day a universal cry that the Church has failed in its mission. Religious unrest, uncertainty and honest doubt, absenteeism from church, indifference to religion and cooling of religious sentiment are rampant everywhere. The hope that the returning soldiers would bring with them a new zeal for the sanctuary has been completely shattered. Just the contrary has taken place. The men who saw life in the raw from every angle have become callous toward the dogmatism of the churches. They are looking for something which the churches at large have failed to supply—a reasonable religion. Their opposition is not to the Christianity of Jesus but to the theology of the churches.

However, as Benjamin Kidd in his *Social Evolution* argues at length, there can never be such a thing as a rational religion. "The essential element in all religious beliefs," he says, "must apparently be the *ultra*-rational sanction which they provide for social conduct." He declares a rational religion to be a logical impossibility represent-

ing from the nature of the case a contradiction in terms. But since modern science has so thoroughly revolutionized human society it has also influenced its conduct. Moreover, much that used to be looked upon as ultrarational must now be classified with the category of the rational, and in so far as the discoveries of modern science have removed into the realm of the rational much that was formerly religiously held to be ultrarational, they have aided religion and given us a reason for the faith that is in us. God is still speaking through his prophets proclaiming ever new truths and proving conclusively that divine revelations are not confined to one book. It is precisely this which men demand to-day from the Church, that it relegate doctrines which have become untenable in the light of modern science to the limbo of the mythical and embody in its teachings as divine revelations the well-established truths of modern science in order to harmonize life and faith. The nation-wide campaign now inaugurated by all the various denominations will not bring about this much-desired consummation as long as it is exclusively economic in design and method. It must be a movement from within and not from without, if it is to be a stimulus to spiritual growth.

Rauschenbusch in his remarkable book *Christianity and the Social Crisis* has conclusively shown that not the fragmentary records of the New Testament but the life of the earliest Christian communistic societies most accurately reflect the teachings and mission of Jesus. He came to establish the kingdom of God through the regeneration of human society. This must still be the chief work of the Christian Church. In order to do this successfully she must assimilate and sanctify all the positive dominant forces of a given age and generation. The Church has failed to do that in the past. She has fostered superstition instead; both Catholics and Protestants have persecuted the intellectual leaders who promulgated new world-views based on scientific discoveries, burning at the stake not only such men as John Huss, Michael Servetus and Giordano Bruno, but also hundreds of thousands of women and children accused of witchcraft. Andrew D. White's remarkable work on the *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology* presents a gruesome picture of well-nigh two thousand years of the Church's inhumanity to man, which has retarded human progress for more than ten centuries. If we read in present-day orthodox campaign literature that "the Church must inspire, organize and win the gigantic warfare against the sin of selfishness that corrodes our social order," we feel constrained to call attention to the colossal

crimes committed by the Church in the past, which to no small degree are the cause of that sin of selfishness. If the Church had devoted herself to the alleviation of human misery instead of multiplying the fine points of denominational differences and of orthodox standards, the sin of selfishness would not now corrode our social order to such an appalling degree as is claimed by the ecclesiastics. However, it is likewise true that the Church has rendered much splendid service to human society; she has ever kept aflame the torch of learning, and her self-sacrificing missionaries have at all times led the hordes of primitive tribes from savagery to civilization and thereby widened the sphere of human intercourse; but she has failed to assimilate and sanctify the new forces she awakened. The present crisis demand that she apply herself to this long-neglected task.

It is therefore necessary that we return for a while to the consideration of the original mission of Jesus. The first question that confronts us is: To what extent can the socio-religious forces represented by the Christ of the Gospels, especially by that of Luke, assume the spiritual leadership of the present time? The old question, so often repeated since David Friedrich Strauss, whether we can still be Christians, has not yet been satisfactorily answered. The Catholic Church has in this respect the advantage over the Protestant. She has no difficulty in answering this question. She may call herself Christian and yet not make herself the unconditional slave of the past, because she possesses in her infallible papacy a living and, therefore, a growing principle for the interpretation of the past. However much the Catholic Church maintains her historic continuity with the past, she can grow in the living flow of history and therefore change. She is more adaptable to any present condition, and, to a certain degree, also more free than dogmatic Protestantism which insists on being bound to the letter because "It is written."

But this Catholicism is at bottom metaphysical. Therefore its development and growth take place according to the conditions which determine its existence, i. e., it must become more and more hierarchical, it must more and more eliminate the will of humanity and subject itself to a will transcendently assumed. Protestantism has a higher historical claim in having, as a religious renaissance, helped the churchly transcendentalism to find its way back to life. Herein lie the merits of the liberal Protestant theology which by its intense devotion to minute scientific study has tried to penetrate to the real sources of religion.

But the individualistic conception of history by which this theology was controlled, presents religion as a psychological phenomenon of the individual man. Even its most progressive representatives interpret religious phenomena in the light of the affections by which individuals influence one another, by virtue of their natural disposition, their spiritual endowment and needs. That is to say, this theology has no appreciation of the social factors which determine the religious development, nor of the retroaction which the religious factors exercise upon social life. Only the Christian Socialists and latterly Rauschenbusch and his coworkers have undertaken to attack the religious question from the social side. The victory which the Ritschlian school won over the liberal school was entirely due to the fact that they abandoned the atomistic point of view in theology and introduced a discussion of religious life from the broad social side with all its comprehensive historical combinations. But the Ritschlian school is still lingering in the bonds of metaphysics in its treatment of the Christ problem. The historical Christ, the human individual, is here supplanted by a religious *type*, a generic being, which is just as complicated as the Jesus of historical theology and for which in the actual documents every point of contact is missing. But if the decisive factor in the history of Christianity is not the unknown individual Christ who sometime and somewhere may have furnished the historical model for the Gospel stories, but rather the community-consciousness objectivated and personified in these sketches, then this consciousness must be interpreted and valued in the sociological sense. In other words, if according to Kant that antagonism in society which Marx calls the class-struggle has called forth every historical development, there must have been active at the origin of Christian society the same historical law of life. The religious morality, then, which primitive Christianity corporealized in the person of its Christus, represents the force by which the growing Christian society maintained itself and gained its victory over the hostile powers of paganism.

But social theology, like the Kantian historical method, has its roots in the idea of evolution. However, only in the idea the final goal has here an absolute, i. e., a regulative significance. Any empirical phenomenon, any ever so important period of history has only relative value as an evolutionary factor in the realization of the idea. Therefore it is not the material, historical content of the image of the Christ, but only the ideal form, i. e., the personification of a Christ, which may claim to be of socio-theological importance. It is not the "what" of Christian morality but the "how" that reveals

a law of history which furnishes an ideal guide to life. The forces which in the beginning of the Christian era ethicized and humanized the class-struggle, transforming a particularized national movement into a universal human movement personified in the Christ of the Gospels, have gained the victory in the struggle. They have decided the victory as was historically inevitable but also only historically possible. As a result, these forces have now become integrating component parts of human culture and spiritual development. They must and will reappear in every new phase of the evolutionary development of humanity's life.

There will never be any economic or social development on a large scale unless the kinetic forces of the class-struggle are ethicized and humanized, i. e., religiously realized. Every economic creation is determined by the evolutionary law of life. The eruptive forces which give the first impulse to a new social structure are met by antagonizing forces and thereby changed in their directions and influenced in their dimensions. They can only realize their influence upon the whole by unfolding and enlarging their originally indicated aims, and by transforming their particular social demands into universal ethical standards. They in turn carry the germinal principle for new differentiations. At the same time the unifying tendencies of human reason demand that these ethical standards are brought into harmony with their cosmic sources. That which we call the good must of inherent necessity be comprehended as a part of the entire world-life if it is to inspire man to Christian devotion and sacrifice. Only in this wise can a religious faith arise which is in full accord with the moral world-order, deriving from it the assurance of its realization. This *summum bonum* is, however, always—in spite of its cosmic origin—the humanly good; it will always bear both in its aims and in the means of its realization the aspect of a human image, of an ideal Son of Man; the ethical ideal becomes a religious ideal, a Christ.

From the socio-theological point of view the Christ image is therefore the most refined religious expression of all those social and ethical forces which have been active in a given age. In the changes which this Christ image has undergone in the course of time, both in its overtones and in its undertones, in the dimming of its pristine features and in its looming-up in new tints, we have the most faithful criterion of the transformations through which contemporary life has passed from the heights of its most spiritual ideals to the depths of its most material life-processes. This Christ image now bears the features of the Greek thinker, now those of

the Roman Cæsar, then again those of the feudal lord, of the master of the guilds, later those of the revolting peasant and of the free citizen. And these features are all genuine, all are thoroughly alive, although not always in accord with the notions of the scholastic theologians who insist that the individual features of every age must correspond to the original historical features of the Christ of the Gospels. To be sure, there is always a semblance to the historic lineament inasmuch as the most widely different and even antagonistic forces may have cooperated during the formative period of Christian society, each one of which may present a certain resemblance to the forces active in the present age.

The Christ image of to-day shows at first glance very conflicting aspects. It still bears somewhat the features of the ancient saint or of the heavenly king, but at the same time the features of the modern proletarian, of the labor-leader, thereby betraying the inherent contradictions so characteristic of our age. And yet they are all human types, the interpreters of an age in search after a new all-embracing expression of all that bears a human countenance. If the root of the Christian faith is lodged in the unifying impulses of the human reason which gathers all the characteristics of its own essence from the four corners of the world to form a complete image of a Son of Man, it becomes self-evident that the creative forces of this faith are to-day fully as active as they were when man in the budding age of the spiritual life reached beyond himself and beheld the human in the light of divine glorification.

But as an organism human society is subject to the laws of growth, and as it grows so also the creative forces of its faith will grow, and with them the Christ image. In it, our modern and still more the coming humanity will comprehend all the cosmic, social and ethical forces of life, transforming them into a religious human image, its Christ. How little did the age which first liberated man from the bonds of nationality, arousing the slave to a consciousness of his human dignity, know of the cosmos, of the infinite world! That age did not even know the earth, which it considered to be the world or at least its center. It knew no other ideal of life except that created in the visionary colors of the transcendental, the beyond, the ecclesiastic ultra-worldliness. Man could only purchase his Christ at the price of becoming dead to the world which he did not know. We have grown beyond that childish view. Man now gazes into an infinite world. Its inexhaustible forces are subject to his will, he reaches out into its most distant parts to find and gather his truths, and the flame of his soul's longings is kindled at the eternal

mystery of its incomprehensible and unfathomable vastness. And the world which man used to call the dead world is now becoming more and more alive in all its parts. There is not a particle of dust at our feet in which a soul does not slumber, which does not enclose an eternal story. There is nothing so large or so small in which the whole story of life does not reveal itself to us, imparting a knowledge of a peculiar love all its own and bound up with its life.

The results of all our investigations are only the answers which this infinite life out of its fulness vouchsafes to the inquiring human mind. Whatever measure of its beauty and sublimity is reflected in our own soul and stirs us to ever new creative activity is after all only a return of the life we received from it. And what did the average churchman know of man whose inner life and character was to him a book with seven seals? Now the seals are broken and man can follow the story of his own development through all the eons which have labored to make him what he is. Now he knows that he has in himself the life of eternities and that these eternities arise in him, as it were, out of their long slumber whenever an all-powerful longing overwhelms him, leading him out of the loneliness and narrowness of his ego into the heart of the eternal world, of eternal humanity, into the heart of the eternal God.

Before our eyes an evolution has taken place which is closely related to that which once upon a time created the Christ. In the Peasant Wars of the sixteenth century, for the first time, the antagonism was felt which finally led to the new structures and phases of our own social life. In the proletariat of the cities the flames which had been kindled within feudal domains continued to burn slowly; they flashed forth brightly in a Utopian communism, overpowering the minds of men in the Anabaptist ecstasy, until its hopes seemed to be fulfilled in the French Revolution. The prophet of a new Christianity arose in St. Simon, the saint of communism, gathering and organizing a new congregation. But, while his disciples and contemporaries thought that he was the new Messiah, he finally proved to be only a forerunner. Even this communism had to overcome its Utopias; it had to learn to think in actual economic terms, but it nevertheless became a social ferment. It leavens the unwieldy dough of modern society; a process of fermentation sets in clarifying and purifying the leaven and amalgamating it with the elements which at first were foreign to it. The radical socialism of the Communist Manifesto became an economic theory, the final aims of which assumed more and more the character of an ideal in reality. Its importance is only of a regulative and not of a con-



stitutional nature. Its practical tendencies are now gradually broadening out, endeavoring to embrace the whole field of every-day life, taking account of the elements of reality and perforce adjusting itself to it. This process of assimilation between the germs of social fermentation and the historical institutions is, according to the laws of history, irresistible and incessant. It is twofold, appearing on the one hand as a process of subsidence, widening, at the same time, the communistic movement which originally overflowed its too narrow bed into a broad stream of the socialistic views of life; and on the other hand, as a constantly increasing penetration of the worn-out political views even of the most antagonistic by the ideas of socialism.

This socializing process ethicizes and humanizes, at the same time, the older Utopian communism through the spiritual agencies of the present life. And the more the evolutionary law of life binds together what seems to separate the minds of men and the programs of parties, the more certainly will also the religious factor make itself felt and demand its right in the social movement, and the more so, the more the religious life becomes conscious of its spiritual oneness with the social life. Consequently the Christ problem of humanity must be formulated anew and find its solution. Already the artists suggest new tints for a new Christ picture and the musicians tune their instruments to new Christian hymns. There is no modern poet of any consequence who is not touched by the ferment in our social life, and there is likewise none who is not in some way influenced by the Christ problem, overshadowing all other religio-social problems. The forces which once upon a time ethicized and humanized the class-struggle, which transformed a particular national movement into a universal human movement, have through the Christ of the Gospels become essential factors in human culture and intellectual evolution, stamping every new phase in the broad evolutionary process of humanity's growth with the mark of this religious universalism. But, just on that account, the Christ of old will reappear again in the new Christ who is evolving in the womb of modern society; nothing which has given humanity real life and power through the Christ is lost; in this sense he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. In history as well as in nature the law of the conservation of energy holds good, allowing nothing to perish which has ever been alive, exhibiting in the most striking new revelations transformations of former forces. Just as the Christ of the Gospels inaugurated, contrary to the century-old wisdom of the scribes, a new resurrection of the genius of the Prophets, so also will

the Christ of the newly evolving social order call the Christ of the past out of the tomb of obsolete dogmatism. We men of the transitional age must contribute our mite to this task of resurrection, so that nothing which once was really a vital element of humanity may be lost to our generation.

From the practical point of view the Catholic tradition of the origin of Christianity has the more valid historical claim over against the contentions of critical theology, but it is vitiated by the fact that it presents the events which took place on earth as transcendent, changing social phenomena into metaphysical noumena and a concrete historical development into an infallible divine-human, two-nature Church. In so far as critical theology emphasizes the actual historical foundations over against the traditional transcendental origin held by the Church, it is formally in the right, but it weakens its arguments trying to explain the rise of Christianity from an individual, instead of interpreting this or that individual or the number of individuals who have been essential to the growth of the Church, in the light of the social factors which have given them direction and influence. Critical theology, by denying the absolute character of the traditional conception of Christianity, claims this prerogative for itself by identifying Christianity with the supposed individual Christian archetype.

However, since religion is not a force of memory or of imitation but an independent spiritual life we must concede that it is only a specific religious life which turns the scientific value of historico-religious research into a religious value. However much we may study the laws of history by studying the Christ of the past, we can never learn from it how to apply this law to the social life of the present time. The Christ who is to us to-day what the Christ of the Gospel was to his time can never be an historical Christ, a Christ of yesterday, he must be born anew out of the entire content of modern life, out of the moving forces of our social culture. He can only be a human image in which all the fomenting and fermenting, upward and forward striving tendencies of modern humanity find their glorified, spiritualized and humanized expression.

ALEXANDER IN BABYLON.  
A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY H. A.

PERSONAE :

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.  
HEPHAESTION, Alexander's favorite and Poet.  
NEARCHUS, Alexander's Admiral.  
CRATERUS, Captain of Alexander's bodyguard.  
PTOLEMY, a General.  
PROMACHUS, a Soldier.  
ONESICRITUS, a Cynic Philosopher.  
CASSANDER, son of Antipater, the regent of Macedon.  
IOLAUS, Alexander's Cupbearer and Cassander's brother.  
ARISTANDER, a Greek Diviner.  
KIDINNU, a Chaldæan Astrologer.  
CALANUS, a Gymnosophist.  
SISIMITHRES, a Magian.  
ROXANA, a Medic princess, wife of Alexander.  
STATIRA, daughter of Darius Codomannus.  
RACHEL, a Jewish slave, servant to Roxana.  
Orientals, Bacchanals, Greek Soldiers, Dancers, Singers, Servants,  
Persian Youths of Alexander's bodyguard.

ACT I.

SCENE: A Street in Babylon. On either hand are flat-topped houses with balconied windows, the parapets of the houses and the balconies gay with the carpets of Babylon. Beneath the balconies, lining the street, are the party-colored shops of Oriental merchants. In the background is a temple wall, bright with encaustic tiling—brilliant rosettes and mythic monsters; while beyond the wall rise the seven stages of a pyramidal temple, each stage of a different color, with a golden *sikkurat* shining at the top.

People are to be seen everywhere, shopkeepers, women at the balconies, crowding street and parapet—Babylonian Semites in gorgeously woven and fringed robes, hair and beard curled; Medes with baggy trousers, pointed shoes and gay vests; Persians in long tunics, with bright sashes and

conical turbans; men of the desert in brown camel's hair robes; Ethiopians in leopard skin, and Hindus in linen; Greeks in light tunics with chaplets of flowers on their heads or with helmet and cuirass, sword and spear. The street is filled with the murmur of the multitudinous gaiety of the world's greatest city.

Cymbals and tambours are heard, and into view there sweeps a rout of Bacchanals, youths and maidens, crowned with the vine, thyrsus wands in their hands; some with the skin of a fawn about them, some Satyr-like in goatskins. To their wild music they leap and cry in mad exaltation, chanting the dithyramb of the god:

BACCHANALS (*singing*): Evoë! Evoë! Evoë! Evoë!

Oh, the tyrannous flute and the ivy vine,  
And the whirl of the dance and the madness of wine.  
And thou art mine and I am thine—  
Io Pæan! Dionyse!

Bacchus! Bacchus! Nysa's son,  
Babe and man and god in one,  
Harken to thy Bacchanals!

Bacchus! Bacchus! Leopard Lord,  
Smite us with thy vinèd sword—  
Let our blood with thine be poured!

Bacchus! Bacchus! Out of Ind  
Thou dost sweep us like a wind,  
Singing loud, thy Bacchanals!

Evoë! Evoë! Evoë! Evoë!  
Oh, the flute of the god is a tyrant flute.  
And none can stay and none be mute  
While timbrel clash and sounding lute  
Sing Pæan! Dionyse!

Flagons of wine are handed down from balcony and shop to the dancers, as they sweep onward, to the clamorous applause of the crowd, many of whom follow them. As the Bacchanals pass, from another direction Nearchus, the admiral, browned from the southern seas, and Cassander, dressed in the simplest Macedonian style, enter together. They look for a moment after the vanishing Bacchanals.

CASSANDER: By Heracles, Nearchus, am I blind?

Gone sight-bewitched? Are these our conquering Greeks?  
At home I've seen their kind, weak-witted fools,  
Alike unsteady o' the heel and head.

Out with their Thracian women. But soldiers—never!  
 Oh, for a fall of Macedonian snow  
 To clear my blood of this sense-blistering heat!  
 Show me a soldier.

NEARCHUS: I am but fresh from the sea  
 As you from Macedon, my good Cassander,  
 And my wits, too, be dazzled. Yet I think  
 That yonder comes your hero, scarred with wounds  
 Of twenty battles, and drunk as Silenus.

Enter Promachus, in full armor, but carrying a golden Oriental drinking-flagon in place of weapon. He moves along sturdily drunk. Beside him is Onesicritus, in gorgeous Oriental robe, much wine-stained.

CASSANDER: Promachus, as I live!

PROMACHUS: Who calls Promachus?  
 (To a wine merchant:)  
 Here, fill me up this flagon with red juice  
 Till I recharge the veins that India's suns  
 Have sucked and dry-sucked.

(He drinks.)

I'll thicken my blood with red.

ONESICRITUS: And thicker thicken thine o'erthickened tongue  
 Until it match thine ever thicker head.

PROMACHUS: Who calls Promachus?

CASSANDER: It is I, Cassander,  
 New from Macedon; and right glad I am  
 To greet a comrade whose bright wounds do tell  
 Better than words the tale that all the world  
 Is loud with.

ONESICRITUS: The world, is 't? and what know you  
 Of the thing the Sophists call the world? Not you,  
 Nor I, nor he, the King, can know the world!  
 The world, indeed!

NEARCHUS: Nay, not so blank, Cassander,  
 'Tis but another kind of madman—pup  
 Of the dog Diogenes, who loved the sun

More than Alexander. Since the sire dog's dead,  
The King hath brought this cur to sun himself  
In the sun's own pot. 'Tis Onesicritus.

ONESICRITUS: Nearchus sweats, not Onesicritus.  
Observe, Cassander.

CASSANDER: But what of the King?  
Promachus, tell me of the King?

PROMACHUS: There is no King—  
There is a god that rides out of the East—  
By Bacchus, yes!—and his name is Alexander.  
(He sings:)  
"Bacchus, Bacchus! Out of Ind  
"Thou dost sweep us like a wind. . . ."  
(Exit, drunkenly.)

ONESICRITUS: In Athens, know, Cassander, Cynics wear  
The rags of freemen. Here Onesicritus,  
The Cynic, wears the silks of Persian slaves.  
Greece bore as king whom Asia bears as god—  
Twy-born, like him that made Olympus drunk.  
And e'en Cassander, come to Babylon,  
Would bid farewell to stony Macedon—  
Were his head no thicker than Promachus' head,  
Whose heels I follow. Fare ye well.  
(Follows Promachus.)

CASSANDER: What dogs—  
These riddle-mongering philosophers!  
I'd pluck their beards!

NEARCHUS: But Alexander loves them,  
As he loves Chaldæans, Magi and the black  
Gymnosophists he brings from Ganges' bank,  
Naked of wisdom as of covering.

Enter Craterus with a company of soldiers, clearing the streets as they advance.

NEARCHUS: Ho, Craterus! Well met, comrade, well met!  
And here's Cassander, thirsty for the news  
As we for water when we crossed the desert.

CRATERUS: Aye, so we went, Nearchus—not so returned.

While you were skirting the Erythræan coasts  
 With sail and oar, we passed Gedrosia;  
 And seven days through broad Carmania  
 Journeyed like gods. In chariots bright with gold,  
 O'er flower-strewn paths were dancing mænads sang  
 To pipe and timbrel, on we came; our gear,  
 Flagon and goblet and Thericlean cup  
 For wine, wine, wine, outpoured in red libation!  
 The soldier's battered tools, targe, helm and spear,  
 Were flung aside; fair hands wove chaplets fair,  
 And like a king was every warrior crowned.  
 The King himself was liker to a god,  
 High on a shining car, by coursers drawn,  
 Each second only to Bucephalus.  
 He bore an ivied scepter in his hand,  
 And smiled his pleasure when Hephæstion,  
 His best-beloved, sang with immortal grace.  
 Oh, all the world bent willing head and knees  
 Before the majesty of Alexander! . . .  
 So came the King from India; so comes here.

Blare of trumpets is heard from a distance. Enter Kidinnu and Aristander, who set up their divining-stalls before the temple wall, Kidinnu an astrologer's sand-box, in which he draws the houses of the heavens, Aristander, in purple, a tripod for incense.

CRATERUS (*in a loud voice*):

Way for the King! 'Tis Alexander comes!

The Soldiers clear the way, while the Orientals crowd behind them. Trumpets are heard again, and again the song of the Bacchanals.

BACCHANALS: Evoë! Evoë! Evoë! Evoë!

Oh, the tyrannous flute and the ivy vine,  
 And the whirl of the dance and the madness of wine,  
 And thou art mine and I am thine!  
 Io Pæan! Dionyse!

The rout of Bacchanals sweep by once more, singing and dancing. Following them comes Hephæstion, in a long party-colored tunic, garlanded with flowers and bearing an ivied thyrsus wand in his hand. He moves as with inspired grace.

HEPHAESTION (*as in adoration*):

Thou gracious Sun, who givest us the grape

To burst in wine red-ripe upon the tongue,  
 O give us ruddied life's divinest measure!  
 Till all the world shall be a brimming cup  
 Fulfilled with light, as daily thou fill'st up  
 Earth's mountain-walled bowl with sunny treasure!

Hephæstion turns from an attitude of adoration to the sun toward the direction from whence he came, as if transferring his praise from the ruler of the heavens to the earthly ruler who approaches. Women enter spreading Eastern carpets; trumpeters and soldiers, then Alexander, mounted upon Bucephalus.

HEPHAESTION: The Sun is king, the King is all my sun:  
 One lights the world which by the other 's won!

The Orientals prostrate themselves; the Greeks lift their plumed helmets on their spears, and flash shield and sword, while the trumpets sound once more. Alexander comes to the side of Hephæstion, whom he regards with a whimsically gracious smile, while the latter kisses the King's foot.

ALEXANDER: Nay, nay, Hephæstion mine, divinely mad  
 As every poet is! Were I to drink  
 Thy praise, as thou hast drunk the soul of Bacchus,  
 I, too, would be a madman—and a god!  
 But who more heedless than the coursing Sun  
 Of Alexander's course? Forefend us Heaven,  
 Lest sin of pride poison our pulsing glory!

HEPHAESTION: To-day, to-day, the Bacchus in my veins  
 Fills me with mantic fire! No more I see  
 The King—but Alexander, earth's divinity!

ALEXANDER (*smiling, as he turns to Nearchus and Cassander*):  
 Mine eyes are better visioned; I see men.  
 Nearchus, my stout admiral, is it thou,  
 Safe from the southern seas? And here, indeed,  
 Is one that's welcome, son of Antipater—  
 Tell me the news, Cassander. Do the winds  
 Blow as of yore in hilly Macedon?

CASSANDER: First, that the world hath heard of Macedon:  
 Gauls and Iberians, proud Tyrrhenian kings  
 Send from the distant West their richest gifts  
 To mix with Egypt's gold and India's gems



In tribute to the King—and to his men,  
 Those men of Macedonia who have made  
 Their name and his the noise of all the world.  
 Second, the quarrels of women. Olympias,  
 Thy royal mother, conspired with Cleopatra,  
 Rebel against my father and divide  
 Thy natal kingdom, whereof Olympias takes  
 Epirus, while to Cleopatra falls  
 All Macedon. 'Gainst these my father asks—  
 Since thou didst make him governor in thy right—  
 Full royal satisfaction, word and power.

ALEXANDER: By Philip's soul, Hephæstion, here indeed  
 Is a man whose king is but the lesser man!  
 No Bacchus in his veins, and in his speech  
 No soft demand! . . . Cassander, for thy second—  
 Since 'tis thy second most nearly touches me—  
 Olympias did give me nine months' rent  
 The year she bore me, and shall his mother's son  
 Deny to her what rent Epirus gives?  
 Which, by wise Zeus, she hath wisely chosen, too!  
 For Macedon would never be content  
 To suffer woman's rule—as witness thee  
 Thy woman-father, now by its women ousted.  
 And for thy first, temper thy chilly tongue  
 To Asia's warmer glow and softer speech.—  
 Nay, I forgive thee, man; thou art new come.—  
 Nearchus, tell me of the southern seas.

NEARCHUS: My Lord and King, in youth I sailed the seas  
 That roll between the pillars of the world  
 Out to the empty West—a waste of waves  
 Bounded by night and silence. Yet the spume  
 Of gray Atlantic was tonic to my blood,  
 And her ranging winds, singing amid the ropes,  
 Were sweeter in my ears than harps Æolian.  
 Oft on these southern seas, poisoned by day  
 With boiling reds and greens, and through the night  
 Gilded by fiery combs of gods that ride  
 Beaked monsters whose huge eyes shine nightly up  
 From watery dens—oft on these seas I longed  
 To catch in my beard the frosts and on my cheek

The chill keen blasts whet by the western Ocean.  
 From the island of Scillustis where is set  
 The pillar writ with curse on king who dare  
 Outventure Alexander, east we came—  
 Past dead and desert shores whose only folk  
 Are naked Ichthyophagi, more foul  
 Than the rank fish they smell of; southward yet  
 We circled by the Island of the Sun,  
 Where Siren Nereids dwell, and mariners  
 Who draw their boats to land are known no more.  
 There is the world's black end, for to the south  
 The shadows change at midday, and at night  
 Strange stars arise o'er wastes of stranger waters.  
 O my King, eastward and westward of the lands  
 Thy birth and sword have brought thee there is nought :  
 My keels have cut the waters of all seas  
 That circle the round world—which world is thine!

ALEXANDER: Then nought 's to win? The world is Alexander's?  
*My world?* And is 't so small a thing? *My world!*

Meantime Cassander has slipped away to the stand of Aristander, who has  
 been offering a sacrifice and is examining the omens.

CASSANDER: How read you for the King?

ARISTANDER: Black, black. All's empty.

Enter Ptolemy, Seleucus, Perdicas and others. They approach Alexander  
 deferentially.

ALEXANDER: Ah, here my generals, splendors of my world!—  
 Hail, soldiers mine, our toils at last are ended;  
 Nearchus sets their bound; the world is mine—  
 Nay, yours and mine. Here at its heart and throne  
 We celebrate our conquests, reap reward  
 For pains endured, and measure out the feud  
 Which Europe had of Asia when Paris stole  
 Fair Helen from Menelaus. May the sun  
 Shine bright to-morrow, for that sun shall see,  
 In the rich palaces of Babylon's old kings,  
 The daughter of Darius made the bride  
 Of Alexander; and Alexander's men,

Each in his rank, shall take them Persian brides,  
 The fairest and the noblest of the land.  
 So shall our rule be settled in the heart  
 Of the ancient East, so Helen's rape avenged.  
 Hephæstion, command yon dark Chaldæan,  
 If that he read the ruling of the stars  
 On my desire, I'd know his wise prognostic.

HEPHAESTION (*to Kidinnu, who has been casting a horoscope*):

Wise one, the soul of Bacchus, which the Sun,  
 Our glorious father, genders in the grape,  
 I drink, till I am filled with the Sun's own fire  
 And brightened with his radiant prophecy.  
 Thou drink'st the wisdom of the starry gods  
 That circle mænad-like o'er the broad floor  
 Of the nightly heavens. Outprophecy me now—  
 Sun against stars, Greek against Chaldee! Oh!  
 Ye spirits of bright glory, god meets god  
 When Alexander questions Destiny!

KIDINNU (*with salaams*):

May the Lord of Day, Bel-Shamash the most high,  
 Preserve the King and thee in the light of wisdom  
 Such as now is thine; and may Bel-Marduk bring,  
 And Ishtar, his great spouse, the Queen of Life,  
 Fulfilment of your days in Babylon!  
 I am Kidinnu, servant of the stars,  
 I keep their watches, and I chart  
 Their courses through the houses of the night,  
 Seeking to spell their riddles. When the King,  
 Divine among the Greeks, first saw the light,  
 The Destiny that rules from Throne and Pole  
 Of heaven had spun the circle of the zone  
 Girdling the Universe with glittering signs  
 Until the Dragon reigned; into whose house,  
 The selfsame hour wherein your King was born,  
 The star of Marduk came, serene and bright,  
 In right ascension to the zenith: there  
 He ruled in splendor, emperor of the skies,  
 Whilst answering in splendor, Ishtar came,  
 The burning goddess in her burning car,  
 To greet his mounting glory. Here I read

Fair omens for the nuptials that shall be  
To-morrow when the daughter of a king,  
Great in his day, this greater king shall wed.

HEPHAESTION (*to Alexander*):

Hail, King! Hail, King! Chaldæan stars and Greek  
Alike proclaim thee master of the world!  
Now Aphrodite bless thee! Here I crown  
Imperial temples with a lover's wreath  
Whose white and crimson flowers such fillet make  
As grace love's victim with felicity!  
Hail, King! Hail, God! Hail, Man, who's fall'n to Love!

Hephæstion places a wreath over the royal tiara that crowns Alexander's head.

ALEXANDER: My sweet Hephæstion! . . . Soldiers, till the dawn  
Let Dionysus and the goddess reign—  
Red wine and Persian women, under Love!

The song of the Bacchanals approaching is heard again. Alexander turns with a smile and a gesture of welcome. He goes out accompanied by his generals, the soldiers and other Greeks. The Bacchic rout follow, singing.

BACCHANALS: Evoë! Evoë! Evoë! Evoë!  
Oh, the flute of the god is a tyrant flute,  
And none can stay and none be mute  
While timbrel clash and sounding lute  
Sing Pæan! Dionyse!

As they sweep forth, Kidinnu leaps from his stall, trembling with eager hatred.

KIDINNU: Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
Oh, Babylon has seen the like ere now,  
Strange kings and proud come riding through her gates  
Like deathless gods, who on the morrow pass  
Outward as mummied clay! Ye blissful stars,  
I thank ye for the night that darks your counsels,  
And for the fate hid here—hid here—hid here!

[CURTAIN.]

## ACT II.

SCENE: The Hanging Gardens, at night. On either side and in the background are carven and enameled pots and jars, overgrown with vines which run riot on the tiled floor of the garden, while from them spring palms and olives and other tropical trees and plants. Between and beyond the foliage is seen the low silhouette of the city, with here and there the glittering lights of distant altar fires on the temple pyramids. Above, the night sky is clear and brilliant, spangled with stars. Lanterns are hidden in the garden foliage, forming little islands of colored and screened light. To the right is a vine-covered wall, containing a gate opening to the palace interior. A stair, clinging to this wall, leads above.

A silvery sound of laughter is heard, and amid the trees and shrubbery Mænads appear, like wood-nymphs, darting from shade to shade and from light to light, now and again pausing to call to one another in mocking song. Music accompanies all.

MAENAD 1: Io Hymen Hymenæe io!

MAENAD 2: Io Hymen Hymenæe!

MAENAD 3: Follow, follow!

MAENAD 4: Follow, follow!

MAENAD 5: Where the god is, I would be  
Lapt in his wild divinity!

MAENAD 6: Where the god is, love and light  
In one glamorous flame unite!

MAENAD 7: Time is fleet, but joy is fleetier!  
Life is sweet, but love is sweeter!

MAENAD 8: Io Hymen Hymenæe io!

MAENAD 9: Io Hymen Hymenæe!

MAENADS ALL: Follow, follow! Follow, follow!

The Mænads join hands and advance in a mad circling dance, a few with torches running within the circle, to and fro, round and round. As they dance, Hephæstion appears upon the stair; he is still wreathed and garlanded, like a sylvan god.

HEPHAESTION: Ah, here ye gather, wild ones! Daughters of joy!  
And here ye bring your ivied minstrelsy!  
O Dionysus, god of all most blest,

May these be thine forever, thine and mine—  
 Fleet music and the motion of white limbs! . . .  
 Ho, Mænads mine! Hephæstion is your god,  
 Whose blood is bright with Bacchus' holy fire!  
 Sing Pæan, Pæan, to the thyrsus rod!  
 Sing Pæan, Pæan, to a god's desire!

He comes down the stairway impetuously. The dancing Mænads scurry away in fright, with laughing and mocking cries; but almost immediately they form chorus-like amid the shrubbery, singing and applauding while one of their number engages in a nymphan dance, tantalizing and taunting, which Hephæstion follows rapt.

MAENAD SONG:

Forth he came from the mountain's womb—  
 Child of the welded wonders!  
 When Earth was bride and Heaven was groom  
 And the passion of life was the lightning's bloom  
 And the hills were big with the high god's thunders!

How the wilderness was glorified  
 When he burst the nether portals!  
 And the world was gay with lovers' pride  
 Where all were wooed and none were denied  
 And immortal lusts were begot in mortals!

Oh, the wine of life is a drunken wine,  
 And red are the lips that have drunken!  
 And the spirit of god is this spirit of mine  
 Who have nourished and suckled a babe divine  
 Till his flame in my soul is sunken!

As the song is finished the dancing Mænad pauses with arms outstretched as if challenging her pursuer.

HEPHAESTION:

The god, the god, the god is in thine eyes,  
 And all his wildness in thy streaming hair!  
 Oh, let thy touch Hephæstion baptize,  
 And draw him, draw him to thy bosom bare  
 To stain thy reddened lips with kisses red.  
 With kisses wreath thy blossom-wreathèd head!

He leaps forward, but the Mænad, with all her chorus, scatter through the shrubbery, laughing and calling.

MAENADS: Io Hymen Hymenæe io! Io Hymen Hymenæe! . . .  
Follow, follow! . . . Follow, follow! . . .

HEPHAESTION (*in exaltation*):

O blessed brotherhood of dancing stars  
Weaving the riddles of our spangled days!  
O swift celestial coursers whose bright cars  
Like racers' torches through the heavens blaze!  
Make me a sharer in your revelry,  
Lift me unto your brotherhood of light!  
My spirit, too, would find felicity  
Nigh to the hornèd goddess of the night—  
Mother of wingèd Love, eternal Queen  
Who ruleth man and god, serene, serene!

As Hephæstion pauses, Statira enters, descending the stairs. She is magnificent in a jeweled robe, and is accompanied by waiting-women and slaves. To him she seems a glorious apparition.

HEPHAESTION: 'Tis Aphrodite's self! . . . Art thou not she  
The white-limbed Love sprung from the foamy sea  
When all the world brimmed o'er with ecstasy?

STATIRA: Who mocks me here? Is this my conqueror?  
I am Statira, daughter of a king,  
And Alexander's slave, by whose command  
I stand here—in my father's palace, thrall.

HEPHAESTION: If thou be not immortal Aphrodite,  
Thou art some goddess lovelier than Love!

STATIRA: I am Statira, daughter of the great  
And dead Darius—mortal, as was he.

HEPHAESTION: Statira? Persia's daughter?

STATIRA: I am she.

HEPHAESTION: Ah, thou 'rt no less a goddess!—soon to be  
Matched with a matchless god, King Alexander.  
The soul of Alexander, not his flesh,  
Thou seest in me—which soul doth prophesy,  
When Greece again meets Persia in the field

And Love darts forth his arrows from thine eyes,  
Victory shall crown the vanquished victor!

From a distance is heard the call of the Mænads. Alexander has entered un-  
observed from the doorway.

HEPHAESTION: Hark! . . .

I hear a summons ne'er to be denied—  
The music of my Mænads praising Love!  
Farewell, farewell, O thou unconquered one—  
I kiss thy hand, whose lips shall kiss the Sun!

STATIRA: Oh, prescient heart! If Alexander's form  
Match not his soul, I am a queen undone!

ALEXANDER (*advancing with Iolaus in attendance*):

Which form you see, O daughter of Darius.  
I am the King. Hephæstion is my poet,  
Twice-born in madness—mad first with poesy  
And madder for the god within his veins:  
What kings forgive, all others must forget.  
To-day I stand the master of a world,  
Not one, but two: half Asia and half Europe.  
I'd make them one in heart as one in crown.  
To-morrow in the hall of Persia's throne  
My Macedonians take them Persian wives  
From Persia's princely women. Statira, thou  
Shalt be the bride of Alexander, be a queen  
In thine own land, o'er thine own folk. And so  
The wars our fathers waged shall find an end,  
And Asia, one with Europe, be at peace.  
What destiny the gods may bring, accept:  
'Tis thine to be my queen, and thine it is  
With Alexander to receive a world.

STATIRA: My lord, my father's conqueror, and mine,  
When the great Darius—oh, the dead are great  
In hearts that bear their portraits!—heard the word  
Of what befell my mother in thy hands,  
Statira, his dear queen, untouched, though captive—  
He prayed to Auramazda, Persia's god,  
That none save thou, were the day of fate befall'n,



Should hold the throne of Cyrus. Darius willed—  
And 'tis a woman's part to bear the will of men,  
Kings dead and living.

ALEXANDER: Thy father was a man  
Too noble for the jealous gods. Do thou—  
Who art his softer image—pray they deal  
With us more kindly. Fare thee well—till to-morrow.

STATIRA: The words of the King, I hear; his will, obey....  
But liefer to my heart is love than royalty!  
(Exit, with attendants.)

ALEXANDER: Iolaus, go and to Roxana say  
That Alexander waits her in the gardens.

(Exit Iolaus.)

Statira must be queen, as I am king;  
But for the man who wears the royal mask  
There's but one woman and one cherished love,  
My sweet Roxana....

(Enter Roxana.)

Ah, 'tis she, 'tis she!

ROXANA: My lord, my love—thou bad'st me; I am come.

ALEXANDER: Roxana! Now Cypris bless thee, whose soft doves  
Make nests of loveliness these eyes, these cheeks,  
This brow, this mouth—formed for caresses!....So!....  
And hast thou missed thy love, gone into India?

ROXANA: Oh, my King! How many, many nights I've lain  
Watching the changing stars that kept with me  
The vigil of the night! How many days  
I've counted out the hours, and every hour  
Seen sharper peril striking at thy form—  
This royal head, this heart! And oh, my King,  
'Twas then I looked into thy glorious eyes  
And knew that none could conquer such as thou!  
Mithras and Auramazd' guard thee—so I prayed....  
And now my prayers are answered; thou art here.

ALEXANDER: E'en as I went—the very same in love.

ROXANA: The very same in love? In majesty  
 No more the same, but greater by a realm  
 No king before thee dreamed of. . . . Is 't the same?

ALEXANDER: Dost thou recall, Roxana, the great rock—  
 As high and eerie as an eagle's nest—  
 Wherein thy father caged thee from my love?

ROXANA: Indeed, indeed—the dreary winter there,  
 In Sogdiana, waiting.

ALEXANDER: From the day  
 When first I saw thee dancing mid the maids  
 Of old Cyropolis my heart was filled  
 With bright Roxana's beauty. Then thy sire  
 Rapt thee away to his mountain citadel,  
 Thinking to cheat our love. Was it not so?

ROXANA: Oxyartes' line is noble; his heart is proud;  
 For me he feared thee.

ALEXANDER: And had cause to fear!  
 Oh, I remember well the word he sent—  
 “Seek ye winged soldiers, for no unfledged men  
 “Can snare the eagle from his crag”—forgetting  
 That winged Love outdares all perils and outsoars  
 The kingly bird of Zeus, aye, Zeus himself!

ROXANA: Thou mad'st him to remember. Oh, I see  
 Again thy Macedonians fluttering white  
 Their bannerets 'gainst the sky! What amazed sound  
 Awoke mid Oxyartes' warriors! . . . . But that 's passed—  
 All passed in happiness. . . . My lord!

ALEXANDER: Thy love!  
 I am no lord, who am thy beauty's thrall.

ROXANA: My love! . . . . Thou hast been gone long months in India:  
 These months have brought us—Anahita's gift,  
 The Mother Goddess, be to her the praise!—  
 Such a fair son as in my dreams I prayed for:  
 His eyes are thine eyes. . . . Oh, and he hath, too,  
 Thy royal temper!

ALEXANDER:                   A son to thee and me!  
 And such a son! Roxana, my dear love! . . . .  
 A poet of the Greeks there is, who saith,  
 "Fainer were I to enter battle thrice  
 "Than bear one child." Thou hast outheroed me,  
 And brought us twain a richer realm than India!

ROXANA: Which one day shall be his, shall 't not, my King?  
 When he hath grown to share his father's rule,  
 And be of all the princes of the world  
 The princeliest heir!

ALEXANDER:                   The world. . . . There is a world.

ROXANA: And he shall be its king, one day?

ALEXANDER:                   Roxana!

ROXANA: What is 't, my lord?

ALEXANDER:                   The world thou speak'st of. . . .  
 We kings are more than other men, and less:  
 More in our power to make or shatter nations,  
 Less in the right to rule our own desires:  
 Not e'en the offspring of a royal love  
 Is fated by the king—for he is not  
 A father but as other men are fathers,  
 Not free as they. Dost understand?

ROXANA:                       I hear.

ALEXANDER: To-morrow in the hall where stands the throne  
 Of Cyrus and Darius, I must wed  
 The Great King's princess. Statira is to be  
 Queen o'er her father's subjects, binding them  
 In loyalty to me. This is no will,  
 Roxana, this is no will—thou know'st it well—  
 Of Alexander's love. It is the fate  
 That kings must bow to when they make them kings.

ROXANA: My lord, I was most happy; I am now  
 Obedient.

ALEXANDER:   Nay, nay, Roxana! Nay!  
 Forget not that I love thee. More than all  
 This world that I have conquered, thou art dear!

ROXANA: Oh, were kings but men, or wert thou no king,  
I should have been most happy!

ALEXANDER: Happy be  
In the part of Alexander that 's a man:  
'Tis thine, 'tis thine!

ROXANA: Our son is crying for me,  
For his mother.

ALEXANDER: Go, and bring him smiling joy.  
I'll join thee, later. . . . Blest Roxana, mine!

As Roxana departs, Alexander turns thoughtfully back into the garden. At most immediately he hears the sound of a singing voice, the singer approaching.

SONG: Thou gazest on the stars, my Star?  
Oh, gladly would I be  
Yon starry skies  
With myriad eyes  
To gaze on thee, on thee!

ALEXANDER: Hephæstion's voice. . . . Hephæstion. . . . Aye, aye.  
The mother of Statira was the height  
Of Asia's women: her daughter is her like  
In queenly beauty. 'Tis not well, not well  
That those who circle kings should come too near  
The royal state in their ambitious dreams. . . .  
But yet I love Hephæstion. . . . Hephæstion!

HEPHAESTION (*entering distraught*):  
Oh, beauteous women are pains unto mine eyes,  
And love 's a burning fever in my veins!  
I will be bled for 't! Deem thee not, deem not,  
Thou tyrant Eros, that thou hast me vanquished!  
I'll have no tyrants, be they kings or gods.  
Over my soldier soul keep mastership!. . . .  
Ha, 'tis Alexander! Hail, comrade King!  
Thou rul'st a world; I rule no lesser thing—  
Hephæstion's rebel soul!

ALEXANDER: Aye, rule it, rule,  
Hephæstion mine; and let thy scepter be  
Of tempered steel, keen as thine edgèd sword—

Forgetting not that thou must also rule  
 The tongue that speaks thy soul. The wisely mad  
 Utter their oracles darkly. Do thou learn  
 From cryptic Pythia the speech of wisdom.

HEPHAESTION: Such bows as Scythian archers bend  
 Over their fleeting horses are her brows,  
 And her two eyes are citadels of light  
 More terrible than war! She is a Queen  
 Of Amazons, whose carnage is the rout  
 Of beating blood, whose conquest soldiers' hearts! . . . .  
 "O Love, who lordest over gods and men,  
 "But dark our eyne to Beauty yet again  
 "Or give us strength to bear thy loveliness—  
 "Lest love, through awe of Love, lose power to bless!" . . . .  
 Soul of Euripides, thou who didst know  
 The lover's needy soul, I pray thy prayer!  
 Oh, bring me waters of forgetfulness;  
 I've o'erdrunk of wine.

(Seats himself wearily.)

ALEXANDER: Dry wisdom is the best—  
 So Aristotle quoted some old sage:  
 The juice of the grape hath softened my poor poet.

HEPHAESTION (*drowsily*):  
 Thou art a god, King Alexander. I—  
 Thy frail Hephæstion—am but a man,  
 And somewhat of a lover. Yesterday—  
 Or was 't to-day?—I, too, was as a god  
 Inspired with glory. But thou hast drained me dry,  
 As th' Indian sun draws up the strength of men  
 Into his own increased divinity.

ALEXANDER: And am I, then, no man? Or is a king  
 A thing of gifts and gold unto his friends,  
 Taunted with his rule and trusted never?  
 A god, indeed! When the Mallian arrow struck  
 Me broadly to the bone, it was no ichor,  
 Such as immortal gods are wont to shed,  
 Besmeared my body—'twas a soldier's blood.

HEPHAESTION: Blood is thy wine; great Bacchus' gift is mine.  
 The god in thee is War; the god in me  
 Is Dionysus, whose drowsy son is come  
 With welcome sleep—soft Morpheus, I must sleep. . . .  
 (Hephæstion falls asleep in the midst of the vines.)

ALEXANDER: Such are the friends of kings. . . . None loved I more  
 Than mine Hephæstion. He sleeps; I watch,  
 And bear the charge of states that I must mould  
 Into one empire. This disordered world  
 Is mine alone to order, while my friends  
 Play lovers' games and sleep their ivied sleep.  
 There are no lands to conquer; I am the high  
 And solitary master of the world.  
 Oh, 'twas an easy thing, in my hot youth,  
 To throw the gauge of war to great Darius,  
 To match the might of Europe 'gainst his power  
 In a war of Asia's choosing. Easy 'twere  
 To follow on and on the flash of arms  
 And thrust with Philip's phalanx against the walls  
 Of men embattled. But the world is mine;  
 And youth is past; and now I must upbear  
 Like pillared Atlas all its mighty weight. . . .  
 Sleep, my Hephæstion—for men can sleep  
 While friendless kings hold converse with the night.  
 Mapping the treacherous currents of their lives. . . .  
 O ancient Babel, 'neath thy ancient stars,  
 Grant me the hoary wisdom of the East  
 To read dark Fate and govern Destiny!  
 Upon thine altars I have laid my youth  
 And all the glowing genius of the West  
 In bright piaculum: bring thou to me  
 Th' immortal crown of thy serenity!

[CURTAIN.]

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## THE COSMIC RESURRECTIONS.

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN.

THE mythic resurrection is primarily that of the sun, conceived as rising in the east from the underworld as the place of the dead, with the ascension into the heaven immediately following. There is likewise a daily resurrection and ascension of the stars and constellations, and of the moon when visible; while the moon also has a monthly resurrection when it first becomes visible after its dark phase (our new moon), to which the ancients sometimes assigned three days. Moreover, the resurrection of the sun is sometimes transferred from its daily to its annual course, and assigned to the beginning of the year as generally fixed at one of the equinoxes or solstices; the solar death period sometimes being identified with the supposed three days' standing still of the sun at the solstice.

In Egypt, from a remote antiquity, the sun was conceived as renewed or resurrected every morning; the bennu (a heron, the phenix of the Greeks) being a symbol of the rising sun as thus conceived (Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 96). In the *Book of the Dead* it is called the soul of Ra (XXIX, C, I) and of Osiris (XVII, 27), and the Osirified deceased says that he enters into the underworld like the hawk and comes forth like the bennu and the morning star (XIII, 2; CXXII, 6). In the *Litany of Ra*, the Osirified comes forth "like the sun" (IV, Sect. 1, 2), and "he is the mysterious bennu; he enters in peace into the empyrean, he leaves Nut (as the lower heaven) in peace" (*ibid.*, IV, Sect. 2, 8). Herodotus (II, 23) describes the phenix like an eagle, with wings golden and red, and he says that the Egyptians told him that it came from Arabia (i. e., the east), bringing the body of its father and burying it in the temple of the sun at Heliopolis (i. e., the new sun leaves the body of the old sun in the underworld—but there is nothing of this in the Egyptian texts, nor anything of the further statement in Herodotus that the phenix appears only once every 500 years). Pliny describes the Arabian

phenix as a most gorgeous bird, which was supposed to have received its name from the date-palm; the fable being that the bird died with the tree and revived of itself as the tree revived (*H. N.*, X, 2; XIII, 11). According to Tacitus, the old bird builds a nest to which it imparts "a generative power," so that after his death a new phenix rises from it and proceeds to Heliopolis with the body of his father (*Ann.*, VI, 28). Others say that the phenix, when 500 years old, builds a funeral pyre on which he dies and is incinerated; but being immediately resurrected, he carries the remains of his former body to Heliopolis (Pompon. Mela, III, 8; Stat., *Silv.*, II, 4, 36, etc.—various authorities assigning longer cycles than 500 years to the life of the bird). The phenix myth is frequently cited by the Christian Fathers as an example of the resurrection of the dead; the Septuagint of Ps. xcii. 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the phenix (Heb. and A. V., 'palm-tree')," sometimes being quoted in this connection.



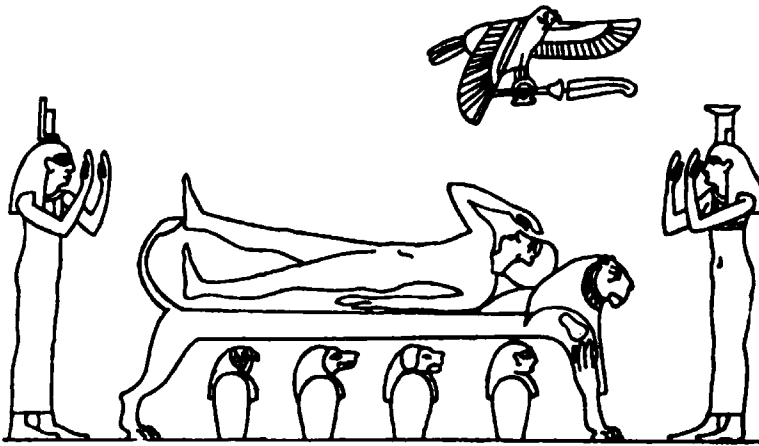
#### THE SOLAR PHENIX

of a great cycle or eternity (*Alor*). From Fr. Münter, *Sinnbilder u. Kunstvorstellungen d. a. Christen*, Altona, 1825.)

In the Egyptian belief, the resurrection of Osiris was one of the oldest and most prominent elements, as we know from allusions to it in a multitude of texts and pictures. But as there is nothing in the way of a comprehensive native record of the mythical history of this man-god, we must depend largely upon Plutarch's work *On Isis and Osiris* (13-18), although this work belongs to the latest Egyptian period and was doubtless compiled from various traditions. According to Plutarch, Osiris was a king of Egypt who traveled over the world to civilize its peoples, leaving Isis to rule during his absence. Upon his return, he was induced by Typhon (Set) and other conspirators to lie in a chest that exactly fitted him (a mummy case); whereupon the lid was shut and nailed fast by the conspirators, who conveyed the chest to the Nile and thence to the sea, on the 17th of the month Athyr (the day of the full moon, according to Plutarch), when the sun was in Scorpio (the sign of the autumn



equinox 4000-2000 B. C.); and thus Osiris was slain in the 28th year of his reign, or as some said, when he was twenty-eight years old (in either case as suggested by the phases of the moon through  $4 \times 7 = 28$  days, with the disappearance of that luminary in its last phase—our new moon—in all probability originally represented by the shutting of the god in the chest or coffin in which he dies—whereas the moon was fullest on the 17th of each month according to the calendar known to Plutarch). The chest containing the body was borne by the sea to Byblus in Syria (originally to the Egyptian "Papyrus Swamps," which the Greeks confused with the Syrian Byblus = Papyrus-place—see Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 124), where it became completely enclosed by a tamarisk (for the myth-



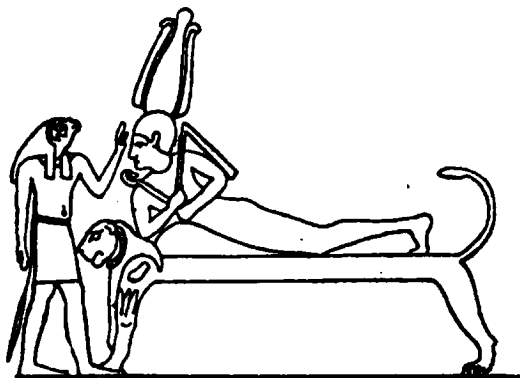
OSIRIS IN THE FIRST STAGE OF HIS RESURRECTION,

raising his hand, with Isis at his feet and Nephthys at his head, while the hawk of Horus brings the feather symbol of wind or breath. (From Budge, *Gods of the Egyptians*, II, p. 135.)

ical Persea) tree; and the king of that country had the tree-trunk made into a pillar for his palace (the tree-trunk representing the western of the four tree props of the universe in the Egyptian cosmology—whence Plutarch adds that the Queen of Byblus was Astarte = Venus, apparently here as the evening star). Isis found and took the chest and body back to Egypt, and went on a visit to her (solar) son Horus by (the lunar) Osiris, after concealing chest and body in a desert place (probably for the underworld, and at the time of the dark or new moon at the close of Athyr, according to Plutarch's calendar—which indicates that this part of the story originally belonged to a separate tradition). The resurrection of Osiris, representing the first appearance of the new

moon, in all probability followed here in the tradition to which the above account belonged. Plutarch, however, proceeds to relate that Typhon found the chest when hunting one night by the light of the moon, and tore the body into fourteen pieces, scattering them over the country (evidently referring to the phases of the waning moon); but Isis found and buried all but one of the pieces, which was lost in the Nile (as doubtless derived from a tradition in which the complete restoration of the moon-god from his scattered parts, with the exception of the lost one for the dark moon, is effected during the waxing period).

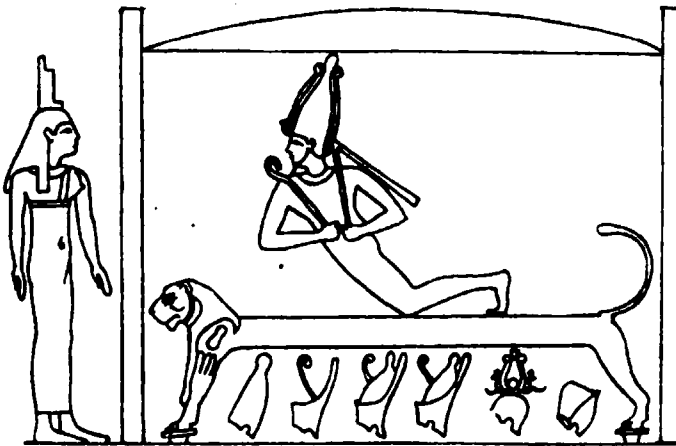
From the day of his death the soul of Osiris had been in the underworld, for Plutarch says: "After these things, Osiris returning from the other world appeared to his son Horus," and instructed him for his battles with Typhon. And Plutarch adds, probably



OSIRIS BEGINNING TO RAISE HIMSELF FROM HIS BIER,  
with hawk-headed Horus at his head. (From Budge, *op. cit.*, II, p. 136.)

from another tradition, that "Isis is said to have accompanied Osiris after his death (and while still in the underworld), and in consequence thereof to have brought forth Harpocrates (= Horus the child), who came into the world before his time"—at about the time of the winter solstice (*ibid.*, 65); the proper time for his birth probably being about the time of the spring equinox, which refers his conception in the underworld to the summer solstice. Indeed there can be little doubt that the sojourn of Osiris in the underworld was assigned by some to the three days of that solstice. But according to one of the legends followed by Plutarch, the festival of the finding of Osiris was held on the 19th of Paschons (*ibid.*, 43)—doubtless originally at the time of the reappearance of the new moon after the spring equinox, six months and three days after the death of the god on the 17th of Athyr (both extremes included, in

accordance with an ancient method of reckoning). Again, Plutarch refers the festival of "the entrance of Osiris into the moon" and "the commemoration of spring" to the new moon of Phamenoth (43), which is the second month before Paschons; the legend here



OSIRIS RAISING HIMSELF FROM HIS BIER,  
with Isis standing before him. (From Budge, *op. cit.*, II, p. 137.)

followed apparently belonging to a time when Phamenoth in the vague calendar had shifted so it included the spring equinox. We thus have convincing evidence that some of the Egyptians assigned



OSIRIS IN THE LAST STAGE OF HIS RESURRECTION  
(on the left) and also after rising, seated in a boat (on the right). (From  
Budge, *op. cit.*, II, p. 138.)

the sojourn of the lunar Osiris in the underworld to the dark of the moon as reckoned of three days' duration, just as the lunar Tangaroa of the tattooed face in a Mangaian myth arose from the underworld "on the third day" after he was slain, "scarred and enfeebled as you

see him" in the waxing moon (Gill, *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific*, pp. 64-69). In some Egyptian texts, Osiris is said to be in the lunar disk from the 3d of the new moon to the 15th (Budge, *Osiris*, I, p. 21), this waxing period doubtless being conceived by some as the life of the moon-god who is slain at the beginning of the waning period and then torn into fourteen pieces; but Plutarch (*ibid.*, 38) says that the ceremony of shutting Osiris in the chest, or "the loss of Osiris," lasted for four days, beginning on the 17th of Athyr—at the full moon, and doubtless extending to the 20th, with both extremes included. It would seem, however, that the three days as assigned to the full moon of the solar month must have been originally the 14th, 15th and 16th, with the 17th for the resurrection rather than the death of the moon-god. Furthermore, in one Egyptian text we find "the entrance of Osiris into the holy barque" (that of the new moon) assigned to the 29th of Choiak (*Records of the Past*, VIII, p. 88), which date in the luni-solar calendar is forty-two days from Athyr 17th as the day of the full moon; and in all probability this period for the sojourn of Osiris in the underworld belonged to the Dog Star's reign of 40 or  $6 \times 7 = 42$  days in midsummer. According to another Egyptian text, festivals connected with the resurrection of Osiris were held from the 12th to the 30th of Choiak (Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 128).

Isis was sometimes identified with Sept (= Sothis or Sirius, the Dog Star—Plut., *De Iside*, 22, 61; Diod., I, 27; Budge, *Gods*, II, pp. 54, 249); and in connection with the resurrection of both the lunar Osiris and the solar Horus, she appears in some texts to have the character of Sept as the morning star of midsummer. In a hymn to Osiris, he is said to have been restored to life by Isis, who employed for the purpose certain magical words and ceremonies learned from Thoth, the moon-god (Budge, *Gods*, I, pp. 150, 362). On the Metternich stele there is a very ancient story of a mythical woman's son (doubtless the sun) who was revived by Isis after being stung to death by a scorpion, in connection with which revivification we find the exclamation, "The child liveth and the poison dieth; the sun liveth and the poison dieth"; and again, in the same text, it is the (solar) Horus who is stung to death by a scorpion, to be revived by "the words of power" spoken by Thoth himself (Budge, *ibid.*, II, pp. 207-211). Diodorus (I, 2) identifies Horus with the sun-god Apollo, and says that Isis discovered medicines that cured the sick and raised the dead; and that with these she restored her son Horus to life and made him immortal when she found his body in the water after he was slain by the Titans (this water being

primarily the underworld sea, but secondarily belonging to the Egyptian watery signs of the zodiac and the Nile inundation; while the scorpion belongs to the western horizon and the sign of Scorpio).

The Greeks identified Osiris with Dionysus (because both were travelers, according to Plutarch, *De Iside*, 13). Osiris is also the Judge of the Dead, and associated with the resurrection of mortals, as well as being a resurrected god; and Dionysus (Bab.-Ass., Dayan-nisi = Judge of men) has for one of his Greek epithets, Zagreus (= He that restores to life, from *zōgreō* = "to take alive" and "to restore to life"). According to the Orphic theogony, Zagreus, son of Zeus and Persephone, was cut to pieces and boiled in a cauldron by the Titans; but his heart (as the seat of the soul) was recovered and eaten by Semele, and Zagreus was consequently reborn of her as Dionysus (Pausan., VII, 37, 3). But according to Diodorus, it was commonly related that the pieces of Dionysus



HERMES PSYCHOPOMPOS RAISING A DEAD MAN.  
(From C. W. King, *The Handbook of Engraved Gems*, p. 201.)

Zagreus were gathered by Demeter, who restored him to life (III, 62). In one Orphic hymn, the Titans tore Zagreus into seven pieces (Proclus, *In Tim.*, III, 184). The Greek Pelops was slain and cut up by Tantalus, who boiled the pieces in a cauldron and set them before the gods; but Demeter alone partook of this repast, and she ate only the shoulder of Pelops. He was shortly restored and revived by Hermes; the missing shoulder being replaced with one of ivory by Demeter or Rhea—whence all the Pelopidæ were believed to have had one ivory shoulder (Pindar, *Ol.*, I, 37; Hygin., *Fab.*, 83, etc.—the ivory shoulder probably representing the crescent moon). Orpheus, in his lunar character, was torn to pieces and scattered abroad by the women of Thrace, as instigated by Dionysus; but the Muses collected the pieces and buried them—according to the lost *Bassarides* of Æschylus as cited by Eratosthenes (*Catas.*, 24). But the later poets attribute the act of these women to their frenzy

in the Dionysiac orgies, and fable that the head of Orpheus was thrown upon the river Hebrus, down which it rolled to the sea, finally reaching the island of Lesbos, where it was buried. Orpheus nevertheless appears to have a solar character in connection with his lost Eurydice as a lunar figure, for he descended alive to Hades in search of her, and they were permitted to return on condition that he should not look back until they arrived in the upper world; but he did look back as they were about to pass the fatal bounds, whereupon Eurydice was taken again into the lower regions (Plato, *Sympos.*, p. 179, d; Diod., IV, 25; Hygin., *Fab.*, 164, etc.—as probably suggested by the fact that the new moon is invisible when first rising with the sun).

The Babylonian Dumu-zi (= True son) was the solar or solilunar husband of Ishtar (generally identified with the planet Venus). Native references to their mythic history thus far recovered are fragmentary and obscure, but they indicate that Dumu-zi was fabled to die every year and that Ishtar journeyed to the underworld, restored him to life and brought him back to the upper regions—his death and resurrection doubtless belonging to the summer solstice, as the midsummer month of the Babylonians received its name from him. According to the "Descent of Ishtar into Hades" (*Records of the Past*, I, p. 143) and the "Epic of Izdubar" as restored by Hamilton (*Ishtar and Izdubar*, Tablet VI), the goddess Ishtar descends to the underworld and revives the dead Dumu-zi by means of the water of life, and together they rise to the upper hemisphere, where Dumu-zi again dies, in the clouds, and is wildly lamented by Ishtar and her female devotees. In the epic, the solar hero Izdubar also descends to the underworld; passes through the garden of the gods, the waters of death and the waters of life, and finally returns to earth (Tablets VII and VIII). Dumu-zi became the Syrian Tammuz, whom the Greeks called Adonis (for Adon = Lord), in connection with whom Ishtar is represented by Astarte or Aphrodite-Venus. The festival of the death and resurrection of Tammuz-Adonis was held by the Syrians and the Greeks of Attica in the midsummer month, the Syrian Tammuz; while others of the Greeks made it a spring festival, their Adonia. It sometimes continued for three days, sometimes for seven, with elaborate rites, wailing for the death of the god (cf. Ezek. viii. 14) and rejoicing for his resurrection (on the whole subject see Frazer's *Golden Bough*, IV, "Adonis, Attis and Osiris"). A special seat of the worship of Adonis was Byblus in Syria, at the mouth of the river Adonis, which was fabled to run red with the blood of the slain Adonis, annually

at the summer solstice. According to Lucian (*De Dea Syra*, 6), an artificial head, made of papyrus, was annually floated from Egypt to Byblus; its arrival at the latter place announcing that Adonis was resurrected. It was held by some that Adonis, killed by a boar (for the winter), spent six months of each year in the underworld, and the other six months above (*Orphic Hymn* LV, 11)—as did Osiris in one of the Egyptian legends considered above, and Persephone according to the later accounts of her abduction by Hades or Pluto and subsequent recovery from the lower world by her mother Demeter.

The dying and resurrected god was known to the Phrygians as Attis or Attys, the beloved of Cybele, and his festival, which continued for three days, was very similar to that of Tammuz-Adonis. The death and resurrection of the solar Mithra was also commemorated by another similar festival, according to the pseudo-Firmicus (*De Errone*, 23). In the *Rigveda* we probably have a lunar figure in "the triply-mutilated S'yana," who among others was restored to life by the Aswins (CXVII, 24); and the lunar Hecate, with three bodies or three heads, was slain by the solar Heracles and revived by Phorcys (Homer, *Hymn in Cer.*, 25; Pausan., I, 43, 1). The Thracians had a god Zalmoxis, supposed by the Greeks to have been a slave to Pythagoras, and to have built a subterranean habitation in which he dwelt for three years, lamented as dead, but from which he reappeared in the fourth year (Herod., IV, 93). Here we doubtless have a misunderstanding of a myth of the dying and resurrected god; but a simulated resurrection appears to be found in the account of Simon, son of Gioras, in Josephus. After the final fall of Jerusalem this Simon hid in certain caverns under the city; from which he came forth in a white frock and a purple cloak, "to astonish and delude the Romans"; and they were astonished at first, but finally put him to death in Rome (*Bell. Jud.*, VII, 2, 1; 5, 6).

In the Egyptian belief the resurrection of mortals was like that of the sun, and the righteous dead were conceived to ascend with the sun into the celestial regions (see Budge, *Gods*, II, pp. 154, 173, etc.). The resurrection of Osiris was the great type of the resurrection of men, a favorite formula being: "He died not (i. e., was not annihilated in the underworld) and thou shalt die not" (*ibid.*, II, pp. 150, 157); and the righteous dead were Osirified, or mystically identified with Osiris, while the wicked were annihilated in the underworld. It was Osiris (As-ar) who was sometimes said to convey the magical words that cured the sick and

raised the dead; and his Babylonian counterpart Asari was also a god who cured sickness and effected resurrections, in which functions he was finally superseded by Marduk (see Sayce, *Rel. Anc. Eg. and Bab.*, pp. 105, 208, 329, 375). Again, the resurrection of mortals was effected by the magical "words of power" of Isis (Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 362), which had restored the solar Horus to life (as we saw above); and the Argives worshiped Aphrodite (= Astarte-Ishtar) as the "Opener of graves" (Clement Alex., *Exhort.*, II). Odin, as "the Ghost-Sovereign," called the dead from the earth, and among his magical runes was one that could bring a hanged man back to life (*Elder Edda*, "Havamal," 159).

After Rama had captured the city of Lanka, he revived all his chieftains who had been slain in the combat, and recovered his wife Sita uninjured from the fire into which she had thrown herself (*Ramayana*, I, 1). In the *Vishnu Purana* (IV, 10), Krishna revives Parikshit, burnt to ashes with his mother before he was born; and he also revives the two sons of a learned Brahman as the boon most desired by the father. According to some, both Prometheus and the rock to which he was first chained were hurled into Tartarus by a thunderbolt of Zeus; but after a long time Prometheus returned to the earth and was chained to Mount Caucasus (Horace, *Carm.*, II, 18; Apollon. Rhod., II, 1247; Hygin., *Poet. Astr.*, II, 15). Aristeeus of Proconessus rose from the dead and left his native land, where he reappeared seven years later, and again after 340 years (Herod., IV, 13-16; Tzetzes, *Chil.*, II, 724). According to Herodotus (II, 91), the people of Chemmis in Egypt affirmed that Perseus had frequently appeared to them, and that a huge sandal was sometimes found after his departure—"Perseus" doubtless being put for the Egyptian "Persais," a surname of Osiris (*Lamentations of Isis*, 14). Alcestis gave her life for that of her husband Admetus when the foreordained hour of his death had come, but Kora (Persephone), or according to others Heracles, brought her back from the underworld (Apollod., I, 9, 3; Ælian, *Var. Hist.*, XIV, 45; Ovid, *Ars Amat.*, III, 19); and some of the ancients endeavored to explain this celebrated resurrection by supposing that a physician named Heracles restored Alcestis when severely ill (Palæph., *De Incredib.*, 41; etc.). According to Plato, a certain Erus, son of Armenius, died in battle and was found perfectly sound when the other dead were gathered up corrupted on the tenth day; and he revived on the funeral pyre on the twelfth day, and told of the marvelous things he had seen in the other worlds—as set forth at length by Plato (*De Repub.*, X, 13-16).



According to Clement of Alexandria, this Erus (Er) was the Pamphylian Zoroaster (*Strom.*, V, 14), who appears to be the Pamphilus of Arnobius (*Adv. Gentes*, I, 52). Heraclides related a similar experience of a woman (Pliny, *H. N.*, VII, 52; Origen, *Contra Celsum*, II, 16—the latter adding that “many persons are recorded to have risen from their tombs, not only on the day of their burial, but also on the day following”). Raising the dead is said to have been one of the magical practices of Empedocles; the most notable case being that of a woman whose corpse he kept uncorrupted for thirty days before he revived her (*Diog. Laert.*, VIII, 2, 5). According to Lucian, a physician Antigonus declared he had a patient who rose from the dead on the twentieth day after his burial, and Cleodemus is quoted as saying that he saw a certain Hyperborean who among other wonders resuscitated the dead already beginning to putrify (*Philopseud.*, 12). Protesilaus was restored to life for three hours by the infernal gods, in answer to the prayer of his wife (Hygin., *Fab.*, 108); and Pliny has a chapter on “Persons who have come to life again after being laid out for burial” (*H. N.*, VII).

The serpents that hibernate in a state of torpidity in cold and temperate climates are often supposed to die and revive annually; their revivification sometimes being attributed to the magical power of a certain plant. Pliny cites Xanthus the Lydian for the statements that a young serpent was restored to life by the plant called Callis, and that one Tylon was resuscitated by a plant which had been observed to have the same effect on a serpent (cf. Dionys. Hal., *Antiq. Rom.*, I, 27, 1); and Pliny also says that Juba told of an Arabian who was resuscitated by a plant (*H. N.*, XXV, 14 and 5). The Bœotian Glaucus became immortal by eating a certain herb, and was changed into a marine deity when he leapt into the sea (Athen., *Dcipnos.*, VII, 48). The Cretan Glaucus was restored to life by Polyidus by means of an herb; the story being that Polyidus shut in a tomb with the dead Glaucus, killed a serpent that approached the body, whereupon another serpent brought an herb with which it revived the first—the same herb being employed by Polyidus to revive Glaucus (Tzetzes, *Ad Lycoph.*, 811; Apollod., III, 10, 3). Substantially the same story is told of another Glaucus and Æsculapius, with the scene laid in the house of the former; and in one version it is added that Æsculapius thenceforth employed this herb for resurrecting men (Hygin., *Poet. Astr.*, II, 14). But according to others, while he was reviving Glaucus, Æsculapius was killed by Zeus with a thunderbolt—because the latter feared that

men might learn to escape death altogether (Apollod., III, 10, 4), or because Pluto had complained that Æsculapius by his many resurrections was too greatly diminishing the number of the dead (Diod., IV, 71), or because Æsculapius had accepted a bribe of gold for effecting the resurrection of Glaucus (Pindar, *Pyth.*, III, 102; Plato, *Legg.*, III, p. 408, etc.). Apollodorus tells us of several persons whom Æsculapius is said to have restored to life (*loc. cit.*), the most celebrated of these being Hippolytus, who had been killed when his horses upset his chariot; and according to Italian tradition, he continued to live in the grove of Aricia as a demi-god, under the name of Virbius = Twice a man (Hygin., *Fab.*, 47, 49; Ovid, *Mct.*, XV, 490, etc.). According to some, Æsculapius had received from Athena the blood of the slain Gorgon, and employed that from the left side to destroy men, while with that from the right he raised the dead and healed the living (Apollod., III, 10, 3). Pausanias says he was famous over all lands because "he had all power to heal the sick and raised the dead" (II, 26, 4).

Philostratus says: "Here too is a miracle which Apollonius (of Tyana) worked. A girl had died just in the hour of her marriage, and the bridegroom was following her bier, lamenting as was natural, his marriage left unfulfilled; and the whole of Rome was mourning with him, for the maiden belonged to a consular family. Apollonius then, witnessing their grief, said: 'Put down the bier, for I will stay the tears that you are shedding for this maiden.' And withal he asked what was her name... merely touching her and whispering in secret some spell over her, immediately awoke the maiden from her seeming death; and she spoke out loud, and returned to her father's house, just as Alcestis did when she was brought back to life by Heracles. And the relatives of the maiden wanted to present him with the sum of 150,000 sesterces, but he said that he would freely present the money to the young woman by way of dowry. Now whether he detected some spark of life in her, which those who were nursing her (in her illness) had not noticed—for it is said that although it was raining at the time, a vapor went up from her face—or whether life was really extinct, and he restored it by the warmth of his touch, is a mysterious problem which neither myself nor those who were present could decide" (*Vit. Apollon.*, IV, 45).

Quite similar is the account of the raising of the daughter of Jairus by Jesus, the oldest extant version of which is presumably in Mark v. 21-24, 35-43. In the presence of a multitude, Jairus, "one of the rulers of the synagogue," besought Jesus to come and

lay hands on his little daughter, who was at the point of death, so she might be cured and live; and on the way to the house of Jairus Jesus cured the woman with the flux of blood (probably the wife of Jairus and the mother of the girl—as suggested in a previous article of this series, on “The Cosmic Hemorrhage”). Then some persons from the house arrive and tell Jairus that his daughter is already dead—“But Jesus immediately, having heard the word spoken, says to the ruler of the synagogue, Fear not; only believe. And he suffered no one to accompany him, except Peter and James and John the brother of James (as the three witnesses required by Jewish law; the same Apostles being found at the Transfiguration and the Agony in Gethsemane). And he comes to the house of the ruler of the synagogue, and he beholds a tumult, (people) weeping and wailing greatly. And having entered, he says to them, Why make ye a tumult and weep? The child is not dead, but sleeps (cf. the doubts about the death of the maiden revived by Apollonius: but perhaps suggested by the belief that the spirit hovered near the body for three days after death, which was not considered final till the close of that period—as we shall see further on). And they laugh at him. But he having put out all, takes with him the father of the child and the mother and those with him, and enters where the child was lying. And having taken the hand of the child, he says to her, Talitha, koumi; which is, being interpreted, Little maiden, to thee I say, arise (but properly the Aramaic or Syriac for ‘Maiden, arise’—as in the Syriac Peshito and the *Diatessaron*), and immediately arose the little maiden and walked, for she was twelve years old. And they were amazed with great amazement.” Luke has substantially the same account, adding that the girl was an only daughter to Jairus, and that “her spirit returned” when she arose (viii. 41, 42, 49-56); while in the abbreviated version of Matthew she is already dead when Jairus comes to Jesus, beseeching him to bring her to life again (ix. 18, 19, 23-26). It is not improbable that the (only) daughter of Jairus represents the Syro-Phœnician Astarte or Ashtoreth as identified with the planet Venus (the only female in the five-fold group), who is born as the morning star, dies when the sun rises, and comes to life again the following morning; while Jairus (Heb. *Jair* = Enlightener), a ruler of the synagogue (for the heaven or the universe), has the character of the sun-god as the light-giver and the father of the planets (see article on “The Cosmic Hemorrhage”). The Syriac or Aramaic “Talitha” (= maiden) of Mark’s version probably becomes the Tabitha who is restored to life by Peter, according to Acts ix.

36-41, where the name is interpreted *Dorkas* (= antelope or gazelle). In Mark, Jesus takes the maiden's hand before he resuscitates her, while the same act is attributed to Peter after the resuscitation; but in both instances the command is "Talitha (or Tabitha), arise."

There is no type or suggestion for the raising of the daughter of Jairus among the several Old Testament resurrection stories. In 2 Kings iv. 8-37, Elisha lodges with "a great woman," a Shunamite (a type name for a beautiful woman—1 Kings i. 3, and the original text of Canticles vi. 13, where the extant text has "Shulamite"), who has an aged (solar) husband and is barren (for the earth-mother in winter); but she finally bears a son (primarily for the sun-god reborn at the spring equinox), in reward for her care of the prophet and his servant. The boy dies in early youth (at sunset, and still in the spring), and Elisha revives him by stretching himself twice upon the body, mouth to mouth, eyes to eyes and hands to hands; and in the second attempt the boy sneezes seven times and opens his eyes. In 2 Kings xiii. 21, a dead man is revived when he is cast into the tomb of Elisha and touches the latter's bones. In the *Midrash Tarchuma* we read (54, 4): "What God, the holy, the glorified, will do in the future (Messianic) kingdom, that has he already done before by the hands of the righteous in this (pre-Messianic) time: God will wake the dead, as he did before by Elijah, Elisha and Ezekiel...." There is no extant account of such a miracle by Ezekiel, but one may have been suggested by Ezek. xxxvii. 1-14, where the prophet has a vision of the resurrection of all the Israelites (in the Messianic kingdom), who are revived by the breath of the four winds after their dry bones are clothed with flesh. In 1 Kings xvii. 17-24, Elijah lodges with a poor widow of Zarephath and revives her dead son by stretching himself three times upon the body, "and the soul of the child came back into him, and he revived."

This story of Elijah is the Old Testament type of the raising of the only son of the widow of Nain by Jesus—according to Luke vii. 11-17, and there only. Jesus "went into a city called Nain, and went with him his many disciples and a great multitude. And as he drew near to the gate of the city, behold also, one who had died was being carried out, an only son to his mother, and she was a widow; and a considerable multitude from the city (was) with her. And seeing her the Lord was moved with compassion on her, and said to her, Weep not. And coming up, he touched the bier, and those bearing (it) stopped. And he said, Young man (*Νεανίσκος*), to thee I say, arise. And the dead sat up and began to speak, and

he (Jesus) gave him to his mother." The town of Nain was probably selected for this miracle because the Hebrew *nain* and the Greek *nean* (= *neos*) have radically the same meaning of "new," "young," "fresh" and "green (of vegetation)," while the Greek *nean*, *neanias* and *neaniskos* (as in Luke), signify "young man." In the mythical view the widowed earth-mother properly belongs to Nain only in the spring, when her solar only son is born (at the equinox) and resurrected (every morning); and Jesus is a duplicate solar figure, like Elijah and Elisha, and like Jehovah himself as the god who raises the dead through the instrumentality of these prophets. In John v. 21, it is said that "even as the Father raises the dead and quickens (them), thus also the Son quickens whom he will"; and this power of giving life to the dead, as well as healing the sick and infirm, was attributed to the most highly developed Essenes at the beginning of the Christian era (Ginsburg, *Essenes*, p. 13).

The story of the resurrection of Lazarus is found only in John xi. 1-46—"Now there was a certain sick man, Lazarus of Bethany, of the village of Mary and Martha her sister. And it was Mary who anointed the Lord with ointment and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick. Therefore the sisters sent to him (Jesus), saying, Lord, lo, he whom thou lovest is sick. But Jesus having heard, said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the son of God may be glorified by it. Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus. When therefore he heard that he (Lazarus) is sick, then indeed he remained in which place he was for two days (perhaps suggested by Hos. vi. 2: 'After two days he [Jehovah] will revive us: on the third day he will raise us up'). Then after this he says to his disciples, . . . Lazarus our friend has fallen asleep; but I go that I may awake him. . . . Lazarus died. . . . Having come therefore Jesus found him four days (doubtless counting both extremes; or 'three days,' as we would say) already having been in the tomb. . . . Martha therefore when she heard that Jesus is coming, met him; but Mary in the house was sitting. Then said Martha to Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. . . . Mary therefore when she came where Jesus was, seeing him fell at his feet, saying to him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. Jesus therefore when he saw her weeping, and the Jews who came with her weeping, he groaned in spirit, and troubled himself, and said, Where have ye laid him? They say to him, Lord, come and see. Jesus

wept. . . . Jesus therefore again groaning in himself comes to the tomb. Now it was a cave, and a stone was lying upon it. Jesus says, Take away the stone. To him says the sister of him who had died, Martha, Lord, already he stinks, for it is four days. . . . They took away therefore the stone where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted his eyes upward, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou heardest me. . . . And these things having said, with a loud voice he cried, Lazarus, come forth. And came forth he who had been dead, bound feet and hands with grave-clothes, and his face with a handkerchief bound about. Says Jesus to them, Loose him and let him go."



JESUS RAISING LAZARUS.

(From F. X. Kraus, *Geschichte der christlichen Kunst*, I, p. 155.)

As Strauss has shown (*New Life of Jesus*, 77), the primary suggestion for this story is doubtless found in the closing words of the parable or apologue of Lazarus the (leprous) beggar in Luke xvi. 19-31: "If Moses and the prophets they hear not, not even if one should rise from the dead will they be persuaded." The names Mary and Martha are from Luke x. 38-42, where the sisters are neither of Bethany nor connected with any Lazarus; and the Johannine Mary is further identified with the unnamed woman who anoints Jesus in the house of Simon the leper at Bethany (Mark xiv. 3; Matt. xxvi. 6—and see previous article on "The Cosmic Leprosy"). But the author of the Gospel of John (an Alexandrine Greek) in all probability recognized Lazarus (Gr. Lazaros for Heb. Eleazar) as a counterpart

of the dying and resurrected Osiris (Asar, whence perhaps a Semitic El-Asar = God Osiris); while the sisters of Lazarus were given the characters of Isis and Nephthys, whose mourning for their brother Osiris has a prominent place in Egyptian mythology—where Isis is also the wife of the god. In some texts, Nephthys assists the widowed Isis in collecting the scattered pieces of Osiris and reconstituting his body, for in prehistoric times Nephthys was the fashioner of the body (Budge, *Gods*, II, pp. 255, 259). The name Nephthys (Nebt-het) signifies Lady of the house, while Martha signifies Lady; and Martha is the busy housekeeper in Luke x. 38-42, where the idle Mary (= Corpulent) has "the good part"—whence we appear to have Martha for Nephthys and Mary for Isis. In the

"Lamentations of Isis and Nephthys," each section opens with a call to the dead Osiris to come to his abode (in the upper heaven, or Annu), and in the same text and elsewhere, one of the names of Osiris is An, apparently answering to the Babylonian Anu, the name of the heaven-god—whence it is not improbable that Bethany (as if House of Anu) was recognized as a terrestrial counterpart of the abode (Annu) of An-Osiris. In all the earliest representations of the resurrection of Lazarus, he stands in the door of his tomb, swathed like an Egyptian mummy (Garrucci, *Storia dell' arte cristiana*, II, numerous plates; Lundy, *Monumental Christianity*, figs. 38, 128, 136, etc.). Like Osiris, he appears to be primarily of lunar character, with Jesus as the resurrector representing the sun-god, the Egyptian Ra, "who calls his gods to life" and "imparts the breath of life to the souls that are in their place" (*Litany of Ra*, I, 6, 7); whence it appears that the three (or "four") days during which Lazarus is dead properly belong to the dark moon. According to the ancient Persian belief the human soul remains near the body for three days after death, and then proceeds to Paradise or to the place of darkness (*Khordah-Avesta*, XXXVIII, 1-7; 19, 25, etc.), and in 2 Kings xx. 5, Jehovah says that Hezekiah shall go up into heaven "on the third day" after his death (cf. Hos. vi. 2). According to the later Jewish belief the soul lingers for three days near the dead body, ready to return into it if possible, and at the beginning of the fourth day it takes its departure because it sees that the countenance of the deceased is wholly unrecognizable (Lightfoot, *Hor. Hebr.*, on John xi. 39); and thus, too, the soul of Jeremiah was fabled to have returned to his body when he was resuscitated "after three days" (*The Rest of the Words of Baruch*, 9). According to the group statement of Matt. xi. 5, Jesus raised the dead as well as healed the sick and infirm; and he gave the Apostles power to do the same (*ibid.* x. 8). Philip raised a dead man, according to Papias (in Euseb., *H. E.*, III, 39, 9); while John revived a man at Ephesus (*Eustath.*, V, 18, 4), and at Athens restored life both to a male criminal who had died from drinking poison and to a female slave killed by a demon (*Acts of John*). Raising the dead was also believed to have been a frequent act of the early Christians (*Iren., Adv. Haer.*, II, 31, 2; 32, 4, etc.).

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## RABBINIC CONCEPTIONS ABOUT DEATH.\*

BY JULIUS J. PRICE.

ON the Jewish New Year's eve, according to Jewish tradition, the Almighty God is supposed to have two sets of books set before him<sup>1</sup> in which are to be written the names of those who are to meet with death during the coming year, and the names of those more fortunate who are to be blessed with life. It is an oft-repeated statement in the Talmud that one may meet death by one of nine hundred and three ways.<sup>2</sup> In Psalms<sup>3</sup> there is a phrase that reads "issues of death," and as the numerical value of the Hebrew word "issues" is nine hundred and three it was assumed by the sages that there were nine hundred and three means by which one might meet death. Croup was regarded by them as the hardest of all deaths enumerated, for as they state, "It is like the violent extraction of a piece of thorn from the wool of skins." As the easiest death is regarded the "Divine Kiss" (of which Moses and others are said to have died), "for it is like the draining out of a hair from milk."

The Talmud attributes the death of many young women to the following three causes. Firstly, it is assumed that the woman who dies at an early age has neglected strict circumspection during the period of separation. Secondly, that she did not take the proper care with regard to "the cake of the first of dough."<sup>4</sup> Thirdly, death

\* Paper presented at the fifty-fifth meeting of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, New York, December 29, 1919.

<sup>1</sup> R. H. 16b.

<sup>2</sup> Berachoth 8a. Comp. also Lecky, *Hist. of European Morals*, New York, 1890, Vol. I, p. 208. The Roman philosophers taught that death was a law of nature, not a punishment. The Church-fathers regarded it as a penal infliction introduced on account of the sin of Adam.

<sup>3</sup> Ps. lxxviii. 21. R. H. 18b: "The death of the righteous is a calamity equal in magnitude to the burning of the house of our God" (the Temple).

<sup>4</sup> Num. xv. 20.



is attributed to a failure to light the Sabbath lamps on Friday evening.<sup>5</sup>

The heaviest of penalties is the fate of the one who desecrates the name of God.<sup>6</sup> The Rabbis have gone so far as to state that even repentance on the Day of Atonement and sufferings are only suspensive in warding off the penalty, which is death for such an offense. The pious orthodox Jew will even to-day under no circumstances pronounce the name of God in vain.

The Talmud states that one who insults or displeases a sage will be overtaken by death or destruction should the sage care to fix his eye upon him.<sup>7</sup>

The Talmud is most exact in the description of the angel of death conveying a man from this world to the world beyond. The exact phrasing is as follows:<sup>8</sup> It is said of the angel of death that he has eyes all over, and when a man is on the point of dissolution he takes his position above the man's head with his sword stretched out with a drop of gall suspended on it.<sup>9</sup> He is no sooner seen by the dying man than, seized with convulsions, he opens his mouth and a drop falls in. This is the immediate cause of death, his livid appearance and decomposition. The description tallies with the saying of Rabbi Chanena ben Cahana, that to prevent decomposition, turn the face downward. The Talmud also predicts certain good or bad omens for people dying in the following ways:<sup>10</sup> Weeping is a bad omen; the face downward, also a bad omen; upward, a good omen; face toward the bystanders, a good omen; toward the wall, a bad omen; a livid appearance is a good omen; a glowing and ruddy appearance, a good omen. To die on the Sabbath eve, "the entrance into rest," is a good omen; at the close of the Sabbath, a good omen; and on the eve of the Day of Atonement (before any benefit can be derived from the atoning virtue of the day), a bad omen; at its close, a good omen. To die from derangement of the digestive organs is a good omen, for the majority of righteous men (owing probably to their sedentary habits as students of the Law) die of that complaint. On the other hand, the sages of the Talmud taught that if a man failed to follow the precepts of the Law upon this earth and suddenly died and was not mourned over and was not buried, or if rain fell upon his bier

<sup>5</sup> Sabbath 31b. Comp. 1 Tim. ii. 15.

<sup>6</sup> Yoma 86a.

<sup>7</sup> Erubin 29a. Comp. Bartels, *Medizin der Naturvölker*, pp. 201-3.

<sup>8</sup> Avodah Zorah 20b.

<sup>9</sup> See Frazer's *Fear and Worship of the Dead*.

<sup>10</sup> Kethuboth 103b.

or if an animal dragged his body about, then his friends and relatives might be well aware that the sins committed upon this earth were forgiven and that he had entered the abode of bliss.<sup>11</sup>

Although the angel of death is able to overtake a man irrespective of his position, yet the Talmud assures us that a man who is engaged in the study of the Torah and the Talmud cannot be overtaken by this angel of death. Two examples might be quoted from the Talmud to exemplify the above statement. David had asked God to be informed as to his end and the measure of his days.<sup>12</sup> He was told that this was hidden from man by an unalterable decree. (Hezekiah formed an exception.) "Let me then know," he urged, "the day of my death."<sup>13</sup> "That will take place on a Sabbath day," was the divine answer. "May it not," he begged, "be postponed to the following day?" "No, the reign of Solomon will begin on that Sabbath, and thine must not overlap it for a moment of time." "Let me then die," he entreated, "a day before. 'For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.'"<sup>14</sup> "No, one day spent by thee in the study of the Law is better than a thousand burnt sacrifices which thy son will offer upon the altar." So David, to foil the angel of death, spent every Sabbath day in unremitting study of the Law, and when at last the angel of death presented himself he was kept in check, as David never for one moment interrupted his study. The angel then made an unusual noise in a tree at the back of his chamber, and David still continuing his study mounted a ladder to ascertain the cause. One of the steps giving way, he stopped for a moment to set it right. The opportunity was seized, David expired. Or, to quote a second example, the Rabbis relate that there was a family at Jerusalem whose members died at the age of eighteen years.<sup>15</sup> Rabbi Yochanan ben Zachai conjectured that they were descendants from Eli, concerning whom it is said, "And all the increase of thine house shall die in the flower of their age," and he advised them as antidote to the curse to give themselves up to the study of the Law. They did so, and as a result, the Talmud tells us, their ages were prolonged.

The sages of the Talmud have enforced special rules of conduct which are to be observed in the presence of a dead body.<sup>16</sup> The contents of one of these laws is as follows: "Nothing should

<sup>11</sup> Sanhedrin 47a.

<sup>12</sup> Comp. Ps. xxxix. 4.

<sup>13</sup> Rosh Hashona 18b. Comp. also Bereshit R. xlv, § 2. Vayikra R. x.

<sup>14</sup> Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

<sup>15</sup> Sabbath 30a and b.

<sup>16</sup> Berachoth 3b.

be said in presence of a dead body but what has reference to it." On the other hand, "while the dead body is in the house the mourners are exempt from reciting the Shema,<sup>17</sup> from prayers, from wearing the phylacteries and from all commandments contained in the Law."<sup>18</sup> Dead bodies, although apparently lifeless, are in accordance with Rabbi Abuhu's theory aware of all that is said in their presence until the lid is put upon the coffin.<sup>19</sup> The sages have reported that even the dead are supposed to feel the sting of the worm<sup>20</sup> as the living do the prick of a needle, for it is said, "But his flesh upon him shall have pain."<sup>21</sup> There is a prayer recited for the dead even to-day, with the petition, "And preserve him from the beating of the grave from worms and insects." The reason for the enforced silence in the presence of the dead is to avert the following situation as cited by the Rabbis. It is sometimes customary that the superfluous words exchanged between a man and his wife on certain occasions are repeated to him on his death-bed, or spoken of between the times of his death and his burial.<sup>22</sup>

There are prescribed rules to be observed in Jewish burial ceremonies. These customs are the outcome of Rabbi Gamaliel's reforms<sup>23</sup> who, noticing costly funeral ceremonies and the consequent evil of the desecration of dead bodies by poor relatives, attempted to reduce funeral expenses. So he ordered that he himself should be buried in a linen shroud, and out of respect to him, all those who died after him were buried in a similar manner. Rabbi Papa, however, states that in his day bodies were generally buried in canvas valued at about a zouz.

On the death of a wise man (an official who ranks third to the President of the Sanhedrin)<sup>24</sup> the whole community must go into mourning, for, as the Talmud relates, "A failure to observe this custom will often cause the early death of the children of the community whose fathers have failed to observe this injunction." An-

<sup>17</sup> Deut. vi. 4-9.

<sup>18</sup> Berachoth 17b. Comp. also Maimonides, *Hilchoth Aveloth*, Sec. 4, *Halacha* 7.

<sup>19</sup> Sabbath 152b. Comp. Plutarch, "Consol. ad uxor.," *Opera*, VIII, 411 (Reiske, 611).

<sup>20</sup> It is a common belief even nowadays that he who violates the graves will suffer terrible punishment. Comp. Prescott's *History of Ferdinand and Isabella*, Vol. I, p. xxix.

<sup>21</sup> Job xiv. 22.

<sup>22</sup> Chagigah 5b.

<sup>23</sup> Kethuboth 8b.

<sup>24</sup> Mo'ed Katon 25a.

other law cited by the Talmud compels one who meets a funeral procession to follow it, and a failure to do this is a reproach to our Maker, for, in the exact words of the Talmud, "whosoever mocketh the poor (in good work of which the dead are destitute) reproacheth the Maker."<sup>26</sup> While the Rabbis have taught that great respect ought to be paid to the dead, yet it is a precept of the Talmud that "a funeral procession should give way to a bridal procession."<sup>26</sup>

The Rabbis have taught that "death and life are in the hand of the tongue,"<sup>27</sup> indicating thereby that "one may kill with the tongue as well as with the hand." As a result the Rabbis state that "loving kindness is above charity, as unlike the latter it is exerted personally as well as by alms, for the benefit of the rich as well as the poor, the dead as well as the living."<sup>28</sup> The Rabbis have taught that the greatest care should be taken<sup>29</sup> in order to carry out the wishes of the dead, for according to the Talmud "it takes twelve months for a person to be entirely forgotten by his survivors."<sup>30</sup> During that time, "the dead man's soul is supposed to ascend and descend," and should the dead man's wish not be carried out, his soul would be unable to find its proper rest.<sup>31</sup>

The Talmud gives rather a peculiar explanation of the words "slept" and "dead."<sup>32</sup> Wherever the Bible uses the word "slept" of a person who has gone from this life, it means that he has left a son here who is worthy of carrying his name, while on the other hand, wherever the word "dead" is used it signifies that the descendants of the dead man were unworthy of using his name.<sup>33</sup>

The Talmud in relating the story of Ezekiel and the manner in which he restored the dried bones, states that the men whom Ezekiel raised, sang, praised God and died again.<sup>34</sup> It was even claimed by Rabbi Yehudah ben Bethaira that he was a descendant of these resurrected people who left him a pair of phylacteries.<sup>35</sup>

<sup>26</sup> Berachoth 18a. Comp. Prov. xvii. 5.

<sup>26</sup> Kethuboth 17a.

<sup>27</sup> Erechin 15b. Comp. Prov. xviii. 21.

<sup>28</sup> Succah 49b.

<sup>29</sup> Ta'anith 21z.

<sup>30</sup> Bernachoth 58b.

<sup>31</sup> R. Hertz, "Représentation collective de la mort," in *Année sociologique*, X, 1905-6, p. 48.

<sup>32</sup> 1 Kings xi. 21.

<sup>33</sup> Bava Bathra 116a.

<sup>34</sup> Sanhedrin 92b.

<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*

It is customary for people when in sorrow to visit the cemeteries where they have some dear one buried. Rabbi Levi Bar Choma says<sup>36</sup> that the reason for this was that those who came to visit the graves of their departed ones were in the habit of asking their dead to intercede on their behalf before the throne of the almighty God, and in order to prove that the dead hear, the Talmud relates several stories to that effect.<sup>37</sup> By means of these stories it is proved that disembodied spirits converse with each other. For we read in Deut. xxiv. 5: "And the Lord said unto him (Moses), This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying—." The Talmud continues: "Saying what? The holy one, blessed be He, said unto Moses, Go after thy deceased and say to the patriarchs that the oath which I have sworn to them I have already fulfilled to their children."

On the other hand, the following story might well illustrate the above thought more explicitly.<sup>38</sup> A holy man was once annoyed by his wife for giving a denarius to a poor man on New Year's eve at a time of scarcity; and he went and spent the night in a cemetery. His attention was arrested by the voice of a spirit asking another to go on an excursion with her to the Veil (screening the holy of holies in the heavenly temple) in order to hear what calamities would be decreed against the world at that season of judgment. "I am buried in a mat," was the reply, "and I am ashamed to show myself in it. But go thou, sister, and tell me what thou hast heard." She did so and brought the information that the crops sown at the first rainy season would be destroyed by the hail. The holy man profited by it, and while all other crops were destroyed his were of the best quality. The next year, he again availed himself of the information imparted to the shabbily attired spirit and again secured an exceptionally good harvest. His wife wormed out the secret of his success and, in a quarrel with that spirit's mother, alluded derisively to that mat in which her daughter was buried. When the holy man presented himself on the next New Year's eve at the cemetery, the same conversation ensued; but the spirit answered, "Leave me alone, sister, for the living are fully informed of what passes between us."

Another Talmudic legend<sup>39</sup> tells us that Kaleb, before joining the commission sent by the great leader Moses to explore "the land

<sup>36</sup> Ta'anith 16a.

<sup>37</sup> Berachoth 18b.

<sup>38</sup> Comp. Gruneisen, *Der Ahnenkultus*, p. 166, so also Duhm, *Die bösen Geister im Alten Testament*, pp. 24-5.

<sup>39</sup> Sotah 34b.

of milk and honey," prayed at the graves of the patriarchs in Hebrew that God should keep him steadfast.

In another instance<sup>40</sup> we are told that when the Holy Temple was to be destroyed, Jeremiah went to the Jordan to conjure up Moses, also to the cave of Machpelah to arouse the patriarchs that they should intercede on behalf of their descendants with God. This story forms the basis of one of the best-known dirges in the service for the Ninth of Ab.

This custom of invoking the aid of the dead is also mentioned in later Rabbinic literature.<sup>41</sup> The sages report the practice of even holding penitential services in the cemeteries in times of danger. The reason for this practice might be twofold. One, to remind the people of their frailty and as a result to make them humble and worthy of God's grace; and secondly, to bring back forcibly to them the great virtues of their ancestors, more especially, the greatest of all religious devotions, the sacrifice of Isaac who will intercede in their behalf in Heaven. It was doubtless customary, as can be learned from various ancient sources, for individuals to pray at the graves of parents or grandparents before one undertook an important mission or when one was in serious troubles.

The Zohar,<sup>42</sup> the mystic work of the thirteenth century, well recommends the visit to the graves of the pious in all troublesome times and especially the holding of solemn services on the cemetery, with a procession led by some one holding a Sefer Torah, a custom which even the great Ezekiel Landau recommended.<sup>43</sup>

While it is customary that in all cases the appeal for assistance from the dead should be made to some departed relation, yet we find more often the custom of appealing to people who had the reputation of a saintly life or to some renowned rabbi or leader in Israel.<sup>44</sup>

This custom, however, of pilgrimages to the graves of saints is more in vogue among Oriental Jews. The most popular of these pilgrimages is the annual visit on the eighteenth of Iyar (Lag be Omer) to the supposed grave of Simon be Yohai near Tiberias, to which people flock not only from Palestine and adjacent countries but even from Arabia, Persia and Bohkara. Many are the local saints whose names only are known but who are nevertheless

<sup>40</sup> Echali, Pesikta Rabbathi, Sec. 24.

<sup>41</sup> Ta'anith 16a.

<sup>42</sup> Zohar Lev., pp. 70b and 71a.

<sup>43</sup> Noda be Yehudah, Orach Hayyim, 109.

<sup>44</sup> *Revue des études juives*, LI, 268, and LII, 80.

worshiped in Demanhur, Egypt, in Nazzan and Tetuan, Morocco, in Zolkiew, Galicia, and other places too numerous to mention. In the last-named city it was only known that the saint's name was Moses ben Shackna and that he died October 25, 1662.<sup>45</sup>

As such graves may also be regarded that of Ezekiel, south of Hillah, the ancient Sura, the tomb of Daniel near Mosul, not far from El Kush where the grave of Nahum is shown, and also the grave of the high priest Joshua ben Jehozadak near Bagdad. The Jews of Persia have as their special saint Serah, the daughter of Asher, the only female mentioned in Jacob's family when he went to Egypt (inasmuch as Jacob's daughter Dinah was doubtless not eligible), and visit her grave near Ispahan in all troubles.

The grave of Moses Isserls' teacher, Rabbi Shackna of Lublin, is perhaps one of the best historically known. On Rabbi Shackna's grave solemn penitential services were held to the cholera on Adar 29 which chanced to be Yom Kippur Katon, 1915. The grave of Shackna's pupil Moses Isserls in Cracow is not the goal of regular pilgrimage, but numerous individuals visit his grave and deposit their written requests inside the railing which surrounds the grave.

In direct imitation of the Mohammedans, the Oriental Jews have numerous graves of prophets and other well-known Biblical personages which are the goal of annual pilgrimages, just as the Arabs make their pilgrimages to Mecca and Medina or perhaps to the grave of some Marabout.

One finds that the custom of taking a vow to visit the graves was already an established custom in the eighth century. While Saerkes<sup>46</sup> is somewhat doubtful as to whether one ought to perform such duties, he does not oppose the practice of it, inasmuch as it had already become an accepted practice, and whatever, he writes, has become an accepted practice must not be nullified. A number of later Talmudic authorities are of a similar opinion. One therefore finds in accordance with an early medieval practice that the graves are visited<sup>47</sup> on the Ninth of Ab, which is the day on which both the first and second Temples were destroyed, on the eve of Rosh ha Shannah and the Day of Atonement. The reason for the visits on these days is that the Ninth of Ab is to inspire the visitor with sadness, while the visits on New Year's eve and the Day of Atonement are explained to be occasions on which the departed are asked

<sup>45</sup> Comp. Ha-Eshkol, Iv: 159.

<sup>46</sup> *Notes on Yorch De'ah*, 217.

<sup>47</sup> Shulhan Aruk, Orach Hayyim, 599, 581, 605.

to intercede with the Almighty when mortal man is being weighed in the balance.

Professor Deutsch has pointed out on a former occasion a curious specimen of appealing to the departed in individual needs by one Samuel Haida of Prague (d. 1685). Haida was preparing an edition of an old book, the *Tanna debe Eliyahu*, which, owing to the negligence of the copyists, had a very corrupt text. Instead of looking for older manuscripts, Haida fasted, prayed to the Prophet Elijah whom he believed to be the author of this medieval work, and visited the graves of the righteous, so numerous in Prague, asking for their assistance. He sincerely believed that his prayer was answered and that the pious ancestors interceded for him with the prophet Elijah, who revealed to him in a dream the explanation of the difficult passage.

Another custom one finds in connection with the dead is that of what is known as a "prayer of forgiveness" addressed to persons whom the worshiper is believed to have wronged during his life. It is related that the famous *Land-Rabbiner* of Moravia, Mendel Krachmal, once advised a peddler who was terribly conscience-stricken believing to have caused the death of his assistant in a blizzard, to take three learned and pious Israelites with him to the grave of the supposed victim and beg and ask his forgiveness in their presence.<sup>48</sup> And even as late as the latter part of the eighteenth century the Rabbinate of Rawitsch in Posnania condemned a man who had spoken ill of a dead neighbor to apologize at the grave.<sup>49</sup>

Professor Deutsch has called attention to another phase of this subject, namely that the belief in the power of the dead to avert misfortune, and especially premature death, from the living, "is underlying the ceremony to dedicate a cemetery by killing a rooster (*kapparah*) over the first grave." This custom, writes Professor Deutsch, as far as he is aware, was first mentioned by the Cabbalist Aaron Berechiah da Modena, the uncle of the free-thinker Leo Modena, in his *Na'abar Yabbok*, which, with many alterations, is still very popular as a prayer-book used at death-beds and cemeteries.<sup>50</sup> The custom was practised in 1856 by Rabbi Illoway at the dedication of a new cemetery in Syracuse, New York.<sup>51</sup>

<sup>48</sup> Zemach Zedek, N. 93.

<sup>49</sup> Cohen, *Geschichte der Juden in Rom*, p. 36.

<sup>50</sup> Edition Mantua, 1726, p. 47b.

<sup>51</sup> Comp. *Sinai*, II, 773; so also in Casale Monfesato, Feb., 1870.



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THE ASCENSION OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA,  
borne by a winged genius, with eagles above. (From Springer, *Handbuch der  
Kunstgesch.*, I. p. 276.)

Frontispiece to *The Open Court*.

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## HOME RULE FOR INDIA.

BY SUDHINDRA BOSE.\*

IT is a happy omen that straight-thinking, clear-headed men are everywhere anxious for world peace. But so long as one nation is kept in subjection to another, there can be no peace.

Of the many wars waged by England during the last century, the greater number have had their genesis in England's desire to rule India. "No one can understand," says Dr. Gibbons in *The New Map of Asia*, "the foreign policy of Great Britain, which has inspired military and diplomatic activities from the Napoleonic Wars to the present day, who does not interpret wars, diplomatic conflicts, treaties and alliances, territorial annexations, extensions of protectorates, with the fact of India constantly in mind." The British foreign policy with regard to Turkey, Egypt, Mesopotamia and Persia, as well as Russia, has had one supreme object: the domination of India. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance doubtless had the same ultimate purpose in view. Looked at from this angle, the Indian problem is a great world problem which no man interested in the well-being of humanity can afford to ignore.

Whatever might have been the reasons in the past for holding India as a subject nation, the declared intentions of the Allies to let every country "make its own laws and choose its own allegiance" renders it morally imperative to revise the political status of India—India which contributed so magnificently to the triumph of the Allied cause. For it should not be forgotten that the first colonial troops to come to the rescue of France in the darkest hour of

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1914 were those which arrived from India. She furnished over a million and a half men to the war—more than all other British dominions put together. She contributed, out of her meager resources, over a hundred million pounds in money—more than any other possession of Britain. In acknowledging England's debt to India in "the war of civilization," Mr. Lloyd George was moved to say in Parliament: "As to India, by her remarkable contribution to our triumph, notably in the East, she has won a new claim to our consideration—a claim so irresistible that it ought to overpower all prejudice and timidity which might stand in the way of her progress." Now that the crisis is over, it is pertinent to inquire if the claims of 318,000,000 of human beings of India who constitute one fifth of the human race are being considered without "prejudice and timidity."

It is the purpose of the writer to pursue the discussion of the problem along three basic lines: economic, educational and political.

From the economic point of view, the hundred and fifty years of English rule in India may be roughly divided into two eras. "In the first era," says the gifted editor of the Indian journal, *Marhatta*, "we see the British ruler in India aggressive and militant in spirit and crude in his methods, but then he had the frankness of manners in his doing. He imposed unconscionably high import duties in England upon Indian manufacturers and even practised social boycott of his fellows for the sin of wearing foreign wares. But he knew what he was doing and he owned the deed. In the succeeding era the ruin of India's manufactures had been complete, and it was convenient and profitable for the British economic man to preach and practise free trade. Laissez-faire was the word. . . . Freedom was there for India—yes, to mind her agricultural toil and the development of her love of foreign manufactures. Freedom was there for England—yes, from the competition of the Indian manufacturers, and the development of home manufactures with the help of machinery."

What was the result of such a policy in India? It paralyzed the economic life of the nation and set it on the road to bankruptcy. To-day one of the most serious problems of India is the appalling poverty of the masses and the middle classes. "Even as we look on," writes Mr. Hyndman, a noted British student of Indian affairs. "India is becoming feebler and feebler. The very life-blood of the great multitude under our rule is slowly, yet ever faster, cbbing away." Curzon, when viceroy of India, remarked: "Of poverty, misery and destitution there is abundance in India." And the esti-

mated income from all sources during his viceroyalty was three fourths of a penny per head per day. Sir William Digby in his monumental work, "*Prosperous*" *British India*, has shown that the average annual income of the people of India is not in excess of seventeen and a half rupees, which is about six dollars. Considering a rupee to be equal to thirty-three cents in American money, it means that the average income of a man in India is about two cents a day. Economically Hindustan has been steadily on the down grade. The poor are desperately poor, while the rich are neither very rich nor are they very numerous.

India was not, however, always so poor. Says Thornton in his *Description of Ancient India*: "Ere yet the Pyramids looked down upon the valley of the Nile, when Greece and Italy, those cradles of European civilization, nursed only the tenants of wilderness. India was the seat of wealth and grandeur. A busy population had covered the land with the marks of industry; rich crops of the most coveted productions of nature annually rewarded the toil of husbandmen; skilful artisans converted the rude produce of the soil into fabrics of unrivaled delicacy and beauty; and architects and sculptors joined in constructing works, the solidity of which has not, in some instances, been overcome by the evolution of thousands of years. . . . The ancient state of India must have been one of extraordinary magnificence."

The question that at once comes to one's mind is, What has brought about such a tremendous change in the present condition of the country? Who is responsible for it? A partial explanation is to be found in the policy of the government. Take for example agriculture, upon which eighty per cent. of the population has now to depend for a living. The government theory of the land tax is based upon the assumption that the Crown is the sole proprietor of the soil, the exclusive owner of the land. This has prevented India from becoming a nation of peasant proprietors, a nation of small landowners. With the exception of the Province of Bengal, there is no permanent land settlement. The peasant has to rent his land from the government for a period of not more than twenty or thirty years. Moreover, he has to pay a high rate of taxes, which run from fifty-five to seventy per cent. of the rental.

In this connection one must not forget the system which extracts from India year after year an amount not less than thirty million pounds sterling without any economic return. I refer to the tribute India has to pay England in the shape of "dividends" to the defunct East India Company, furlough allowances and pensions, costs of

quartering British troops in India for imperial purposes, and such other items. The British imperialists defend this economic drain by calling it a compensation for services performed; but Indians maintain that many of the charges are not legitimate, and they represent an enormous profit which England makes from her political supremacy in India. At all events, no country in the world, however rich, can withstand such a drain permanently. This huge revenue of thirty million pounds which flow annually from India to England, under one name or another, is apt to give a rude shock to the naive and comfortable doctrine of the "white man's burden." It seems that though imperialism may be dressed up on occasions as altruism, ultimately it succeeds in deceiving no one—except perhaps the most unsophisticated.

The violations of fundamental economic laws are as grievous as they are many. One of the most distressing results of foreign rule is the perennial famine with which the country is afflicted. It is estimated that from forty to fifty million people in India live at present in a state of starvation. And millions of Indians have died for the lack of sufficient food and clothing during the last few years. Doubtless, in some ways, England has given India a strong government; but for men dying by inches of starvation, no strong government, any more than the "greatest show on earth," can make them forget the agonizing pangs of hunger. Then, too, the Indians may not always choose to die quietly. If the alternative is between death by starvation and the change of the present régime, men will not be lacking who will make desperate efforts to satisfy the impulse to live.

Without a doubt the most crying need of India to-day is education. The percentage of illiteracy is incredibly high. After a hundred and fifty years of English rule one finds that among adults only 106 men and 10 women in a thousand are literates, that is, can read and write. Compare the state of education in India with that of the Philippines which have been under the control of the United States less than twenty-five years. In the American insular possession, no less than seventy per cent. of the Filipino people above ten years can read and write. Why has not education made as rapid a progress in India as it has in the Philippines? The explanation is to be found in the fact that the government of India, unlike that of the Philippines, has made no attempt to provide instruction for the masses. As there is no compulsory educational system, so neither is there any free elementary school. On an average, for every four villages there is only one school.

While education is being neglected in British India, there is a different situation in the great Native States like Baroda, Mysore and Travancore—States directly under Indian rule. In Baroda, for instance, since 1906 elementary education has been made free and compulsory for both boys and girls. What is the outcome?

“In 1909 nearly 8.6 per cent. of the total population was at school, as against 1.9 in India directly under British rule, or nearly 78.6 per cent. of the male school-going population, as against 21.5 per cent. in British India; 47.6 per cent. of girls in school-going age was under instruction as against 4 per cent. in British India.

“At the end of 1914-15 each town or village had at least one institution and 100 per cent. of the boys of school-going age and 81.6 per cent. of the girls of school-going age were under instruction.

“The state of Baroda spends nearly 15 cent per capita for education; while the English Government does not allow to be spent more than two cents per capita in British territories.”

Although technological institutes and agricultural and industrial schools are a prime necessity in the economic uplift of the country, there is, as yet, no adequate provision for their creation. Had India had, like Japan, a national government free to rule its own destiny the situation would have been very different. Fifty years ago Japan was industrially no better than India. At that time Japan was a feudalistic agricultural country with a strong aversion for trade and commerce. The nation was sharply divided into many classes and subclasses of which the Samurai, the warrior class, was the most powerful faction. With the advent of Commodore Perry, Japan turned over a new leaf. The Japanese government decided to make Nippon the leading industrial country of the Orient. And how did the Japanese government go about it? Japan had no modern industrial experiences. “It was entirely without models for organization, without financial machinery, and without the idea of joint-stock enterprise.” At this juncture the government took a hold of the situation. It established schools and colleges where all branches of applied science were taught. There were “official excursions,” writes Baron Kikuchi in his informing article on Japan in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, “into the domains of silk-reeling, cement-making, cotton and silk-spinning, brick-burning, printing and bookbinding, soap-boiling, type-casting and ceramic decoration. . . . Domestic exhibitions were also organized, and specimens of the country’s products and manufactures were sent under government auspices to exhibitions abroad. On the other hand, the effect of this new departure along Western lines could not but be injurious

to the old domestic industries of the country, especially to those which owed their existence to tastes and traditions now regarded as obsolete. Here again the government came to the rescue by establishing a firm whose functions were to familiarize foreign markets with the products of Japanese artisans, and to instruct in adaptations likely to appeal to Occidental taste. Steps were also taken for training women as artisans, and the government printing bureau set the example of employing female labor, an innovation which soon developed into large dimensions. In short, the authorities applied themselves to educate an industrial disposition throughout the country, and as soon as success seemed to be in sight, they gradually transferred from official to private direction the various model enterprises, retaining only such as were required to supply the needs of the State.

"The result of all this effort was that whereas in the beginning of the Meiji era, Japan had virtually no industries worthy of the name, she possessed in 1896—that is to say, after an interval of twenty-five years of effort—no less than 4595 industrial and commercial companies, joint stock or partnership, with a paid-up capital of forty million sterling."

Is it surprising that Japan is to-day the most prosperous industrial country of Asia? Is there any room for doubt that if India had a national government of its own like that of Japan, Hindustan, too, with her boundless natural resources and almost unlimited labor supply would have fared as well as, if not better than, Nippon?

Of the recent volumes on India, the one by William Archer has attracted considerable attention on account of its staunch British point of view. The author has had the candor to say that the government of the English viceroy is "absolutely autocratic in its relation to the people of India." Moreover, he observes that the British communities in India "as a whole care no more for the swarming brown multitudes around them, than the dwellers on an island care for the fishes in the circumambient sea." Mr. Archer adds that the most noticeable feature about the government of the English viceroy is "its undisguised and systematic foreignness." This single phrase—"undisguised and systematic foreignness"—furnishes the real key-note to English rule in India.

Let it be remembered at the outset that India is administered by a highly organized civil service, the chief places in which are the preserves of the British aristocracy. Take for instance the Indian Medical Service. It has been recently announced by the Indian government that there are 204 vacancies to fill in this Ser-



vice. Out of this number, it is stated that 136 will be filled by Englishmen and the rest by Indians, that is, 68. In other words, two thirds of the vacancies in the Medical Service will be filled by the members of the ruling race and only one third by Indians. Again, in the Imperial Service of the Indian Public Works, there are now 78 vacancies. In filling these positions only 3 persons—that is, one twenty-sixth of the total—are to be Indians and the remainder, Englishmen.

Naturally India is most unhappy under this system of government. And in an attempt to conciliate the Indian people during the war, a liberal administration was pledged to her by the Westminster Parliament: and a program of reform has been formulated. These reforms, which will be introduced next year into the governance of India, have been characterized by Lord Sydenham, an ex-governor of Bombay, as “most dangerous” and sure “to endanger the peace of India”; while Lord Curzon, the ex-viceroy, spoke of the reforms as “the boldest experiment in the history of the British Empire.” Apart from the opinions of their lordships, it is evident from even a cursory examination of the new scheme of reforms that it confers no sort of real self-government upon India.

To be sure, the Government of India Act, the official title of the new reform legislation, does grant certain nominal powers, does open a little more the door which has hitherto been kept tightly closed to Indians. Nevertheless, the Act does not alter the despotic character of the government. That the suffrage is still regarded as the exclusive privilege of a microscopic minority rather than the inherent right of all is clear from the fact that it enfranchises only 1.5 per cent. of the Indian male population. That, by the way, affords another striking contrast to the liberal United States policy in the Philippines, where 17 per cent. of the population can vote. The overwhelming mass of public opinion in India demanded that women, possessing the same qualifications and subject to the same conditions as men, should be admitted to the suffrage. Two women delegates, Mrs. Hirabai A. Tata and Miss Mithibai A. Tata, were sent to England as representatives of forty-three different branches of the Women’s Indian Association which demanded equal suffrage for women, whether that suffrage be based upon property or education, or both. The issue squarely presented by Indian women to the Parliamentary Joint Committee in Westminster was successfully dodged when the committee contented itself with a pious expression of hope that in due course the question would be solved by the Indian provincial legislative councils.

Now the legislative councils, which will be composed of both elected members and hand-picked government appointees, will be little more than debating societies. Almost every power of any importance which the Indian people wished to keep in their hands is reserved to the viceroy. It is true that a number of local subjects is to be transferred to the Indian ministers of the provincial governments; but these ministers, who are the government nominees, will in no way be responsible to the provincial legislatures. The ministers will be under official control. In fact, they will be more or less the rubber stamps of the provincial governors.

Again, the Indian people will have no control over the national budget; neither will they have any power to regulate the tariff. For years India has been asking for a moderate measure of protection to build her nascent industries. This is now definitely refused to her. The new Act categorically denies to India the right to fix her own tariff—a right which has already been conceded to Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. When all are members of the same empire, why should there be one law for India and another for the other colonies? Is it possible that England has forgotten the lessons of the Boston "Tea Party"?

Under the new scheme of reform the control of all vital national affairs remains with the viceroy. Even the meager powers which the provincial legislatures may exercise are contingent absolutely upon the sanction of the ruler of the province. Moreover—and the point seems in Indian judgment very significant—the viceroy himself reserves the right to stop the progress of a bill in the legislature and even to prevent the discussion of the whole or any part of the bill at any time he sees fit. Then, too, every bill passed by the provincial legislature may be set aside either by the ruler of the province or the viceroy of India, against the unanimous decision of the entire legislative body.

The reforms have not introduced the smallest iota of responsible government. The viceroy, now as ever, is as absolute as Jove. Popular sentiment, public opinion and national representation need not be heeded in reaching a decision or adopting a measure—in which even Louis XIV, Czar Nicholas or Kaiser William would have used more formality. The viceroy is the government. Well might he say: "The State—it is I." Under the new law, the viceroy will reserve as a general thing an absolute veto. He will still remain the prosecutor of public meetings, the proscriber of books and the jailor of the press. The Government of India Act, unlike the organic act of the Philippines known as the Jones Law, provides for no

charter of national or personal rights; it does not grant freedom of speech, freedom of press, right of trial in open court, the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or any other essential rights and privileges which are the solid foundation of justice, liberty and law. He who runs can read from this that the present scheme of reforms is not based upon any principle of self-determination. "The Reform Bill," declared *The Amrita Bazar Patrika*, a leading Nationalist daily paper of Calcutta, "is the contemptible product of bankrupt statesmanship."

To destroy the indigenous industries of India in order to make it a land of raw material; to tax the people into poverty; to drain millions of money out of the country; to withhold the education of the masses; to obstruct commercial and industrial progress; to deny the people effective control in the making of laws, levying of taxes, and in the spending of their own public money—these are a few outstanding marks of the government of the bureaucracy and by the bureaucracy. It is worth while to recall, however, that in the minds of the millions of India whom the last European war called to pour forth their blood and treasure, there was a well-defined hope that at bottom they were fighting for democracy against despotism, for self-determination against absolutism. That hope, alas, seems to have dwindled almost to the point of death! At this moment there is in India a wide-spread economic discontent, a seething political unrest, similar in magnitude to that of Ireland. The sober public opinion of Hindustan is disposed to the view that the only way to cure the unhappy situation is through root and branch reforms—to borrow a phrase from John Milton of other days. India has now earned the clear title to self-determination. "There can be no justification whatever," says the President of the India Home Rule League of America, "for withholding the application of this principle to India. The plea of unfitness, usually advanced by ignorant people or vested interests, is untenable and untrue. The civilization of India is admittedly much more ancient and venerable than that of Rome or Athens. British statesmen themselves have often declared that India was civilized centuries before the modern nations of Europe emerged from barbarism. Indian society has been held together for thousands of years without foreign aid or intervention. Peace, order and good government existed in India for hundreds of years, and its annals compare favorably with any period of European history. Even democratic forms of government flourished in various parts of India centuries before Alexander

came to measure his strength with the *ganas* or republics of the northern Punjab."

In the learned *Oxford History of India*, just published by Vincent A. Smith, it is shown that the Maurya empire of India (B. C. 322-185) was in size and area the Roman empire of Europe at its height during the second and third centuries A. D., that the Gupta empire of the fifth century, the Vardhana empire of the seventh century and the Chola empire of the eleventh century were hardly equaled in splendor and magnificence by the empire of Charlemagne. Coming to more recent times, we find that neither the European possessions of Charles V nor those of Napoleon ever reached the proportions of the Tughlak empire of the fourteenth, or the Moghul empire of the seventeenth, or the Maharatta empire of the eighteenth century. Indeed, the Indian historians may justly claim that "there is no European institution of any importance from Diocletian to Frederick the Great of which a counterpart is not to be found in India from B. C. 322 to 1300."

India stands four-square upon the immutable principles of justice: to-day she demands home rule. This does not mean an immediate attempt to break away from the British Empire; it does not imply an endeavor to drive the English out of India, as the Moors, let us say, were driven by the Spaniards. The leaders of the home-rule movement are willing to leave the army and the navy as well as foreign affairs in the hands of England. They demand, however, complete control of administration, of commerce and industry, of taxation and the economic development of the country. India simply wishes to be the mistress in her own house—to run her domestic affairs in her own way. India is not opposed to remaining an integral part of the British Empire; but she insists that hers must be the status of a self-governing dominion rather than a dependency. Indians cannot remain a subject people: they must be conceded the status of citizens with equal rights of other citizens of the British commonwealth. Indeed, India is not thinking of separation. The Indian home rulers are frankly of the opinion that the best thing for both England and India is not separation, but union. This union must, however, be of copartners, of friends. "India," said Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the poet-patriot, the matchless leader of the Indian equal suffrage movement, "India would go with England only as a comrade and not as a slave."

If history teaches anything it is this: until India is freed from bureaucratic control and is allowed home rule, she will know neither peace, nor prosperity, nor good government. Mailed fists, police

raids, arrests, deportations, machine guns, tanks, bombing aeroplanes will disappear only when the nation has effective control over its rulers.

This contention is no mere theory. It is based upon the facts of experience. As a most recent illustration of the policy of absolutism which has characterized English rule in India, mention should be made of the Rowlatt Act and the tragedy which followed upon its heels. The repressive character of the Rowlatt Act, which was enacted last year and is still in force, may be judged from some of its important provisions. They are:

1. The sudden arrest without warrant of any suspected person, and detention without trial for an indefinite duration of time.
2. Conduct of proceedings in secret before three judges, who may sit in any place, and who may not make public their proceedings.
3. The accused is kept ignorant of the names of his accusers or of witnesses against him.
4. The accused is not confronted with his accusers or the witnesses against him.
5. The accused has only the right of a written account of the offenses attributed to him.
6. The accused is denied the right of defending himself with the help of lawyers.
7. No witnesses allowed in his defense.
8. Usual legal procedure may be disregarded.
9. The right of appeal is denied.
10. Any one associating with ex-political offenders may be arrested.
11. Ex-political offenders must deposit securities.
12. Ex-political offenders may not take part in any political, educational or religious activities.

The passage of this Act, which took away the last vestige of some of the most elementary rights of the individual and subjected him to the terrors of Star Chamber proceedings, was vigorously protested throughout the length and breadth of the continent; but to no avail. At length the resentment of the Indians against the Rowlatt legislation took the more practical form of a national *haratal* (complete suspension of business) on March 30, 1919, at Delhi, and on April 6 all over India. Moreover, a large number of

the followers of M. K. Gandhi, a leading spirit of Constitutional Nationalism, took the pledge of passive resistance or *satyagraha* against the Rowlatt Act. This led to violent repression on the part of the viceroy's officials in many parts of the country, especially in Delhi, Lahore, Gujranwala, Kasur and Amritsar. As the space limits will not permit a full account of the reign of terror, I will confine myself to only a few typical instances of its manifestations.

Various were the indignities, bodily and other punishments inflicted upon the people, including even college students and school-boys. At Lahore, the students of the Dyal Singh College were made to march ten miles twice a day in the hot summer sun for days between their college and a muster-place where an English officer called the roll. The Medical College students were made to walk from twelve to sixteen miles a day in the scorching sun and sultry wind. Many a student fainted.

In Gujranwala, the Royal Air Force commanded by Captain Carberry indulged in bombing from aeroplanes and firing from machine guns upon helpless people. One of the bombs was dropped in a school dormitory full of small boys. The manner in which the bombs were dropped upon the defenseless people may be imagined from Lieutenant Dodkin's statement. He said, "I saw twenty or thirty people in a field talking to one another and dropped bombs on them. I did not know who they were, whether they had assembled for unlawful purpose, but I bombed." The result of this air attack upon Gujranwala, which was treated as if it were a fortified belligerent city in Flanders, was twenty-seven wounded and eleven killed.

The most horrible act of the bloody tragedy was enacted at Amritsar in the Province of Punjab. In this place an open-air mass meeting was being held on the afternoon of April 13. And to this unarmed and peaceful gathering, which included old men, women and children, came a dashing brigadier general named Dyer. He came not merely with a body of troops with rifles in hand, but with armored cars with machine guns. The result of the general's visit is briefly told in the following paragraph from *The Manchester Guardian*:

"When General Dyer arrived on the scene he proceeded through a narrow entrance at the northern extremity. The crowd facing him was estimated at more than five thousand. The crowd was not asked to disperse. Within thirty seconds he had ordered fire to be opened. A huge roar went up from the crowd, and they

struggled madly to get out. . . . The firing was not in volleys, but each man took his own time. General Dyer subsequently said that he went on firing until they ran short of ammunition. Altogether 1650 rounds were fired, and it lasted about ten minutes.

"The number of killed was between four and five hundred, and the wounded were estimated at three times that number. As regards the wounded, General Dyer said his force was not in a position to render medical aid. *It was not his job to go and aid the wounded*, but the hospitals were open and they could have gone there."

After the massacre, General Dyer issued a proclamation ordering the people to keep off the street on pain of severe punishment. The consequence was that hundreds of dead and dying, maimed and wounded were left alone in the field for twenty-seven hours with no one to look after them.

Later on at a Commission of Inquiry, Justice Rankin, a member of the investigating body, asked General Dyer: "Excuse me putting it this way, general, but was it not a form of frightfulness?"

General Dyer: "No, it was not. . . . I thought that I should shoot well and strong, so that I or anybody else should not have to shoot again. If I had the right to fire one shot, I had the right to fire a lot of rounds. . . ."

When asked what reason he had to suppose that the crowd would not have dispersed without firing he said: "I think it is quite possible I could have dispersed the crowd without firing, but they would have come back again and laughed, and I should have made what I consider to be a fool of myself."

One of the members of the Commission then read out a telegram from Lahore to the General, which said: "Your action correct. Lieutenant Governor approves" . . . .

Terrible as was this massacre, General Dyer did not stop there. On April 15—two days later—martial law was proclaimed in Amritsar; and then followed another chapter of despotism. All Indians in the city were ordered to alight from vehicles and salute any English officer whom they met. Nor was this all. Hundreds of people, practically without any trial, were stripped and flogged in public. There was also a "crawling order" which required Indians passing through a certain street to get down on their knees and

crawl on all fours. Whom the gods desire to destroy, they first make mad.

One may ask: What has the British nation had to say about this terrorism? What has the British Parliament done about the Punjab massacre? While all India was shocked and convulsed, all information relative to these outrages was carefully prevented from reaching the Parliament for nine long months. The press was rigidly censored, and cablegrams dealing with the disturbances were withheld from transmission. This method of procedure by the viceroy, it is almost needless to point out, is typically illustrative of the fiction of the "responsibility of the government of India to Parliament." At all events the Parliament has not yet called any one to account. In the meanwhile Judge Rowlatt, the father of the Rowlatt Act, has already been decorated by his Imperial Majesty, King George, with the insignia of the Knight Commander of the Star of India. And Dyer has been promoted, in recognition of his "services," to an important command. In fact he has been hailed in England by the champions of British imperialism as a great hero.

*The Morning Post* (London) declared that Dyer "has done the highest credit to the British Empire's rule of subject nations," and *The New Statesman*, also of London, which has at least the quality of frankness, stated in commenting upon the affair that "we hold India by the sword" and will hold it by the sword alone. Briefly, the British imperialists said in effect that order could only be maintained in India by massacres, and massacres must go on. To this an answer was, however, returned by *The Manchester Guardian* in these terms: "It is also exactly what the partisans of Abdul Hamid declared to be the state of things in Constantinople when he caused his agents to massacre crowds of Armenian civilians in the streets. The Sultan's friends pleaded that if he was not to be free to do such things the game of law and order would be up." Is it any wonder then that the Indians believe their rulers have gone beyond Prussian methods and have resorted to the practices of the Turks? And who knows that the inevitable consequences of such acts will not again be writ large in blood and fire across half the world?

As might be expected, the application of the ruthless policy of the viceroy has caused a wildfire of passionate moral indignation to sweep over the whole continent. The well-known Hindu poet Rabindra Nath Tagore, recipient of the Nobel Prize, in asking the viceroy to relieve him of the title of English knighthood, gave voice to what Indians felt when he said in part:



“The enormity of the measures taken by the government in the Punjab for quelling some local disturbances has, with a rude shock, revealed to our minds the helplessness of our position as British subject in India. The disproportionate severity of the punishments inflicted upon the unfortunate people and the methods of carrying them out, we are convinced, are without parallel in the history of civilized government, barring some conspicuous exceptions, recent and remote. Considering that such treatment has been meted out to a population, disarmed and resourceless, by a power which has the most terribly efficient organization for destruction of human lives, we must strongly assert that it can claim no political expediency, far less moral justification. . . . Knowing that our appeals have been in vain and that the passion of vengeance is blinding the noble vision of statesmanship in our government which could so easily be magnanimous as befitting its physical strength and moral tradition, the very least that I can do for my country is to take all consequences upon myself in giving voice to the protest of the millions of my countrymen, surprised into a dumb anguish of terror. The time has come when badges of honor make our shame glaring in their incongruous context of humiliation, and I for my part wish to stand, shorn of special distinctions, by the side of those of my countrymen who, for their so-called insignificance, are liable to suffer a degradation not fit for human beings.”

Modern India which has absorbed the political teachings of Mill and Mazzini, of Jefferson and Lincoln, cannot long be held down by bayonets and machine guns, by deportations and massacres. The system of absolutism has been tried in Germany, Austria, Russia, and it has been found wanting. The same is also true in India. The government of the viceroy must come to an end. If India is to be saved for the Empire, she must have complete self-government. If India is to be made a strong bulwark of the British commonwealth, a potent force for world progress, she must have home rule. “Can India play her proper part,” asks Dr. Rutherford, an ex-member of the British Parliament in his *Commonwealth or Empire*, “a useful and glorious part, in human evolution, while in bondage to Britain? In refusing India freedom and self-government is not England a great barrier to freedom and justice in the world? If India were under the iron heel of Prussia or Russia, would not Britons be the first to cry out ‘intolerable iniquity!’ ‘insufferable crime against liberty!’ and in the event of India fighting for her freedom, would not Britons lend their aid, as they are now doing to free Belgium or Serbia? British government of India may be

good of its kind, but 'good government is no substitute for self-government,' as Campbell-Bannerman wisely said. . . . The atmosphere of subjection is poisonous, crushing all that is virile and worthy, and fostering all that is vile and ignoble. I am prepared to please British imperialists by confessing that I think British over-rule is better than Prussian or Russian over-rule, but at the same time I must remind my countrymen that Britons have stooped to Prussian and Russian methods in the government of India."

The new Government of India Act will not be able to protect India from a repetition of the Rowlatt Act and the Punjab atrocities. The only solution of the Indian problem, which is after all a vast world problem, is autonomy. The India of to-day is not the India of two or three decades ago. Within the last few years India has traversed the track of centuries. Events in that land are now marching with increasing rapidity. The rising flood of Nationalism has changed India almost as completely as the Revolution of 1789 changed France. India will not "stay put." Indian statesmen may make mistakes—and what statesmen do not and have not? On the other hand, Indians, because they are Indians, because of the faith that is in them, are likely to rule their own country far better than any foreign bureaucrat can ever hope to. The unqualified opinion of the Indian *intelligentsia* is that England has made a mess of things, and had the country been in charge of the Indians instead of the English administrators whom Edmund Burke in his day called "birds of passage and beasts of prey," affairs could have gone no worse. Indians, therefore, are now asking, Why cannot England do for India what the United States has done for Cuba? In any event, India, filled with profound political and economic discontent, cannot be kept indefinitely under an autocratic administration. The time has come when India should be given a determining hand.

In conclusion, there is no affectation in saying that the writer as a student of political science has great respect for the British form of government in Great Britain, has great personal admiration for the liberty-loving individual Briton. At the same time none of us can forget that the people of India are now pleading before the bar of the world's conscience for a great cause. That cause—home rule for India—is as great as the cause of Belgium, Servia, Bohemia, Poland or Armenia. That cause—the reclaiming of one fifth of the human race for self-government—is as sacred as the cause of justice, as the cause of humanity.

# ANTHROPOLOGY OF MODERN CIVILIZED MAN.

BY ARTHUR MACDONALD.

**I**N the organization of a university many years ago, one of the questions which arose was whether to class anthropology under psychology, or psychology under anthropology. Inasmuch as the psychological department of the university was the predominating one, anthropology was made a subdivision of psychology.

But anthropology has long been established while psychology has not as yet produced a sufficient body of truths to be called a science in the rigid sense, though it has made great progress in application of scientific methods in its work. Like sociology, psychology is called a science by courtesy, but this does not lessen its value, for some of the most promising branches of inquiry have not yet reached the scientific status, though they are of great service to the community. Yet the older and better established subject should be the basis. The word anthropology itself is also more directly applicable to man. In fact, all branches of science that deal directly with man's body and mind should be under the head of anthropology. As the modern development of psychology has been mostly in its connection with anatomy and physiology, this brings it very close to anthropology in a fundamental way.

The anthropology of modern man, as distinguished from that of ancient, savage and prehistoric man, is very recent. A proof of this is the fact that the first scientific study ever made of a human being was that conducted upon Zola by some twenty French specialists in anthropology, psychology and medicine. This was published in 1897.<sup>1</sup>

Even the word "anthropologist" in the sense of a student of mankind as it is to-day, is scarcely heard. It may seem strange that

<sup>1</sup> The author has made a summary of this study in his work entitled "Juvenile Crime and Reformation," Senate Document No. 532, 60th Congress, 1st Session.

anthropology has been occupied so little with the study of modern man.

Whatever the reasons for this, it is due time that anthropological study be directed much more to man as he is now, for he is directly accessible to investigation, whereas ancient and prehistoric man is much less so. It is almost an axiom of scientific method that the better you can control the material, the more trustworthy the conclusions.

#### STUDY OF THE NORMAL MORE IMPORTANT THAN INVESTIGATION OF THE ABNORMAL.

While the author has given much attention to the abnormal, yet one of his earliest and most extensive investigations was that of the Washington school children.<sup>2</sup> He also has made numerous studies of the normal in colleges and other educational institutions.<sup>3</sup> Also in the study of penal and reformatory institutions the inquiry concerns the normal mainly, since about three fourths of the inmates are normal, it being their environment which was abnormal. Moreover, the methods of study are the same both for the normal and the abnormal; the study of either one assists in the study of the other.

Within past years the author has turned his attention almost wholly to the normal, especially persons of ability, talent or genius.<sup>4</sup> While the investigation of the abnormal, so called, has its great value, the study of the normal, especially the supernormal, is still more important, for it is better to understand those things which lead to success than to learn the causes of life's failures.

#### SYNTHETIC TRAINING REQUIRED.

One difficulty in developing this modern phase of anthropology is the necessity of extensive preliminary training, because not only anthropological knowledge, but medical courses and especially experience in psycho-physical laboratories are required to be adequately equipped for such work; that is, a synthetic training is called for.

<sup>2</sup> "Experimental Study of Children," published in the *Annual Report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education*, 1897-1898, Washington, 1899.

<sup>3</sup> "A Plan for the Study of Man," Senate Document No. 400, 57th Congress, 1st session, Washington, 1902.

<sup>4</sup> "Mentality of Nations," published in *The Open Court*, August, 1912; also in *The Scientific American*, New York, and in *Nature*, London, Nov. 14, 1912. Cf. "Estudio del Senado de los Estados Unidos de America," in *Revista Argentina de Ciencias Politicas*, 8th year, Vol. XV (24 pages), Buenos Aires, 1918. See also: "Scots and Scottish Influence in Congress," to be published in *The Scotch Encyclopedia*, New York.

I appeal to university students to direct their attention especially to the scientific study of humanity. Let the university encourage students more to take up these subjects which have been so long neglected and in which there are great opportunities to aid humanity, directly through knowledge gained by first-hand study of individuals themselves.

When a student chooses for his lifework a subject in the older branches of knowledge, as physics, philosophy, philology, Greek, Latin and natural history, he finds the field somewhat well developed; but not so in more recent sociological lines of research, as anthropology, and other cognate subjects, in which there is full opportunity for mental acumen and scientific ability of the highest character to carry out most lofty purposes.

The question may arise as to what course of study will prepare one best for such work. I would suggest the following:

1. Courses in psychology laboratory work.
2. Medical studies to the extent of anatomy, physiology, general pathology, nervous diseases and insanity, especially clinical studies.
3. A practical course in craniology in the laboratory.
4. Facility in reading modern languages.

Thus, the anthropology of modern man requires more extensive preliminary training perhaps than any other subject, for it involves the investigation of man both mentally and physically. Such training is synthetic, which in this age of specialism is much needed. Some students should be trained to combine and utilize cognate branches of knowledge. They should know enough of such branches to properly interpret the results obtained by specialists.<sup>5</sup> As such education is relatively new and experience in it as yet limited, it is difficult to designate a preparatory course. I have myself followed the course of study just indicated, but more extensively, especially in medical lines.

#### DIFFERENT KINDS OF ORIGINAL WORK.

It would be too much of a digression to consider the various kinds of original work, yet a very brief statement might be made. What is generally understood in science by "original work" is investigation of the raw material in the field itself (*in situ*). Thus, from various physical examinations of children made by physicians, a new and original truth may be found; likewise by different mental

<sup>5</sup> See "Man and Abnormal Man" (by author), Senate Document No. 187, 58th Congress, 3d session, Washington, 1905, p. 227.

tests of the same children new and original psychological results may be brought to light. But to analyze and combine these two kinds of truths into a psycho-physical new truth is equally original work and probably of a higher order and importance, and requires both medical and psychological knowledge with the resultant insight; that is, synthetic training is necessary. Yet in spite of the lack of such training, much good work has been done, but it might have been done much better with proper equipment.

One great danger of specialism in the study of modern man is ignorance of closely related lines, so that the narrow specialist (if we may use that term) does not understand the relation of his work to cognate subjects, that is, its setting. He is somewhat like a person who is familiar with his stateroom, but does not know where the vessel is going.

#### NORMAL MAN CAN BE STUDIED IN PRISON.

Penal and reformatory institutions are specially suited for scientific investigations on account of the uniformity of conditions which surround the inmates, as compared with the heterogeneous and variable environment of individuals living in freedom. Also, the great majority of the inmates are normal, it being their abnormal (sometimes criminal) surroundings that have brought them to such institutions. Therefore, the study of these mostly unfortunate people is mainly an investigation of normal human beings, and the results of such studies will apply in general to most people. The relatively few really abnormal inmates can be distinguished from the others. It is unfortunately true that some have their abnormalities developed by long-continued unscientific treatment in institutions which are supposed to exist for the improvement of mankind.

#### LABORATORIES FOR HUMANITY.

As institutions for the abnormal and unfortunate classes are supported by public funds, there is no reason why they should not be utilized for humanitarian scientific study, the main object of which is not only to improve prison discipline and prepare the inmates to be better citizens, but to prevent others from going wrong by knowledge gained through the direct study of the individuals themselves. Thus, one function of these institutions will be that of humanitarian laboratories for the good of the community.

A large number of laboratories have been established, most of which are in the universities. But the plan of these laboratories is

mainly for pedagogical purposes. The research work is generally done by students desiring to prepare theses for their doctorates. While many of these are very valuable, a university could hardly extend such work to large numbers of individuals, for to gather the facts, compute and tabulate the results, would involve clerical duties and other work not undertaken by universities. Experiments in the university are generally confined to small numbers of persons who are a special class, so that it is doubtful whether conclusions obtained can always be applied to people in general.

The main object of a university is to prepare men for work, not to carry on their work.

There is need, then, for a laboratory different from those in our universities—that is, one not pedagogical, but sociological and practical, and of more utility to society directly.

#### HISTORY A LABORATORY.

From the anthropological point of view, history can be looked upon as a laboratory for the purpose of the study of humanity with a view of understanding it better and assisting in its progress.

In the past, anthropology has concerned itself mainly with savage and prehistoric man, but it is due time that it take up the more important and much more difficult subject of civilized man, not only as an individual, but as an organization,<sup>6</sup> or nation, or group of nations. It is true that other departments of knowledge, like history and politics, have pursued these fields, but unfortunately not always in the scientific sense. To use an ancient pun, it is *his*-story, rather than all the facts. Anthropology in this new field should seek to establish only those truths which can be based upon facts. There are doubtless many very important truths which cannot be established by scientific methods, but they perhaps can be better treated in psychology, politics, ethics, philosophy and theology.

#### WAR A SOCIOLOGICAL MONSTROSITY.

War is like the shaking of the tree in the hurricane; everything falls down—fruit, good, bad and rotten—dead limbs and worms—all is stripped off—the social organism is shaken to its very foundation and rent asunder—all things are laid bare—human nature yields itself up.

From the anthropological standpoint, war is not only abnormal but a sociological monstrosity, belonging under the head of tera-

<sup>6</sup> See the author's "Estudio del Senado de los Estados Unidos de America" cited above.

tology, a science which treats of monsters. The monstrosity consists in militarism and navalism, driving out humanity. War is probably an anthropological necessity, and if the late war had not come when it did, it would have probably started later, and have been still more terrible.

One of the objects of anthropology is to lessen war by knowledge gained through study of causes, and just as the spread of education and knowledge gradually liberated the intellect, so as to undermine the ideas upon which religious wars were based and thwart them forever, so a similar process of enlightenment may be necessary to cause political wars to cease.<sup>7</sup>

#### ANTHROPOLOGY USEFUL TO EVERY ONE.

As a further illustration of the benefit from anthropological study the extensive use of the Bertillon measurements and fingerprint systems might be mentioned. As soon as false and morbid sentimentality can be dispelled, and the *absolutely impersonal nature* of anthropological inquiry understood, these and other systems of identification can be made of practical value to all people. For instance, banks, life insurance and other institutions could establish personal identity easier and better. There would also be fewer soldiers and citizens with nameless graves.

No one should fear a law-compelling and adequate record of all persons. If one be conscious of some weakness which might cause him to go wrong, the feeling that his identity is fully recorded will have a salutary effect. In short, the more thoroughly anthropological methods are utilized for the study of mankind, the better.

To make the investigation of man more accurate, the time may come when many and eventually all persons will be willing to be examined by responsible and official experts, and after death dedicate their bodies to the study of humanity. If one had before him the anthropological history of his ancestors one, two or three generations back, giving in each case the height, weight, lung capacity, color of hair and eyes, cephalic index, measurement of pain and other sensibilities, mental ability and moral status, trade or profession, different diseases from childhood up and age at death; if these and other data concerning our ancestors were accessible, we might then be able to really know and understand ourselves, and as a result live more rational, successful and happy lives.

<sup>7</sup>See article (by author) entitled "Suggestions of the Peace Treaty of Westphalia (1648) for the Peace Conference in France," published in *Journal of Education*, Boston, March 27, 1919; also in *The Open Court*, April, 1919, and in *Central Law Journal*, St. Louis, April, 1919.



If necessary, stringent laws could be made against any misuse of the records. The eventual benefit to mankind of such facts would be inestimable. It would remove the stigma of our ignorance of human beings as contrasted with our more accurate knowledge of animals.

#### DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NORMAL AND ABNORMAL MAN.

The fundamental conception of the abnormal is *excess* of the normal. When the normal acts in an unfit way, or at the wrong time or place, it may become abnormal. The abnormal is potentially in the normal and is further distinguished from the normal by unequal or less consistency. All that is pathological is abnormal, but not all that is abnormal is pathological. Thus, a hand with six fingers is abnormal but not necessarily pathological.

From normality to abnormality there are many stages, and the difference between these stages is one of degree, and this difference in degree can become so great as to result in a difference in kind. Just as in mixing two chemical fluids, when the quantities reach a certain amount a precipitate is formed which is very different from the ingredients from which it was deposited. These stages constitute what may be called an intermediate zone.<sup>8</sup> In this zone are those who are slightly abnormal mentally, morally, or criminally. Their status may vary with the environment. Thus, unfortunate surroundings are liable to develop their abnormalities, while under favorable circumstances the abnormal may become normal again. Also a man's environment may be abnormal rather than the man himself.

#### NORMAL MAN SHOULD BE STUDIED MOST.

To study abnormal man we must investigate normal man, for we should know the normal in order to comprehend the abnormal. Also the methods of investigation should be similar, for we must have some general criterion or measuring-rod to distinguish between them. It is more important to study genius, talent and statesmanship than it is to investigate crime, pauperism and defectiveness. For to learn how to become useful, talented and brilliant citizens is much more advantageous than to discover what causes life's failures. But as society must protect itself, the abnormal, especially those who are dangerous, need attention. For, however in-

<sup>8</sup> Cf. "Mattoids" (by author), in *Medical Fortnightly*, St. Louis, April 25, 1911.

significant such abnormals may be in themselves, they are at least important on account of the injury they can do.

The greatest of all studies is that of man himself as he is to-day. A scientific investigation of man must be based primarily upon the average individual, who is the unit of the social organism.

#### SUMMARY OF RESULTS OF WORK.

If we are ever to have sufficient definite knowledge of living human beings that may become a science, it can only be done by the careful study of large numbers of persons.

It would take one far beyond the purpose of this article to consider the many original and varied studies of modern civilized man which have already appeared. The author, therefore, will summarize the results of his own investigations, but will state only those conclusions which, so far as he knows, were new at the time published, and were based upon a sufficient number of cases to be worth while mentioning.

The total number of cases studied by the author is 42,375, being either investigated by him personally or under his direct supervision. The author has also made intensive detailed studies of about twenty-five criminals,<sup>9</sup> but they vary so much in age and environment that no general conclusion can be drawn. Should the reader desire to know the methods employed, the detailed conditions of experiments and nature of instruments used by the author in arriving at his conclusions, he should consult the works of the author referred to in the footnotes.

The following conclusions are divided into six sections, the first five of which concern mental ability in relation to physical, neurological and abnormal condition of children mainly, and in connection with sociological and racial factors. Section VI refers to a relation between anthropology and disease.

#### I. *Conclusion as to Mental Ability and Circumference and Shape of Head.*<sup>10</sup>

Head measurements are the most important of any, not only because the head encases the brain, but it is also preserved the longest

<sup>9</sup> Many of these cases appear in *Criminology*, New York, 1894, and in *Le Criminel-Type*, Lyons and Paris, 1895.

<sup>10</sup> Conclusions 1, 2, 4 and 5 are based upon studies in "Man and Abnormal Man," Senate Document No. 187, 58th Congress, 3d session, 780 pages, 1905. Conclusion 3 is found in Senate Document No. 400, "A Plan for the Study of Man," 57th Congress 1st session, 166 pages, 1902. See also article (by author) in *Medical Record*, New York, Dec. 14, 1918, entitled "Anthropometry of Soldiers."

after death and is a strong connecting link between modern, ancient and prehistoric man. The most important measurements of the head are its maximum length and width, which are the bases of the cephalic index. Too many psycho-physical investigations omit the cephalic index and thereby lessen greatly their scientific value.

1. The larger circumference of head in children, the greater the mental ability (21,930).<sup>11</sup> Physiologists have long believed this, but it had not been shown by actual measurements upon large numbers. This also accords with the opinion of zoologists, that the larger the head in animals, the greater the intelligence.

2. Broad-headed (brachycephalic) children are mentally superior to long-headed children (dolichocephalics), which is confirmed by the further facts that colored children are more dolichocephalic than white children, and also have less mental ability (1165).

These statements accord with the result of research in prehistoric anthropology, that brachycephaly increases as civilization increases.

3. Dolichocephalic university students are less sensitive to pain than the brachycephalic (377).

4. Children of foreign parentage (2074) have slightly larger circumference of head than children of American parentage (12,487), but children of mixed (foreign and American) nationality (1912) have smaller head circumference than those of American parentage (12,487).

This appears to indicate an unfavorable result of mixing nationalities.

5. Circumference of head is less in children with abnormalities (2244) than in children in general (16,473).

## II. *Mental Ability, Physical and Social Condition and Nationality.*<sup>12</sup>

Conclusions as to mental ability in connection with physical and social conditions and nationality are summarized as follows:

1. American-born children (12,487) are superior in height, but inferior in weight to foreign-born children (2074).

2. White children (16,473) are superior to colored children (5457) in height and sitting height, but inferior in weight.

3. Children of American parentage (12,487) are brighter than

<sup>11</sup> Figures in parentheses indicate number of cases studied by author or under his direct supervision.

<sup>12</sup> Conclusions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7 and 8 are discussed in Senate Document No. 187, conclusion 6 in Senate Document No. 400, both already cited.

children of foreign or mixed parentage (1912), suggesting that mixture of nationalities may not be an advantage.

4. The lowest percentage of nervousness are found in children of foreign parentage (2074) and in colored children (5457).

5. Children of laboring classes (5890) are more nervous than children of the professional and mercantile classes (6096).

6. Chattanooga boys (239) are superior in height and weight to Washington boys (7953).

This agrees with the belief that men of the Southern States are taller than men of the Northern States.

7. Girls (8520) are brighter than boys (7953) in their studies. but girls show more (15 per cent.) average ability than boys, suggesting less variability, which, from an evolutionary point of view, is not advantageous.

8. As age increases in children, brightness decreases in all studies, except drawing, manual labor and penmanship, that is, in the more mechanical studies (16,473).

### III. *Sensibility to Pain.*<sup>13</sup>

One of the main objects of the study of humanity is to lessen pain by knowledge gained through the study of pain itself. The following are some results of such study, gained through the use of instruments of precision. This may help toward finding the best method of lessening pain.

1. Children are more sensitive to pain before puberty than after puberty (247). Another independent investigation by the author confirming this, shows that

2. Sensibility to pain decreases as age increases (899).

3. The left hand is more sensitive to pain than the right hand (188). This may be due to the greater use of the right hand, increasing its obtuseness or hardihood to pain, and also

4. The left temple is more sensitive to pain than the right temple (2559).

5. Girls (1083) are more sensitive to pain than boys (887), and in accord with this

6. Women (188) are more sensitive to pain than men (142). But this does not refer necessarily to endurance of pain.

7. University women (184) and men (227) are much more sensitive to pain than working women (14). These last two state-

<sup>13</sup> Conclusions 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 are discussed in Senate Document No. 400, cited above. Conclusion 3 is explained in Senate Document No. 187, also cited above.

ments suggest the probability that sensibility to pain increases as sociological condition improves.

8. Blondes, born in summer (247), are more sensitive to pain than children born in winter (259).

If all the pleasurable and all the disagreeable and painful thoughts, feelings and sensations of all the inhabitants of the world were added in separate columns, and the two results compared, this might give an approximate answer to the question as to whether there is more pleasure than pain in the world.<sup>14</sup>

For the purpose only of illustration and suggestion, the author took a record of a government clerk for one day in Washington by placing the number of his positively pleasant thoughts, feelings and sensations in one column and the number of his positively unpleasant and painful thoughts, feelings and sensations in another column. Adding up these two columns of pleasant and unpleasant states of consciousness, it was found that the government clerk experienced 521 pleasant and 158 unpleasant states of consciousness; that is to say, if the experience of this clerk be considered as a general average, there is three times as much pleasure in the world as pain.

#### IV. *Sensibility to Heat and Locality on the Wrists.*<sup>15</sup>

1. Colored children (91) are much more sensitive to heat than white children (1014). This probably means that their power of discrimination is better, and not that they suffer more from heat.

2. Bright children (506) are more sensitive to heat and locality on the wrist than dull children (286), but this difference is greater in the case of heat.

3. Children, including colored children, are more sensitive to heat and locality on the left wrist than the right (1165). This may be due to greater use of right hand, causing obtuseness of feeling.

4. Girls (548) are less sensitive to heat and more sensitive to locality on the wrist than boys (526).

5. Children are more sensitive to heat and locality on the wrist before puberty than after puberty (1074). In colored children (917) there is little difference.

6. Children of the professional and mercantile classes (583) are more sensitive to heat and locality on the skin than children of the laboring classes (252).

<sup>14</sup> See "Juvenile Crime and Reformation," Senate Document No. 532, cited above.

<sup>15</sup> See Senate Document No. 187, cited above.

### V. *Children with Abnormalities.*<sup>15</sup>

1. Boys (1582) and girls (662) with abnormalities are inferior in height, sitting height, weight and circumference of head to children in general (16,473).

2. Dull children (2131) are much more defective in hearing than bright children (195).

3. About 10 per cent. of dull (1214), 3 per cent. of average (3375) and 1½ per cent. of bright boys (2899) are unruly; that is, unruliness increases with dullness.

4. Abnormalities in children (2244) are most frequent at dentition and puberty.

5. Defects of speech are three times more frequent in boys than in girls (8520).

### VI. *Anthropological Study of Diseases.*<sup>16</sup>

The conclusions given below are based upon a study of 1486 college women. The professor of physical culture and the physician in charge assisted the author.

Those (445) having had no diseases are equal in strength, less in weight, but greater in height and lung capacity than those (707) who had one or more diseases, indicative that strength and weight are not necessarily signs of health.

Those (85) having had constitutional diseases are shorter in stature than those (956) who have had other diseases.

Those (54) having had typhoid fever are superior in lung capacity and strength, but inferior in weight to those (1041) having diseases in general.

The cases of infectious diseases (270) are distinctly superior in weight, lung capacity, height and strength to those (1041) with diseases in general.

Those (89) having had hereditary diseases are inferior in weight to those with diseases in general (1041).

Hereditary cases (89) are distinctly inferior in weight, lung capacity, height and strength to infectious cases (270).

Digestive cases show less weight and lung capacity, but greater height than cases in general (1041).

Cases of heart murmurs (185) have greater weight, lung capacity, height and strength than cases of diseases in general (1041).

<sup>16</sup> See note 10 above.

## SPECIAL POINTS TO BE NOTED IN THE STUDY OF MAN.

In the scientific investigation of man as he is to-day, the rigidity required by the older sciences, as physics and mathematics, cannot be followed, for modern inquiry must depend much upon psychology and sociology, which, as we have seen, are not sciences in the strict sense of the word.

While, as a general rule, the probable truth of a conclusion increases with the number of cases investigated, in certain subjects where there is great regularity and uniformity, the results based upon smaller numbers may be equally probable.

The public must be cautious against applying general conclusions to individual cases, as is sometimes attempted. Thus, children with a larger average circumference of head are as a rule brighter than those with a smaller, but it by no means follows that James with a larger head circumference is brighter than John because John has a smaller circumference of head. For every general truth has many exceptions, and we do not know which are the exceptions. If general conclusions are three fourths true and one fourth false, they are valuable, for they indicate the direction toward which truth is traveling.

# ALEXANDER IN BABYLON.

BY H. A.

## ACT III.

**SCENE:** Belshazzer's Hall in the Palace at Babylon. The room is vast and ornate. The walls are adorned with winged bulls, gryphons, bearded divinities and triumphing kings, set off by bands of varicolored encaustic. The entrances are high and pillared. At one end is a lofty throne, rich with gold and supported by carven images of captives from the various nations of the ancient world, chained and bowed.

Enter Kidinnu, the Astrologer, and Calanus, the Gymnosophist.

**KIDINNU:** Behold the hall of the kings of Babylon!

'Twas here they sate, O friend from the wiser East,  
Here in their glory thro' the proud great years  
Of Babel's might. High Khammurabi, here,  
Who from the stars their better wisdom brought  
And set their order for a law to men ;  
Semiramis here, kissed by our holy Ishtar—  
Her fame re-echoes thro' the sounding world  
With swelling tumult! Ah, she was a queen,  
As he a king who crushed to futile dust  
Vain Nineveh, and reared his mightier son—  
Nebuchadrezzar, may his soul find peace!  
To roar with thundrous chariotry thro' the lands,  
E'en to the coasts of Egypt. These be they—  
My race, my kings, down from the dawn of time—  
Who sate with haughty splendor in this hall!

**CALANUS:** Tales I have heard of these, on Gunga's bank,  
Told dimly like faint dreams. We of the East—  
Though our kings, too, each in his bustling day,  
Bray with loud trumpets—we remember less.



KIDINNU: Can ye forget? Oh, we can not forget,  
Who gave such monarchs to resounding time!

CALANUS: Shadows of Brahman. . . . O my friend, thy stars  
Should read thee deeper quiet. Kings are wraiths  
On the glass of the eternal. Thine are gone.

KIDINNU: Gone, aye—but to return!. . . . In this same hall  
And on this crusted throne, Belshazzer sate.  
Harps and singing women and the clash  
Of sounding timbrels fell to sudden hush  
When on the wall a spectral hand did write—  
There, on that wall—words of an unknown doom.  
A cursèd slave of the cursèd Jews read out,  
“God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it;  
“Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.”  
That very night the Persian Cyrus cleft  
Our citadels of bronze, and this wide hall  
Was ruddied with the wine of royal blood. . . .  
Fools in their day destroy us, but my stars  
Still tell that Babel’s crown shall be her own!  
We are old, old, old, and can abide the gods.

CALANUS: In years ye are old, but Wisdom knows no age:  
And e’en these ancient years are but a dream  
That mars the night of Brahm. Behind the stars  
We Indians see a vacant plenitude:  
Ye call it death; our name for it is peace;  
And kings and their ambitions are its fools.—  
But who comes here?

KIDINNU (*contemptuously*):  
These lithe and supple Persians!  
Oh, they too deem them wise—and yesterday  
They hunted asses and clothed in asses’ hair!  
’Tis the Magian Sisimithres, who now hates  
These conquering Greeks as we have hated them  
Who conquered us—their Cyrus and his tribe.  
(Sisimithres, who has entered, approaches the two wise men.)

SISIMITHRES (*to Kidinnu*):  
Seer of the stars, I, who am friend of light,  
Salute thee, and thy friend!

KIDINNU: Our strength be thine,  
 O Magian, as we pray to share thy wisdom,  
 By the Greeks called Calanus, my friend's true name  
 Is Sphines—come from India in their train.  
 He is familiar with the subtle art  
 Of Gunga's sages—none exceed his lore.

SISIMITHRES: Be Zarathustra praised! We three divide  
 The wisdom of the world: Chaldæa, Ind,  
 And Persia—lest the Greek, who rules the world,  
 Have share in it. What think you of the Greek?

CALANUS: My brother, I have seen my kings dethroned.  
 My cities pierced, by this proud Alexander.  
 Think you I follow him for love?

SISIMITHRES: Ah, friends!  
 In wisdom friends, and friends in common hate!

CALANUS: Sick was the day for them they came to India,  
 Snared by the sword's delusion! From Nysa's hill  
 They deem them gods, unknowing that 'tis I  
 Doth fret their riotous souls and daily pile  
 Illusion on illusion. They shall find  
 This conquered East is bodiless, and its mind  
 Unconquerable!

SISIMITHRES: To-day the feast is set  
 Where they will triumph over Eastern kings  
 Seated on Eastern thrones.

KIDINNU: May Nergal blight them!

CALANUS: My art shall bless them. See! . . .

He approaches the throne and makes strange passes before it, seeming to  
 address the vacant places.

I veil this throne  
 With such illusion as Brahman doth upraise  
 To trap the souls of men. Come forth, come forth,  
 Ye bodilessly bodied, when at the fatal hour  
 The pride of kings is faced to Destiny! . . .  
 My friends, my work is done.

KIDINNU:   The hour is near  
Foretold me by the stars. Now let us hence.

SISIMITHRES: My duty bids me stay. Farewell!

KIDINNU:   Strength with you!

Exeunt Kidinnu and Calanus. Sisimithres follows them to the pillared exit.  
From another entrance Roxana enters, hesitatingly. She looks upon the  
throne.

ROXANA: There she will sit, beside him. . . . And he will take  
Her hand in his, and kiss her on her lips. . . .  
Statira will be queen, and be his wife,  
And loved one. Oh, she is so beautiful—  
So hateful beautiful! He'll love her, too!  
And me, Roxana, who have been his love,  
Forgotten in my chamber, with the son  
He has forgot, I'll wait. . . . I will not wait!  
Statira's line is royal; is not mine,  
Drawn from Deioces' house, more ancient still  
In royalty? He loves me, too—did love—  
And he would love our son should he but see  
How every kingly glance is mirrored back  
In the boy's true eyes. . . . But, oh, I do forget!  
His is a world; mine but these little hands;  
And I must wait, wait, for the king who never comes.

SISIMITHRES (*advancing*): May Anahita bless thee, as I bless  
Oxyartes' daughter!

ROXANA (*startled*):                       Sisimithres! Thou?

SISIMITHRES: Yea, Roxana's slave.

ROXANA:   What dost thou here?

SISIMITHRES: To watch the hall of feasting I am set.  
I serve the King.

ROXANA:   Doth Alexander trust thee?

SISIMITHRES: From the day he took the Sogdianian rock  
Magnanimously the King hath prized mine art:  
I am chief Magian unto thy royal husband.

ROXANA: Oh, husband! And this night another's husband! . . .  
Sisimithres, once, ere Alexander came,  
My father pledged me to thy proffered love:  
Didst thou love me then?

SISIMITHRES: With love which yet I bear,  
O starriest of women! I am now,  
As then, thy slave.

ROXANA: Magian, thou heardst me speak?  
Am I less royal than Statira is?  
Less fit to mate the King? And she a queen!  
And I—what shall I be? And what my son?

SISIMITHRES: The line of Media's kings—thou know'st it well—  
Is nearer to the Magi than the new  
Proud line of Cyrus.

ROXANA: Thou wilt help me, then?  
Oh, in thy sorceries is some dark spell,  
Some charm, some potency of mounting love  
Will win me back his heart and meward draw  
The eyes of his desire? But bring me it—  
Bring me it! Oh, I'll give thee such reward  
As queens do buy with!

SISIMITHRES: Where Dusiyara reigns  
There is a rock within the wilderness  
Congealed of frosty dew, from whence distil  
Thin potent potions which we Magians draw.  
But know, O Princess, that in every drop  
Are life and death and love so intermixed  
That none save God resolves them.

ROXANA: Bring it me.  
I'll pray to Auramazda. Bring it me.

SISIMITHRES: The third day hence, when upward toward the noon  
The sun ascends, to Semiramis' Gardens  
I will bring the potion.

ROXANA: Oh, thou art kind to me. . . .  
But whither dost thou gaze? What seest thou?



Being an empty nothing—father's son,  
 Brother's brother, master's man, each a blank  
 That bears the tag "Iolaus." Seest thou me?

IOLAUS: As bat sees bat.

ONESICRITUS: I am Onesicritus—  
 Who may have had a father, may have not;  
 And as for brother, one there is who saith,  
 Puffing admirèd cheeks, "My brother is  
 "The learnèd Onesicritus, who serves  
 "No lord, who answers to no call, but stands  
 "The proper image of a man!"

IOLAUS: Indeed!  
 And like an image empty of the stuff  
 That makes man manful! . . . Poom! . . . Thou echoest back  
 As hollow as a cask that's soundful sucked  
 By slakeless Promachus!

ONESICRITUS: Now chance mischance thee!  
 If thews were matched with wit, I'd make of thee  
 A prime philosopher. But 'tis thy art  
 To fill the cup that steals from other men  
 The wit that thou 'rt denied. Resolve me this:  
 Since thou bearest the cup that heats men's appetites,  
 Is it an honest trade?

IOLAUS: Honester than thine.

ONESICRITUS: Nay, mine is to discover honesty.  
 For that, the lanthorn of Diogenes  
 (Which is the light of mine own sapience),  
 I chose. Now answer: Is it right to rob?

IOLAUS: 'Tis not accounted so.

ONESICRITUS: And he who robs  
 From those who have takes what they have?

IOLAUS: Quite true.

ONESICRITUS: Which is not honesty?

IOLAUS: To steal 's dishonest.

ONESICRITUS: Then thou'rt self-proven dishonest.

IOLAUS: How is that?

ONESICRITUS: Why, cupbearer, so: the wine thou tak'st to men  
Takes from them thirst, which is their own. Theft one.  
It makes them bibulous and gives their tongues  
In artless wagging unto other men.  
Theft two. And as thou emptiest thy cups  
Into men's bellies, wine doth there condense  
The natural rarefaction of their wits  
To heavy slumber. Sleep's the twin of Death!  
Oh, this third theft of thine smells nigh to murder!

IOLAUS: Nay, thou'rt the murtherer! For when thou sleep'st,  
Thou snor'st, and snores are slumber's suicide! . . . Ha!  
Here come the lords. Seek thine own kennel—Dog-wit!

During this colloquy the servants have been arranging couches for the banqueters. Now Cassander, Nearchus, Craterus and others enter leisurely, garlanded for the feast.

CASSANDER: It is not thus the kings of Macedon  
Were wont to lord it—perfumes and Persian tire,  
And heads to earth, and tongues that mew and mow  
Their fulsome flattery. The King a god!  
Amyntas and stout Philip were content  
To be but men among men. Aye, men were—  
Men as well as kings—in those good days.

CRATERUS: Cassander takes this day no Persian bride  
Earned in the Bactrian snows or India's heat!

NEARCHUS: He breathes good Macedonian, which blows fresh  
As old Atlantic's gales. But here in the East  
Avoyaging, he'll tack to softer breezes.

CASSANDER: And here 's the temple cella, painted o'er  
With humbled gods! And here the worshipers  
Will feast and sacrifice, and on that throne  
Will Zeus himself—

(He stops amazed.)

NEARCHUS (*astonished*): By heaven, there he sits!

CASSANDER: What is 't? Not Alexander?

NEARCHUS (*in consternation*): 'Tis no man.  
It is some god.

CRATERUS: In garb 'tis Nysa's son—  
Great Bacchus come to grace the marriage rite!

CASSANDER: A god forsooth! A nummer—a mere man.

CRATERUS: Hephæstion—

Enter Hephæstion, dressed like Bacchus in long embroidered robe, ivy-leaf garland and leopard skin. He holds up before him a great cluster of grapes.

HEPHAESTION: O purple glory of the grape!  
Each sphere more lucent than the spherèd world.  
Richer in ruby wealth, in golden hope—  
Love's swift persuader, in whose juices runs  
The ichor of high gods! By Bacchus, yes—  
And in my veins the Bacchic liquor, too,  
Feeds life with splendors! . . . Ho friends! ho, Panes mine!  
This day there 'll nuptials be! . . .

(He sees the figure seated on the throne:)

What man is this  
Dare steal the garb of Bacchus? . . . Or what god  
Dare sit enthroned? . . . Nay, man or god, not thou  
Shalt have the better of Hephæstion!  
Oh, I am full of gods! and from this throne  
I'll challenge the immortal!

As he rushes forward, there enter Alexander and generals—Ptolemy, Perdiccas, Seleucus—guards with spears, attendants. Alexander, in royal Persian attire, crowned with the blue and white tiara, advances. He perceives Hephæstion, and thence the figure on the throne.

ALEXANDER: Hold thee, man!  
'Tis not for thee—no, nor for any friend  
Of Alexander to ascend his throne!

Alexander, advancing, pulls Hephæstion back from the stair of the throne.  
He turns toward the image seated there.

ALEXANDER: What art thou that dost sit impassive there  
Where kings do seat them? I am the King.  
I'll seat me in thy stead though it cost the world!

He mounts the throne and seats himself, the wraith vanishing as he does so



CASSANDER: Where is 't?

CRATERUS: 'Tis gone.

NEARCHUS: It vanished like thin smoke.

PTOLEMY: As if the King had drunk it.

NEARCHUS: Hephæstion 's sick.

PTOLEMY: In figure 'twas his double.

CRATERUS: 'Twas his soul,  
Or yet the god that seized him—Bacchus' self.

ALEXANDER: Where kings ascend, none stay to meet them.  
For good or ill this ghost is come and gone.  
Bring hither Aristander, my diviner.  
(Aristander comes forward.)

ALEXANDER: Aristander, what means this sign?

ARISTANDER: Lord King,  
From the image that was seated where thou sitst  
Find only joy. It was like the holy god  
Whose cup delights our banquets. For the nonce  
He held Hephæstion's soul; now enters thine.  
Let but the feast its bright libation pour  
Unto the god in thee, and all is well.

ALEXANDER: Thou call'st me to my duty. Let there be wine  
From Persia's richest flagons bubbling drawn  
Into the richer flagons of our souls!—  
Hephæstion, wake thee to thy brighter self:  
Thy spirit's loss is all our spirits' glory!  
Oh, we will make a wedding that shall be  
The song of centuries! Drink to it, friends!  
Drink to the queenly beauty of the world!

While Alexander is speaking, the lords and generals betake them to the couches prepared by the servants. The latter bring in great jars of wine, and from lesser vases fill the cups, which they hand to the feasters. As they all drink to the King's toast, music is heard, and a gorgeous and beflowered procession enters—the Persian Princesses and their attendants.

Alexander descends from the throne and meets Statira, who is foremost of those who come; he takes her by the hand.

ALEXANDER: Royal Statira, daughter of the line  
 That Achæmenes sired and Cyrus made  
 Great in the world, unto the ancient throne  
 Thy house hath glorified I do conduct thee—  
 There royally to sit, Queen over Greece  
 And Persia and such realm as never yet  
 Was woman queen of—which thy love shall bind  
 In unity and peace, healing the wounds  
 Of ancient wars and bringing the golden joy  
 Of Kronos' reign back to the world forever.

STATIRA: My lord and King, 'tis given unto men  
 To know the ways of statecraft. Ye make wars  
 And heal them with the glitter of great thrones.  
 We women harken, though the deep-seamed scars  
 Within our hearts still bleed beneath the shows  
 Wherewith ye do adorn us. It is my prayer  
 That from our union here there may come peace  
 To women's hearts hereafter. . . . My loyalty.

She kisses Alexander's hand. He leads her toward the throne. As they pass Hephæstion, who is leaning in a half stupor against a pillar, Statira gazes for a moment into his eyes. She drops a rose at his feet, and passes on. Hephæstion picks up the rose, looks at it, then at Statira ascending the throne-stair with Alexander.

HEPHAESTION (*in a muttered aside*):  
 "Life is sweet, but love is sweeter. . . ."

Alexander seats Statira and takes his place beside her. The Macedonian generals (excepting Cassander) similarly conduct their several brides to seats beside them, the women sitting, the men reclining on the couches. Wine is handed to each bridegroom. Alexander takes his cup and rises.

ALEXANDER: To Persia's gods and Persia's fair, I drink,  
 And may the wine Statira sips with me  
 Unite our souls in wedded harmony!

Each bridegroom pours a bit of the wine in libation to the gods; each tastes from his own cup and then offers it to his bride, who likewise sips of it. Then all rise.

ALL: Hail! Hail to Persia! To Macedonia, hail!

They seat themselves. Musicians have arranged themselves in the background. Dancers come forward, in voluptuous Oriental dances, to the accompaniment of music. The dances cease, and a Greek Singer with a lyre steps forward to sing the prothalamion.

THE SINGER:

Goddess, whose zone is the star-zone!  
 Goddess, whose feet clave the sea,  
 Imbuing its waves with the anguish  
 Of ever aspiring to thee!

Whose tresses englamor Olympus  
 And weave all the world in their gold,  
 Till the hearts of immortals and mortals  
 Are caught in each aureate fold!

Ourania, Pandemos and Cypris,  
 Cytherea, Mylitta, the Bee  
 Who doth sting with desire and doth cure it  
 With the honey that nourisheth thee!

Implacable Queen of the Heaven,  
 Implacable Mistress of Earth!  
 Oh, purge my hurt soul with thy passion:  
 Bring Eros, winged Eros to birth!

(The Singer ceases and the Auditors cry their applause—)

ALL: Fair sung! Fair sung!

(Alexander leaps from the throne and embraces the Singer.)

ALEXANDER: A wreath! a wreath! O singer of sweet Love!  
 And this gold flagon filled with Orient pearls  
 To match the pearlèd treasure of thy song! . . . .  
 Ho, friends! The praise of Love shall be the theme  
 Whereto each tunèd fancy shall be turned,  
 And he who praises best shall wear a crown  
 Richer than Persia's! Let the wine-jars pass:  
 Whose cup is emptied first is Love's first tongue!

ONESICRITUS: Alethea loosed my tongue when I was born:  
 It needs no other wine to give it leash  
 Than love of truth, and love of truth 's the love  
 That makes love truthful—or tells the truth of love!  
 Weave ye the net of truth: 'twas in her mesh  
 That Ares and Aphrodite lay entrapped  
 To be the laughter of the better gods.

CRATERUS: Sour wine 's sour visage, thou! A man of wars  
 Takes alternate potations, love and life:  
 He bivouacs on the battle's bloody field  
 Or on his mistress' bosom, with a soul  
 Nor Ares nor the goddess can o'erawe.

PTOLEMY: In Greece fair Thais, in Persia Artacama,  
 To Ptolemy's soul bear such a bodied bliss  
 That wit of words doth quite love's measure miss—  
 Whose better answer is a lover's kiss!

(He kisses his bride.)

NEARCHUS: As a sea without salt, so is life without love—  
 Savorless to man and to the gods above.

CASSANDER: Who praises love, lauds women. I praise men.  
 Zeus and Apollo are the gods for me,  
 And the bitter winds of Macedonian hills  
 More tonic than is all the soft-limbed freight  
 Of amorous Persia. Three snares Olympus sets  
 To test men's manhood, whereof one is wine,  
 And one is dainty love, and for the third,  
 'Tis named ambition. Than lesser men no less  
 Kings are in peril of these; let kings beware!

ALEXANDER: Beware thou, too! who speak'st with so green a tongue!  
 With blood so venomous as thine, Cassander,  
 I would not stain this feast. . . . Dog that thou art,  
 Come puling of women into Asia, here  
 To read us manhood's lecture! . . . Nay, tremble!  
 I am thy master; thou shalt own me god.  
 And smite thy head before me!

(Alexander advances terribly upon Cassander, who retreats before him.)

ALEXANDER: Get thee gone!  
 Mine eyes do blister with the sight of thee!

CASSANDER (*aside, as he goes out*):  
 I go—but to return some redder morrow!  
 (Exit.)

ALEXANDER: Am I not King? And does this hand not hold  
 The world's full sphere? Nay, liker to a god  
 Than king! Thriambus is my name, and I

Do will thriambic revelry! Wine, wine—  
 Let wine be drunk! We'll drive this kill-joy out!  
 Love is our theme, which makes of mortal men  
 Divinities! . . . Hephæstion, what of love?

HEPHAESTION (*rousing from his stupor of thought*):

My King, I was a poet and a god—  
 I am a man, blinded with such a glare  
 Of queenly splendor that my words do fail  
 The glory of the goddess seated there  
 Within the circle of thy jeweled rod.  
 Of love 'tis not for kings to give the right  
 To speak. None but the goddess in her might  
 And loveliness can sweep aside the veil  
 That hides the vision, and release the tongue  
 To utterance of such words as can be sung  
 Only in love's dear presence.—Princess, now  
 None other can release me—none save thou—  
 To praises of the wonder that I seek;  
 Thine only 'tis to will that I should speak.

STATIRA: Sing to me of love, Hephæstion—sing.  
 I am a queen, but dearer than a throne  
 Are words of love that thou alone canst sing.

ALEXANDER: How like a shining dust the world swims round.  
 Thin and dissolvent, full of stings and pricks  
 That smart the soul! Is 't this, to be a god?

HEPHAESTION (*at the feet of Statira*):

Love! I beheld thee, Titan of the Dawn,  
 Like huge Astræus touching sea and skies  
 With flowing splendors ever drifting on,  
 While still and tender stars shone in thine eyes.  
 And far thy twain spread pinions had outfurled  
 Their plumes in silken banners o'er the world!

Love! I beheld thee, shining at Life's morn  
 Upon the glowing margent of the Sphere!  
 First of Immortals from Darkness thou wert born  
 To vanquish Death and vision give us here  
 Of the high glories veiled by the opal she!  
 That domes this shadowy mead whereon we dwell!

Love! I beheld thee in thy loveliness,  
 I knew the secret of thy Beauty's pain:  
 How thine it is through awe of Love to bless,  
 And thine through hurt of life to bring us gain:  
 I knew thee as the single conqueror  
 Whose realm outmeasures all the lords of war!

'Tis thou who linkest bonded heart with heart  
 By such a tie that lover from his mate  
 Not whirling winds of Hell can draw apart—  
 'Tis thou persuadest God, thou art of Fate  
 Her elder wisdom—oh, do thou grant that we,  
 Though tried in burning Beauty, grow in thee!

(To Statira:)

Princess, I sing the love thine eyes command—  
 Here where love doth reign inviolate,  
 As o'er the rocks that hide dead Cyrus' bones  
 Reigns death inviolate.

STATIRA: Mine eyes do blur,  
 Hephæstion, with the mists of old desire,  
 And stranger mists of new. To-day a queen—  
 To-morrow I know not, nor all to-morrows.  
 But I have had to-day. I bless thee for 't.

ALEXANDER: Why, then, 'tis thus, that on our wedding-day  
 The gifts we give breed treason to our throne  
 And steal the loyalty of love! O Zeus,  
 Who punishest in kings their arrogance,  
 The arrogance of lovers punish too! . . .  
 Surely to him who teaches love betrayal,  
 Love's prize should go! Hephæstion, 'tis thine!

HEPHAESTION: Words kings can give—but, oh, the truer prize  
 Shines on Hephæstion from Statira's eyes!

ALEXANDER: Oh, now I see! The scales are fall'n away,  
 Methought I saw Hephæstion—Harpies seized  
 The soul of him, and mask them in his flesh. . . .  
 This be thine, thou traitor!  
 (He seizes a spear from a guardsman and stabs Hephæstion.)

HEPHAESTION (*dying*): Farewell, Statira!  
 Richer than Persia's is the crown I wear!

ALEXANDER (*holding aloft the reddened spear*):  
The god is in me, and mine ears do ring  
With clamor of the Bacchanals that climb  
The Nysæan mountain, chasing the spotted fawn  
Through myrtled vallies! I am he who holds  
The peak of Meros, casting o'er the world  
The purple mantle of mine empery!  
Wreathe me with vine, with vine, as I will wreathe  
My world with vinèd splendors, who am god!

He rushes forth, as if possessed of the god, followed by the excited and horri-  
fied revelers.

{CURTAIN.}

{TO BE CONCLUDED.}

## THE COSMIC RESURRECTIONS.

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN.

### II.

An early tradition in which the resurrection of Jesus was his only miracle appears to be preserved in Matt. xii. 38-41, where some of the scribes and Pharisees say they wish to see a sign (or miracle) from him, and he answers: "A generation wicked and adulterous seeks for a sign, and a sign shall not be given to it, except the sign of Jonah the prophet (cf. xvi. 4, and Luke xi. 29-32). For even as Jonah was in the belly of the great fish (for the underworld) three days and three nights (see Jonah i. 17), thus shall be the Son of Man (= Jesus) in the heart of the earth three days and three nights." Psalm xvi. 10—"For thou (God) wilt not leave my soul in Sheol (Sept., 'Hades'), neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption"—was recognized as the chief prophecy of the resurrection (and ascension) of Jesus, as in Acts ii. 27. The primitive Christians considered the resurrection of Jesus the great proof of his Messiahship, and the Apostles define their mission as that of witnesses to this event (Acts ii. 14, 15, 22-23; iii. 14, 15, etc.), which was also put forth as a proof that mankind would be resurrected (in the Messianic kingdom—1 Cor. xv. 13-17, etc.), just as the Egyptians declared of Osiris that "he died not (i. e., was not annihilated in the underworld), and thou shalt not die" (Budge, *Gods*, II, pp. 150, 157).

In the original Gospel story of the resurrection of Jesus, he was probably conceived in the character of the sun-god who is restored to life three days after his death and at the time of the spring equinox as (approximately) marked by the Jewish Passover; with Mary the Magdalene representing Venus as the morning star, and Peter representing Pisces, the first spring sign at the beginning of the Christian era. But the relation of Isis and Nephthys to the resurrected Osiris appears to have suggested the introduction of



two women in a later version of the Gospel story, where we now find three in Mark's version—as if for the morning star, the dawn and the moon. According to Mark, the death of Jesus occurred late in the afternoon on the day of preparation for the Passover as identified with a Friday—"And the sabbath (Saturday) being past," Mary the Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Salome, very early on the first day of the week (Sunday) came to the tomb to anoint the body of Jesus, "the sun having risen." The great stone before the tomb was found rolled away, and when the women entered, they saw "a young man (an angel) sitting on the right, clothed with a white robe," who announced that Jesus had risen, and said to the women, "But go, say to his disciples and to Peter that he goes before you into Galilee (= Circular, for the zodiac path): there ye shall see him, as he said to you (cf. *ibid.* xiv. 28, and Matt. xxvi. 32): and having gone out quickly, they fled from the tomb. And trembling and amazement possessed them, and to no one they spoke, for they were afraid" (xvi. 1-8). Critics are agreed that what followed in the original Mark has been lost, and that the last twelve verses of the extant text is from a later hand—indeed, some of the earliest manuscripts end with verse 8, after which the old Syriac has "Here endeth the Gospel of Mark." We probably have a fragment of Mark's lost ending in Matt. xxviii. 16, 17: "But the eleven disciples went into Galilee, to the mountain whither Jesus appointed them. And seeing him, they worshiped him: but some doubted. And having come to them, Jesus spoke to them. . . ."

In Matthew's variant parallel to Mark's original account we read: "Now late on the sabbath, as it was getting toward dusk the first day of the week (i. e., toward the Jewish sunset-beginning of that day, answering to our Saturday sunset), came Mary the Magdalene and the other Mary (as if for Isis and Nephthys) to see the sepulcher." Then an angel rolled away the stone from the door and sat on it, bidding the two women to go to the disciples and tell them that Jesus had arisen—"and behold, he goes before you into Galilee: there ye shall see him. . . . But as they were going to tell it to his disciples, behold also Jesus met them, saying, Hail! And they, having come to him, seized hold of his feet, and worshiped him. Then Jesus says to them, Fear not: Go, tell my brethren that they go into Galilee, and there they shall see me" (xxviii. 1-10).

Luke has it that the Magdalene, Joanna and Mary the mother of James, "and the rest with them," went to the tomb "on the first day of the week at early dawn"; that they entered and saw two men (angels) in shining garments, who told them that Jesus had

risen—omitting the reference to Galilee, but adding that Jesus had once said in that district that it behooved the Son of Man “to be crucified and the third day to arise.” And having returned from the tomb, the women related what they had heard and seen “to the eleven and all the rest,” after which Peter ran to the tomb and saw that the body of Jesus was not there (xxiv. 1-12). Luke also has a new element in the appearance of Jesus to “two of them,” one of whom was Cleopas (probably originally “Cephas” = Peter), on the road from Jerusalem to Emmaus; but they did not recognize him until he joined them in their meal at the latter place, when “their eyes were opened and they knew him. And he disappeared from them. . . . And rising up the same hour, they returned to Jerusalem, and they found gathered together the eleven and those with them, saying (to them), The Lord is risen indeed, and appeared to Simon (Peter—of which appearance there is nothing elsewhere in Luke, unless ‘Cleopas’ above be an error of transcription for ‘Cephas’). . . . And these things as they were telling, Jesus himself stood in their midst and says to them, Peace to you. But being terrified and filled with fear, they thought they beheld a spirit”; whereupon Jesus proves that he is “flesh and bones” by showing them his pierced hands and feet, having them handle him, and eating part of a broiled fish and a honeycomb. He then tells them to remain in Jerusalem until they are “clothed with power from on high,” and finally leads them to Bethany, whence he ascends into heaven (verses 13-53—with nothing of the Galilee appearance of the Mark tradition).

In the Gospel of John (xx) we find the Magdalene alone at the tomb shortly before sunrise (for Venus as the morning star), and Peter arrives somewhat later (as the Apostle of Pisces); but these mythic concepts are obscured by the arbitrary introduction of John himself in connection with Peter. The text has: “But on the first day of the week, Mary the Magdalene comes early, it still being dark, to the tomb, and sees the stone (already) taken away from the tomb. She runs therefore and comes to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple (the one) whom Jesus loved (i. e., John),” and informs them of her discovery. John outruns Peter in a race to the tomb (cf. Peter running thither alone, in Luke), but the latter enters first; and when they leave, Mary remains outside, weeping. She then looks into the tomb, and sees two angels, who converse with her (cf. Luke); and when she turns she “beholds Jesus standing, and knew not that it is Jesus” until he addressed her as “Mary” (as apparently suggested by the rising of the sun). He also says

to her, "Touch me not, for not yet have I ascended to my father; but go to my brethren, and say to them (that) I ascend to my father"—and Mary obeys. "It being therefore evening on that day, the first day of the week, and the doors having been shut where the disciples were assembled, through fear of the Jews (but probably suggested by the underworld as a closed place), Jesus came and stood in the midst (of them—in spite of the shut doors, implying that his body was then supernatural)." Thomas was absent, and therefore doubted; but "after eight days" (for seven, counting both extremes), Jesus again appeared in spite of shut doors, and permitted the doubting Thomas to touch his wounds. Here the original Gospel of John ended, all critics agreeing that chap. xxi is from a later hand. According to this appendix, "After these things Jesus again manifested himself...at the Sea of Tiberias" (or Sea of Galilee) to seven disciples—Peter, Thomas, Nathaniel, the two sons of Zebedee (James and John) and two others unnamed (as if for the seven planets). These disciples had fished all night without result, and "morning already being come," Jesus stood on the shore, and worked the miracle of the multitudinous draft of one hundred and fifty-three fishes—a similar story evidently having been found in the *Gospel of Peter* (14), where the extant text is fragmentary.

In the extant text that replaces the lost ending of Mark (xvi. 9-20) we read: "Now having risen early the first day of the week, he (Jesus) appeared first to Mary the Magdalene (cf. John)... And after these things to two of them (disciples) as they walked he was manifested (as in Luke) in another form (supernatural or spiritual, as suggested by his disappearance in Luke, and his reappearance in spite of shut doors in John)... Afterward, as they reclined at table, to the eleven he was manifested" (as in Luke). In Acts x. 39-41, it is said of Jesus: "This one God raised up on the third day, and gave him to become manifest, not to all the people, but to witnesses who had been chosen before by God, to us (the eleven Apostles) who did eat and drink with him after he had risen from among the dead" (as in Luke); and again, in Acts i. 23, we read of the Apostles "to whom also he (Jesus) presented himself living after he had suffered, with many proofs, during forty days having been seen by them" (cf. xiii. 31, where it is said that Jesus "appeared for many days to those who came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem"). In 1 Cor. xv. 3-8, Paul says that he testified to what he had received—that Christ "was raised the third day, according to the Scriptures; and that he appeared to Cephas (= Peter), then to the twelve (v. r., 'eleven'). Then he appeared to about

five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain until now, but some also are fallen asleep. Then he appeared to James; then to all the apostles; and last of all, as to an abortion, he appeared also to me." The several appearances to Paul are visionary rather than actual, as is the appearance to Ananias; and both come after the ascension of Jesus (Acts ix. 3-16; xxii. 6-21: xxiii. 11). There is no appearance to James in the canonical New Testament; but Jerome (*De Ver. Illust.*, II) cites the lost *Gospel of the Hebrews* for an account in which Jesus gave his grave-clothes to a servant of the priest and then appeared to James, who had sworn he would eat nothing from the hour of the Last Supper until he saw Jesus risen from the dead; so Jesus brought bread and blessed it and gave it to James, saying, "My brother, eat thy bread. for the Son of Man is risen from among those who sleep" (also in pseudo-Abdias, *Hist. Apostol.*, VI, 1, etc.).

In Matt. xxvii. 51-53, but nowhere else in the New Testament, it is stated that when Jesus died on the cross, "the veil of the temple was rent in two from top to bottom (as if for the mythic opening of the underworld at sunset), and the earth was shaken, and the rocks were rent, and the tombs were opened, and many bodies of the saints fallen asleep arose; and having gone forth out of their tombs after their arising, (they) entered into the holy city and appeared to many." According to the *Gospel of Nicodemus*, two of those who were thus resurrected gave the account of Christ's descent into hell which appears in that Gospel (II); the second Latin version of which puts the number of the resurrected at twelve thousand (II, 1). But this resurrection does not appear as of mythic origin, but rather to have been suggested by the earthquake that opened the graves—from which it is quite probable that only the spirits of the dead were originally conceived as coming forth, just as Ovid tells us that it was said "that the ghosts of the departed were walking, and the City (Rome) was shaken by earthquakes," while "the sad face of the sun gave a livid light" (cf. the darkness at the crucifixion of Jesus), at the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar (*Met.*, XV, 780, 798). According to the *Book of the Great Deccase*, there is a mighty earthquake both when a Buddha dies and when one is born (III, 19, 20).

### III.

The gods who are fabled to have lived on earth are generally conceived to have ascended into the celestial regions after a terrestrial death; and similar ascensions, sometimes in the living material

body, are related of some human beings—these ascensions in some cases being visible, with witnesses, while in other cases they are invisible and unwitnessed, as when the god or man, or his lifeless body, is said to have disappeared suddenly from the earth.

When the solar Memnon was killed by Achilles, his mother Eos (the dawn) removed his body from the field of battle, and he was granted immortality by Zeus, who took him to Olympus (Serv. *ad Virg. Aen.* I, 493, etc.). The solar Dionysus descended alive into Hades, from which he led his lunar mother Semele, renaming her Thyone (= Inspired)), and rising with her into Olympus (Apollod., III, 5, 3—the place where they emerged from the underworld being localized by the Trœzenians in the temple of Artemis



THE ASCENSION OF ETANA, BORNE BY AN EAGLE.

Babylonian seal. (From Messerschmidt, *Berichte a. d. k. Kunstsammlung*, 1908, No. 232.)

Soteira, while the Argives said it was the Alcyonian lake (Pausan., II, 31, 1; 37, 5). The solar Heracles went alive upon his funeral pyre, and when it was set ablaze he was taken to Olympus by Zeus in a chariot drawn by four horses, or on a cloud amid peals of thunder (Ovid, *Met.*, IX, 255-272, etc.); and Elijah was borne to heaven by a whirlwind, in a chariot of fire drawn by horses of fire (2 Kings ii. 11). The hero Amphiaraus, when pursued by an enemy was swallowed up by the earth, together with his chariot; but Zeus rescued him and took him to Olympus (Pind., *Nem.*, IX, 57; *Ol.*, VI, 21, etc.). Castor and Pollux, who were supposed to have lived and died on earth before the Trojan war, were fabled to ascend from the underworld on alternate days; one remaining below while the other is in Olympus (Homer, *Il.*, II, 243—perhaps originally

figures of day and night). Æsculapius, son of Apollo (the sun) and Coronis (= the crow, for the night), and himself of solar character, was killed with a flash of lightning by Zeus (see above), who placed him among the stars at the request of Apollo (Hygin., *Poet. Astr.*, II, 22—Heracles, Castor and Pollux and many others also becoming constellation figures after death). Manco Capac, accompanied by his sister Mama Oello (for the sun and moon), descended from heaven to establish civilization among the ancient Peruvians, and he finally ascended to his father, the sun (Bancroft, *Native Races*, III, p. 269). The Babylonian hero Etana ascended to heaven clinging to an eagle, but fell to the earth with the bird and died (doubtless as suggested by the rising and setting of the

sun—Jastrow, *Rel. Bab. and Ass.*, p. 519). The Egyptian kings, as early as the Pyramid texts, were conceived as ascending to heaven at death, borne by the mythic seref, a sort of griffin. Thus, too, the Egyptian Ptolemies and the Greek kings of the East were supposed to ascend among the gods after the life on earth: and nearly all the Roman emperors were deified by a formal ceremony of apotheosis, a waxen image of the deceased being burnt on a sumptuous funeral pyre from which an eagle was set free to



ASCENSION OF A ROMAN,  
supposed to be Germanicus. Agate  
(From Monfaucon, *Antiq. Expl.*,  
Suppl. Vol. II, p. 137.)

bear the soul into the heaven (see Herodian, IV, 2). From extant representations of such apotheoses we know that more than sixty individuals, male and female, received these honors from the time of Julius Cæsar to that of Constantine the Great. Julius Cæsar was deified by a decree of the Senate, and his soul is said to have appeared as a comet that blazed for seven days shortly after his death (Ovid, *Met.*, XV, 840 seq.; Sueton., *J. Cæsar*, 88). While the body of Augustus was burning, a man of prætorian rank "saw his spirit ascend from the funeral pyre to heaven" (Sueton., *August.*, 100).

According to the *Shah Nameh* (VII, 62, 63), the glorious career of Kai-Khosrau (Cyrus) was terminated by his disappearance at sunrise in a mountain spring, all his followers dying in a snow-storm shortly after. Romulus disappeared from earth in a dense mist and a terrific thunderstorm while reviewing his troops on the field of

Mars, near the Goat's Lake; the storm carrying him aloft, according to the common tradition (Livy, I, 16), while some said that his father Mars took him to heaven in a chariot (Horace, III, 3). Shortly after, at daybreak, he descended to earth and appeared in more than mortal size to one Julius Proculus, on the road between Alba and Rome; and by this man he sent a message to his people, bidding them to weep no more for him, but to be brave and warlike and so make his city the greatest on earth—"Having said this, he (again) ascended to heaven," and became a god under the name of Quirinus (Livy, *loc. cit.*; cf. Plut., *Rom.*, 27, 28, etc.). Apollonius of Tyana finally disappeared when he entered the temple of Dicitynna one night; the doors opening of themselves to receive him, and again closing, while a chorus of maidens within was heard singing, "Hasten thou from earth, hasten thou to heaven, hasten!"—and Apollonius after his ascension taught men in visions that the soul is immortal (Philostrat., *Vit. Apollon.*, VIII, 30). A certain Cleomedes was fabled to have disappeared when he shut himself in a chest in a sanctuary of Athena, and one Euthymus was said to have escaped death, taking leave of the world in some other way (Pausan., VI, 9, 3; 6, 3). According to one account, the dead body of Alcmena, mother of Heracles, was taken from her coffin by Hermes and carried to the Islands of the Blessed, where she was revived and married to Rhadamanthys (Pausan., IX, 16, 4; cf. Plut., *Rom.*, 30).

In Deuteronomy, Moses dies on the top of Mount Pisgah or Nebo (of the Abarim range—see Num. xxxiii. 47), near the close of the fortieth year of the wanderings of the Israelites, and is buried in a ravine—"but no man knoweth his sepulcher to this day" (xxxiv. 3-7; cf. i. 3). In Arabic tradition his death is dated on the 7th of Adar, the last month of the Jewish year (Jalaladdin, p. 388); while in Josephus he "vanished out of sight" on Mount Abarim, where he dismissed the elders with the exception of Eleazar and Joshua; and as he was still discoursing with the two latter, "a cloud stood over them, and he disappeared in a certain valley" (*Antiq.*, IV, 8, 48; cf. Clement of Alexandria, *Strom.*, VI, 15). Enoch's solar character is indicated by the 365 years (for days) assigned to his life; and in the Hebrew of Gen. v. 24, he "walked with God (Elohim), and he was not, for God took him"—where the Septuagint has: "And Enoch was well-pleasing to God (Theos), and was not found, because God took him up (or 'translated him')." According to Ecclesiasticus xlix. 14, "he was taken up from the earth," while *ibid.* xliv. 16, "he was taken up—into paradise," as the

Vulgate adds. Thus we read in Heb. xi. 5: "By faith Enoch was taken up, that he should not see death"; and Josephus says that "Enoch departed to the deity" (*Antiq.*, I, 3, 4). In the *Book of Enoch*, he is hidden and in communication with angels while still living (XII, 1) as also in the *Book of Jubilees* (IV, 21). Again, in the *Book of Enoch* he is borne toward the west and carried alive into heaven by a whirlwind (XXXIX, 3; LII, 1; cf. XIV, 8—only his spirit being translated, according to LXXI, 1, 5, 6). Here we doubtless have the immediate suggestion for John's visit to heaven in the spirit, according to Revelation (iv. 1, 2; cf. i. 10), in which book Elijah and Enoch probably appear as the "two witnesses" who are slain (after their return to earth) and resurrected after three and a half days—"And they went up to heaven in a cloud, and their enemies beheld them. And in that hour there was a great earthquake" (xi. 3, 7-12). The solar Enoch has been identified with the Babylonian Izdubar, the fabulous King of Unuk (= Enoch) or Erech (*Cyclopædia Biblica*, s. v. "Cainites," 6), who descends into the underworld and again returns to earth (see above). According to the *Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king*, Buddha at one time rose into the air, where he remained seated, "diffusing his glory as the light of the sun" (IV, 20); and again he ascended into heaven for three months, preaching to his mother and converting the devas (angels), and then returning to earth, on a celestial ladder (*ibid.* and *Travels of Fa-hien*, XXVII). Mohammed is fabled to have been transported in one night from the temple of Mecca to that of Jerusalem, and thence through the seven heavens and back to earth (*Koran*, XVII, and Sale's note, p. 226). Hiram, King of Tyre, is said to have been received alive into paradise, by way of reward for supplying the timbers for Solomon's temple; but after a thousand years he sinned through pride and was thrust into hell (Eisenmeyer, *Ent. Jud.*, I, 868). Nebuchadnezzar, after prophesying the destruction of Babylon by the Medes and Persians, vanished out of the sight of men, according to Abydenus (in Euseb., *Praep. Evang.*, IX, p. 456).

In the extant text that replaces the lost ending of Mark, the ascension of Jesus is introduced with the simple words: "The Lord indeed therefore after speaking to them (the Apostles) was taken up into the heaven (apparently from the dining-room), and sat at the right hand of God" (verse 19—with the final phrase suggested by Ps. cx. 1, as also in Mark xii. 36; Acts ii. 25; vii. 55, etc.). There is nothing of this in Matthew or John; but the latter makes Jesus allude to his ascension (xx. 17, etc.). According to Luke xxiv. 50,



the resurrected Jesus led the eleven Apostles "out as far as Bethany, and having lifted up his hands, he blessed them. And it came to pass, as he was blessing them, he was separated from them and was carried up into the heaven." In Acts i. 3-11, it is said that Jesus had been seen by the eleven "during forty days" after his resurrection; and finally, on the Mount of Olives, "they, beholding him, he was taken up, and a cloud withdrew him from their eyes (i. e., 'their sight'). And as they were looking intently into the heaven as he was going, behold two men (= angels) stood by them in white apparel, who also said, Men, Galileans, why do you stand looking into the heaven? This Jesus, who was taken up from you into the heaven, thus will come (down) in the manner ye behold him going into the heaven"—i. e., he will descend in the future on a cloud, as suggested by Dan. vii. 13; cf. Mark xiii. 26, etc., and also the ascensions of Heracles, Moses (from a mountain) and the "two witnesses" in Revelation. The two men = angels were probably suggested by the two "men" in the tomb of the resurrected Jesus, according to Luke, followed by John. In the Syriac *Teaching of the Apostles*, the ascension of Jesus is definitely assigned to the day of Pentecost, and it is said in two of the three extant manuscripts of this work, "At the completion of fifty days after his resurrection, make ye a commemoration of his ascension." Indeed there can be little doubt that the forty days of Acts are variant representatives of the  $7 \times 7 = 49$  days from the second day of the Passover, Nisan 16, to Pentecost, the feast of the fiftieth day, which was also called the Feast of (Seven) Weeks—the whole period being a great harvest festival, while the resurrected Christ is the "first-fruit" of the dead, in 1 Cor. xv. 20, 23. Pentecost, on Sivan 6, was finally recognized as the anniversary of the Giving of the Law on Sinai, after Moses had remained on the mountain forty days, during which he fasted (Ex. xxiv. 18; xxxiv. 28, etc.): and Nisan 26, just forty days before Pentecost, is assigned to the death of Joshua (= Jesus; Greek Iêsous) in the later Jewish calendar (see M'Clintock and Strong's *Cyclopædia*, s. v. "Calendar"). Thus there is a possibility that some of the earliest Jewish Christians, recognizing Joshua as a type of Jesus Christ, assigned the latter's death to Nisan 26, and his resurrection to Pentecost. In the first *Toledoth Jeschu* (of medieval Jewish origin) it is said that Peter commanded that the ascension of Jesus, on the fortieth day after his death, should be celebrated "in place of the Feast of Pentecost" (see Baring-Gould, *Lost and Hostile Gospels*, p. 91). In the *Apostolic Constitutions* (V, 20), the ascension is placed ten days before Pentecost and forty days after

the Gospel resurrection, which is thus assigned to Nisan 16—at sunrise, about forty hours after the death of Jesus in the afternoon of the day of preparation for the Passover, Nisan 14. Thus the original Lenten season was fixed at forty hours (Tertull., *De Jejun.* II, 13, etc.), for which finally were substituted the forty days of the fasts of Moses, Elijah (1 Kings xix. 8) and Jesus (Matt. iv. 2). But it cannot be supposed that this typical fast period, or any other Biblical forty days, suggested the interval between the resurrection and ascension of Jesus in Acts: the primary suggestion for which is probably found in the forty days assigned by the Romans to the “dog days” as belonging to the ancient midsummer reign of the Dog Star, Sirius—the Greeks, however, assigned fifty days to this period (see Allen, *Star Names*, p. 126, etc.). As Isis was sometimes identified with Sept or Sirius, and as the reign of this star was connected with the resurrection of Osiris at the beginning of the Egyptian year at the summer solstice (as we saw in an earlier section of this article), it was natural enough for some of the primitive Christians to assign the forty or fifty days to the earthly resurrection period of Jesus, transferring them to the Palestinian harvest season beginning at about the time of the spring equinox.

In accordance with the solar mythos, it was conceived by some that Jesus also ascended into heaven immediately after his resurrection or return from the underworld, and that he shortly descended to earth again (like Romulus) for the sojourn of forty days. In the old Latin Codex Bobbiensis, at Mark xvi. 4, angels from heaven ascend with Jesus from the tomb, in the brightness of the living God; and then the stone is seen to have been rolled from the door (see Resch, *Agrapha*, p. 454). In the *Gospel of Peter* (8-10), the tomb of Jesus is guarded by soldiers and elders of the Jews—“And in the night in which the Lord’s day was drawing on,” two angels descended; the stone rolled of itself from the door, and they saw “three men come forth from the tomb, and two of them supported one, and a cross following them: and of the two the head (i. e., the heads of the two angels) reached unto the heaven, but the head of him (Jesus) that was led by them overpassed the heaven. And they heard a voice from the heavens, saying, Thou hast preached to them that sleep. And a response was heard from the cross. Yea” (all of which evidently relates to an immediate ascent into heaven). In the *Gospel of Nicodemus* we have a circumstantial account of Christ’s descent into hades or hell, from which he delivers the saints or just ones, rising with them into paradise, where he finds the translated Elijah and Enoch and also the penitent robber

who was crucified with him (II, 8-10; cf. Luke xxiii. 43, for the robber); and according to both *Nicodemus* (I, 15) and the *Narrative of Joseph of Arimathæa* (4), when Christ returned to earth he first appeared to Joseph of Arimathæa—accompanied by the penitent robber, according to the *Narrative*. A priest, a teacher (or soldier) and a Levite testify to having seen the ascension of Jesus from the Mount of Olives, according to *Nicodemus* (I, 14, 16); the second Greek form of this Gospel, in I, 14, including these three witnesses among the five hundred of 1 Cor. xv. 6, and representing all of them as having been present at the ascension of Jesus.

In the *Falling Asleep of Mary* and the *Passing of Mary* (first Latin form), when she dies in her old age her soul is taken to paradise by Jesus, and her body is borne thither by angels three days after her entombment; but in the second Latin form of the latter book, she is resurrected from her tomb by Jesus, who delivers her soul to angels, and "He was lifted up on a cloud and taken back into heaven, and the angels along with Him, carrying the blessed Mary into the paradise of God." Thus associated with the solar Jesus, Mary appears to be of lunar character; indeed in the second Latin form of the *Passing of Mary* it is said that before her entombment, "There appeared above the bier a cloud exceeding great, like the great circle which is wont to appear beside (for 'around') the splendor of the moon." (For other stories of the so-called Assumption of the Virgin Mary see R. A. Lipsius, *Die apokryphen Apostelgeschichten*, I, 13).

## THE TURNING-POINT.

BY FRANK R. WHITZEL.

“And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.”—Luke iv. 20.

ALMOST every one of mature age can look back to some incident that marked an epoch in his life. In a few cases it may have been of great immediate importance, as some poignant grief or love, some desperate struggle or perhaps darksome tragedy; but much oftener, no doubt, the incident at the time seemed trivial, even insignificant. Subject-matter for such episodes is still plentiful enough, but the modern field is quite bereft of one particular class of them which, could we but see clearly into the lives of the ancients, would no question be found exceedingly large, probably the most numerous of all, that is to say, omens. Modern rationalism has stripped from nature many attributes in which men used fondly to believe, has robbed it of its terrors, its caprice, but above all of its prophetic function, meaning its power to apprise mankind in some indirect manner of the important events which the future holds in store.

But once upon a time omens were the meat and drink of all classes. The ancients, throughout their waking moments were curiously on the lookout for a chance word, a misstep, a flash of lightning, any circumstance which might be construed as a warning or a promise. Their writings are strewn thickly with omens and prodigies; even so sane a man as Cæsar noted the portents that heralded the battle of Pharsalus. The men of the day carried their belief so far that if they found it necessary to mention anything untoward, if it were but in a private letter, they piously ejaculated, “Avert the omen.”

A number of allusions to matters of this nature are to be found in history and throw a curious sidelight upon the mental processes of our ancestors. There was this same Cæsar’s famous stumble

when he landed on the shore of Africa to begin his Thapsus campaign. "Africa, I take thee!" exclaimed the quick-witted Roman, thus at a word turning evil presage into good, to the no small effect on the morale of his superstitious troops. At Brindisi, when Marcus Crassus was setting out on his ill-fated Parthian expedition, the "hot dog" or "crawfish" peddlers of the day were crying their wares in the evening streets, "*Cauneas, cauneas.*" The hearers promptly noted the identity of the sound with "*Cave ne eas,*" or "Take care, do not you go," and they provisioned the disastrous event of the war.

It is difficult for us to-day to appreciate this firm and confident belief, but there is no question of the fact that omens were regarded and revered as direct revelations of deity, fully as valid to the ancients as later on Holy Writ became to Christians. It is from this standpoint that exceptional significance attaches to an incident briefly recorded in the life of a young man of Galilee, the meaning of which seems to have been almost altogether overlooked.

Something like two thousand years ago, a youthful serious-minded carpenter named Jesus heard the rumor that in a near-by region a prophet had appeared who was exhorting his hearers in a new and effective style. The young man, having himself studied attentively the sacred books of his people, and having also read deeply in the book of nature, felt that here perhaps was a chance to learn something definite about the matters that were disturbing his spirit. He laid aside his labor for a few days and betook himself to hear the prophet.

When he arrived at his destination he listened to a strange discourse indeed. This world, announced the prophet, was about to be destroyed. The Kingdom of Heaven was close at hand. It would be established immediately after the destruction of the world, but it would be open only to those who had previously forsworn their iniquities and by prayer and repentance had prepared themselves for admission. These, as a symbol of regeneration and abandonment of the present world, were required to pass through the ceremony of baptism, a rite little known at the period. The prophet told his hearers that he himself was but the forerunner or announcer of the coming events, and that another person, to him unknown, was to be the real guide into the promised haven. It is of course possible that John did not entertain the latter idea at all but that it arose subsequently among the followers of Jesus to justify his well-known previous connection, but it seems more likely that John really had some such notion.

At all events, the young carpenter was profoundly impressed.

The world as he saw it about him was so full of iniquity, his own people, the chosen of God, were so oppressed both by the careless cruelty of a conquering nation and by the formalism of their own hierarchy that mere amendment seemed impracticable. Only a plan involving destruction and a new creation could give promise of overcoming the power of Satan. Deeply religious in his nature, moved, too, by the prophet's enthusiasm and disregard of consequences, Jesus quickly announced himself a convert and submitted to baptism at the hands of John.

Apparently he did not at once return to his home but lingered for some time listening attentively to the words of the prophet who on his part had formed a liking for his youthful follower. Jesus, so far as we can conjecture, did not at this time look upon himself as any different from the hundreds of other seekers after truth who surrounded the master. But undoubtedly the question soon arose in his mind, Where do I personally fit into the scheme? What is my part to be in the work of preparing mankind for the coming Kingdom? John needed no assistant in his present labor though he had recognized the ability and enthusiasm of his new disciple, and the latter had not as yet conceived of initiating a separate evangel. His way was shrouded in darkness.

This personal question was still unanswered when Jesus, feeling nothing was to be gained by a longer stay, withdrew from the company of John and set out for his home in Nazareth to resume his usual employment. The influence of the rugged prophet remained with him, however, and on his way homeward, possibly even after his arrival there he made some addresses to the people; but in these he merely iterated the burden of John's message, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

But we can easily surmise that the part of a follower could not long satisfy the ardent and aspiring spirit of the young Nazarene. His journey and conversion were well known, and his public addresses had marked him among the peasantry as a man of unusual ability. No doubt there was much speculation as to what he would do next, for it seemed unlikely that he would be content to resume the humdrum life of a carpenter after having been so powerfully moved.

It was while in this state of suspense, uncertain of his mission, groping for guidance, that an incident took place fraught with far-reaching results not only to Jesus himself but to all succeeding generations of mankind. But a preliminary word of explanation is necessary to make the incident comprehensible.

Each community of Jews kept in its synagogue a copy of the various books of their Scriptures. These were not books as we understand the term; they were rolls of parchment attached at each end to a rod. A reader held the two rods upright before his face and about a foot apart, and after reading the page thus presented to view, rolled up the manuscript on one rod as he unrolled the other until the next page was exposed. It was the regular practice for the custodian of the books to bring them out each Sabbath day in order that the elders and any others who felt so disposed might read aloud from them to the assembled worshipers.

As a devout Jew Jesus was of course present in the synagogue the next Sabbath after his homecoming. The hour arrived when according to custom the chief men read in turn from the holy books, and the custodian was busy carrying them from one to another. Especial interest attached to Jesus, and all eyes were bent upon him when his turn to read came.

Now, one of the commonest modes of divination since the world began has been to open a book at random and apply the first passage that meets the eye to the circumstances of the moment. And just at this juncture, to Jesus, troubled by his inner emotion and anxious for a word of guidance, such a proceeding would appeal with exceptional force. Nor, as he repeatedly proved in his after-life, did he lack that supreme courage extolled by the poet, he dared to put it to the touch to win or lose it all. Resolving to cast his doubts on the bosom of God and to seek counsel in the words which divine wisdom should place before him, he took the roll of Scripture from the attendant, revolved the rods to insure a chance exposure and opened it in sight of the congregation.

Lay it to chance if you will. Ascribe it to the personal direction of the Deity if you can. The fact remains that Jesus found his eyes resting upon a passage than which none more significant could be found in all the holy books of his people. It was a direct answer to the questions agitating his soul, an oracle of his nation's God applying personally to himself and pointing out clearly his office and mission. He read from Isaiah lxi. 1:

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord."

Jesus was overwhelmed. Mechanically he handed the roll back to the attendant and sat down.

Let us make an attempt to visualize the scene. Round about the room sat the silent and absorbingly interested congregation. There were his family, his friends, his neighbors, in all stages of surprise at this apparently clear manifestation of divine will. All saw that the reader was moved to the heart by the pregnant and pertinent words which had just fallen from his lips. What would he do? Would he sit silent and let the moment pass, or would he promptly accept the oracle as a God-given command?

As for Jesus himself, his mind must have reacted powerfully to the stimulus. The passage from Isaiah was calculated to resolve all his doubts as in a flash of light. It was the *Ecce Homo* of Pilate prefigured, the visible finger pointing directly to him and the voice of God saying "Thou art the man." No doubt he envisioned all it meant should he accept, the unreasoning opposition of his family, the fickle adulation of the throng, the dangerous antagonism of authority, the complete severance from all his worldly interests. But Jesus had been taught that man's highest duty was to obey the behest of God when that behest was plainly spoken. And he was made of such stuff as are heroes and martyrs in all ages. He must go out to fight the battle of faith, to hold aloft with God's aid the banner of righteousness, to announce the catastrophic ending of the power of Satan, to preach the year of the Lord. Self must be ignored, he was God's chosen agent. He could not refuse.

He sat for a few moments while the portentous message shook his soul; then slowly he arose, and looking around on the waiting congregation he announced his irrevocable decision.

"This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

It was the turning-point in the life of Jesus. Never again was he troubled by uncertainty as to his mission. Never again did he show perplexity or hesitation. He knew that God had selected him to preach the advent of the Kingdom, and he carried out his work with utter singleness of purpose and disregard of personal consequences until it reached its conclusion—or was it its true commencement?—on the summit of Golgotha.

No doubt his estimate of himself and also his conception of his mission grew with the passing months, but his conviction of divine guidance became never firmer than in that instant when, obedient to the Scriptural lot, he abandoned his former life, turned all his energies in a new direction and consecrated his being to the work of redemption. Never could greater exaltation be his than that with which God illumined his soul upon that momentous morning in the synagogue at Nazareth.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

### "SAVAGE LIFE AND CUSTOM."

The interesting communication by Mr. Edward Lawrence in the April *Open Court* concerning "Savage Life and Custom" induces me to add a word on the subject. By the kindness of good Dr. Carus I have been permitted to publish some of my personal experiences among our North American Indians.

First in the Indian War in Kansas I came in contact with Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Sioux and with other tribes and afterward with the fierce and at that time unconquered Apaches of New Mexico in the Apache Indian War. Later I served on a large Indian Reservation, and still later, at Fort Elliott in Texas, I met again some members of the fighting Cheyennes and in western Colorado and northeastern Colorado other Indians, so that I may justly claim some knowledge of our North American Indians. From the most excellent and reliable book published recently by D. Appleton & Company of New York, Sears, *The Career of Leonard Wood*, Chapter 11. *The Indian Fighter*, I will quote as follows:

"No one can for a moment hesitate in his judgment of the inevitableness of the conquest of the North American Continent by the white man since it is and always will be the truth that the man or the race or the nation which cannot keep up with the times must go under—and should go under.

"Education, brains, genius, organization, ability, imagination, vision—whatever it may be called or by how many names—will forever destroy and push out ignorance, incompetence, stupidity."

A vast country inhabited by comparatively few roaming bands of Indians could not successfully hold back millions seeking homes and eminently necessary in the development of the great West. Poetry and romance may pretend to object, progress will ride over and redeem the uncultivated lands.

The wild Western savages had neither the desire nor the ability to develop the great Western lands, now built up with great cities, towns and villages and vast farming lands feeding millions.

Tragic as the truth is—the Indians were not able to move onward or even to assist in the advance of civilization, and so they were forced to move out and give place to the more worthy tenants. Have these savages left any record or even a tradition of any attribute, mental, physical or moral, worth preservation save for the needs of writers concerning aboriginal romance? The white man is here to stay, the Indians contemplating the setting sun. The Indian declares war as would a cowardly thief and murderer; he does not wish

to fight; if he fights at all it is to steal, destroy and murder. *He* can surrender and be clothed, fed, sheltered and protected—not so with the white man, if *he* surrenders he is *always* the victim of devilish Indian torture until life is ended.

W. THORNTON PARKER, M. D.  
Indian War Veteran, U. S. Army.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

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### HAS YOUR CHURCH DOOR-STEP ITS CAPACITY USE?

BY FLORENCE SAMUELS.

There is a neighborhood down-town in Buffalo which, not unlike other neighborhoods in many cities we all know, has been given over to the indifferent interest of a boarding-and-lodging house proprietorship. Fifteen years passed while the well-to-do residents were leaving this down-town section. The neighborhood was going through a process of transformation from a residential district to a rooming-house district, and the church too had gradually passed into a life of drabness.

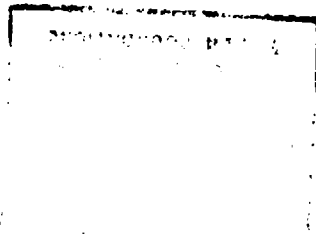
Not willingly was the abbreviation of its life as a house of worship accepted by the trustees and the pastor. Only an ephemeral interest could be aroused among the transient members of the neighborhood, however, with the result that the church, a thing of empty pews, had outlived its usefulness. It had become a temple of disuse.

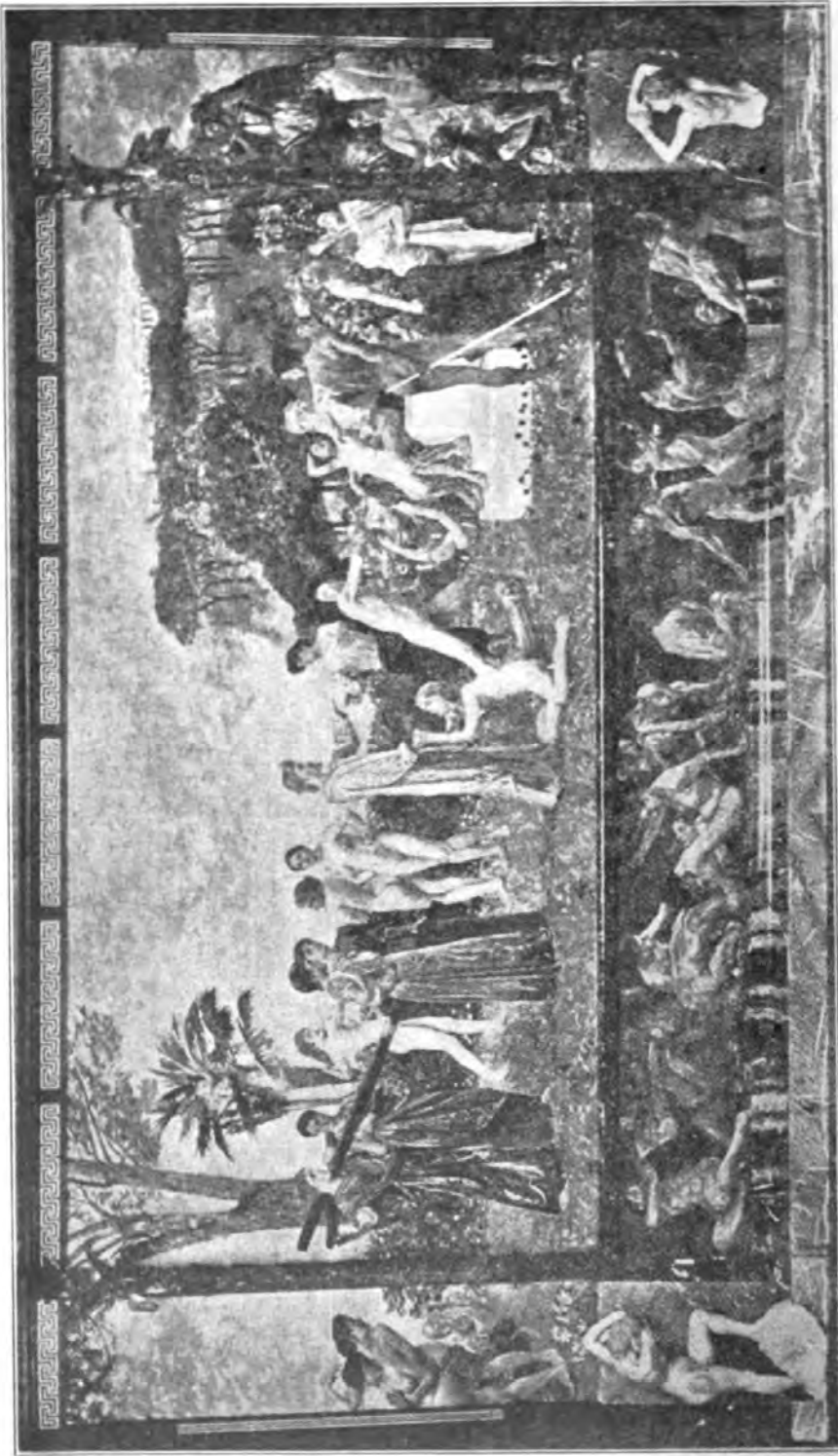
Just about the time the question of selling the property was troubling the trustees, the pastor and his aids decided to take the church to the people, since the people were not coming to the church. They determined to do this by way of *recreation*. That is, they outlined a program of play which would appeal to young and old and would bring them to the church to plan their own self-expression during their hours of leisure—hours which hitherto many of them had spent in loneliness or in an environment planned for them by commercial amusement interests.

The trustees bought a new moving-picture machine. The church woman's club which had not held a meeting for two years was reanimated, its first constructive task being to visit the boarding-houses in the neighborhood to invite their occupants to avail themselves of the new recreational opportunities the church was opening to them.

A recreation expert of the Buffalo Community Service organization helped carry out the program. He interested a song-leader in the church's adventure in rejuvenation and secured his services for a nominal sum. A trained recreational leader was induced to add his assistance without cost. Likewise, a trained dramatic teacher consented to launch plays until the activities had gained so much momentum that they would run on without the initial push of a trained leader. Volley ball teams and a folk dancing class were organized at a near-by office of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad.

It was a big work, a constructive task, and it succeeded. By recognition of the human need for self-expression during leisure time through some form of play, this church management gave its door-step its old accustomed use.





CHRIST ON MT. OLYMPUS.

By Max Klinger, 1857-1920. (From M. Schmid, *Klinger*, p. 151.)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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## THE BIBLE AND PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

BY HENRY F. COPE.

THE question of the Bible in relation to public instruction will not down. At this time the Convention, called by the State of Illinois for the revision of the Constitution, is besieged by petitions for amendments which would either require or permit daily reading of the Bible. Several attempts have been made to secure legislation making such reading compulsory in New York State. The Pennsylvania law predicates a teacher's position on her reading the Bible daily! Resolutions favoring compulsory Bible-reading or calling for the study of the book in public schools are formulated almost daily in conferences and other meetings of Protestants, especially in those of the more emphatic Evangelical group. On the other hand, protests against such action come with no less vigor from groups of Jews and occasionally from the Roman Catholics. Often these take the form of appeals to the courts for injunctions restraining the public schools, as in Wisconsin, Illinois and Louisiana.<sup>1</sup> Occasionally Protestant and independent bodies go on record in opposition to required Bible-study in tax-supported institutions.<sup>2</sup> This indicates at least two things: that in spite of declining church membership and discouraging financial campaigns, religion is still, under some aspects, of vital interest to large numbers of people, and that American public opinion is decidedly sensitive on the subject of the use of the public schools for private purposes

<sup>1</sup> The Bible is excluded from the public schools in eleven States, either explicitly or by court decisions: Arizona, California, Idaho, Illinois, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, Washington and Wisconsin.

<sup>2</sup> Notably several very definite resolutions and "statements of principles" adopted by The Religious Education Association. The Northern Baptist Convention is on record as opposing. A special commission of the Chicago Church Federation unanimously adopted a platform opposing.

## PROPAGANDA.

Why is this question raised? Why this agitation for the special study and use of one particular group of literary products? We have a fair measure of peace in public-school affairs so long as the Bible, and the Koran, and the sayings of Buddha, and the wisdom of Confucius, are left to the interest of voluntary groups and the care of private libraries. Except for the first, unfortunately, no one seems to be particularly solicitous as to whether children know them or not. But with the Bible it is different; it is the literature of the greatest propagandist faith the world has yet seen. That faith has not only sought to win children, it has been solicitous of their welfare. It is not strange that, when so many believe that the literature has vital importance they should seek to use every possible means of teaching it to children.

There are at least two distinct groups of persons persistently campaigning for the Bible in the public schools. They are:

I. *The Ecclesiastical Group.*—Many who regard the matter from the point of view of the churches have a variety of striking reasons:

1. They regard Biblical knowledge as in a class by itself. To them it possesses a special power. They are moved by the traditional conviction that there is a quality in the Bible which, by the contact of intellectual perception, performs some necessary part of the process of a person's salvation. The greater number of the most persistent advocates of the Bible in the public school treat the current King James one-volume edition as a fetish; they are Bibliolaters. However, there are some who simply follow a conviction that Bible-study must be a "good thing," they believe that the Bible makes a definite contribution to personal character or they implicitly follow the tradition that this book has some virtue *per se* which other books do not have.

2. The ecclesiastical group find themselves unable to persuade children voluntarily to obtain this desired knowledge of the Bible. The churches succeed in getting not over twenty-five per cent. of the public school enrollment into any kind of schools of religion or of the Bible. They have totally failed in their program of Protestant Biblical teaching on a voluntary basis. Protestant schools of all kinds do not teach, even in their ineffective manner, more than fifteen of the forty-five millions of persons under twenty-five years of age in the United States.

3. They have been unwilling to bear the cost of placing this

instruction, upon which they insist, on an adequate educational basis. If the figures prepared by the Interchurch World Movement have any significance they show that the average Protestant church is spending less than two cents out of every dollar on its work of religious education, that these denominations expend seven mills *per capita per annum* on religious instruction, and that they provide teaching accommodations for less than ten per cent. of the school population. Demanding instruction in the Bible, while failing totally to give such instruction, they now turn to the schools and demand that their work be done at public expense.

4. There are those who clearly recognize the literary values of the Bible, and despairing of reaching any large proportion of the population or of securing educational efficiency in churches, with an open mind they are seeking some way by which, without offense to the conscience of any, public school children might obtain knowledge regarding the Bible.<sup>3</sup>

II. *A Group Composed Largely of Educators.*—These men and women recognize the Bible as literature. They recognize that its ideals and phrases have saturated English literature, that in many respects it is the source of great and fundamental ideals in our civilization. They lament the sectarian difficulties which, in some States, have totally excluded the Bible from the schools. They cannot conceive of an educational program for the people which wholly ignores this literature. Therefore they are seeking ways by which the Bible may have the same place that any other great literature would have. They are not agitating for its use in worship or for separate classes devoted to its study. It seems to them unfortunate that State laws and Supreme-Court decisions have discriminated against the Bible and prevented it from having that place which would be determined by its real human values.

#### THE DIFFICULTIES.

Now what are the difficulties in the way of the ordinary use of the Bible in the course of a child's education? Here is one of the world's masterpieces, or rather a unique collection of masterpieces; here is the child who has a right to his full literary and spiritual heritage, and here is the school; what could be more natural than to use the school to help the child to become the possessor

<sup>3</sup> Note the systems known as "The North Dakota Plan," for accredited high-school study of the Bible in churches, and "The Gary Plan" for week-day instruction of school children in religion. Particulars may be obtained of the Religious Education Association, Chicago.

of this joy and wealth, this well of unfailing water? He will miss much and remain poor indeed if he does not know at least that of the Bible which has gone into his own literature; much of it will remain as in a foreign tongue, with unknown allusions and empty phrases so long as he is unfamiliar with the songs and speeches of the ancient Hebrews and the narratives of Jesus and his followers. And yet, wherever this deathless literature has been taught in public schools for children, no matter in what land, it has produced only strife, its values have been lost in the controversies and buried under the shattered weapons of polemics.

The fundamental difficulty is that Protestantism has made the Bible a sectarian book. It is almost impossible to use it without taking or accepting some divisive or sectarian position as to its origin, nature and authority. It is impossible to teach it in any way without conflict with private religious convictions. It is impossible to discuss its literary construction and history without giving offense to some person's religious convictions. The very people who are most urgently pressing for Bible-study in public schools would soon be raising a riot if teachers taught the Bible as they now teach any other literary material. These same persons would turn their energies to agitation to keep those profane pedagogical hands off their sacred book. So long as the Bible is the basis and court of appeals by which the various sects establish their separate creeds it has a place in a category apart from all other literature.

Next, it is impossible for the public schools to take over any specific religious responsibilities. The group who are urging the use of the Bible in the public schools for the purpose of religious culture should be reminded that the State encourages them in supporting other institutions for specifically religious purposes, that we have provision in the churches for religious work and that public agencies cannot engage therein. We have settled once and forever the question of religious freedom; we will not permit the civil power to be used for propagating special religious views—not, if we are wise, even our own views. We must protect the civil rights of every man in this respect; in the United States the civil rights of the minority are equal to the rights of the majority. We cannot compel the conscience of Catholic or Jew or Mohammedan.

When that position is stated one meets a singular answer in many Protestant circles. It is asserted that "the United States is a Christian nation," or that "the State is a divine institution." Of course, if this is true—that the State is a religious institution and.



specifically, a Christian institution—it has the obligation to definitely teach Christianity. Yet it might be questioned, even then, whether it should not use the Christian method of teaching its particular way. Can one imagine even the pragmatic Paul employing the police power to recruit his congregation? Is it a Christian method to use the civil arm to compel Jews to listen to the New Testament or to stigmatize themselves by permitted absence? But where did this notion of the democratic State as a religious institution arise? And what are its consequences? If only religious agitators were logical they would shudder at the conclusions of such a premise.

Further, the public school teachers are not prepared for teaching the Bible or religion. This is a highly specialized subject having no experts in the teachers' colleges and normal schools. No part of the teacher's training is projected on such instruction, and as to their fitness, one can imagine the complex situations that would arise in most communities as parents and pastors proceeded to examine, test and rectify the religious instruction that their Johns and Marys and Tonys and Gwendolyns were getting in the public schools.

No agreement is possible on any common body of religious literature or of creed. At least six different books have been prepared by joint committees of Catholics, Protestants and Hebrews for use in public schools but scarcely any use is made of them.<sup>4</sup> They are a drug on the market simply because they are always open to sectarian objections; as a separate anthology such material does not become integrated into general instruction, and the body of literature upon which there is absolutely no controversy is very small and is already in the possession of practically all the people.

So far as the religious purpose is concerned, too, it is a waste of time to attempt to realize that purpose by the formal methods of the school. No one has yet established that the character and purpose of religion are achieved by instruction about the Bible or by any particular body of religious knowledge as such.

It is strange that Protestantism has, in all the heat of the controversy over the Bible and the schools, never stopped to ask the simple question whether anything would be gained if their purposes were successfully realized. Does any one know that children and young people become Christians through reading the Bible? Granting the validity of the literary arguments, the desirability of ac-

<sup>4</sup> In a bibliography dealing with this whole subject, a list of books of Biblical selection for school use is given. It may be obtained, gratis, from The Religious Education Association, Chicago.

quainting all with this splendid precipitation of developing idealism, two serious problems stand out:

1. It is exceedingly difficult for young people to catch even an occasional gleam of the idealism; they cannot surmount the barriers of Oriental customs; the time-mould of ancient thought binds and holds the richest parts of this literature until wider knowledge and maturer thought unfold them to man or woman.

2. If the purpose in teaching the Bible is to develop the Christian type of character there is no special reason to suppose that Biblical information would have that effect. Here is the old scholastic error of general education, the attempt to determine life through information. Learning about ethics does not make the ethical life and learning about religion does not make the religious life.

The current Protestant program of religious instruction needs candid examination. It is in danger, at least, of repeating the tragedy of our high-school instruction in English. By attempting to drill the young in the minutiae of those ancient writings, by its dry textual exercises and its elaboration of learning on historical backgrounds and authors and languages it creates a definite aversion to the whole subject. It leaves students just where the school or college graduate often arrives after the courses in English, solemnly determined to have no more to do with the dreary subject. It effectively crushes enthusiasm with its academic pedantry; literary analyses inhibit affection. There are millions of American citizens with no enthusiasm for their own literature because they were dragged through deserts of dry facts and empty speculations year after year in classrooms. So also there are large numbers who never will have any enthusiasm for the Bible because of its associations with amateur efforts at packing-house methods of dealing with that literature.

The ideal of the present courses of Biblical instruction seems to be to "cover the Bible in the period of childhood." That is what the pedant in the schoolroom seeks to do with English, so that there are no undiscovered countries to beckon the later years, no possibilities of adventures and new enthusiasms. Happy the man who finds authors of whom he had never heard, treasures that had not been yet cataloged for him, and friends, in books, whose lives and motives had never been laid on the analyst's table! So ought it to be with the Bible; maturer years should find it new. There might be keen delight in discovering those bloody Kings and Chronicles if childhood had not suffered from them. That is precisely the experience of the Protestant who discovers the books of the Macca-

bees. It would seem, then, that both literary and religious considerations would bid one pause before urging that the Bible suffer from the intellectualistic, information-packing processes of the schools.

But, whatever the conclusion may be on such considerations, the fact remains that so long as the churches continue to make more of the Bible as a sectarian handbook than as literature, so long as their interests are primarily ecclesiastical and sectarian, the sectarians will remain too jealous of one another and the common people too wary to permit their taxes to be applied to private and divisive purposes. The churches might just as well abandon all efforts to compel the public schools to take over those duties of religious instruction which they have so carelessly considered and so seriously and persistently neglected. And until these purposes are changed the great mass of the people will remain impoverished for lack of at least this one storehouse of religious idealism.

## WHY WAR?

BY T. SWANN HARDING.

**R**EASON is the noblest faculty of man; at its highest stage of development it differentiates him most clearly from the brute. But reason is also a recently acquired faculty and is far from evenly distributed among men. It is present to the greatest extent in the abnormally developed human mind but shades down through the normal, the dull normal and the moron to the lower types of imbecility and idiocy where it can scarcely be said to exist at all. Consequently the mental line of demarcation between man and the lower animals is indistinct and overlapping; many hold that animals reason, while it can scarcely be insisted that the idiot and the low-grade imbecile go through the process.

Reason, being a recently acquired faculty, is all too readily slipped off in moments of emotional tension, and, just as a foreigner reverts to his native language under stress of anger, so we all tend to revert to impulse and instinct in the presence of emotionally exciting ideas. It is only reason at its highest—*sui compos*, as James tells us—that enables a man to view things tolerantly, rationally and cosmically when his lower and more purely animal instincts are aroused. Moreover, many men capable of true reasoning when alone become victims of what is called “mob psychology” when in groups and the flames of emotion kindle them wholesale; they become utterly deaf to the voice of moderation and woe unto him who shall bravely stand forth to rebuke them in the day of their madness. The fact that scientific tests have shown that at least one third of our population will test below the moron grade on an approved mental scale demonstrates the reason for this, at least in part. It would seem that more of the higher-grade minds should be able to withstand the assaults of the impulsive masses, but many factors enter in here, and even the man who thinks rationally in private

finds it expedient in emergencies to cater to the herd instinct in public.

It is perfectly possible for waves of irrational emotion to sweep nations off their feet at peace. Such a wave struck France during the celebrated Dreyfus affair when millions of people ceased altogether to reason and gave themselves up to emotion and impulse. So prevalent is this tendency, even at normal times, that philosophers of the cast of Bertrand Russell question the fact that reasoning exists in the sense usually postulated, but are rather inclined to think that each individual is the battlefield of conflicting impulses of which the strongest finally wins and rules.

Certain it is that there is more emotion and habit in the world than reason. The average man would rather do almost anything under heaven than think; it is so much easier to adopt the opinions that are vouched for by those who want him to think as it is to their purpose to have him think. For there is always a cunning group ready and waiting to take advantage of man's weakness, to gorge him with one side of a case and suppress the other, thus to whip him into a fury for or against some pet idea. Whether the ultimate desire is rational or not matters little; whether the projected end to be attained ever is attained matters less; once arouse the emotion and it will carry on automatically till discharged, whereupon the individual feels a wholesome sense of righteous relief that repays all effort with interest.

To-day we find ourselves for all practical purposes at the end of a great war which was fought ostensibly for ideals by all nations engaged therein. Viewed in a large sense, one must inevitably conclude that the ideals espoused by one side were infinitely superior to those espoused by the other. Whether we believe in cosmic progress or no, in absolute values or no, we must admit that the theoretical contentions of the Allied nations stood upon a higher plane than did those of the Teutonic powers. We cannot think otherwise without ignoring the lessons of history altogether.

In spite of this fact we find ourselves possessed of a peace that is no peace in the sense that we meant to have it; and that we have been duped and disappointed just as war always dupes and disappoints us. In spite of what the past told us we set out to uphold idealism by force of arms and failed miserably, just as the reflective man foresaw that we must inevitably fail at working such a miracle. And now come the halting, stammering apologies of the liberals who went wildly war-mad; who forgot their reasoned doctrines of other

days and, intoxicated with emotion, promised us everything if we would but gird our loins and draw the sword for "democracy."

Had we kept our lofty ideals all would have been different; but just this it is utterly and forever impossible to do in the welter of conflict. While armies meet opposing armies in battle array there is waged continually the conflict between reason and emotion, and in war, emotion invariably wins, however much restraint be preached. The ethics of civilized life cannot be reversed and good come therefrom; the morals of peace cannot be disregarded and conflict remain on a high moral plane; and, most important of all, war is not constructive and is powerless to bring about a reign of justice, truth and brotherhood.

These melancholy facts are not due to man's intellectual insincerity, to the machinations of capitalists or diplomats, or to any one of a number of other things so much as to the fact that mass psychology is so consummately mismanaged, the lower emotions are so violently aroused and played upon by different agencies, violence and slaughter are so unanimously lauded and all rational considerations are so bitterly denounced and so ruthlessly suppressed that no nation, while in a state of war, can act upon high ideals.

This is not to say that war can always be avoided at the present stage of world progress; it is not necessarily to preach the doctrine of non-resistance. The desire is to direct attention to the tremendous fallacy—the greater illusion—that the noblest purposes and the highest duties may somehow be miraculously accomplished by the magic power of war; the doctrine is really and simply that Might can make Right, the doctrine that it was our misfortune gradually to absorb from Prussia to our great disaster.

We do not need labored explanations to tell us why Mr. Wilson failed at Paris; certainly he did not fail on account of old-world reaction. This may have been an immediate cause but it was not the ultimate cause. America began the war in a novel and unusual manner—she began it without any desire to gain material things, without rancorous hatred and in a high spirit of altruism. We had a matchless opportunity to deal militarism a death-blow by obliterating its worst pest spot—Potsdam. Russia had disintegrated, and, if ever, war had an opportunity to accomplish something of value.

Instead of this we soon became mad with emotion; a vicious propaganda was started to lend the white heat of fury and no story was too absurd to be told solemnly in order to deprive us of more reason and to give in its stead the most degraded instincts. We

even welcomed a new democracy with sneers and went madly on and on until man's noblest faculty was submerged in the conflict and only a wild and incoherent mêlée of emotion and impulse remained. In the effort to defeat autocracy in the field we ourselves adopted more and more of the hateful institutions of autocracy; so much so that, spiritually, Germany really won the war.

In the midst of this raging animalism the Germans suddenly and unexpectedly collapsed and we reaped the whirlwind of our blocked neuron paths; inhibited from annihilating the Teuton race to the last babe, we discharged our emotions first in a mendacious and predatory peace and ultimately in mad forays against our own selves in lieu of foreign enemies to damage.

Yet there were and are occasional voices of reason raised in this rude storm of passion. In the *Atlantic Monthly* of December, 1919,<sup>1</sup> A. Clutton-Brock dared protest that we could put no nation outside the pale; that we were really not gods after all, but men, with the sins and shortcomings of men; then he promulgated that rank heresy that we should forgive even as we desire to be forgiven and, in the broader sense, actually love our enemies. While these dubious doctrines from that most dangerous and radical of books, the New Testament, may be looked upon with proper trepidation, this trepidation would perhaps be less if we dared contemplate the war cosmically and in its true relationships.

When we turn to consider the prime question of *why men fight* one is led to wish that all people mentally capable of reasoning might read at least three books; it would seem that the perusal of these three books would be the best preventive for wars of the future—so trivial, so childish and so absurd are the common incentives to collective homicide. And yet the average man could doubtless read these books without changing his opinion a whit, so enslaved is he by habit and so impervious to cold logic by reason of emotional bias. The three books to which we have reference are *How Diplomats Make War* by Francis Neilson, *What Is National Honor?* by Leo Perla and *Why Men Fight* by Bertrand Russell.

Neilson's book does precisely what the title indicates and that most effectively; Russell's book carries out its title in similar manner but necessarily on broader lines; Perla dissects and analyzes national honor or prestige and makes very clear the childish inconsistencies and errors into which our entire lack of any inter-

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Clutton-Brock, "The Pursuit of Happiness," *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1919.

national consciousness leads us. A more complete logical demonstration of the emotional and irrational character of national honor would be hard to find than this clear and concise work of Perla.

To this brief list might well be added Thorstein Veblen's fine treatise on the *Nature of Peace*. In the first two chapters of this book will be found a masterly exposé of the imbecilities of what goes under the name of patriotism, containing also the following excellent paragraph:

"It is, at least, a safe generalization that the patriotic sentiment never has been known to rise to the consummate pitch of enthusiastic abandon except when bent on some work of concerted malevolence. Patriotism is of a contentious complexion, and finds its full expression in no other outlets than warlike enterprise; its highest and final appeal is for death, damage, discomfort and destruction of the party of the second part. . . There is, indeed, nothing to hinder a bad citizen from being a good patriot; nor does it follow that a good citizen—in other respects—may not be a very indifferent patriot."

With an emotion of such character as this nurtured and encouraged the transition to armed conflict is sooner or later inevitable. And until this sectarian orthodoxy is replaced by a more universal philosophy we shall have nationalistic wars just as we had religious wars until sectarianism—without being annihilated by any means—gained a catholic view-point and the tolerance that goes therewith.

Some years ago James Hopper told in an article in *Collier's* how wars come about. It was at the time we had gone into Mexico after Villa; hereupon the Mexicans decided that we wanted not so much to take Villa as to take Mexico, and Carranza said "Get out!" We replied that we would get out when Carranza properly policed the border. Carranza dispatched troops for this purpose. Thereupon we shook our heads and wisely said, "Why are these troops in Chihuahua? D—n funny business. Going to attack us, eh?" And Hopper commented—"Such is human nature—and thus wars come." And it is alas true. About just such microscopically trivial things do men fight.

Men fight because they will be realists; because they postulate nations as personalities and not as aggregations of individuals like unto themselves. They will revert to the universalism of old Albertus Magnus and look askance at nominalism. "What is honor? A word. What is that word honor? Air—a trim reckoning." Hear that incorrigible nominalist Falstaff; but do we usually agree with him? Or with stoic Brutus who in deep despair cried "Alas! I



have found thee, Virtue, but an empty name." Virtue had been to him a reality and he had seen it so in the same positive fashion as he had seen his own wife.

It is the unconscious realism of humanity that makes up the glory and the heroism of life, and that makes war possible. "Men die, not for a statement of fact, but for the Truth; not for a name, but for an ideal reality! not for a territory with its inhabitants, but for a country; not for a piece of colored cloth on a staff, but for a flag!" What is honor? Air? Indeed! Men fight because of their profound, quite scholastic, realism.

Here might be quoted with profit satirical Dean Swift's delicious remarks entitled *A Digression on the Nature, Usefulness and Necessity of Wars and Quarrels*. Therein may be found the following pithy sayings which help still further to show why men fight. "War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want. . . . Every man fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself. . . . Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. . . . Most professions would be useless if all were peaceable." To read this is to laugh, and yet we should be careful how we laugh; for when we come right down to brass tacks it is just such silly and absurd things as these that start wars.

Arthur Ponsonby<sup>2</sup> declared that "the inevitable clamor which arises on the outbreak of war is construed as popular approval." He explains that the people are kept in ignorance of foreign affairs and of diplomacy generally, but that things are so explained to them and news is so colored at the outbreak of war that the part of diplomacy in bringing it about is obscured. He remarks that the *London Times* of November 23, 1912, admitted that diplomats alone caused war. Imagine what would have happened had the *Times* dared print such an opinion in 1915! In 1912 it was safe to reason about such matters; in 1915 it was unsafe to do anything other than to cater to the wild emotions of the blood-intoxicated populace.

Roland Hugins<sup>3</sup> repeats the old story of how England was in 1906 secretly committed to act in concert with France in any case of war with Germany, though Lord Grey repeatedly denied such a fact when interrogated in the Commons. He declared further that the *London Times* of March 12, 1915, said "Herr von Bethmann-

<sup>2</sup> Arthur Ponsonby, *Democracy and Diplomacy*.

<sup>3</sup> Roland Hugins, *Germany Misjudged*.

Hollweg is quite right. Even had Germany not invaded Belgium, honor and *interest* would have united us with France." It seems more than probable that England was diplomatically bound to her allies more stringently than her people or her parliament for a moment suspected; that a small coterie of diplomats can so bind over an entire nation is absolutely wrong, regardless of the merits and demerits in this particular instance.

It is also to be remembered that the Crimean War is said to have been partly brought about by Lord Stratford de Redclyffe who boasted to Lord Bath that he would get back at the Czar for a personal grudge by fomenting a war! How easily the man in power can foment a war is demonstrated by Bismarck's faked telegram which placed the foolish and bellicose Napoleon III in such a position that he could not avoid a conflict. However, there were two sides to this war, as to any other; the emperor is known to have shouldered the entire blame for the conflict of 1870 in a letter to a friend. W. Morton Fullerton, a good apostle of militarism,<sup>4</sup> absolves France for 1870 on the theory that Napoleon III did not truly represent her; this appears to be dangerous doctrine because it would absolve the Germany of 1914 on the theory that the Kaiser did not represent his people—though emotionalists have proven both that William II was and was not a power in his empire—in either case entirely to their own satisfaction. The words written by Napoleon III to the Comtesse de Mercy-Argenteau just after Frankfurt nevertheless remain; they are—"I admit, we were the aggressors." We are willing to admit that this paragraph proves neither side of the case; what it does prove is the utter triviality of the causes which often lead to wholesale murder.

In the case of the Boer War we have a conflict which is now viewed apologetically and with shame by the more clear-thinking and equitable inhabitants of the victorious nation. In *The War in South Africa* J. A. Hobson very clearly analyzes this predatory struggle, showing first how lies, carefully used, can cause a war, and then how they were used in this instance. He declares that his nation scorned arbitration and that a letter from President Steyn of the Orange Free State was mutilated for public consumption in a way strikingly Bismarckian, for Sir A. Milner omitted from its contents anything that would have tended toward peaceful sentiment and made it appear exaggeratedly bellicose. The chapter entitled "A Chartered Press" is a classic exposé of the diabolical activities of this institution when set to war-making. In another

<sup>4</sup> W. Morton Fullerton, *Problems of Power*.

volume<sup>5</sup> Hobson explains how imperialism and colonialism connived together to cause this unfortunate war and to put the Boer States under the British flag.

Sydney Low is quoted<sup>6</sup> as saying that Cecil Rhodes admitted all British grievances could have been solved without war, but that he wanted the territory from the Cape to the Zambesi, a suzerainty to which the Boer States could not agree. While the Boers were, during the war, described as most inferior people, immediately after the war was won they were praised extravagantly as virile additions to the empire by their former defamers—Grey, Froude, Geo. Colley, Hercules Robinson, Bishop Colenso, Kitchener and the London *Standard*. The amount of reasoning in such procedure could scarcely be detected microscopically. Furthermore, England hastened to adopt the same harsh attitude toward the native for which she avowedly went into the war to chastise the Boers, and the Boers themselves were permitted to mistreat British Indian subjects as much as they liked. So much for the ultimate moral value of war: for once the aroused emotion has its psychological discharge there is utter indifference to the ideals which were used as a cloak of self-righteousness to camouflage simple aggrandizement.

Alfred Hoyt Granger<sup>7</sup> says England now admits that the famous Kruger telegram was not written by the Kaiser and that while France and Holland rapturously received Kruger on his European visit, he was spurned by William II. Hobson furthermore declares that Rhodes "used the legislature of Cape Colony to support and strengthen the diamond monopoly of the De Beers, while from De Beers he financed the Raid, debauched the constituencies of Cape Colony, and bought the public press in order to engineer the war, which was to win him full possession of his great 'thought,' the North." It is plain that men fought in this instance for very uncertain ideals at least, if not purely for material gain and the love of fight.

We American have had our own unnecessary wars, there being the Mexican debauch, which General Grant himself condemned as unnecessary, and the Spanish war. In the latter instance Spain was apparently willing to grant our every contention<sup>8</sup> and McKinley was quite as anxious to avoid war as Spain, but propaganda had succeeded so admirably in inflaming the ill-controlled emotions of

<sup>5</sup> J. A. Hobson, *Diplomacy After the War*.

<sup>6</sup> E. D. Morel, *Germany and Morocco*.

<sup>7</sup> Alfred Hoyt Granger, *England's World Empire*.

<sup>8</sup> David Starr Jordan, *War and Waste*.

the masses that armed conflict was inevitable. Individuals sadly lack "the power to suspend belief in the presence of an emotionally exciting idea"; what can we expect of emotions *en masse* where intellect is necessarily at the low, average level?<sup>9</sup> William Graham Sumner<sup>10</sup> uses this war to demonstrate the fallacies of militaristic philosophy; he also calls attention to the fact that we blandly forced our "civilization" on the Phillipines although we fought Spain for forcing hers upon them, and that the ideas of the nations for the betterment of the "uncivilized" are mutually antagonistic.

David Starr Jordan<sup>11</sup> holds that the Italo-Turk War was largely fomented by the Bank of Rome, that it was tolerated both by Britain and Germany because each of them hoped to win Italy to their Alliance; and that the real victors were the French bankers who finally stepped in and, with a wave of the hand, stopped the war to prevent Turkey from being too badly beaten! Prof. Francis Delaisi of Paris admitted that France was vitally interested in the Balkan War and this "vital interest" was, of course, pecuniary; French money helped both sides in the contest. Nor was this "France" considered abstractly and in a sense in which no country exists; it was individual French investors who thus cheerfully prolonged war when it was at a distance; and these were the same French who wailed so miserably when exposed to it at close range.

It is well known that while internationalistic labor is looked upon as most wicked, the internationalism of armament trusts was accepted quite amiably. In 1913 Turkey, an ally of Germany, contracted with the English firm of Armstrong-Vickers to reorganize her naval yards. Krupp and Schneider-Creusot were partners in developing the Algerian iron fields while the British arms trust had branches in Italy, which country stood in enemy alliance. Furthermore, the celebrated Mulliner scare, formulated by a munition's man to the effect that Germany was secretly constructing battleships, helped the armament men increase their dividends and made war more inevitable in 1914.

Again, it is almost impossible for us to realize that it was an actual fact that England's phrase "Mistress of the Seas" appeared quite as menacing to Germany as did Germany's "place in the sun" doctrine to England. Never will we see ourselves as others see us. Even our Monroe Doctrine, denuded of the extenuating associations with which we habitually surround it in our own minds, appeared

<sup>9</sup> William James, *Psychology*.

<sup>10</sup> William Graham Sumner, *War*.

<sup>11</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 8.

formidable and perplexing to Europe generally.<sup>12</sup> As W. L. Grane said,<sup>13</sup> however much England felt that her fleet was for purely defensive purposes (and she largely did feel so), Germany could not, in the very nature of things, view it otherwise than as a menace. And W. Morton Fullerton<sup>14</sup> quotes Mr. Goshen as declaring in 1898 that this navy must be increased against Russia and might even be needed against the United States. Certainly men imbued with big navy ideas fight about trivialities quite as readily as do men of big army ideas; and while it is not intended to minimize German militarism in the least, it is apparent that we have studiously ignored our own side of the case while giving the other side pitiless publicity.

A commercially unimportant piece of territory like Morocco, which would be more valuable to all nations concerned if it were internationalized, has been made a test of prestige between two proud countries presumably inhabited by adults and not by boasting boys in their early teens. Should any one care to investigate the deplorable morals of the powers generally in regard to this celebrated affair, their infinitely petty bickerings with one another, their endless machinations and trickeries, their wholesale lies to the world and their underhanded dealings in secret, their disregard for treaties and for their solemn word of honor, their flagrant neglect of all that is good and just and true and rational and honorable—let him peruse *Germany and Morocco* by E. D. Morel. A more terrible exposé of the shamelessness of governments could scarcely be written.

Then too, purely faked causes can bring about war. At Algieras France pledged herself faithfully to respect the independence of Morocco. Subsequently the Sultan was deliberately encouraged in extravagance and France repeatedly expanded her police zone, always backed up by England. In spite of the fact that France needed money at home she made a loan of \$10,000,000 to the Sultan with a "rake-off" to her bankers of \$2,500,000. Clashes with the natives were repeatedly provoked—one in particular by deliberate French violation of a native cemetery—and each clash resulted in further French seizures. More money was continually forced on the Sultan; enormous bills were presented to him for damage inflicted upon French troops (*sic*); French writers faked stories of the dangers Europeans underwent in Fez, and finally, when public opinion was sufficiently inflamed, Fez was seized—and Germany protested French aggression in violation of her agreement. Such

<sup>12</sup> Cf. Max Eastman, *Understanding Germany*.

<sup>13</sup> W. L. Grane, *The Passing of War*.

<sup>14</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 4.

was French morality when desirous of more territory. Of the morality of protesting Germany we have subsequently had nauseating evidence.<sup>15</sup>

We must remember here and always that "France," "Germany," etc., are purely abstract terms frequently representing nothing more than the private opinions, grudges and ambitions of a small group of men who have managed to collect power into their own hands: a plebiscite on any question—with all the facts known—might result very differently. The Social Democrats, for instance, might really have represented Germany since they were her most numerous party. There are always antagonistic elements within a state and there is no nationalistic boundary-line to the ills of the downtrodden. When a few unscrupulous men are no longer able to throttle a country, to diffuse and to repress facts as they see fit and to play upon mass psychology in order to attain whatever end—good or bad—they may have in mind; more certainly when men begin to reason and cease to be herded like impulsive animals, an international consciousness of race solidarity will take the place of petty fratricidal bickerings and human life will become vastly more pleasant, and obviously more rational.

The unthinking masses are quite bad enough without giving them any particular incentive to slaughter. It may be remembered that American sentiment, aroused by unscrupulous public men, once demanded war with England over absolutely nothing. In 1896 Cullom was denouncing Britain roundly; Dickinson was calling her a sinister intriguer; Lodge was declaring we must strike her; Jos. Hawley saw her as our natural enemy; Rear-Admiral Belknap insisted that her growing navy must be crushed; John B. Wilson lauded war as a good thing and would have seen the Stars and Stripes over the whole of North America; Ambrose Bierce advised that we pray for war with England, and the dear, old blind Chaplain of the House furnished the required prayers while the press howled in rage. President Cleveland stepped into the mass brainstorm with a totally unnecessary and extremely bigoted near-ultimatum, and those who counseled moderation were, as is usual, denounced as traitors and pro-enemy.

Fortunately, there were sane and intelligent men guiding the destinies of England at the time, and a silly and disastrous war was averted in spite of our contentiousness. In a short while Spain felt the glowing ardor of our patriotism, this time deflected toward Cuba, for ulterior motives certainly, because the infinitely worse

<sup>15</sup> Cf. John Haynes Holmes, *New Wars for Old*.

sufferings of other American republics under cruel dictators had failed to move us. This time public men, the press and the pulpit prevailed in bringing about a war which was, in the usual fashion, demonstrated to be necessary, righteous and forced upon us. Yet, be it noted, we found similar bellicose struttings most abominable and most tremendously menacing in pre-war Germany!

For Germany was vastly misunderstood by outsiders, just as any nation is so misunderstood.<sup>16</sup> Dr. Labberton has called them a contemplative nation of poets and thinkers whose devotion to the inner life rendered them easily misjudged and certainly peculiar. Perhaps this explanation is as good as any other. The central point is that no nation sees facts relating to itself other than in a halo of meaningful associations and interpretive limitations which are unknown to any other people. To us "America for Americans" is wholesome and reasonable; to the Japanese "Asia for Asiatics" is the same; yet each nation finds the phrase of the other at least perplexing if not positively irritating. Pile these misunderstandings together, add thereto armaments in equal quantity, garnish with diplomatic subterfuge and underhanded dealings, season with the most acrid emotions and you invariably produce war.

In the case of the Great War we at first adopted a holier-than-thou attitude and deplored the insanity of Europe; public men, pulpit and press agreed here. With the events culminating in the "Lusitania" a wave of emotion swept pulpit, press and public, and war seemed inevitable; but Mr. Wilson—then against preparedness—did not wish our country an armed camp, and Mr. Daniels "refused to lose his head because some people were nervous"—in short, the government, for some reason, saw fit to avert war. Mass emotion at its very height was held in leash, demonstrating again how easily war can be prevented if an intelligent and reasoning government desires to prevent it.

Ultimately a change came about; precisely why it is too early to predicate, nor are the facts available. Eventually the Senate declared for war in almost the same terms that had ornamented Reichstag debate for years, and Roosevelt matched Treitschke in truculence. At the time when a friendly gift of a billion or of five billions to the sufferers from the war would have done more to demonstrate that one nation at least stood for the highest things, the vacillate ministry was forsaking a peace-loving Christ as too

<sup>16</sup> Cf. J. H. Labberton, *Belgium and Germany*; also *op. cit.*, p. 12 and Sigmund Freud's very rational little volume *Reflections on War and Death*.

idealistic and demanding blood and destruction.<sup>17</sup> In short, we finally forsook the hard and bitter path of idealism and nobility and took what seemed to appear the easy way to a New World—that which led by paths of glory through fields of gore.

And, "since the ethical values involved in any given international contest are substantially of the nature of after-thought or accessory, they may safely be left on one side in any endeavor to understand or to account for any given outbreak of hostilities. The moral indignation of both parties to the quarrel is to be taken for granted, as being the statesman's chief and necessary ways and means of bringing any warlike enterprise to a head and floating it to a creditable finish. It is a precipitate of the partisan animosity that inspires both parties and holds them to their duty of self-sacrifice and devastation, and at its best it will chiefly serve as a cloak of self-righteousness to extenuate any exceptionally profligate excursions in the conduct of hostilities."<sup>18</sup>

We went in ourselves. We should not be criticized for the plunge if half the things we claimed that we could thus attain could have been thus attained. The incidence of regret falls upon the fact that we were not sufficiently reflective and reasoning animals to then postulate how miserable our failure would be. That it was a failure the results demonstrate, and any good that came after the war and after the efforts of the inept Supreme Council of Paris, came in spite of these agencies and in no sense because of them.

<sup>17</sup> Fred. Lynch, *The Challenge*.

<sup>18</sup> Thorstein Veblen, *The Nature of Peace*.



# ALEXANDER IN BABYLON.

BY H. A.

## ACT IV.

SCENE: The Hanging Gardens. The time is early morning and from the summits of the temple pyramids in the near distance rise lazy wisps of smoke into the sunny air.

Enter Cassander and Iolaus.

CASSANDER: Thou art new come from attendance on the King,  
My brother?

IOLAUS: Yes—if attendance it be called.  
To keep in eye his hourly changing mood  
Is more pursuit than service.

CASSANDER: What is his state?

IOLAUS: No state at all—his soul is like a wind,  
Now chasing laughing Dryads mid spun leaves,  
Now hurtling clouds 'gainst granite mountain peaks.

CASSANDER: Why, who would guess? My brother grown fantastic!  
This windy soul hath caught thee in its breeze!

IOLAUS: Who waits on Alexander reads his mood  
And mirrors back its image—safety 's there,  
Hadst thou the wit for this thy bones would be  
Securer of their flesh.

CASSANDER: Aye, craft is thine,  
As bluntness mine. Antipater did well  
To hostage thee, not me, to Alexander.  
But keep thy craft sharp-whet.—Who comes here?

IOLAUS: Console thy tender courage! 'Tis not the King.

(Enter Nearchus, Craterus, Ptolemy, Onesicritus.)

ONESICRITUS: Hail, man of Macedon! The sun still shines  
On thine attachèd head? I had supposed  
That thou wert gone to greet Hephæstion.

CASSANDER: Quiet thy bark! Three-headed Cerberus  
Roars not more dismal. From the camp, I come.

PTOLEMY: Where stand the soldiers?

CASSANDER: Grieved for Hephæstion,  
But doubly grieved that gilded Persians make  
The nearest guard of Alexander's body.

CRATERUS: Yes, I am dispossessed, and Persian boys  
With moon-shaped scimitars now take the place  
Of Macedonian swords.

NEARCHUS: That Philip's son  
Should so forget King Philip's men! With me,  
While he was but a boy, he learned to use  
Blade and sarissa, the while I told him tales  
Of lands beyond the seas no Greek had known  
And misty worlds to conquer. Now, I am old.

CASSANDER: He thinks him god, and all the world a gem  
To toy upon his finger!

ONESICRITUS: Cassander's luck!  
Thus kings' disfavor sickens piety!

CASSANDER: Favor or none, the peril is as near;  
Hephæstion was his friend.

PTOLEMY: The world 's too big—  
For one to rule this unpartitioned sphere  
Is pride that tempts the anger of the gods.  
'Twere best divided.

(A fanfare of Oriental trumpets is heard.)

IOLAUS: 'Tis the King returning.  
The priests have made him morning sacrifice.

CASSANDER: Stay you who have learned the Eastern bows and scrapes:  
My neck 's too stiff for them. I go.

ONESICRITUS: Wise, wise!  
That same stiff neck is none too soundly jointed!

Enter, from the stair, Alexander surrounded by a body of Persian youths gorgeously robed and armed with curved swords. Alexander is in the flowing robes of the god Dionysus, thyrsus in hand.

ALEXANDER: The smoke is in my nostrils and the fires  
Of sacrifice within my body burn!  
Sweet-savored blood! How many battlefields  
Have been mine altars and what hecatombs  
Have burning cities offered up to me!  
Was ever such a god in high Olympus?  
Zeus, Zeus himself is jealous of my might  
And rocks uneasy on his cloudy throne!  
Ha! Bow, ye Immortals, to your conqueror! . . . .

(He sees the generals.)

What men be these, that stand them thus unbent  
In Alexander's presence? Down, slaves, down!  
Ere in my spirit's burning ye be caught!

(The generals bow down to Alexander. His manner changes.)

Good men, good men they are—wise generals:  
This one is Ptolemy, Craterus this one 's called,  
And old Nearchus who held me on his knee—  
The rime sea-salt had grizzled all his beard  
There where I plucked it—good men, good men all,  
And priests that on many a bloody day  
Slaked my desire with blood! Farewell, my friends:  
I go to receive the homage of the Sun:  
He'll kiss my hand, and I shall bid him bear  
The image of my glory zenith high!

(Exit Alexander, with Persians.)

CRATERUS: Now Zeus defend King Alexander!

ONESICRITUS: Tst!

I pray defense for us from Father Zeus!  
There is a maxim of the Delphian god,  
"Nothing too much"; here 's much too much a king  
With much too much divinity conjoined  
To spell our safety.

PTOLEMY (*thoughtfully*): Such a thing is ambition?  
How ghastly is its image in another!

NEARCHUS: He remembers still how these old arms did lift  
 His slim boy's body from his father's courts  
 And bear him out into the natural hills  
 To greet the breeze incoming from the sea. . . .  
 Oh, I did fear this madness when we stopped  
 Mid those Nysæan witches who lured the King  
 To myrtled Meros, there to sacrifice  
 Unto the vagrant god. Ye do recall  
 How many madmen there took up the cry.  
 "Evoë, evoë," as if they were god-seized?

PTOLEMY: I have heard say that Philip to his fear  
 One morning found his bride Olympias couched  
 With a bright golden serpent. On that day  
 The babe that was to be King Alexander  
 By his mother was conceived.

ONESICRITUS: Not gods that are  
 Nor kings that deem them gods are made to be  
 Mere men's companions. I am for the camp.

PTOLEMY: And I!

CRATERUS: And I!

NEARCHUS: The old man, too, will go.  
 These Eastern palaces were not meant for me:  
 I long for Macedonia and the sea.  
 (Exeunt.)

IOLAUS: 'Tis so the noon winds blow! Their loyalty  
 Melts thin with the rising sun! For me 'tis well  
 To keep a kingward eye—though mad, he's royal.  
 (Exit.)

Enter Roxana and Rachel, an aged Jewish slave, her attendant. Roxana picks up an ivy leaf fallen from Alexander's garlands.

ROXANA: He's wreathed with ivy. For a little while  
 Its leaves are green, and then they fall and fade  
 And scatter in his path, and are forgotten. . . .  
 I'll keep thee in my bosom, withered leaf—  
 Oh, thou didst crown his temples for an hour! . . .  
 Rachel, hast thou seen Statira?

RACHEL: Aye, daughter.

ROXANA: She is not happy—though she be his queen:  
 And all the jewels of her father's throne  
 Shine cold and shrill upon her. Oh, 'tis the heart,  
 And not the crown, that makes a woman queen!  
 Yes, I do pity her—proud, proud Statira—  
 Who is not loved, and loves not—or yet loves  
 Another. What an empty heart is hers  
 Beneath her hollow state! . . . And yet, this state—  
 Oh, she is haughty, daughter of a king,  
 And tall and upright in her will to stand  
 Up to her father's stature. . . . Then how shall I—  
 I and my son, how measured be against her?  
 Nay, pity is too dear! There is not space  
 For her and me in one king's lordly shadow. . . .  
 Rachel, what is the hour?

RACHEL: The prayers are said  
 Within the temple at Jerusalem;  
 The priests descend from the altar; I have prayed  
 My daily prayer with Israel. Noon is near.

ROXANA: The appointed hour! Sisimithres should be come.  
 (Enter Sisimithres, cautiously.)

ROXANA: Sisimithres!

SISIMITHRES: He. Roxana's servant ever.

ROXANA: Thou bring'st. . . .

SISIMITHRES: The potion, in this ass's hoof.  
 Its nature is so chill no other vase  
 Will bear its strength, unbroken. I do give,  
 Roxana, into thy hands its fusèd strength—  
 For like this world, whereof it is quintessence,  
 It doth commingle in so deep a brew  
 The good and evil principles, that none—  
 Save Auramazda shining in his skies—  
 Can say if he who drinks of this chill draught  
 Will wake to love and life or whiten in death.

ROXANA (*gazing into the vessel*):  
 How colorless it is—like mine own life,  
 No light reflected in it. This shall be  
 The blade whose sheath 's my heart!  
 (She puts it into her bosom.)

Oh, kings shall learn  
That when they storm the craggy citadels  
That harbor women's souls, not they alone  
For love risk life—risk life, and all, and all! . . .  
Sisimithres!

SISIMITHRES: Princess.

ROXANA: There is yet Statira.

SISIMITHRES: Begrudge her not, O daughter of Oxyartes,  
Her hour of queenship. It will be but brief.

ROXANA: How mean you?

SISIMITHRES: Royal through Darius, queen  
Through Alexander, she should die royally.

ROXANA: Aye, aye; thou speak'st with a Magian's riddling tongue.

SISIMITHRES: We Magi know full well the nether stones  
That bear this cumbrous palace up from earth.  
In the depths there is a silent crypt where lie  
The regal dead whom kings could not endure  
To share their day with. Royally they lie,  
Each stark and gorgeous in his jeweled robe:  
A couch is there befitting proud Statira.

ROXANA: How wilt thou bring her thither?

SISIMITHRES: Love such as I  
Do bear the fair Roxana in device  
Is rich. When others sleep the noontide out,  
Statira's restless soul leads her astray  
Through shadowy halls. Old palaces are full  
Of devious ways. To-day, for the love I bear  
Roxana I will keep the noon in vigil.

ROXANA: Ah, thou art gracious to me!

SISIMITHRES: Love is glad  
To serve its day, waiting for love's reward.

(Sisimithres departs; Iolaus enters.)

ROXANA: The King's cupbearer! . . . Iolaus!



IOLAUS: 'Tis naught—save that I choose to wear  
 Iolaus' skin rather than royal purple.  
 Were I the King I should stay far from camp  
 Until the season 's settled, and were I King  
 I'd drink no drink. Farewell, mine errand calls.

(Exit.)

ROXANA: The camp against the King! Can treason threat  
 So fair adorned head? Nay, where he walks  
 No evil thing can stand! . . . But yet, I fear . . .

(Re-enter Alexander, with attendants.)

ALEXANDER: Hephæstion. . Hephæstion. . I'd speak with Hephæstion.  
 Was ever poet kinlier to a king  
 Than Hephæstion is to me? Castor and Pollux  
 Are not more like, triumphant mid their stars.  
 His sire is Poesy, mine ruddy War.  
 But, ah, our common mother is bright Love—  
 Queen over all the gods!

(He sees Roxana.)

What maid is this?

Why, such a form I've seen mid Bactrian snows  
 Sun-glinted—alabaster-white she was,  
 But with a ruby soul that flashed its flame  
 Relentless into my soul! Beautiful  
 She was, and she was named Roxana. Maiden,  
 For the sake of one whom Alexander loved  
 Thou shalt be queen of Bactria and shalt hold  
 High court amid the snows, by eagles guarded.  
 Thou art so like her . . .

Where is Hephæstion? . . . .

He is dead—oh, I know well that he is dead.  
 And they that caused it, they shall feel the edge  
 Of Alexander's wrath! He was my brother . . . .  
 I'll crucify physicians till there be  
 No more an art of medicine, and none  
 Be saved to live within this charnel world  
 Whence sweet Hephæstion 's gone . . . .

Hephæstion!

The worms will eat thee; thou wilt rot unknown,  
 And the poor eloquence of thine epitaph  
 Will rouse the laughter and the ribald noise



Of puny mortals, through their transient day  
 Swarming like the ants above the sunny ground  
 Ere the dark earth receive them. Thou shalt lie  
 In cold composure couched, whilst loathed decay  
 Kisses away thy lips and steals thine eyes  
 From out their sightless sockets. . . .

Ah, we men,

In what reek of blood we live, to foul with death  
 The beauties of the world! I've slain men, too,  
 And seen thick blood gathering on the spear,  
 Red, red, and gory. . . .

Is Statira come?

I have commanded it. There is a thing  
 That she must answer for—aye, though a queen  
 And daughter of Darius!

(Enter Statira, with attendant.)

Ha, 'tis she! . . .

STATIRA: My lord, thou didst command me. I am come.

ALEXANDER: I'd look into thine eyes, for they do say  
 That when a murder's done, the murderer  
 Doth leave his image printed in the eyes  
 Of him that's slain. Thou hast been murdered;  
 I'd look into thine eyes! . . . So . . . so . . . and so . . .  
 How many eyes bear Alexander's image!  
 In thine I thought to find Hephæstion's,  
 For he hath murdered thee with love. . . . Go, go!  
 Prepare thee for thy funeral. . . . Go, go!  
 It shall befit the daughter of Darius,  
 King Alexander's queen, Hephæstion's love!

STATIRA: My lord, I hear thy will, dimly and afar  
 As all things are that sound against my heart.  
 God's winds blow strangely. Here there's nought to say—  
 Save only that I pity, pity thee.

ALEXANDER: Nay, do not go! For I have need of pity—  
 I am a king, but I have need of pity!

(Enter Kidinnu, who prostrates himself before the King.)

ALEXANDER: Who is 't comes here? The seer of the stars!  
 Oh, is there grace, Kidinnu, in the stars  
 And prophecy for such a king as I?

KIDINNU: May' Anu, Bel and Ea, Marduk lord.  
 Bestow the light of wisdom on the King!  
 I come with message from the Indian sage,  
 Calanus, whom you brought from Ganges' bank.  
 "Greeting," he saith, "from king to king, I send—  
 "From Calanus, whose empire is the world  
 "Of spirit spirit-conquered, to the king  
 "Who rules the dust and ashes of illusion.  
 "This night, beyond the walls of Babylon.  
 "I light the pyre whereon my body burns  
 "Quick to its glory—whence my Phoenix soul  
 "Shall fly triumphant. To-morrow I shall sit  
 "By Gunga's changeless pool and contemplate  
 "The day of Alexander, long fordone!"  
 This say, he did command, as king to king.

ALEXANDER: Why, here is challenge! Is there such a soul  
 In this wide world as durst do more than I?  
 Nay, royally shall burn this royal Calanus!  
 Tinctures and incense and aromatic oils  
 On gilded cedar shall build him such a pyre  
 As shall outblaze rich Sardanapalus!  
 No soul so like to mine hath this earth bred  
 Since living Heracles did mount to his doom  
 In shirt of Nessus! My soul, too, is flame,  
 And it shall leap to greet its element  
 High in th' empyreal husk that rings the world  
 Which feeds it with combustion! . . . Ho, men! Ho!  
 Bring me Bucephalus, for I would be  
 Guest of this kindred flame! Too long, too long  
 The walls of Babel have imprisoned me!

ROXANA (*throwing herself at his feet*):  
 My lord, my sweet, sweet lord! Go not! Go not!  
 There is such peril as thou dost not know  
 Beyond the city's gates! Stay! Stay! With me—  
 I am Roxana—and thou hast a son!  
 Stay, stay! My lord—my sweet, sweet lord!



I'll follow him! I'll follow, follow on—  
 And whether life or death shall be the lot  
 The gods have sorted out, I'll share it with him.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT V.

SCENE: The Desert beyond the walls of Babylon. The time is night and the unclouded sky is brilliant with glittering stars. To the right are the shadowy tents of the King's quarters in the Greek encampment. In the center the plain stretches away to Babylon, which is revealed low and black in distant silhouette. A group of palms, to the left, marks the course of the Euphrates, in the middle distance. From the direction of the palms, flaring and dying away, is seen the declining glare of the funeral pyre of Calanus, falling to ashes beside the river bank.

Enter Alexander, Kidinnu, Iolaus and the Persian guards. The King's walk shows him to be weary and depressed. He pauses and gazes back toward the red glow of the dying fire.

ALEXANDER: Farewell. . . . Thou spirit, Calanus, farewell. . . .  
 May winds and waters bear thy scattered ash  
 Back to thy native East. . . . Ash unto ash—  
 Oh, what a crumbling dust man's flesh is made of!  
 But souls be made of fire—yes, thou hast shown  
 What will of man can do, rist conqueror  
 Over the body's sodden elements. . . .  
 Kidinnu!

KIDINNU: Lord and King, thy servant hears.

ALEXANDER: Kidinnu, had he so much as moved a limb,  
 Trembled, or twitched a muscle, when the flames  
 Came swiftly licking o'er him, thou hadst seen?

KIDINNU: He moved not once, but gave his body up  
 Freely to the flames. His eyes were on the stars.

ALEXANDER: Oh, were but mine composure like to that!  
 For I, I too, do burn upon a pyre—  
 I was begot by flame, and it doth tent  
 The heart of me with fierce tormenting dreams,  
 Driving me on and on to wrack this world  
 With bloody conquest! Oh, this fire in me

Doth deeply hate the dark material stuff  
 'Tis prisoned in, and it would burn such path—  
 Such blaze of freedom, as should lift my soul  
 To empery of its kindred in the skies!  
 Thou know'st the stars?

KIDINNU:   My years have long been told  
 With nightly observations of their course.

ALEXANDER: Perchance these stars are worlds? I'll conquer them!  
 I'll conquer all the stars and be the king  
 Who rules the far empyrean, and fires  
 The circling spheres in holocaust!  
 Kidinnu, thou art wise in Eastern lore—  
 The Greeks do say the world—this world of mine—  
 Did rise from ancient burnings, and will burn  
 Again and yet again as æons count  
 The slow revolving wheel of Destiny.  
 Is this thy wisdom, too?

KIDINNU:   Most potent lord  
 And high, in this thy Greeks are wise with us  
 And wise with India's sages. We of Babylon,  
 By the grace of shining gods, have read the change  
 That measures out the world from fire to fire.  
 Shamash and Sin and Ishtar, rulers of the signs,  
 And those four planets that mark the mighty gyre  
 Upon whose spiral swings the yearly sun—  
 Marduk of the morn, Nebo the counselor,  
 Ninib of war, and Nergal lord of night—  
 Count out the Change of Ages. It shall be  
 When æons twelve, each two millennia  
 And centuries two, are passed since the ancient Flood.  
 The rulers and the planets shall conjoin  
 Their glittering powers within the starry Crab.  
 Then Earth shall burn once more, as Earth hath burned  
 In countless numbers past, as it will burn  
 All times to come, by this conjuncture marked.

ALEXANDER: Why, 'tis a cinder, then—this world of mine!  
 Dead ashes and black crusts! Our Calanus—  
 Oh, he was wise to burn away the flesh  
 And free the lambent substance of the soul!

Ash unto ash and mounting flame to flame. . . .  
 How dry it crumbles in mine hand! How dross. . . .  
 This gritty earth he leaves me! . . . Nay, I would sleep.  
 There 's less than fiery god within me now—  
 There 's weight of weary man. . . . Sleep kindly, too,  
 My friends—beneath the healing stars, sleep kindly.

Alexander enters his tent, accompanied by Iolaus. The Persians disperse among the tents. Kidinnu, alone, raises exultant arms.

KIDINNU: Immortal Lights, what consolation sweet  
 Ye bring to me! Fulfilment of those Fates  
 Ye have foretold is nigh, is nigh, and here,  
 Within, the luxury of hate fulfilled!

(Exit.)

Iolaus comes forth and lies down to sleep at the door of Alexander's tent. Music breaks in—at first, slow, deep, hesitating—the throb of the desert and the distant city. Gradually a misty, supernatural light suffuses the sky and obscures the background. Within the mist moving figures appear faintly. The music takes up the theme of the Bacchanal song with which the play opens—"Evoë! Evoë!"—and the figures are defined as a rout of Bacchanals with Dionysus at their head. But as they pass, in their misty dance, the dancers change from wine-mad mænads to struggling, battling men. The music at the same time becomes grim and brazen. Then grisly death's-head men appear in the vision, and the ghastly note is echoed in the orchestra. Finally, the whole lurid field is strewn with prostrate, writhing bodies, Death and War triumphant in their midst. The moans of the dying and the hoarse discordant triumph of Death and War bring the music to its climax; the vision fades; and the orchestra sinks back to the fateful pulse of the desert and old Babylon. There is a moment of stillness. Then the roar of a lion, returning from his kill, is heard in the distance. Iolaus rouses at the sound, yawns, stretches and slowly rises. The roar is heard once more.

IOLAUS: The lion's bark. . . . The beast should let me sleep—  
 Licking his bloody chaps, and howling out  
 His maw's inflation! Brutes shed each other's blood  
 O' night-times, men o' days—so time goes, redly.  
 I'd sleep again—perhaps to-morrow's blood  
 Will be king's crimson. . . . Pf! who knows? who knows? . . .  
 Ho, ho! What shades are these that dodge o' nights  
 Mid lions' walks and thieves'? Women, by my soul!  
 Iolaus, hide thee in the crafty gloom  
 If ever thou didst love Odysseus' wiles!

Enter Roxana, wrapped in a concealing cloak, and Rachel, her slave.

ROXANA: 'Tis this must be the camp. Ah, could we find  
The King's own tent!

RACHEL: Morning will soon be risen.  
See, in the East the whiteness of the dawn  
Steals upward.

ROXANA: Oh, I dread the day, and long for 't.  
What leagues these hours of night do seem in passing.  
And when passed, what brief transitions! Rachel mine,  
Hast thou borne children?

RACHEL: Aye—to be men's slaves  
Beside the waters of Babylon. My sons!

ROXANA: And didst thou love—their father?

RACHEL: Love 's for the free.  
I bore my sons in pain less than my tears  
In bitterness. Fair boys, to look upon.

ROXANA: Oh, if one loves it is no easy thing  
To cease from loving! I do love this king  
Who is my loved son's father, with such love  
I'll not surrender him—nay, not to Death,  
Nor any Lord of Night! Where he goes, I go.

RACHEL: Daughter, I pray for thee—to Zion's God.  
Patience through suffering we women learn;  
It is His will.

ROXANA: Sh! There is one who sits  
Yonder in the shadow—watching. 'Tis Iolaus!—  
Iolaus!

IOLAUS: Iolaus 'tis.

ROXANA: Where is the King?

IOLAUS: Where gods take dreamers. He is asleep, within.

ROXANA: The camp—is there noise there?

IOLAUS: Nay, 'tis quiet.

ROXANA: He sleeps—calmly or feverish?

IOLAUS: Like a king.  
Who sounds the sleep of kings?

ROXANA: He will awake  
With thirst—oh, I know it well, Iolaus.  
Often have my hands prepared his morning cup;  
I'd do it now.

IOLAUS: Why, I'm a spectator  
Of others' fortunes. 'Tis the servant's part.  
I'll bring the cup; prepare it as thou wilt.

Iolaus goes out. Roxana runs to the tent and listens at the door. Dawn is breaking.

ROXANA: I hear him stir. Oh, sleep doth fret his soul!  
He is a man to grudge the heavy hours  
That slumber steals. Sleep's weakness, he did say.

Iolaus returns with amphora and rhyton. These he hands to Roxana. She takes them, sets the amphora down and kneels beside it, drawing from her bosom the vase of ass's hoof.

ROXANA (*holding the rhyton out to Rachel*):  
Rachel, hold thou the cup. My hand's unsteady.  
I would prepare the draught. . . . His lips will kiss it. . . .

She drops the liquid into the rhyton. Then suddenly, on her knees, turns to the rising sun.

ROXANA: Auramazda, whom my mother's voice  
Taught me to name, be merciful to me!

As she prays the curtain of the tent is drawn, and Alexander appears in the doorway. He regards Roxana curiously.

ALEXANDER: Roxana. . . . praying to the Morn. . . . 'Tis strange. . . .  
How came she hither? How came I? . . . What dreams.  
What dreams did fret me! . . . Roxana!

ROXANA (*turning*): Oh, my lord!

ALEXANDER: 'Tis long since I have seen thee. I have been  
To India in a dream, and in a dream  
In Babylon. . . . Oh, I will dream no more!

ROXANA: My lord, thou wast in Babylon.



ALEXANDER: What sayest?  
 There 's vast confusion there. I was confused  
 With images of gods and men that sought  
 To take god's image—Mænads and Bacchanals,  
 And friends of kings, and kings. . . . Oh, 'twas a dream!  
 I was not in Babylon.

ROXANA: My blessed lord,  
 I do beseech thee come far from the city—  
 Back, back to Sogdiana with its snows  
 And the wild sweet winds we loved there, long ago.  
 We'll roses sow, and laugh at the pricking thorns!

ALEXANDER (*gazing toward the palms and the Euphrates bank*):  
 What are those ashes yonder by the palms?  
 Was there a pyre—last night? . . . Where 's Calanus? . . .  
 Oh, what a king am I! Hephæstion!  
 Hephæstion! . . . Ye gods! ye clamorous gods!  
 How roars the world with your relentless sound!  
 Hephæstion! Hephæstion!

ROXANA: Sweet lord!  
 I do beseech thee. . . . Oh, my lord! my love!

ALEXANDER: Roxana, thou didst pray to Auramazda?  
 Thou didst well to pray. . . . And I, I too, will pray  
 To him who brings the seasons and their fruits.  
 My season 's passed, and all its fruits I know. . . .  
 I'll make libation now. Give me the cup.

(Roxana tremblingly takes the rhyton from Rachel and hands it to him.)

ALEXANDER: Thy hand trembles. . . . and thy lips do move in prayer.  
 Dost thou love me, Roxana?

ROXANA: My lord, my lord!

ALEXANDER: Why then, 'tis well—and not well. Love me not—  
 I am a king, and mortal—love me not. . . .  
 How heavy is this wine—there is no glint  
 In its dark substance—heavy, like my heart.

(He touches it to his lips; then lowers the cup.)

Roxana, didst thou prepare it?

ROXANA: Yea, my lord.

ALEXANDER: I did deserve it of thee. . . . of thy love,  
 And of Hephæstion's love. . . . and I will drink. . . .  
 But what be these who come?

(Enter Cassander, Ptolemy, Craterus, Nearchus.)

My generals!

Ye come betimes to greet me.

CASSANDER: Soldier's hours,  
 And with a soldier's message. In the camp  
 Our Macedonians are much at odds  
 With their condition—meritless demerit,  
 As it seems to them, with Persians nigh thy body,  
 Themselves, scarred with the toils of war, now left  
 To gaze upon thy glory from afar.  
 They long for home—since thou'st no use for them—  
 And for the honest quiet of the hearths  
 That were their fathers'. 'Tis their demand, through us.

ALEXANDER: Demand! Why, 'tis demand less strange, more just,  
 Than that he who bears it is their messenger.  
 They bore the toils of war? seek its rewards?  
 Have I a body that 's less scarred than theirs?  
 Or has one asked me gift that 's been denied?  
 I have outmatched desire, as well ye know—  
 And I have borne what in thought 's unbearable!  
 But that is nothing here. Nearchus, tell me,  
 Doth Cassander speak my Macedonians' wish?

NEARCHUS: There are old men among them, like to me,  
 Who long to see their wooded hills again,  
 And die at home. My King, thou wert happy there!

ALEXANDER: I have denied them naught. I'll not deny  
 This new thing that they ask. Say to my men  
 That Alexander bids them march for home.

NEARCHUS: Oh, they will bless you for it—as I bless!

(Exeunt Generals.)

ALEXANDER: Farewell, my comrades! Farewell, my Macedonians!  
 Ye were my father's heritage to me—  
 Born mid the clang of war! Too well I loved ye,

Too well the battle's bloody crest, and all  
The high red road to glory! . . . Unchanging Sun,  
Who bring'st the light of reason to men's minds  
And paint'st thereon the shining form of Truth—  
I drink to thee—and to the Day! the Day!

Alexander drains the rhyton; then turns, dizzily, and sinks upon the couch within his tent. Roxana has been watching him with terrified eagerness, coming nearer and nearer as he drinks. Now she rushes forward and throws herself upon the couch, clasping his body.

ROXANA: Dead! Dead! Dead! Dead! . . . Auramazda! . . .

(The shouting of the soldiers, joyous and exultant, is heard from near by.)

SOLDIERS: Home! Home to Macedonia! Home! Home!

Trumpets and drums break in with a lively and bright military march. The Generals enter, at the head of the Soldiers. They rush forward as they approach the King's tent. They see that the King is dead. They doff their helmets, and station themselves beside his couch, the old man Nearchus at the head, Craterus, the King's captain of the bodyguard, at the foot. The march music turns from gay to grim, and as the bent and sorrowing soldiers file past, it descends into a deep-toned dirge. At the last, the pulse of the desert and old Babylon beats and dies away.

[CURTAIN.]

THE END.

## CHINESE WIT AND HUMOR.

BY ALFRED FORKE.

**T**HE Chinese have a keen sense of the ludicrous. They like a good joke and make very good ones. We see more smiling faces in China than in most European countries. With ready wit a foreigner who has to deal with Chinese people may win his cause more easily than by long arguments.

Wit and humor in China are in substance very much like ours, a different local coloring in some instances being the sole difference. We even find the various kinds of jocularities to which we are accustomed. To prove this and at the same time acquaint my readers with this branch of Chinese literature, I propose to relate a number of humorous anecdotes as specimens of Chinese wit and quote a passage from a famous drama which will give some idea of Chinese humor.

Wit is not felt by all persons equally, not even in their own language and still less in a foreign idiom. So I am not quite certain whether my stories will appeal to the American sense of humor and elicit a smile. But even if I should fail, I hope that they will throw some new light on Chinese thought, manners and customs, and help to a better understanding of the oldest of all Oriental peoples.

Everybody knows what wit and humor are, yet a correct definition is very difficult. The views of those who have tried to solve the problem differ very much. Wit and humor are closely related, but they are usually distinct from, and even opposed to, each other.

Both are creations of our brain and have as their object the comical, which they produce artificially by some ingenious invention, which must be novel and unusual. There is an association of ideas and words that cause pleasure and surprise. Between these ideas there is such a discrepancy, they appear to us so incongruous, odd and queer that they excite laughter, an explosion breaking the mental tension in which the story has held us.

So far there is agreement between wit and humor. Now for the divergence: wit appeals more to our intellect, humor to our feeling. Wit is brief, sharp, sudden; humor is slow, meditative, kind and full of sympathy. Wit finds expression in certain words and phrases, humor takes its material from situations and characteristics.

Humor is usually joyful and optimistic, wit often pessimistic. Humor is in keeping with a phlegmatic temperament, it resigns itself cheerfully to all the small imperfections of life, putting up with the inevitable. Wit goes more easily with a choleric temper, it shows us all the discrepancies in life but leaves them as they are and does not attempt a solution.

Humorous contrast is not always surprising and not necessarily comical, but more lasting than wit, which has a strong momentary effect.

Chinese wit is best learned from jests and stories passing from mouth to mouth and sometimes collected. Such a collection is, for instance, the *Hsiao-lin kuang-chi*, in which the anecdotes are arranged according to the subject-matter under twelve headings. Nowadays one finds jokes occasionally in Chinese newspapers, but funny papers are still in their infancy.

We are going to base our division of the various kinds of wit and humor on the distinctions usually made: they are: *harmless jests, irony, satire* and *puns*. Of humor we have to consider two groups according as it deals with *external events* and *situations* or with *human character*.

Here we have to notice that the distinction cannot always be clearly drawn. One may be doubtful to which class a joke belongs, since it may contain elements of various groups. E. g., a pun can at the same time be ironical and refer to a comical situation. It is often hard to say whether something is to be conceived as wit or humor. Some critics hold that the ancients had no humor at all, which they claim is a product of modern times. On the other hand, Aristophanes is by some called a humorist. Swift is generally considered a satirist, but some take him for a humorist too. In many humorous works, as in *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, the comedies of Molière and Dickens's novels, wit and humor are blended. In *Don Quixote* they say that only the scenes with Sancho Pansa are humorous, and those in which Don Quixote is the hero, comical or satirical.

Let us now turn to the Chinese. I begin with two harmless

unpretentious jokes in which the discrepancy of ideas makes one laugh.

### 1. *Half-Killing.*

A rich man met a poor devil and said to him: "I shall give you a thousand dollars if you allow me to kill you as you stand there."

The poor man meditated a moment and then said: "Give me five hundred dollars, and then kill me half."

### 2. *Only Rice.*

A woman who was entertaining a paramour during the absence of her husband, was startled by hearing the latter knock at the door. She hurriedly bundled the man into a rice-sack which she concealed in a corner of the room; but when her husband came in, he caught sight of it and asked in a stern voice, "What have you got in that sack?" His wife was too terrified to answer, and after an awkward pause a voice from the sack was heard to say, "Only rice."

In contrast to the preceding mild and good-natured jokes, *irony* usually contains an indirect and covert attack, a derision of human weaknesses. It is a form of speech by which the speaker says something quite different from what he thinks. Under cover of words sounding perhaps quite innocent he expresses his dissent and disapprobation.

The next two stories will show this. The first is a joke played upon a simpleton, the second a gibe at an incompetent officer.

### 3. *Salt Ducks.*

A peasant came to the capital and was invited to dinner by a friend. Among other dishes there was also a plate with duck eggs boiled in brine. When he tasted them he said: "Is not this strange? How can these eggs be salty?" "Oh," replied his friend, "you do not know that here in Peking we have a special breed of salt ducks, and of course the eggs they lay must be salty too."

### 4. *The Target-God.*

There once was an officer who during a battle fought in the first ranks with the utmost courage, but the enemies were so strong that he was on the point of succumbing when suddenly an unknown person came to his assistance and turned the impending defeat into

victory. After the battle the officer prostrated himself before his savior to thank him for his help, and asked him: "Who are you, venerable god, to whose kindness I owe my life?" "I am the target-god," said the other, "and came here to save you."

"What has your humble servant done to be worthy of your mercy, that Your Divine Majesty should take the trouble to come to his rescue?" said the officer. The target-god replied: "I wished to show you my thankfulness for the kind consideration you always had for me when you were at target-practice, for not one of your arrows ever hit or wounded me."

Whereas irony contains an indirect attack, *satire* attacks directly, disdaining the cover behind which irony conceals itself. It is the sharpest form of wit, often caustic and then called *sarcasm*. It ridicules mercilessly vices, faults and all kinds of abuses. Here are two examples:

#### 5. *The Use of Books.*

There was a nurse with a baby that was always crying and refused to sleep. Suddenly a thought flashed upon her and she exclaimed: "Master, master, bring me a book." Her master inquired: "What do you want a book for?" and the nurse answered: "Whenever I see you taking a book, immediately afterward you are asleep."

#### 6. *Bad Luck of a Doctor.*

There was a doctor who understood so little of his profession that every now and then he killed one of his patients. He had a son and a daughter. One day he had again sent the son of a family to the other world, and since this family was not at all satisfied, he gave them his own son in compensation. Subsequently, he had the misfortune of dispatching the daughter of a couple and was obliged to give them his own daughter, so that he remained alone with his wife. They felt very lonely and miserable, when again some one knocked at the door and asked for the doctor. He went out himself and inquired of the man for whom it was. The man said that it was for his wife. The poor doctor went back into his room, and, shedding tears, said to his wife: "I see it coming. There must be somebody who has cast an eye on you."

In the jokes so far dealt with the wit lies in one or more sentences. If it is contained in one or more words we speak of a *pun*.

The same word is used in two more or less incongruous meanings. To translate puns is very difficult, because a word may have two significations in one language but not in other languages. Therefore the translator must find something similar in his own language, that is, make a new pun himself. This has been done, for instance, with great success by Schlegel and Tieck in their German version of Shakespeare's plays. Many Chinese puns are untranslatable. I hope that the following stories may pass in English also:

#### 7. *Too Low.*

X In order to study a student had taken quarters in a monastery. On the morning of the first day he went out on a walk, and when he came back in the afternoon he told his servant to bring him a book. The boy brought him the Collection of the Masterpieces of Literature, but the student said, "Too low." Then the boy brought the History of the Han Dynasty, and again the student said, "Too low." The boy then brought the Anthology of the T'ang Poets, only to receive the same reply, "Too low." A priest in an adjoining room had overheard this and was very much astonished. He went over to the student's room and addressed him thus: "If a man thoroughly knows one of the three works mentioned, he may be considered a first-class scholar, why do you say 'Too low'?" The student replied: "I was just going to take a nap and therefore wanted a thick volume to place under my neck as a pillow."

#### 8. *The Golden Ox.*

There was a district magistrate who had his birthday. The clerks and constables of his office having found out that he was born in a rat year, all of them subscribed money and made a rat of pure gold, which they gave him as a birthday present. The magistrate was highly pleased and said: "You have really had a capital idea, but you do not know that the birthday of the lady will also be in a few days." The clerks replied that they really did not know, but would be glad to learn under which animal the lady was born. "The lady," said the magistrate, "is only one year younger than I, and her heavenly sign is the ox."

The rest of my tales are more humorous than witty. We may divide them into two groups. The first group, of which I offer one specimen, gives us ludicrous *situations*; the second deals with ridiculous *characters*. Comic situations may be brought about by a



peculiar connection of circumstances, by accidents, mistakes or misunderstandings, and not so much by human actions. Such a funny situation is the basis of the following anecdote:

### 9. *An Invitation to Tea.*

It is the custom in China to offer tea to a caller. One day a visitor called on Mr. Wang, who had not a tea-leaf in his house. He sent his servant to borrow some from his neighbor, but the boy did not come back. Meanwhile his wife was preparing the boiling water, filling in more and more, until the kettle was full to overflow, but no tea was forthcoming. Finally the wife called her husband to come to the kitchen and said to him: "I am afraid that we will not be able to offer tea to our guest, but you might invite him to take a bath."

In the humor based on *characteristics*, human activity prevails and it is derived from the peculiar character of the actors, who amuse us by their folly and absurdity. Comic actions are in opposition to normal ideas. There is a great incongruity between the aims and the means employed. Here we meet the well-known comic characters which play the same role with us as in China.

Everybody knows the humble position of women in China. Nevertheless, they manage even in China to dominate in matrimony and make the husband their slave, who lives in constant fright of his tormentress. This incongruity of a being much stronger physically and mentally and yet governed by a much weaker one has a comic effect. There must be a great many *terrorized husbands* in China, for the stories in which they are laughed at are numerous. I select the following specimens:

### 9. *The Vine Trellis.*

A district magistrate was sitting in his court trying cases. When the chief clerk appeared and took his seat the magistrate perceived that his face was full of scratches, so he asked him: "What have you done with your face?" The man said: "Yesterday evening I was sitting under my vine trellis enjoying the cool breeze, when all at once a gust of wind overturned the trellis, which fell upon me and scratched my face."

The magistrate did not believe the story and said: "Evidently these are scratches of finger-nails. I am sure that you had a quarrel with your wife and were thus scratched by her. Is it not so?" The

clerk blushed all over and said, "Sir, you guessed right." "Is your wife such a dangerous person?" inquired the magistrate, "I shall avenge you, summoning your wife before my tribunal and giving her a good thrashing." Just while he was uttering these words his lady came rushing in from the background and said, "Whom are you going to beat?"

The magistrate hurriedly told his attendants: "The sitting is adjourned. Leave the hall quickly. My vine trellis may collapse at any moment."

#### 10. *The Club of Henpecked Husbands.*

Ten gentlemen who were very much afraid of their wives, by whom they were ill treated at home, met by chance in a temple and resolved to form a club. They celebrated the event by a dinner, but when they were just enjoying themselves their ten wives appeared uninvited. Nine out of the ten husbands managed to escape, only one remained keeping his seat unmoved and apparently undisturbed by the abuse hurled against him by the enraged women. When they had left at last the nine men came forward and said: "We have not his courage, let us make him our chairman," but when they came near him they saw that it was impossible. The fright had been too much for the poor man, he had expired in the chair.

*Ignorance and dulness* are often ridiculed in China. Even teachers who as a rule enjoy the highest esteem, much more than in any foreign country, are not spared, as will be seen from the following anecdote:

#### 11. *The Wrong Person Died.*

A gentleman's mother had died, and he asked a teacher to write a funeral sermon for her. The teacher copied a funeral sermon for a dead father from a collection of sermons and gave it to the man. But as soon as the man looked at it he said that there was a mistake. At the word "mistake" the teacher became very angry and said: "I tell you, Sir, this sermon is printed in a book, and not a single character can be wrong. If there is a mistake, it can only be that the wrong person died."

*Boasters and braggarts* are favorite comic figures and often intentionally caricatured by grotesque exaggerations of their fan-

faronades, a device very appropriate here and calculated to enhance the comic effect. Here is one instance.

### 12. *Boasting.*

Two travelers met and each told the other about the wonders of his country. The first said: "In my country there is a bath-tub which has room enough for more than a thousand people to bathe." The other man said: "That bath-tub is not so wonderful after all, but in my country we have a bamboo which grows straight to heaven, and, when it reaches heaven and cannot go farther, it bends and grows down to earth again. That is wonderful indeed."

The other traveler expressed some doubts saying: "How could there be so big a bamboo?" but the story-teller rejoined: "If it were not for our big bamboo, how could they make a hoop for your big bath-tub?"

In China we also find the fault directly opposite to boasting, namely *excessive modesty* which undertakes to minimize everything, even things which do not admit of it, and thus becomes ridiculous as in the following instance.

### 13. *The Common Moon.*

There was a man who when talking with others would always disparage his own things and call them common. One night he had invited a guest, and while they were drinking, unexpectedly the moon rose. The guest was full of enthusiasm and said, "I did not imagine that to-night in your house we should have such a splendid moon."

The host rose, saluted his guest and said: "I am overwhelmed by your kindness. This is only the common moon of my humble cottage."

*Avarice* seems to be a wide-spread vice in China and is made the butt of ridicule by the humorists. One of the best Chinese comedies entitled *The Slave who Guards His Money* shows us the dealings of a miser, who has many traits in common with *L'Avare* of Molière. I have two short stories on the same subject:

### 14. *The Drowning Miser.*

A miser fell into a river, and his son shouted: "Help, help; rescue my father, I shall pay a big reward." The drowning man

lifted his head out of the water and said, "Offer them half a dollar. If they want more, I do not care to be rescued."

#### 15. *Rich and Poor.*

A rich man said to a poor fellow: "I possess a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars, do you know that?" The poor man replied: "That is nothing, I also have a hundred thousand." The rich man asked, "Where are your hundred thousand?" to which the other replied: "You have the money, but do not use it. I want to use it, but cannot. Is the final result not the same?"

*Filial piety* is considered the foundation of all Chinese virtue and therefore much more emphasized in China than with us. A peculiar conception of this cardinal virtue is held by the hero of the following story:

#### 16. *The Filial Son.*

The father of a man was very sick, and the doctor told the son: "The case is almost hopeless. There is only one remedy left, if you are a filial son and agree to cut a piece of flesh from a limb, from which a medicine can be prepared. Perhaps this would touch Heaven and Earth and save your father's life."

The son said, "That is not difficult," took a knife and went out. It was a summer morning and rather warm, so he found a man sleeping almost naked in front of his house in the street. He went to him and tried to cut a piece of flesh from his leg. The man awoke and shrieked with pain, but the son waved his hand and said: "Don't make such a noise. Don't you know how excellent a deed it is to cut out a piece of flesh for the purpose of saving a father's life?"

A rich field of Chinese humor are novels and comedies. Chinese dramatic art reached its climax already under the Mongol dynasty in the fourteenth century. The religious-philosophical dramas of this time in which the doctrines of Buddhists and Taoists are satirized in a burlesque way are perhaps the most original production of Chinese dramatists. I am going to quote an episode of one of these plays, the *Tieh-kuai Li*, which illustrates the transmigration of souls.

A corrupt judge Yo-shou dies and is condemned by the King of Purgatory to be plunged into the cauldron of boiling oil, but is

saved by the Taoist Genius Lü Tung-pin, who converts him to Taoism. The following amusing scene takes place in Hell:

*King of Hell:* Reverend Master, I ought to have gone to meet you, and am ashamed of my lack of courtesy which is inexcusable.

*Lü Tung-pin:* I have to speak to you of a serious matter. What crime has Yo-shou committed that you inflict such a punishment on him?

*King:* You do not know that this abominable creature (pointing to Yo-shou), while being assistant-judge of the tribunal of Chêng-chou, sold justice and took bribes on every occasion. He is a miser, a monster of avarice, and must go into the cauldron.

*Lü:* Great king, imitate the virtue of God who likes to give life to all creatures. Though this man may be very greedy, still he is predestined for a religious life. Besides, he is converted now, he has pronounced the vows, and I make him my disciple. Out of regard for me join his soul to his body again and send him back to the world.

*King:* Let me see. (He looks out.) What a misfortune! The wife of Yo-shou has this very moment burned the body of her husband.

*Lü:* What can be done?

*Yo-shou (aside):* What infamy, what cruelty! Oh, my wife, you were in such a hurry to do away with my body? Could you not wait at least one day more?

*Lü:* You might substitute another body for his own. Great king, what do you think?

*King:* Very well. (Looks.) In the suburb of Chêng-chou there is a young butcher, dead for three days. His family name is Li. Strange thing, the warmth of his body is not yet quite gone. Venerable Immortal, I can cause the soul of Yo-shou to transmigrate into the body of the butcher. What is your idea? But I must tell you that the butcher is horribly ugly, he has blue eyes.

*Lü:* I accept. (To Yo-shou.) Yo-shou, your transmigration is under way. You see, your soul cannot be reunited to your body because your body does not exist any more. Your wife has burned it. But this mishap must not leave any unnecessary regrets in your mind. You will transmigrate into the body of a young butcher, who was not a handsome fellow. You will have blue eyes. But what does it matter? Have you not just now renounced all greed and voluptuousness? Yo-shou, remain always faithful to your vows: remember well my exhortations. Now, your new name will

be Li-shou, and your religious name Tieh-kuai. Go and leave the city of the dead.

(Yo-shou thanks Lü Tung-pin and quits Hell at once.) In the house of the butcher Li the dead body of his son is lying on a bed, and the entire family in an agony of grief is assembled around him, when suddenly the dead man comes to life again and sits up on his bed.

*Yo-shou* (astonished): My wife, sheriff, my son, where are you?

*Father of the Butcher* (in a frenzy of joy): Thanks to Heaven and Earth! My son has been resuscitated.

*Yo-shou* (with an angry tone): Silence. Go to the court, only there I do business. Has there ever been such a row! What impudence! They come even into my sleeping-room.

*Father*: I am your father, this is your wife. My son, do you not recognize me?

*Yo-shou*: Let me see, come nearer. . . . Truly, I do not recognize you.

*Father*: What strange language!

*Wife of the Butcher*: Li, my husband, you recognize me? You recognize your wife who loves you so dearly?

*Yo-shou* (with an irritated tone): Sheriff, turn all these people out.

*Father*: My son, come back to yourself.

*Wife*: Is it conceivable that he does not recognize his own wife?

*Yo-shou*: Oh, you deafen my ears. Let me meditate a moment. (Crosses his hands over his forehead and meditates.) Yes, now I remember the words of my liberator when I left Hell. My soul has transmigrated into the body of a butcher. The house where I find myself now is probably that in which he lived. What can I do to get out of it? (Aloud.) Listen: it is quite certain that just now I was dead, and it is equally certain that I am only half resuscitated. My soul is in my body, but my spirit is not. It remained in the Chêng-huang temple. I must go and fetch it.

*Father*: Daughter, give some incense-paper to your husband.

*Wife* (with animation): Yes, but in the state in which he is I do not want him to go alone to find his spirit.

*Yo-shou* (angrily): I shall go alone, I shall go alone. Don't you know that the spirits take to flight as soon as they behold a living being? They are extremely timid. You would frighten my spirit. (He rises, tries to walk, and falls backward.) Oh, this fall has killed me.

*Father*: My son, what are you thinking of? You know that you have one leg crooked. Wherefore do you attempt to walk?

*Wife*: Li, my husband, one cannot walk with one leg. Do you want your crutch?

*Yo-shou*: My crutch! (Aside.) Oh, my spiritual father, why did not I transmigrate into a more perfect body? In my former life, when I was judge at the tribunal, I had a crooked conscience, and now I am reborn in this world with a crooked leg. That is just retribution.

*Father*: Do you wish your crutch?

*Yo-shou*: Yes, bring it. (Yo-shou takes the crutch and begins to walk.)

*Wife*: Lean on me.

*Yo-shou*: No, no, go back. (Leaves the house.) Don't follow me, you would frighten my spirit.

Yo-shou walks back to his old home, but has great difficulty in finding it. At last he asks somebody.

*Yo-shou* (to a passer-by): Could you tell me where I live?

*Passer-by*: No.

*Yo-shou*: Do you know where the house of Yo-shou is?

*Passer-by* (showing the house): Here it is.

*Yo-shou* (surprised): How it has changed!

*Passer-by*: After the death of Yo-shou, Han-wei-kung, touched by the great qualities and virtues of this magistrate, wished to treat his widow with generosity. So he had his house painted and the pavillion behind decorated, and all the inhabitants were forbidden to enter there.

*Yo-shou*: Thank you. (Aside.) Touched by my virtues! I think, rather touched by the charms of my wife. Never mind. Let us enter.

Yo-shou reveals his identity to his people, but is claimed by the butcher and his daughter, who appear to fetch him back. Both women begin to quarrel, each claiming him as her husband, and finally go to court. But the case is settled by Lü Tung-pin, who arrives from Hell and takes his new disciple with him.

Among humorous novels the *Ching-hua yuan*, of which Giles in his *History of Chinese Literature* gives some extracts, ranks very high. Wit and humor constitute the spices in literature, and we must admit that the Chinese are not inferior to our writers in making a judicious use of this seasoning.

## EDWIN MILLER WHEELLOCK.

BY CHARLES KASSEL.

ON the 29th day of October, 1901, a rare personality passed away, leaving behind him memorials of intellectual and poetic gifts such as would have cast luster on many a prouder name in literature. He was modest and self-depreciatory and at his death directed that his manuscripts be destroyed, but by happy chance a little book called *Proteus* had been printed in earlier years for circulation among friends, and this work was republished in 1910 by the Open Court Publishing Co. The sublime philosophy of *Proteus*, and its surpassing beauty, made an instant appeal to Dr. Paul Carus, whose discriminating judgment saved from utter loss a prose epic of evolution.

The earthly history of the author of *Proteus* was a heroic and impressive one. A preacher by instinct, his utterance displayed that forefeeling of coming events which marks in every age the great spiritual crusader, and his discourses, during a ministry of more than forty years, amply attest that at every stage of his career he was in advance of the time.

As early as 1857, while minister of the Unitarian church at Dover, New Hampshire, his pulpit had resounded with fiery invective against slavery—and this, too, when the Abolitionist was looked upon askance at the North, when the press was still unsympathetic and the mercantile classes antagonistic toward the agitation, when colleges and universities were silent upon the question and separate accommodations for negroes on railroads and steamboats and in the churches and theatres testified that the state of sentiment at the North then differed little from the state of sentiment at the South now.

When, in 1859, John Brown paid with his life for the plot that failed at Harper's Ferry, the young minister in a deliverance of which a striking passage has been preserved in Von Holst's *History of the United States*, marked the event as the harbinger of the "irre-



pressible conflict." Speaking a few weeks later, from Theodore Parker's pulpit in Boston, our minister reemphasized the prediction, and with remarkable foreknowledge bespoke the course of events. The threat of violence, he declared, which in the preceding year had affected even anti-slavery men with a shudder, would be uttered the following year in every Northern legislature as a thing of course: and within a few years, he said, the attack upon slavery for which John Brown had paid the forfeit of his life would be repeated on a grand scale by the entire North.

The great audience at the Music Hall doubtless referred these prophecies to the exuberance of a youthful and fervid imagination, though to Parker himself, then in Italy, they were significant and momentous. The faith in a pacific solution of the slavery question was well-nigh universal at the North, and more than a year after the delivery of this sermon the belief in a settlement by compromise prevailed everywhere. When, indeed, as late as January, 1861, three months before the storm broke, Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, a Republican and a friend and admirer of John Brown, placed the militia of his state on a war footing, the act, as Schouler tells us in his *History of the United States*, met the ridicule and derision of his entire party.

The early stages of the struggle he had foreseen found our minister at his station anxiously awaiting the event which would serve to him as a signal for action on his own part. President Lincoln, though setting his face sternly against secession, had, to the sorrow and disappointment of the young preacher, disclaimed all intention of interfering with slavery at the South, and Congress itself, on the very day of the battle of Bull Run, had adopted a resolution giving solemn expression to the same sentiment. The Abolitionists were still a small body with limited influence and their program was highly distasteful to the powerful classes. Emancipation of the slaves, indeed, was beyond the power of the Federal Government under the Constitution, and there was every inclination among Northern men to leave slavery untouched where it was already established. But emancipation was inevitable in the progress of the war, little as the fact may have been foreseen by the mass of men, and the eager young minister bided his time and from his outlook at Dover interpreted to his hearers the events gathering to a climax.

The North, meanwhile, was steadily losing. Bull Run ended in a rout, and at Ball's Bluff, too, success came to the South, though the moral effect of these victories was offset somewhat by the

achievements of Farragut at New Orleans and of Grant at Fort Donelson. The Peninsular Campaign, upon which McClellan set out with a splendid army and the high hopes of his government, ended by July, 1862, in ignominious failure. Close upon the heels of this crushing disappointment followed the disaster of Pope in Virginia, and the summer of 1862 went out in gloom. Displacing McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac, Burnside struck at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and suffered a terrible defeat, while Hunter, succeeding Burnside, went down before Lee at Chancellorsville in May following.

In that hour of despondency, when the catastrophe was at its height, the subject of our sketch stood like a flaming monitor in his pulpit at Dover. In words that peal like golden trumpet blasts he proclaimed the providential nature of the agonizing struggle, and he foretold complete victory for the armies of the North if only all word of compromise with slavery should fade from the lips of Northern leaders. The finger of the Almighty himself, he said, had marked that hour upon the dial-plate of time as the hour of the nation's deliverance from an incubus that was menacing its very life and destiny. Providence was calling to the North, he declared, to write as the motto upon its standards the principle of freedom for the slave, and it was at the cost of moral paralysis, and consequent physical defeat, that the more powerful side in the contest was suffering the great call to go unheeded.

It is impossible to read the discourses of that period without a deep sense of the tremendous feeling which inspired them. In few of the utterances of the time is there such exaltation of tone. He saw the fearful ordeal as a painful but necessary process in the nation's history. Time had been when the terrible contest might have been avoided, but the nation had paltered overlong and now the bitter surgery of war was needed. In all the suffering and sorrow he felt the invisible hand of the Deity, and on every occasion his voice echoed the thought.

Throughout these remarkable sermons preserved in faded manuscript, there are constant suggestions of the Hebrew prophet, so true is the insight into the meaning of events, so deep the feeling of divine agency at the heart of the storm, so calm the confidence in the outcome despite the blackest prospects. The land had grievously sinned, and the sin must be wiped out in blood as in the days of old, but the fate of the nation was sure, and nothing could defeat the ends of Providence. Again and again he gives words to these thoughts.

In September, 1862, the war entered the phase which our minister had awaited. President Lincoln issued his preliminary proclamation of emancipation and the nation definitely committed itself to the policy which the Dover pastor had from the first so insistently urged. The Abolitionists had won. The movement which had been a hissing and a scorn among the influential classes at the North was vindicated. The ground upon which John Brown had stood at Harper's Ferry was now, as the young preacher had predicted at the Music Hall in Boston, the ground upon which stood the entire North.

The declaration of emancipation was the signal the heroic young minister had awaited. In October, 1862, he gave up his pulpit at Dover and enlisted as a private in a regiment of nine-month men from New Hampshire. Made chaplain shortly after, he accompanied his regiment to New Orleans as part of the Banks Expedition, and at New Orleans, under General Banks, he became conspicuously connected with the work of education for the enfranchised blacks and that labor system for negro refugees which became the subject of such bitter discussion in Abolitionist circles, and which finally an address of rare eloquence and nobility from the young chaplain served to allay.

The connection of the New Hampshire chaplain with the labor system of General Banks represents an incident of surpassing interest in his career. That system was intended to meet the complex problem which inhered in the plague of negro refugees who besieged the federal army-posts and devoured the substance of the Northern conquerors. It sought the return of the refugees to the plantations — a forced return, it is true, under safeguard for the health, just compensation and protection of the blacks, but a forced return none the less. That the system would be assailed at the North as a reestablishment of slavery was foreseen, but instant measures were necessary to save the negroes, who were dying in hordes, and at the same time preserve the plantations from ruin and the army stores from dangerous depletion. It was not because of his talents alone, therefore, but likewise because of his standing and prestige as "a John Brown Abolitionist" that the New Hampshire chaplain was so conspicuously associated with this work by General Banks, and the stamp of his name upon the system, with the reassurance to the Abolitionists found in his eloquent letter to Garrison, rescued a plan vitally necessary at the time from the odium which would otherwise have overwhelmed it.

With suitable details of troops our chaplain and his associates in the work visited the plantations on each side of the Mississippi for many miles, investigating the treatment of the negro laborers by their masters to whom they were hired, correcting abuses and punishing excesses. In the course of this work most of the plantations in the Department of the Gulf came under his inspection, with the living conditions of thousands of ex-slaves.

It was a bizarre work. That the task should be doing at all was sufficiently extraordinary, but that it should be doing by a Northern anti-slavery clergyman, whose very presence on the soil two years before would have been the signal for a hanging, smacked of the unreal. He might have been pictured to the imagination of Northern children as a knight errant faring with his armed followers through a hostile land to right the wrongs of an oppressed and broken race.

In October, 1863, the labor system inaugurated and in fair working order, our chaplain was appointed inspector of schools for freedmen in the Department of the Gulf, and in March following he was made Secretary of the Board of Education for the Department. His report, issued at the close of the year, is a recital of absorbing interest, and in the heroic effort of which it tells, to impart the rudiments of learning to a backward race, under difficulties almost insurmountable, this report occupies a unique place in the literature of the period. Its pages yield a moving story of hundreds of courageous young women, often of Southern lineage, who dared peril and prejudice and braved innumerable hardships that the unfortunate blacks, both young and old, might taste the sweets of knowledge. Against a background of intensely hostile feeling on the part of the native white population and powerful local interests, this obscure drama was enacted under our minister's supervision and that of his associates, and it would be difficult indeed to find a page of Civil War history richer in interest or more grateful to the reader's sense of duty worthily done than is bound up in the four corners of this report.

In the case of Chaplain Wheelock the work held, as may be imagined, a peculiar and powerful interest. It presented an opportunity for putting to practical test the lofty principles to which he had committed himself so unreservedly in the sermons before the war. Of all aspects of the slave system, none had seemed so black in his eyes, and none had been denounced by him with such fire and passion, as the hopeless ignorance to which it consigned its victims. He must, therefore, have regarded it as a providential thing that in the hour of military victory the task of undoing this great wrong and

of demonstrating the capacity of the negro to receive and appropriate knowledge should have fallen so largely to his hands.

The war ending, Mr. Wheelock removed with his family to Texas. Here during what is commonly known as the period of reconstruction, he occupied a number of important public offices. At one time he was State Superintendent of Public Instruction, at another Reporter of the Supreme Court, and his last public service was that of Superintendent of the State Institute for the Blind, which office he relinquished in April, 1874.

In 1887, Mr. Wheelock organized a Unitarian society in Spokane, Washington, and for two years served as its minister. He then returned to Texas and not long after began his pastorate of the Unitarian movement at Austin, in which work he continued for eight years, when the gathering infirmities of age compelled his resignation. It was probably during the interval between his resignation as Superintendent of the State Institute for the Blind and his assumption of the duties of minister of the Unitarian church at Spokane that *Proteus* was written and the fragment which appears in this issue of *The Open Court* under the title of "The Psyche—a Study in Evolution." This fragment, with much of the content of *Proteus*, is found in a sermon delivered at Spokane and in another delivered a few years later at Austin.

## THE PSYCHE—A STUDY IN EVOLUTION.

BY EDWIN MILLER WHEELOCK.

SCIENCE to-day teaches the universal touch and clasp of all organic life, saying in vivid words that in the one loom of a common origin hath time woven all the forms of life; these forms being the sign-posts and mile-stones along the organic march of man. Star-dust, monad, fish, bird and beast are all steps in the stairway which reaches from clod to cloud and terminates in soul!

Every animal has been melted in the vital crucible from which man is made. Every form he uses is a wayside inn along the upward journey of the soul. His outward shell passed through every animal and vegetable body before it took on the human appearance. as in lower nature an analogous chemistry evolves electric bodies and wings from eggs and worms. When matter became organic, man was envisaged, for his psychic nature was once enshrined in flint and platinum: when the spine appeared he was already in view. To become a self-conscious spirit the psyche must first pass through every expression of life from landscape to skyscape; from the glow-worm to the star; from the daisy to the sun; from simia to seraph; from dust to Deity. This measureless cycle is all synthesized in man, who attains self-consciousness only after a countless series of evolutions. The stone becomes a plant, the plant a beast, the beast a man, the man a spirit, the spirit a god. "I said, Ye are Gods." was the large utterance of the Hebrew seer; or, as our Emerson has it,

"And the poor grass will plot and plan  
What it will do when it is man."

The world is here because there is an infinite reason for its existence; it is man at last that comes of it. The event reveals the design. Not a wind blew but sang of this wonder that should be. Not a river ran but hastened to have its water turned into the red wine

of his blood, and to run again, burdened with the message of the Infinite, in his veins. He stands in the center and feels all things as a dilation of his own being. He soars with the lark, crawls with the lizard, and shines with the gem or star. Man in nature becomes self-conscious, and thinking aloud. He folds round heaven and hell with equal arms. The cosmos is minimized in him.

It is the human idea that crystallizes the snowflake, veins the leaf, and paints the flower. These objects once carried our lives, and left them higher than they found them. Through all nature one glowing purpose runs—the building-up of man. There is nothing in the world but the human, actual or potential. Says the Kabbala: "If man did not exist there could be no world." He is the brother of all things even as God is the father. Though earth incessantly revolves, yet he is always at the top. Each of the various types in the mineral, plant and animal realms elaborates its mite of the vital principle; and, rising in the stately miracle of life, passes it on to a higher form. In the primal cell is purpose, aim, tendency. No atom can slip from the ligature of law. Prick the skin that is nearest, or the nebula that is farthest, and you draw the life-blood of law. Thought thinks in the atom; each molecule has a brain; each brain-cell has a memory of its own; and the forces of nature are the fingers of God. All thoughts are things, and all things have thoughts. The laws of the universe are circular, and from any arc may be computed the sweep of the circumference. To explore the creation man needs no wings. Let him seat himself on the earth at his feet, and as his eyes open the whole cosmos will swing into his sight. Time and space are the immeasurable continents, and matter the equally measureless content of creative investiture; thus all things wait on man to serve him in his fates.

Man is made of the same stuff as the oyster he eats or the corn he hoes. All the animals are on the King's highway, only at indefinite distances behind us. We are all interlinked in origin, in life and in destiny. If man is a philosopher he is also a polyp. The sage who would disprove his ascent from the ape, still shows in his argument the claws, tricks and tail of his noble ancestor. All creatures and all plants are on the same road. Our kindred stand at every mile-stone, and from the herded beast to Humboldt, from the saurian to Shakespeare, from the stone to the star, is but a step. The circumference of man is the universe, the center of the universe is man. He is the microcosm of the macrocosm. The dog is a barking man; the tree is a rooted man. He has cloaked himself with each astral fossil stored up in the etheric envelope of the earth.

In man are sun and moon, snow and mountain ranges, bud and flower. Many mothers fashion for one child, who yet, in his oneness, comprises myriads. There is nothing but is related to man, tree, sea-shell or crystal, the running river or the waving corn. Whatever is found as form in nature is present by form in him. In his maturational degree he is the measure of the material cosmos, for he has grown from the starfish and the chickweed, and "he has prowled, fanged and fourfooted in the woods." Just as the stone feels its way to the flower, and as the acorn out of soils and sunbeams fashions the oak, does the animated dust climb at last to the human brain, and the fluent mountains melt into man.

The slice of beef on the rich man's table has a history that goes back to the dawn of creation, and so has the needle that sews the poor man's rags together. The pauper is brother to the prince. The life of the race circulates in each individual, and the disease of the individual is in the blood of the race. The world is in man as much as man is in the world.

Every atom avows life—human life—the kingdom of God in beasts. Man has touched every spherule. The circle of his arm is the girdle of creation. His electric wires have compressed the earth until the elbows of the nations touch, and the winged heels of Mercury come tardy off beside the fleet Ariel of Edison and Bell. All history lies under his hat, and he is the trustee of every past age. Religion is born from him. He makes his Deity in his own image, and from his own heart and brain are shed the Bibles of the race, as the leaves are shed from the tree.

And more or less signifies nothing. The revolving moon and the falling apple move by the same law. The smallest sin helps to warp the earth's axis. The globe is but an enlarged globule. If the lenses of our eyes were differently adjusted the whole universe might come within our plane of vision and the spaces between the planets be no greater than the intervals between adjacent grains of sand. The air-bubble then becomes the star-cluster, and in a glass of water behold the Galaxy!

In the unity of nature all is taken up. The energy that grouped the atoms of the sand grain welded on the same anvil the star. God's word is written in full on every mustard seed. Ourselves and all we touch is, when we look with equal eyes, "God manifest in the flesh." The law that shapes the star-mist into suns outworks the frost-forest on our window-panes. A pebble is a microcosm. The moulds of the stars are used in forming the raindrops, and through each cubic foot of earth shoots the axis of the globe.



“The eye reads omens where it goes,  
 And speaks all languages the rose;  
 And striving to be man, the worm  
 Mounts through all the spires of form.”

Spirit is the great life on which matter rests as rests the ponderous globe on the free and fluid ether. Spirit impregnates matter; matter embodies spirit. Nature is the revelation of spirit in space; history the revelation of spirit in time. Spirit sleeps in the stone, grows in the plant, stirs in the animal, wakes in man, and will work on until the present chaos and old night are taken up into the higher evolution. The mind occupies every corpuscle. Spirit precedes time and space, builds its own structure and makes its own environment. The moral sense has its beginnings in the lower animals, just as the whale has its hind legs inside the skin, and its teeth that never cut the gums.

The psyche is present even in the lowest forms. It exists, but for want of fitting organs it is too dim for our faculties to ken, and increase in mind-force only takes place with ascent of organism. The pebble climbs to a rose, and the rose to a soul. Cosmic unity runs on the broad roadway of law through all the worlds. In every form alike the eternal God-seed comes and goes.

Man is the goal to which all uses run; the harbor where the world's freights come to shore. Man is conscious nature; nature is unconscious man. Her effort is to evolve her own God, who is man. The God of nature is always man. To bring her stupid deity to his senses, she cuffs and beats him as the angry fishermen of Naples do the images of their saints in stormy weather.

Our systems are charged in every fiber with the eternity behind us, and what was done a million of ages ago, when the crystal dreamed of the flower, is vital in us to-day. The laws that hold the world in their orbits are in the mind of man. The desire for a sentient life shows itself in everything from a seed to a sun, and it is a reflection of the divine will that the universe should continue. Things that have life are alive, whether they be atoms or orbs. Every particle in nature is a life, and there is not a finger-breadth of empty space beneath the dome of the sky.

The universe is swallowed up in man and by man all things are spread abroad. He barks in the dog, grows in the tree, murmurs in the passing brook, and his pulse vibrates to the stupendous movement of all the starry scheme. He is Atlas with the globe on his shoulders. He is the philosophers' stone transmuting coarse

matter into creative forces. He is the king of nature, for he knows himself in the midst of a universe that does not yet know itself. All through nebulous and planetary life there was one determined upward movement until man was reached. Form after form was flung aside, one creation after another left stranded until the human appeared. From the appearance of the first and faintest organism man was ideally present on earth, involved in the anatomical snarl. He is brother to the blossom and the tree, and with the same pigment nature paints the apple's and the maiden's cheek. From one form to another the monad has passed on. It was once encased in stone; then it crept out of its prison as a lichen or a moss. From change to change it climbed, until its physical form became that of a man.

In these lengthened processes of evolution the mystic advance of man has drawn into the various lines of the organism through which he has passed, the whole cosmos by minutenesses, till each one holds, mirrored in his structure, constituents and images of the universal All. I, that to-day am man, was yesterday a pine; the day before I sparkled in the crystal or the spar; before that I slept in the world-egg of stone; before that again, I was a rapid, sparkling sprite of the ether and the day, winged but unsouled, and hungry for incarnation; for the *psyche* desires birth and enfleshment, and the soul craves organism. Each form I use is but the inn where I tarry for a night; for the soul is an incurable nomad, dwelling always in tents. All things strive to ascend, and ascend by striving, so at last we work out the beast and let the tiger die. Tusks change to teeth, and the lion's paw and the jaw of the shark become the tools of culture. Evil in nature is unsubject force, not yet responsive to the human sway. But all evil is self-limited; and when carried too far pain becomes its own anodyne. Evolution is the steady play of the Eternal Will through all these turning and belted worlds, and the death of Pan is his rebirth into humanity.

The primal nucleoid holds the soul-seed of man—the offspring of dust and of spirit. In every type the soul-force has a corresponding material house—"to every seed its own body." The forms which he inhabits at any epoch in his organic march are only the record of his spirit's unfoldment up to that date. A death is a birth; a corpse is a seed; a cadaver is a genesis; and every green grave is a cradle; "from form to form he maketh haste."

If God is great He is also little. He dwells in the small man-seed by powers of fate, and weaves upon it shape on shape in being's loom. He is dim in rock, flower and bird. In human flesh he is most himself, and in human eyes we look most closely into

the eyes of God. God is not a mind but the cause of a mind; not a spirit but the cause of a spirit; He is felt and known as the only creative life, and man as the creaturely form in which that life becomes fully expressed and glorified. Each human innermost is a gemmule of God; and over every cradle shines the "star in the east." The Creation is that God the One may become God the Many. Man stands in the doorway of the planet; God can enter nature only through him. He unbinds himself in man and gives his being outness and relief. The evolution of man is the slow growth of the divine in us from infancy and nonage to kingship and rule. The road is a long one. Man lurks in the lichen and sleeps in the stone. Nature has cunningly wiredrawn him through all her products from flower-bud to planet-bud, from the airy cope to the granite calyx of the globe.

In man, the divine impersonal becomes personified. The psyche is the God-element which, divided from Deity, is yet divine and human. The scale of humanity ranges from atom to archangel: hunger for food is at one pole, and at the other hunger for God. Evolution moving backward does not leave us in the lap of the monkey—it traces us to the infinite arms. The long-evolving chain stretches not only from protoplasm to man, but from spirit to spirit. The way we have come hints at the way we are to go. The road behind us begins with the Infinite; vanward it ends only with the Infinite again. God creates Himself in man. Man completes himself in God. Man finds being in God; God attains existence in man. The universe is intelligence infinitely individualized. The creation is a thought discreted from the thinker's mind. It is the separateness of the personal entity or soul from the aggregate of soul in the cosmos. Nature holds the seeds and forms of all life in potency; in this way the primal slime becomes fish, bird, mammal, man; but all this stream of existence flows from the divine life, through every ancestral link, and is God's from end to end. An infinite force from first to last propels the eternal whole. Man has been crystaled, metaled, herbed and incarned. He will be unbeasted, humanized, godded. In his spiritual deeps all gospels lie in germ. To evolve at length a self-conscious personality is the end in view of the entire process. Thus "the word becomes flesh."

The long series of forms through which the psyche ascends furnish the curbing power that it needs to compress its action into orderly channels, and to endow it at length with self-control. Spirit must mount on the shoulders of matter, for man is a perpetual becoming, and the matter is the vehicle of all becoming. Before a

seed can grow it must be taken from the shelf and planted in the soil; so nature furnishes the soil for the growth of the soul.

The mermaid, the syren, the sphynx are parables of evolution. Those human-headed gods, with bodies of reptile, fish, bird or beast, are the pictures or object-lessons by which the Magi of the East taught the truth of the evolutionary ascent of the germ of man. Nature is the evolution of spirit in matter. History is the evolution of the Godhead, and each little child, like the holy babe of Bethlehem, intercedes for every person born.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### OUR FRONTISPIECE.

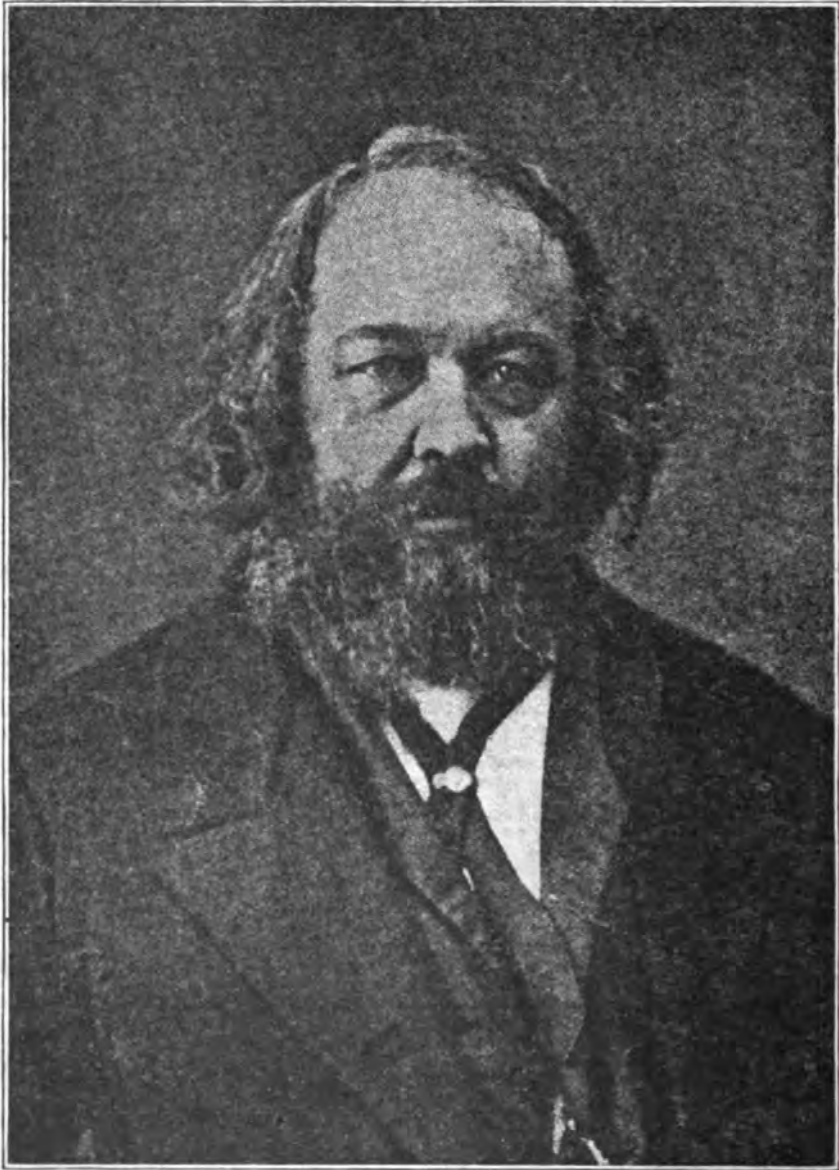
Max Klinger died on the 28th of July. As a frontispiece to this number we reproduce his "Christ on Mt. Olympus," one of his most celebrated creations which was completed in 1897 and is now placed in the Modern Gallery of Vienna.

Klinger was born in Leipsic in 1857. After studying in Berlin, Brussels and Munich he spent almost ten years of his life in Paris and Rome. From 1893 on he lived again in Leipsic.

It is impossible to do justice to Klinger's work in a short note, for he excelled as an etcher, as a sculptor and as a painter. In a number of his greatest works he has combined the art of the chisel with the art of the brush; in "Christ on Mt. Olympus" the two figures to the right and left of the predella are marble.

Most characteristic of his art, however, is the philosophical penetration with which he treats his subjects, giving depth to his cult of beauty. In the picture which we reproduce, symbolizing the entry of Christianity in the antique world, it is Psyche that seeks refuge at the feet of a humanized Christ, while the gods and goddesses of Homer look on amazed—but not abashed.

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MIKHAIL BAKUNIN.  
(From *Donahoe's Magazine*, July, 1908.)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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## THE GREAT PSYCHOSIS AND AFTER.

BY T. SWANN HARDING.

PERHAPS nothing furnishes more incontrovertible evidence of the simple-mindedness of people *en masse*, and even of those whom we choose to call "intellectuals," than the eagerness with which they, in every instance, absorbed the story of the antecedents of the war precisely as propagated by their own government, as if this were the plenary inspiration of heaven. Scientists forgot the method of truth, philosophers forgot their calm, preachers forgot their ethics, politicians forgot their squabbles, statesmen forgot their preferences of yesterday, the masses cleared a single neuron path in their mind and labeled it "The War." Thereupon each and every one of them believed with profound conviction and bigotry just what his government desired him to believe—albeit probably in many instances in direct opposition to what people of countries allied with his own were taught to accept—and those who dared to think normally were held in ignominy.

The civilian war mind<sup>1</sup> that is thus created is the very factor which makes war futile by rendering conflict more important than its objects. Even the accomplishment of the aims of enlightened selfishness is hence impossible, not to mention the good and noble ends for which, officially, every war is nowadays waged. The condition is the direct heir of schoolboy boasting and smacks of Homer's bragging gods and heroes. "It consists in the unconscious and confident parade of our secret passions as authentic and disinterested standards of objective value." From the Freudian standpoint it is the discharge of repressed complexes, principal among which is the "natural tendency of a strong personal bias to usurp the throne of judgment and to pose as objective truth."

<sup>1</sup> Cf. an article by this title in the *London Nation*, reprinted in *The Living Age*, September 13, 1919, from which our quotations are taken.

As time goes on we learn to condone more and more of the things upon which we ordinarily look as heinous and autocratic. Thus America entered the war still deploring the immorality of conscription; but in a few months the very same minds which had pointed out this immorality, fabricated most awesome arguments to demonstrate the democracy of the hated institution. General Crowder took liberty after liberty with the conscription law, ignored the spirit and strained the letter, until even the President was compelled to give him tardy reproof. Nor is the War Department to be blamed; it did precisely what it had been instructed to do. The blame falls upon us—the common people of America—who, after recognizing the sins of autocracy in Germany, adopted these same methods in America and then insisted upon their democracy. It is too bold to say that the war could have been won without such measures; perhaps not. But they should have been adopted honestly and with moral reservations, not proven falsely to be part of the gospel of democracy. The impulse of the herd mind is seen in the effort to demonstrate these things to be the precise opposite of what they have normally been held to be; this mind is always illogical, always the hypocrite.

We have attained the stage of culture where personal boasting is held in little esteem and is sternly repressed. For this reason the patriotic war mind is deflected into nationalistic braggadocio. To quote the London *Nation* again on this topic, "The essence of patriotism consists, indeed, in believing somehow, not pretending to believe, that the glorification of our country (with ourselves as the secret core) is consistent with a truthful and dispassionate assessment of evidence. . . . The genuineness of the conviction that your country is absolutely right, your enemy absolutely wrong, and that your judgment in this matter is absolutely reliable, being founded on a full and fair consideration of all the evidence, is essential to the process." The fallacy of this notion is well exposed by Norman Angell in *Patriotism Under Three Flags*, a book perhaps sufficiently old to be read with safety by rather a high voltage "patriot" who might become rigid with rage at more recent revelations.

The gist of the matter is the ability to see the same act as right if done by "our" side but as wrong if done by "their" side; this takes an instinct for self-justification and a benign disregard for psychological categories, but not reason. Disregard for neutral rights in Belgium, for instance, was right to a Prussian but wrong to an Allied partisan; a similar disregard for neutral rights in China or in Greece appeared to be held wrong only in the Teuton



camp. Shift the context and you have things as you desire them regardless of absolute values.

Thus England looked upon her two-power navy as a justifiable necessity; she looked upon Germany's two-power army as a luxury and a menace. To-day we find a certain amount of compulsory military training to be a reasonable precaution in America; similar steps on the part of Germany are interpreted as sinister. As Angell says,<sup>2</sup> "Because a given purpose happens to be the nation's purpose, that of itself tends to close all discussion as to its rightness or wrongness, utility or uselessness." The German gave his individual submission to the aims of the State and conscience ceased to be conscience. Quite so. But did not the *Hibbert Journal* publish many articles which argued conscience out of court and declared plainly for unqualified submission to the State and an end to silly religious quibbling? Could this submission be wrong in Germany and right in England? It is hard to believe so.

Autocracy displaces democracy in war; it has to in order that war may be made efficiently; free speech ends and the military is supreme. Moreover, any effort to dispute the morality of the process, even while admitting its probable necessity, is treason! To suggest that anything done by our State may be wrong is also treason. Yet when Roosevelt so thunderously declared for "My country, right or wrong" he subscribed to a philosophy which would have condemned any German vile enough to have protested against the invasion of Belgium, or the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Liebknecht could not be eternally right and Bertrand Russell eternally wrong at one and the same time. No nation is as virtuous as it believes itself to be nor are its enemies as wicked as it believes them to be.

The bitter denunciations of the German spy and propaganda systems which appeared in our press furnish a further example to the point: because every power on earth, including our own, maintained an elaborate spy system. In fact, as one may see by a signed letter in the *New York Nation* of December 20, 1919, we even bade scientists act as spies, a particularly pernicious form of this practice. Furthermore, the Allies had in our country at all times a propaganda far more insidious than that of the Germans because it was infinitely less crude and blundering than that of Berlin. The copy of the *Nation* just mentioned publishes in facsimile a letter sent by the British Military Mission to various American editors. It calls attention to an "official" story of the Persian affair which is soon to be released, and asks that it be featured, adding that a

<sup>2</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 27.

little favorable editorial comment "would serve a useful purpose"! This letter was dated October 23, 1919. Again, we denounce no one. Attention is merely called to facts, and, if our moral code has more than a perfunctory value, right is right and wrong is wrong regardless of nationality. Shaw was right as well as witty in condemning those who were "pacifist when a bomb dropped in Fulham but jingo when it dropped in Freiburg."

The German intellectuals who wrote a fevered diatribe in support of the wrongs of their government were justly ridiculed; yet we failed to observe that our own intellectuals were active, not only in rightfully supporting their governments, but in prostituting their ethics and their ideals in instances where the advocacy of extreme measures was both immoral and dishonest. "The eager industry with which the intellectuals of both contending herds fed them with this war-truth furnishes a valuable commentary on the subjectivity of knowledge." Shades of the Vigilantes!

The herd mind in action is childish, ludicrous and untempered by judgment. Enemy individualists who protest for freedom are looked upon as martyrs in the cause of right; our own advocates of individualism become fiends incarnate. The educated Japanese has the greatest difficulty in trying to comprehend why we execrate the idea of "Asia for Asiatics" while holding our own Monroe Doctrine to be natural and salutary. To us our unnecessary wars with Spain and with Mexico seem entirely to differ from Austria's predatory pugnacity toward Serbia, and yet, to an unbiased judgment (or to a Spaniard!) the difference is small indeed. The *Temps* found the German invasion of Belgium most abominable; the British ruthlessness in Persia much to be questioned; but French aggression in Syria and the Saar appeared to it quite proper regardless of treaties. In each case prejudice rather than judgment ruled opinion.

Germany has been castigated for being unfavorable to arbitration at the Hague; England was notable for favoring the peaceful solution of differences. But Norman Angell pertinently asks, who had least to lose and most to gain from arbitration, the power which hungered for territory or the power which was already satiated and found excellence in the status quo? At the Hague it was always England who blocked any measure tending toward less ruthless naval warfare; but to mention this fact during the war was to be, to the herd mind, "pro-German."

The New York *Nation* has frequently been taxed with being anti-British, although its one aim has been to stand with the right

against imperialism and militarism regardless of national boundaries. The civilian war mind hates those who can see things more largely than it can, those who would rather be right than be Britains or Americans. It refuses to test evidence disinterestedly; it loathes thinkers with virulence; and it is even found among the educated. Here it is most amusing, for the average sensual man does little real thinking, and his emotions are upon so primitive a level that irrationality involves no great sacrifice.

“The abject and unconscious surrender of so many ‘educated’ persons to the ravages of the herd mind in the years of the war has been a disconcerting exhibition of the instability of the higher qualities of personality”; we see in them all the naive vainglory of the primitive fighting man with his “antics of self-praise and vituperation of the enemy.” No sooner did war patriotism seize us than “the howling dervishes of the press proclaimed ‘the holy war,’ and all our intellectual and spiritual leaders ranged themselves in bands to testify, each in its proper manner, to the truth and justice of our herd’s cause and the utter falsehood of all opposing pleas. Truth . . . became at once transparent; moral responsibility . . . became for this occasion simplicity itself. Our clergy were genuinely shocked at the blasphemy of the enemy in claiming that ‘the holy war’ was theirs, while all the time the hypocrites knew it was ours. Our philosophers were quick to trace the poison of materialism and absolutism lurking even in the text of Kant; our men of letters found even in Goethe the ‘wicked will to power’; our scientists had long detected the essential barrenness of Germany for big creative ideas, finding her a nest of pilfering adapters; our historians with quick pen redrew the modern world history in black and white.”

With these facts in mind it is delicious to contemplate Admiral Sims’s testimony in early 1920 to the effect that we were, with commendable impartiality, ready to fight England quite as quickly as Germany! It is further interesting to find in the *Nation* of January 17, 1920, that in the rigid inquiry into the causes of the war carried on in Berlin, not only was the Kaiser shown to be wax in the hands of the blockheaded militarists of the Ludendorff type, but Bernstorff was found to have been held two weeks at Halifax *en route* home in order that he might the less effectually protest against unrestricted submarine warfare—for America was still at peace. Such was the morality of nations. Of course, it is now generally known that the Count, far from being the devil he was pictured, was a very much distracted man between the moderateness of the German Foreign

Office and the insanity of the ruthless, dishonest and vastly intriguing militarists; cf. his memoirs recently published and press reviews.

The vagaries of our press knew no bounds. It painted Japan as a democracy (a delicious morsel apparently original with the *Baltimore American*); it insisted that we must go into the war to vindicate the rights of the individual, and when we were in declared that the State had an inalienable right over the individual and admonished us to adopt the Prussian remedy for draft-resisters—acute lead poisoning, while consistently denouncing Germany for this in the next column but one. The *Nation* of November 1, 1919, records the press lies of the last ten days in regard to the war against Bolshevism, and continues, "If there remained in the world one person who still cherished the belief that the day's news bore any relation to the day's facts, he must have been disillusioned by the most recent occurrences." The *New Republic's* résumé of the *New York Times's* Russian news (issue of August 4, 1920) proves the same contention. Garet Garrett of the *New York Tribune* honestly insisted that the war could not be treated upon an intellectual plane, that it was the herd's business and must be fought out, not reasoned about. Many more liberal journals underwent a curious metamorphosis, first toward conservatism impelled by the exigencies of the herd mind, and then, after the war, slowly back toward liberalism.

Many newspapers are liberal upon matters of no moment. The *Detroit News* even desired so strongly to protest against the dangerous suppression of so-called "radicals" that it did so, protecting itself by claiming them to be insane. The *Detroit Free Press* is liberal upon matters about which it can do it no possible harm to be liberal, and the *Baltimore American*, though believed to be controlled by Roman Catholics, is very broad-minded religiously—and generally—in so far as liberalism may be made to comport well with herd desires and mass indifference.

But all papers ruthlessly shut off debate well before war begins. Before the Boer War the *Daily Telegraph* urged the suppression of all reasonable discussion and advised brickbats; the *Standard* lampooned those who desired a peaceful settlement; *The Nineteenth Century* of January, 1902, declared that free speech was dead; the *Times* refused the truthful and moderate articles of Francis Dormer and published the fierce vituperation of a Mr. Monypenny who had been in South Africa just twenty-four hours; the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *National Review* took up the refrain of death to rationalists. It was ever thus.

The *Baltimore American* long pleaded with us to go to war because we were menaced by Germany's navy; on November 10, 1917, under the caption "American Security," it published an editorial showing that a successful invasion of this country by Germany was and had always been impossible! In fact, Admiral Fletcher<sup>3</sup> declared that it was quite impossible that England herself could defeat us on the sea, while he was sure that Germany could not. Yet the strength of the German navy formed a perfectly good pro-war argument for the press, due to the mental lethargy of the people.

The press always leads in fanning the flames of hate and in repressing reason. In the press of France and of the British Empire we stood second only to Germany in the matter of being abused—until we entered the war. No insult was sufficiently gross; we were greedy for gold, pro-German, vacillant, immoral, effete and impotent. We declared war. At once we became miraculously endowed of all the virtues and good qualities known to the herd mind. We were lovers of truth and justice, stern, relentless, powerful, virile and noble. Our President was no longer a weak and ridiculous appendage of a decrepit typewriter, but a glorified being of blood and iron. We were even discovered to be using the English language correctly!

Hate, as a product of the civilian war mind, was far from a German monopoly. Discussing "Unconscious Primitive Traits in Present-Day Thought," Bradby analyzes the primitive symbolism which is back of the emotion of hatred.<sup>4</sup> It is the same old herd mind again active which kept the griffin in the animal catalog until 1675 and which made the Kaiser a symbol of all the unconscious capacities for evil of many thousands. It was the old, savage belief that things once associated still influence each other that guided those childish beings who struck German words out of books, who hung the enemy in effigy, who banned German opera, who smashed German-made crockery, who scorned Wagner and Meyerbeer and Strauss and Wundt and Eucken and Harnack and Ostwald as mere imbeciles. Unable to tear a German limb from limb they must revert to primitive symbolism; thus they beat and plundered shopkeepers with German names in reprisal for the barbarity of the German military, making responsibility for evil collective in a fashion typically Prussian. The anti-German alliance might have

<sup>3</sup> Hearings before the Committee of Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives on estimates submitted by the Secretary of the Navy in 1914.

<sup>4</sup> M. K. Bradby, *Psycho-Analysis and Its Place in Life*.

been called an alliance of common hatred; even to-day many individuals refuse to belong to an international correspondence club which admits German members. Would they bathe in the same ocean with a Teuton?

There was the hate which blazed out when Germany killed our first soldiers, quite regardless of the fact that at the same time we were shedding German blood, all of which could scarcely be avoided under the circumstances. There was (and is) the misguided truculence of the *American Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry* which preached no trade with Germany until our desire for dollars got the better of our antipathy, and now rattles along militaristically for the Prussian type of preparedness. It was the bigoted and insulting character of Allied diplomatic communications which so firmly cemented the Germans as greatly to prolong the war at immense cost in money and in blood; for we paid dearly for childish hate. Even at Versailles this bitterness continued and the German responses to Allied demands were alone couched in respectable language.

So universal was hate that evidences of charity toward enemies are pleasing indeed. There might be mentioned the Berlin theater audience which softly chanted "*Nicht zu laut! Nicht zu laut!*" on the night of the capture of Antwerp, and the book by Abbé Félix Klein entitled *La guerre vue d'une ambulance*. And after all, as the aviator in *Le feu* observed, both sides apparently petitioned the same God for the "victory of right" in the same war; and President Wilson's peace appeals assumed perfect neutrality to the extent of bringing from both sides cries of "We are not as that publican there!"

In America the gentleman is the inconspicuous man who conforms; it was this instinct to conform, rather than reason, which led the American Legion to modify its ferocity when ferocity appeared to menace popularity. The war mind is most intolerant of heterodoxy and values conformity more than principle. Those crass individuals who persisted in the obstinate course of obedience to conscience were persecuted indeed—Jordan, Bryan, Holmes, Berger, Ponsonby, Russell, Morel, MacDonald, Liebknecht—men far from perfect or even absolutely right, yet every one was intellectually sincere and sought nothing save the ability to think and to speak freely. It was Lincoln and Grant who protested the Mexican War; Cobden and Bright the Crimean War; Burke and Chatham the War of Independence; Morley and Bryce and Lloyd George the Boer War. Did history vindicate the intellectual or the

herd mind? To some minds Roosevelt was pro-German;<sup>5</sup> Samuel Gompers was tremendously pro-Ally in America at a time when more reflective British Labor saw his shallow platitudes as a menace to victory and a very real force insuring German solidarity. Lansdowne's Tory letter caused the "patriots" to gnash their teeth, yet it advocated few things which were not later found to be necessary. At one time it was treasonable to ask for a restatement of war aims; a little later it became heretical not to do so. In each case the herd mind became exultant in contending that "this"—whatever it was—was just what was needed.

For the war mind is not an impartial investigator of the truth; it will "jump to conclusions arbitrarily, and we are egoistic enough to think that, because we have jumped to them, the conclusions must be right. . . .our evidence may not be good evidence, but the average sense of evidence is so light that this does not matter."<sup>6</sup> The herd mind "is a swivel-mind, easily adjustable to any point of view that is convenient. It has its sophists who reconcile collective responsibility with autocracy by telling you that servility involves consent," but it advises us to do likewise. It can readily believe two opposing things at once. When, subsequent to our entering the war, the Pope made his peace appeal, many orthodox Christians admitted that it was wrong to continue murder in a religious context but quite right in a political context. We found German colonists insidious in Brazil; much more numerous and much more impudent Italian colonists were guileless. President Irigoyen of Argentine was a "German-bought" dissimulator for endeavoring to keep his country out of the war, the policy for which we first praised and later execrated President Wilson.

The very same people who assured us of the inevitability of the Great War added that it would never have happened had it been known beforehand that England would defend Belgium, or had England had conscription—etc. *ad infinitum*. In *Pages choisies* we find Emile Boutroux saying, "Enfin la guerre est évidemment une éducation morale. . . .elle apprend, tout d'abord, à pratiquer cordialement ce devoir de tolérance en matière d'opinions." The former statement voices the attitude so abominated in Prussian militaristic

<sup>5</sup> It is interesting to remember that Roosevelt in a letter to Von Mach, November 7, 1914, said that he admired the Germans more than any other people, and that he would view the dismemberment of Germany as a calamity. Cf. Ed. von Mach, *Germany's Point of View*, p. 48.

<sup>6</sup> *The New Statesman*, "What Is Evidence"; reprinted in *The Living Age*, September 13, 1919.

philosophy; the latter is so manifest an absurdity that even a French patriot must have laughed when he penned it.

Such are the vagaries of the civilian war mind. The Germany before whom we bowed as the arbiter of fate in matters of science became a quack and a cheat. Our former deference of ignorance was pitiable enough, for it ignored the triumphs of American industry as well as the fact that scientific pioneers were not Germans—Priestley, Cavendish, Scheele, Dalton, Gay Lussac, Lavoisier; our denunciations were quite as ignorant, for the Germans were learned and intelligent. Yet these things are as nothing to other exaggerated dreams born of the opiate of hatred.

And all the time we denounced the enemy as a creature unfit for human association—i. e., association with English, Americans, French, Belgians, Serbians, Japanese, Russians and African Colonials; yet throughout the war German and Allied diplomats met regularly around a table in Holland and discussed the exchange of prisoners. The *Nation* for May 8, 1920, under "Trafficking With the Enemy in 1917," exposes the abortive Prince Sixtus effort for peace and discloses the Allies plotting merrily with the Germans. Asquith appealed to the war mind by declaring that there could be no negotiations with Germany until her crimes were avenged; but when prisoners are to be exchanged or dollars to be earned, hate evaporates and disappears, and the civilian war mind is disclosed in all its deceitful artificiality.<sup>7</sup>

We find ourselves at the close of an exhausting and a demoralizing war with a peace that is no peace. We have seen that war everywhere has its defenders, that men will fight over trivialities, that the civilian war mind is intolerant and repressive, that international law is disregarded and harsh warfare is the rule, that each nation has a naive conceit that it is God's chosen people, and that the Great War was quite like all other wars save only in immensity. What have we to show for our denial of the highest idealism in the effort to achieve intangibles by force?

Following the world's unethical, un-Christian and unnecessary debauch we have a peace of bitterness and malediction which extracts the last pound from a prostrate people and starves them to boot, while refusing altogether to confront and solve the problems that so seriously need solution. We have brought into being no New World; we have merely remapped the old and established a new balance of power. We deliberately made the winning of the war more important than its object; we refused to discuss peace

<sup>7</sup> Cf. *Stead's Review*, June, 1917.



except when we discussed the impossibility of making peace; we sowed the wind and have reaped the whirlwind.

Norman Angell warned us long ago that "if we cannot, during the war, manage by discussions between ourselves to give the enemy some idea of how we propose, having destroyed his militarism, to secure his national defense, and having cut off his road to the outer world, to secure his opportunity for economic development, he will to the last gasp fight as any people...for what they regard as their national existence." The enemy did fight just so until the Fourteen Points, reaffirmed in Woodrow Wilson's speech of September 27, 1918, appeared to give just these guaranties. He then surrendered. Thereupon we made a peace which utterly ignored these points (Mr. Lansing says they were not even so much as mentioned at Versailles), a peace of hate, predatory and brutal, which disarmed our enemy but not ourselves, which sowed the seeds of future wars and which was bent upon revenge alone.

On November 1, 1919, the *Nation* declared that the ratification of this peace would put us upon a moral level with the Germans who entered Belgium. Fortunately, the Senate refused to ratify, though—so great was its indifference to ethics and morality—the reasons were almost altogether political. We who declared that the Germans were without honor and that they did not keep their promises, acted just as they have in the past and visited the sins of autocracy upon democracy by trying to act as we thought a Prussian would when making peace!

If the Supreme Council "did not deliberately intend to strengthen the forces of reaction and check the growth of democratic government and institutions, it nevertheless pursued a policy which could have had no other result." A glimmer of hope is to be found in the fact that the old gentlemen who contrived this infamous pact have, one by one, been discredited. At Versailles it was assumed that the wickedness of the enemy was so great that any sort or size of injuries inflicted upon him and his posterity fell short of his deserts, and that justice consists in doing to others what you choose to think they would have done to you. Thus we emulated the ethics we claimed to have fought.

Austin Harrison superbly denounced this uneconomic peace "based on starvation" and praised America for refusing to pledge herself to fight for the "racial, linguistic, sectarian and imperial animosities, jealousies, greeds and rapacities of old Europe." He

<sup>8</sup> *English Review*, December, 1919; *Living Age*, January, 1920.

declared that we were forcing Germany back to militarism and were aiding the spread of Bolshevism by enacting this unenforceable treaty.<sup>8</sup> And then the complacently ignorant editors of America supinely say "Ah, a little harsh, 'tis true; but quite well deserved and quite capable of enforcement."

This Treaty is one of the varied discharges of our repressed war impulse; having been psychologically keyed up to do murder for a long time yet, sudden peace, without the neurotic preparation for peace that was required, compelled us to work the ire out of our systems in other directions than war. Although war still continues in many places. British battleships steam hither and yon, various nations exercise themselves martially in heterogeneous enterprises and others try to foment conflict. For a while we Allies and our late loathed Teutonic enemy stood side by side to kill Russians! Victory by arms alone, without the victory of reason and ideals, can bring about a settlement no more permanent than those previously brought about by violence.

Our ministers in some instances still preach a gospel of hate; thousands of people still wish to see the German race annihilated; thousands still imagine that all of the evil on earth was in Germany; political prisoners are still held in America; the Bolsheviki are looked upon as a reincarnation of all the evils of Kaiserdom—an interesting psychological phenomenon; France in the Saar suppresses the German nationality just as Germany oppressed the French in Alsace-Lorraine; Kreisler plays in Detroit under police protection; the American Legion defies city officials to the extent that even Mr. Taft felt called upon to warn them (although the World War Veterans are more law-abiding by far); books are still suppressed and periodicals barred from the mails. An intelligent British visitor was recently amazed at reactionary America and at our simple ignorance of the various theories of radical trend which have been well understood in Europe for decades. Our Palmers and Stevensons and Lusks lump together the lukewarm liberal, the mild socialist, the philosophical anarchist, the communist, the sovietist, the laborite and the apostle of violence, swing their clubs, call them "Reds" and go their merry, monstrous way.<sup>9</sup>

Arthur Clutton-Brock strikes the note of sanity when he says: "But, so long as we all preach at the Germans, they will never confess; so long as we say they are a people unique in wickedness, they will repeat to themselves that they are unique in virtue and oppressed

<sup>9</sup> *The Nation*, November, 1919. Cf. also Maynard Keynes, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*.

by the envy of mankind. . . . We are not gods, with the right or power of damnation, but men, with the common promise of a humanity to which none of us yet has attained or can attain, without the help of us all."<sup>10</sup> We have, indeed, shamelessly let slip a great opportunity to remake the world; perhaps the disaster may yet be partially retrieved, but to retrieve it we must enter into the spirit of Clutton-Brock.

First of all, then, we must have a League of All Nations, and not simply a Federation of the Victors for Common Gain. And everywhere and at all times we need less emotion and more reason. National hatreds have been intensified, the most cherished ideals of humanity have been derided, man's claim to be a reasoning animal has been seriously impaired by his reaction to impulse, and a new balance of power exists. As in previous wars every contestant entered the conflict in a high burst of idealism, fighting a just, an unprovoked and a defensive war; as time progressed war inevitably brutalized, ethics were forgotten, lofty aims became shallow catch-words to pacify the masses and hatred and instinct ruled supreme. Then peace came suddenly to the world. And while fighting had developed into a science of high efficiency, no one had learned how to make a proper peace. We had so long been trained to murder and destroy and to deceive, we had so thoroughly obeyed our masters, that we did not definitely know what we were fighting for.

Thus it was that two cunning and reactionary old gentlemen of Latin blood met a pliable Welshman and an impractical American at Versailles to build a New World which was to have repaid the sorrowing peoples for their dire misfortunes. The two reactionaries desired nothing but the things wicked and unscrupulous diplomats have always desired—to grasp and to hold power and to have dominion for themselves and their party; the Welshman desired but to please everybody and generally to ingratiate himself; the American desired many good and pure and noble things but was innocent of the slightest practical knowledge of how to go about getting them; and the remaining delegates to Versailles were to all intents and purposes non-existent.

And there came from this unpropitious group of old gentlemen a peace which is no peace; a patchwork beside which the work of the Congress of Vienna appeared excellent, a cruel and barbarously primitive peace which crushed and starved the enemy with complacent savagery; a predatory peace which took as much as could be taken without disrupting the solidarity of the victors; a lying

<sup>10</sup> "The Pursuit of Happiness," *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1919, p. 1.

peace which broke our solemn promises, which equivocated and deceived and utterly refused intelligently to face any of the great problems which so gravely demanded attention.

There have come down to us through the ages, in spite of the efforts to drown them out with the thunder of cannon and the mercilessness of derision, some words descriptive of a man who was unjustly condemned to death, who was crucified by an unctuously religious community whose self-righteousness he condemned. It was said of him that "when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not." Strange sentiments these to us now! How remote they seem to modern "Christians"!

When at length this man hung tortured upon a cross, he looked down with infinite pity upon the immeasurably petty creatures who threw dice for his raiment and who went their little path to oblivion in joyous pride, and he recognized in them people who somehow did not understand. They felt themselves duty-bound to go though with certain forms and ceremonies; to believe in certain ways and to act in a definitely prescribed manner; to smile upon those who thought as they did and to cut down without pity and without remorse those who thought and felt more than they did; and in so doing they missed all of life's higher values and lived to no true purpose. The great heart of the man on the cross comprehended all this; his profound mind looked beyond the unreflective actions of little, hysterical men, and he lifted his eyes to the great blue sky and cried "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!"

What a beautiful story of a truly noble mind! And it is full of meaning for us to-day and every day. Those Germans who so monstrously erred, those frantic "patriots" of all nations who refused to reason, those old gentlemen at Paris who made a medieval peace while civilization tottered—did not understand. We must forgive them for their lack of understanding. But we must help to speed the day when men shall choose to reason and shall cease to be mere creatures of unbridled impulse.

revolutionary fire. The final word upon him is Belinski's who speaks of his "savage energy, restless, stimulating and profound mobility of mind, his incessant striving for remote ends, without any gratification in the present; even hatred for the present and for himself in the present; ever leaping from the special to the general." And in another context he admits that Bakunin has sinned and made many mistakes, but that there is something in him that wipes away all his faults of character, "the principle of eternal movement hidden in the very depths of his soul." †

## THE COSMIC PARTHENOGENESIS.

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN.

### I.

THE mythic parthenogenesis is primarily referable to the earth as the great mother whose progeny includes not only all things in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, but also the sun, moon and stars as supposed to be living beings. This preternatural genesis is rarely abiogenesis or spontaneous generation (as in the case of the Egyptian Net or Neith—see below), and strictly speaking, in accordance with the meaning of the word “parthenogenesis,” it is never epigenesis of normal character (as in the multitude of stories in which the celestial sire has a philoprogenitive role, either as anthropomorphic or in some metamorphosis). The mythic parthenogenesis, on the contrary, is generally epigenesis in which the paternal progenitor operates from a distance; and thus with the cosmic man, or the heaven (or sometimes the sun or moon) as the paternal figure, inseminating elements or intermedia are recognized in rain, dew, light, heat, wind, lightning, thunder, etc., and even in the setting sun—as also in certain symbols and personifications of these intermedia. In some myths they appear without reference to their source, as if independent potencies, while in others a transporting agent or messenger between heaven and earth is introduced.

The earth as the parthenogenous mother of all things is properly ever-virginate, with her solar offspring sometimes considered the first-born, and even the only-begotten; and she is not infrequently presented as an indevirginate wife. The idea of a periodical virgination of the earth-mother appears to be found in only one ancient story, according to which Hera (Juno) was revirginated annually by bathing in a spring called Canathus, at Nauplia in the Troad—Troy—Troy—a story which Pausanias says is a secret one, borrowed from a mystery which the Argives celebrated in honor of the goddess (II, 38, 2). It was probably of Oriental origin, for Hera

was fabled to have bathed in a spring in Mesopotamia after her marriage to Zeus, whence the spot was said to be ever fragrant with perfume, while shoals of tame fishes gamboled in the water (*Ælian, Nat. An.*, XII, 30). It is not improbable that the annual bathing of the goddess originally belonged to the rainy season of winter and spring, with the rain supposed to be the cause of the renewal of the earth's vegetation, and thus also of her rejuvenation and revirgination; but it appears that in some parthenogenesis myths the bathing-place is identified with the western division of the earth-surrounding ocean-river, with the setting sun as the original inseminating intermedium.

Mythology, folk-lore and pseudo-history abound in stories of parthenogenesis; the following examples being the most ancient and the most transparently related to the nature mythos. (For many



GÆA AS THE BOUNTIFUL MOTHER.

(After Conze, *Götter und Heroengestalten*, II, Pl. 56, fig. 2.)

similar stories in the later legends of various peoples, see especially De Charencey, *Le folklore dans les deux mondes*, pp. 121-256; Christian, *Die Völker des östlichen Asiens*, Vol. I; Hartland, *Legend of Ætærus*, Vol. I, and *Primitive Paternity*, Vol. I.)

The personified Æther (the upper blue region of space) was assimilated to the cosmic man by the Greeks, some of whom viewed him as the father of the heaven, earth and sea, while in *the Hymns* he is the primordial spirit and soul of the universe. Lucretius says that "we are all sprung from celestial seed: of all is the same Æther, from whom, when the bountiful received the liquid drops of moisture, she, being impregnated, produces the rich crops and the joyous groves and the race of men." on which account she has justly obtained the name of

mother" (*De Rer. Nat.*, II, 998—cf. *Ecclesiasticus* xl. 1, where the earth is "the mother of all things"). According to Ovid, in the springtime "almighty father Æther descends in fertilizing showers into the bosom of his joyous spouse. . . Then bounteous earth is teeming to the birth" (*Georg.*, II, 324—following Æschylus, *Frag. Danaid.*, frag. 38, *Dind.*; and Euripides, *Frag. Chrysipp.*, frag. VI, *Dind.*). Zeus was also a sender of rain (Jupiter Pluvius); and he was sometimes identified with the rain itself as the inseminator of both Ceres for the earth and Proserpina for vegetation (*Arnobius, Adv. Gent.*, V, 32, 35). He took the form of a shower with Imandra, daughter of Geneanus, at Rhodes (according to the *Clementine Recognitions*, X, 22). In the *Rigveda*, Indra as the sender of rain is Parjanya, the fertilizer of all living things (V, 83, 1, 7; VII, 102, 2; cf. VIII, 6, 20). The original Cretan Curetes, "children of the earth" (*Diodor.*, V, 65), are said by Ovid to have sprung from the earth after a plenteous shower (*Met.*, IV, 281). The Pueblo Indians fabled that the celebrated Montezuma was engendered by a fertilizing shower that fell upon his parthenogenous mother as well as upon the earth after a great drought and famine; and the Pimas related that their first ancestor came from a raindrop and the goddess of maize (*Bancroft, Native Races*, III, pp. 174, 312).

In another view, the fecundating rain becomes a liquor received by the mythic mother in the form of drink. Vishnu's fourfold incarnation as Rama, Bharat and the twins Laksman and Satrugna is effected when the three mothers, wives of King Dasaratha, drink celestial liquor from a golden bowl brought by a messenger from the Lord of Life: this messenger being a vast and splendid form of light that arises from the flame of a sacrifice, bearing the bowl (*Ramayana*, I, 15, 19). In the *Rigveda*, the fermented soma juice is called "the fecundating power of the rain-shedding steed" (for the wind or the cloud—I, 164, 35); and according to an Iranian legend, Zaratust (Zoroaster) owed his origin to a drink of *hom* (= soma) juice and cow's milk, respectively infused with his guardian spirit and glory ("Selections of Zad-Sparam," in *Sacred Books of the East*, V, p. 187). Here the rain is also identified with the milk of the celestial cow; and according to another legend, Zoroaster first appeared as the foliage on the tree of life, which was eaten by a cow whose milk as the only food of the future prophet's father effected the incarnation of the prophet, while in this legend the name of the mother is given as Daghdo and interpreted "milk" (*Malcolm. History of Persia*, pp. 192, 193—but the name is properly Dughda = daughter; see *Bundahish*, XXXII, 10, etc.). It is also held that



Hushedar, Hushedar-mah and Soshians, the three sons of Zoroaster, will be born as the Messiahs of three future millennial cycles, after the parthenogenous mother has drunk of the water in which she bathes—the same having been fertilized long previously and thence kept fertile by a miracle of preservation (*Bund.*, XXXII, 8, 9; *Dinkard*, VII, etc.). According to a Hindu myth, the mother of the human race arose out of the subsided waters of the primordial deluge, which were fertilized by a sacrifice of curdled milk and whey thrown into them by Manu (Weber, *Indische Studien*, I, p. 161).

Again, in the *Rigveda*, the earth is fertilized when the Maruts (winds) emit their perspiration in the form of rain (V, 58, 7); and in Norse mythology the first man and woman are created from the perspiration under the left arm of Ymir, the cosmic giant (*Elder Edda*, "Vafthrudnismal"; *Younger Edda*, Foreword, IV, 6). According to some of the Egyptians, the goddess Tefnut (= the wet Nut or rainy heaven) as a daughter of Tem or Amen-Ra, was produced *ab urina* (see Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 318; II, p. 88). The constellated giant Orion (Akkadian, Uru-anna = Light of heaven) was generally associated with rain-storms; and some supposed that the original form of the name was Urion, *ab urina*, whence the Latin fable that the earth-born Orion was engendered by micturated wine from Jupiter. Neptune and Mercury (Ovid, *Fasti*, V, 493 seq.). In some Hindu myths, the insemination of the earth-mother is accidental, and incidental to a symbolized storm struggle—as in the variant accounts of the genesis of Drona and Kripa, originally for the sun and moon (*Mahabharata*, I, 5078-5086, 5103-5106; Wheeler, *History of India*, I, p. 78; Williams, *Sansc. Lex.*, s. v. Kripa; Goldstücker, *Sansc. Dict.*, s. v. Ayonija; De Gubernatis, *Zoo. Myth.*, I, p. 250). Similar stories are told of the earth-born Erichthonius, son of Hephæstus, the Greek god of fire (Apollod., III, 14, 6; Hygin., *Poet. Ast.*, II, 13); of the earth-born Agdistis, son of Zeus (variant versions in Pausanias, VII, 17, 5, and Arnobius, *Adv. Gent.*, V, 5); of the earth-born Centaurs, progeny of Zeus (Nonnus, *Dionys.*, V, 14), and even of Mohammed as son of a king of India and a Brahman's daughter (in a Hindu legend—see Wilford, in *Asiatic Researches*, IX, p. 159).

In the *Rigveda* it is said that Agni (as the fire or heat of the sun) fecundates the young plants, so they bring forth fruit (III, 55, 5), and he is called "the embryo of the earth-fertilizing rain" (*ibid.*, V, 14, 10). Some of the Greeks believed that the first human beings were produced by the earth, warmed by the sun (Diodor..

I, 7; Pausan., VIII, 29, 3), as also did some of the Orinoco Indians (Gumilla, *Histoire de l'Orénoque*, I, p. 175). Again, after the Deucalion deluge the earth brought forth a new brood of creatures from the mud heated by the sun—according to Ovid, who explains that “when moisture and heat have been subjected to a due mixture . . . all things arise from these two,” as from the Egyptian fields after the subsidence of the Nile inundation (*Met.*, I, 415 seq.). In the generation of the Hindu savior Karticeya, son of Mahadeva, we find Agni taking the form of a dove (apparently for a cloud) as the transporting agent between heaven and earth—or, as the story goes, between Mahadeva and the river Ganges, from which Karticeya arose in due time (Moor, *Hind. Panth.*, pp. 51, 89). Quite similar, again, is the genesis of Aphrodite (as the planet Venus), daughter of Uranus (the heaven), in the foam (*aphros*) of the sea; but here we have the mutilation of the celestial sire by Cronus with his (lightning) sickle, and the casting of the propagatorium into the waters; while the earth-born Erinnyes or Furies, the Giants and other storm figures are generated from the blood of the mutilated Uranus (Hesiod, *Theog.*, 170-190). In Egyptian mythology, the sun-god Ra is self-mutilated, and from the drops of his blood spring certain gods (*Book of the Dead*, XVII, Theban Recension, 60-64; Saïte, 23, 24; cf. Budge, *Gods*, II, pp. 99, 100); while according to Ovid, the first human beings were produced by the earth from the blood of the Giants (*Met.*, I, 156 seq.). Mushrooms were supposed to spring from the earth when fertilized by rain—or thunder, according to some—and the first inhabitants of Corinth were fabled to have been produced from rain-engendered mushrooms (Ovid, *Met.*, VII, 392).

Plutarch says: “The agriculturists call the lightning the fertilizer of the waters, and so consider it. . . and their union is the cause of vital heat” (*Sympos.*, IV, 2). According to Herodotus, the Egyptians affirmed that the cow-born Apis bull was generated by lightning (III, 28); as was the Chinese emperor Fu-Paou when his mother witnessed a vivid flash that surrounded the constellation of the Great Bear (Legge, *Chinese Classics*, III, Pt. I), and also Alexander the Great according to one account preserved by Plutarch (*Alex.*, 2—where the legend is to the effect that the mother, Olympias, dreamed that a thunderbolt fell upon her and was divided into flames which dispersed themselves on all sides). In the lightning we probably have the primary suggestion for the fecundating fire of other myths. According to some, Zeus, the wielder of the thunderbolts, assumed the form of a flame of fire when he generated Æacus, whose mother Ægina is a personification of the island of that name (Ovid, *Met.*,

VI, 113) ; and in one story of the genesis of Dionysus, whose mother was Semele, the form of fire was again assumed by Zeus—according to the *Clementine Recognitions* (X, 22) and *Homilies* (V, 14). In the *Aitareya Brahmana* various deities originate from burning coals, which Prajapati produces from himself by a certain transmutation (III, 34). In an ancient Italian story, Cæculus, whose mother is unnamed, is engendered by a spark of fire from a hearth, and is called a son of Vulcan (Serv. *ad Aen.*, VII, 678). In one legend of the origin of King Servius Tullius of Rome, whose mother is the beautiful captive Ocrisia, he is generated by an apparition of appropriate form that appears in the fire on an altar in the royal household; and either the household genius or Vulcan is said to have been his father (Pliny, *H. N.*, XXXVI, 70; Ovid, *Fasti*, VI, 625-636). The same apparition reappears in one of the legends of the genesis of Romulus and Remus, but here it rises out of the hearth in the house of Tarchetius, King of Alba, and stays there many days. The king commands his own daughter to go to the apparition, but she sends her serving maid. Both are imprisoned and enjoined in their chains to weave a web of cloth, with the understanding that they shall be permitted to marry when it is finished; but what they weave by day the king has others unravel by night—which identifies the women as figures of day and night, the weavers of the two celestial canopies which are alternately produced and destroyed. The serving maid (for the night) becomes the mother of the twin brothers Romulus and Remus (for the sun and moon), who are exposed by the riverside (for the eastern division of the earth-surrounding ocean); suckled by a wolf and fed by birds: rescued and reared by a cowherd, etc. (Plut., *Rom.*, 2).

In the Old Testament, the dew refreshes the land and makes it fruitful (Ps. cxxxiii. 3; Hos. xiv. 6, 7, etc.). In one passage of the *Rigveda*, the earth-mother, "desirous of progeny," is inseminated by the dew (I, 164, 8), as was supposed to be the case with oysters that produce pearls (Pliny, *H. N.*, IX, 45). According to some, Montezuma was engendered by a dewdrop from the Great Spirit (Bell, *New Tracts in North America*, I, p. 199); and one legend of the Chinese emperor Yu attributes his origin to a pearl that fell from heaven upon his virgin mother (De Charencey, *Le folklore*, etc., p. 202; but a variant legend substitutes a falling star in the case of Yu—De Guignes, *Dynasties des Huns*, I. p. 7). As dew falls most abundantly on cloudless nights, it was supposed to come from the moon, and was called the daughter of Zeus and the moon (Plut., *Quæst. Conviv.*, III, 10; Macrob., *Sat.*, VII, 16). Plutarch tells

us that the Apis bull, as the living image or incarnation of the lunar Osiris, was engendered by a ray of light from the moon (*De Iside*, 43; *Sympos.*, VIII, 1); and the human "moon-calf" was anciently held to be of lunar genesis (Pliny, *H. N.*, X, 64, etc.).

"Light is the emblem of generation," according to Plutarch (*Quaest. Rom.* 2), who doubtless refers to the light of the sun; for that luminary is often represented as the father of all living things (Macrob., *Sat.*, I, 27; Euseb., *Praep. Evang.*, III, 13, etc.). According to some, the Apis bull was engendered by a ray of sunlight and was a son of Ptah (Bonwick, *Eg. Bel.*, p. 108). In a Siamese legend, the sunbeams fall upon a beautiful virgin while prostrate in prayer, thus generating the man-god and savior Codom, who is cradled in the folds of a lotus (a solar flower) that opened to receive him (Squier, *Serpent Symbol*, p. 185, note). According to one account, Gautama Buddha, son of the virgin Maha-Maya, owed his origin to a ray of light, and was received at birth in a (solar) golden bowl sent from heaven by Brahma (De Guignes, *Histoire des Huns*, Vol. I, Pt. II, p. 224). Some attributed the genesis of Zoroaster to a heavenly light that fell in the night upon the sleeping Dogno (Dughda) of Babylon, while in a dream she saw a bright messenger from Oromazes who laid magnificent garments at her feet (Tavernier, *Voyages*, II, p. 92); but others said that Zoroaster was generated by a ray of the Divine Reason (Malcolm, *History of Persia*, I, p. 494). Genghis Khan, the first of the Mongol emperors, called "Son of the Sun" (like the Egyptian kings), was fabled by some to have been one of triplets generated by a threefold visitation of blinding light in a dark room, as affirmed by the widowed mother (Petis de la Croix, I, 1; Higgins, *Anacalypsis*, II, p. 353). In the view of Julian the Apostate, Jupiter generated Æsculapius from himself, "but he was unfolded into light on the earth through the prolific power of the sun" (Cyril of Alexandria, *Contra Jul.*); but other mystics taught that the human Æsculapius proceeded from a god of the same name, who subsists in Apollo (see Taylor's *Iamblichus*, p. 19, note).

The sunlight, like the sun itself, is often considered of a golden hue; and Zeus descended in the form of a shower of gold as the divine progenitor of the solar Perseus, whose mother Danaë (for the earth in winter as at night) was imprisoned at the time by her father Acrisius (the "dark" or "gloomy"). Mother and child were set adrift on the (originally celestial) sea in a chest, but reached a distant shore in safety (Soph., *Antig.*, 944 et seq., Apollod., II, 4, 1; Horace, *Carm.*, III, 16; Pausan., II, 23, 7; etc.; for variant imita-

tions, see Frazer, *Golden Bough*, III, pp. 220, 221). The sunlight, again, is not infrequently considered the golden (yellow), red or white hair of the sun-god; and in Hindu mythology Mahadeva produces heroes from the dust of the earth when he strikes it with his hair during a combat with Daksha (Moor, *Hindu Panth.*, I, p. 107). Black hair is sometimes assigned to the night, in contradistinction to white hair for the day; and the Hindus fabled that the cosmic Vishnu plucked a black and a white hair from his own head and caused them to descend to earth as intermedia in the genesis of Balarama and Krishna respectively (*Mahabharata*, "Adi Parvan." 7306-7308; *Vishnu Purana*, V, 1). Balarama, who came from the black hair of night, is apparently a lunar figure, while Krishna, from the white hair of day, is unquestionably of solar character; and they are represented as the seventh and eighth *amsas* (= portions) or *avatars* (= descents) of Vishnu, as well as the seventh and eighth sons of the imprisoned Devaki (primarily for the earth at night), wife of Vasudeva (probably for the heaven). In the *Vishnu Purana* we also have the ante-natal transference of Balarama and Krishna from Devaki to Rohini and Yasoda respectively; and this occurs at midnight (IV, 15), as doubtless suggested by a cosmic engendering in the west and parturition in the east—primarily at sunset and sunrise (for Krishna), but also at the setting and rising of the moon (for Balarama). The same idea appears in the *Book of the Dead*, where the deceased as identified with Horus declares that he was conceived by Sekhet and delivered by Net (LXVI,—both Recensions), and again in the ante-natal transference of Dionysus to the thigh of Zeus (Apollod., III, 4, 3; Ovid, *Met.*, III, 310, etc.). Hair is replaced by the feathers of birds; and Huitzilopochtli or Mexitl, the Mexican god of war, was generated by a little gaily colored ball of feathers that floated from heaven to Coatlicue, a most devout woman. Her divine son was born full-grown and armed (like Pallas Minerva), and adorned with feathers like the humming-bird; indeed that bird is said to be represented by the fecundating ball of feathers, which in all probability was originally solar, like Neekris (= the Ball), father of Nanna, in Norse mythology (Bancroft, *Native Races*, III, pp. 289, 296, 310, 318).

In another view, the setting sun (or occasionally the moon) becomes the inseminating intermedium in the form of a cosmic egg, seed, fruit, flower or other symbolic object, which is often eaten by the mythic representative of the earth-mother—the latter being represented by Rhea welcoming Cronus = the Heaven in the

accompanying illustration. With her head to the west, she has much the same position as the Egyptian earth-god Seb as sometimes pictured in association with Nut, the goddess of the heaven (see especially Lanzone, *Dizionario di Mitologia Egizio*, Plates CLVI-CLXIII; Budge, *Gods*, II, Plate opp. p. 96; cf. previous article of this series on "The Cosmic Mouth, Ears and Nose"). According to a very ancient Chinese legend, the great King Seeh came from an egg (apparently for the moon), which was dropped by a swallow (in Chinese, "the dark bird," and so for the night) and eaten whole

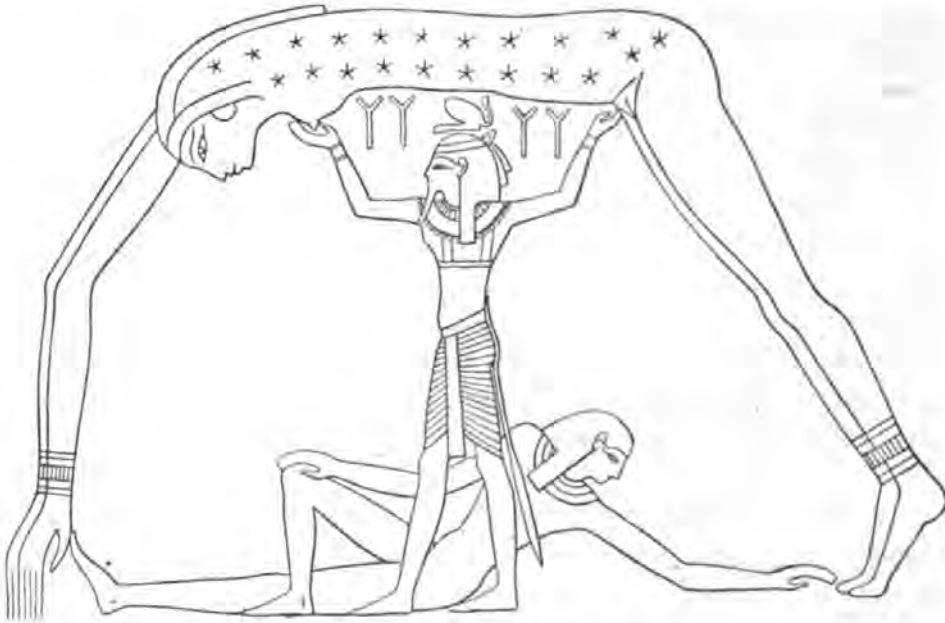


RHEA WELCOMING CRONUS.

(From Baumeister, *Denkmäler des klassischen Altertums*, II, p. 798.)

by Keen-teih while she was in bathing (as if in the western division of the earth-surrounding ocean—Legge, Prefatory Note to Ode III, Book III, Part IV of the *She-King*, where an allusion to this legend is found). In a Peruvian legend there is a like result when the lovely virgin Cavillaca eats a ripe lucina (as if for the sun) which the god Ceniraya produces from himself by transmutation after transforming himself into a beautiful bird (as if for the day sky) and flying up into a lucina tree (*Rites and Laws of the Yncas*, trans. by Markham, p. 125). In the marvelous legend of Taliesin,

the greatest of the Welsh bards, called "Radiant Brow" (for the sun), Taliesin is a reincarnation of Gwion the Little, who had transformed himself into a grain of wheat which was swallowed by Ceridwen in the form of a black hen (for the night). The parents had previously assumed several other forms; and the infant Taliesin was set adrift on the sea (like many other solar figures), being found and rescued on the first day of May (Michelet, *History of France*, II, Append., p. 382). According to Pausanias, the earth-born Agdistis (see above) was a demon so feared by the gods that they mutilated him; and the fertilized earth brought forth an al-



NUT BENDING OVER SEB,  
supported by Shu. (From Budge, *The Mummy*, p. 292.)

mond-tree with ripe fruit, from some of which, plucked and embosomed by a daughter of the river Sangarius, came the solar Attis (or Atys) of Phrygia, who was exposed and nurtured by a he-goat (VII, 17, 5). But according to Arnobius, on the authority of Timotheus, Agdistis was a monster who became intoxicated and self-mutilated through a stratagem of Bacchus, whence the earth produced a pomegranate tree which immediately blossomed and bore fruit, Attis owing his origin to a single pomegranate (for the sun) plucked and embosomed by Nanna, daughter of the Sangarius (*Adv. Gent.*, V, 6; cf. 42, where we are told that Attis was identified with the sun). In the myth of Persephone, abducted by Hades

or Pluto, Zeus grants that she shall return for all time to the upper world if she has had no food below; but she has eaten the seeded part of a pomegranate, and is therefore doomed to spend one third or one half of the year with Hades—for the winter season (Apollod., I, 5, 1; Ovid, *Met.*, 565). The original of the forbidden fruit of Genesis was perhaps the pomegranate, the Latin *malum granatum* = apple with many seeds; and the seedy characteristic of the fruit, taken in connection with its globular shape and yellowish-red hue, made it an appropriate symbol of the setting sun as the cosmic inseminating intermedium. In Norse mythology, the first of the mighty Volsungs came from an apple sent from the abode of the gods to an aged and childless royal couple, the bearer being a celestial maiden transformed into a crow (for the night); but the accounts differ as to whether the king or the queen ate the apple, and whether Odin or Freya sent it (see *Volsungasaga*; Thorpe, *North. Mythol.*, I, p. 92; Cox and Jones, *Popular Romances of the Middle Ages*, "Story of Sigmund and Signy"). The Hindu Ayonija came from a certain wonderful fruit supplied by a yogi (miracle-working ascetic) for the wife of Vidyananda; but the latter ate it himself and produced the beautiful boy, "radiant like the disk of the sun" (Goldstücker, *Sansc. Dict.*, s. v. Ayonijeswara). According to some, Bacchus (Dionysus) transformed himself into a bunch of grapes with Erigone (Ovid, *Met.*, VI, 125; Hygin., *Fab.*, 130).

The Egyptian lotus floated on the Nile, and every day unfolded its radiating petals as the sun rose in the heaven, and folded them again as he descended in the west—so appearing to honor the sun, as Proclus has it (MS Comment on Plato's *Alcibiades*, in Taylor's *Iamblichus*, App., p. 302). It is a symbol of the rising sun, according to Budge (*Gods*, I, pp. 521, 522); but it is equally appropriate for that luminary in his setting. Ra, the sun-god, was born of a lotus, according to some, and some said that Isis was inseminated by this flower (Bonwick, *Eg. Bel.*, pp. 243, 244—and the earth was considered the body of Isis, according to Plutarch, *De Iside*, 38). Fo-hi, the traditional founder of the Manchu empire of China, had his origin from a lotus with its coral (red) fruit, which was found and eaten by a nymph when bathing in a river—or from a rainbow that surrounded the virgin (Thornton, *History of China*, I, pp. 21, 22; Squier, *Serpent Symbol*, p. 184, note). The primordial deity of the Thlinket Indians of British Columbia was Yehl (= Crow, apparently for the night). Before the universal deluge he effected his first incarnation through the medium



of a small pebble in a draught of sea water swallowed by a certain widow (as if for the earth at night as in winter). For his second incarnation, before light was given to mankind, he transformed himself into a blade of grass, which was swallowed in a cup of drinking-water by a young girl; and as a child he successively released the stars, moon and sun from the boxes in which his maternal grandfather had concealed them (Bancroft, *Native Races*, III, pp. 100, 101). The Hottentot god Heitzi-eibib is sometimes considered a bull, sometimes a man; and in both forms his origin is attributed to blades of grass, which were eaten by a cow in one legend, while in another a girl chews them and swallows the juice (Hahn, *Tsuni-Goam*, p. 69). The mythical blades of grass are probably symbols



THE LOTUS RISING FROM THE WATER,

with the head of the sun-god emerging from it. (From the Papyrus of Paqrer, Theban Recension of the *Book of the Dead*, Chap. LXXXI, B, vignette; from Budge, *Book of the Dead*, ed. 1901, II, p. 264.)

of light rays, from the sun or moon. In a Russian story there are twin boys, one with the moon on his forehead, the other with a star (for the sun) on his neck; and after they are killed by being buried alive (in the underworld), a gold and a silver sprout (for rays from the sun and moon respectively) grow from their graves and are eaten by a sheep which in consequence produces two lambs, marked like the boys. Then the mother of the boys eats the intestines of the lambs, and her sons are thus reincarnated (Afanasiëff, *Russian Popular Stories*, III, 7).

According to some, Hera (Juno) engendered Ares (Mars), and also Hephæstus (Vulcan), by smelling or touching a certain flower which had been tested with success on a sterile cow; while

others said that she produced Mars, and Hebe, by eating lettuce at the table (for the earth) of the sun-god Apollo (Ovid, *Fasti*, V, 225; Apollod., I, 3, 2, 7, and see Anthon, *Biblioth. Class.*, s. v. Juno; for a Hindu story of parthenogenesis through the smelling of a properly fertilized flower, see *Indian Antiquary*, XI, p. 290). In the *Vishnu Purana* (IV, 7), Jamadagni and Viswamitra owe their origin to two dishes of consecrated food prepared by Richika and eaten respectively by his wife and her mother.

The Sia Indians of New Mexico say that their hero Poshaiyanne was the son of a parthenogenous mother who ate two pinon nuts (*Report Bur. Ethnol.*, XI, 59). According to some, after Dionysus Zagreus had been cut to pieces, his heart (as the seat of the soul) was pounded up and given in a potion to Semele, thus effecting his reincarnation (Hyginus, *Fab.*, 167); while others fabled that Zeus swallowed the heart and begat Dionysus again by Semele (Proclus, *Hymn to Minerva*; cf. Pausan., VIII, 37, 3). In the ancient Egyptian tale of "Anpu and Bata," the latter draws out his heart or soul and places it upon a flower of an acacia tree. After this tree is cut down, Bata's soul enters a sacred bull, and when the bull is slain, the soul enters a Persea tree. This, too, is cut down, and a splinter from it flies into the mouth of Bata's widow, an Egyptian princess; Bata himself thus being reincarnated to become king of Egypt (*Records of the Past*, II, pp. 145-152). The Chinese *She-King* alludes to a very ancient legend according to which Keang Yuen, a barren wife, engendered How-tseih, the father of the Chinese race, by simply treading "upon a toe-print made by God" (Part I, Book XV, Ode I, Legge's trans.).

In one view the wind is the breath or spirit of the cosmic man or father-god. Hephæstus, son of Hera, was engendered by the wind, according to Lucian (*De Sacrif.*, 6). The Teutonic earth-mother Hertha or Ertha (whence our "earth") was said to be fecundated by the "active spirit" (Knight, *Anc. Art and Mythol.*, p. 21). The Mexican solar god of the air, Quetzalcoatl (= Feathered Snake), was begotten by the breath of the supreme deity Tonacatecotle when the latter sent a celestial messenger to announce the event to the parthenogenous mother, sometimes called Sochiquetzal = Queen of heaven (Bancroft, *Native Races*, III, p. 272; Kingsborough, *Mex. Antiq.*, VI, pp. 175, 176—where it is said that Sochiquetzal was in her house with only her two sisters, both of whom died of fright at beholding the angelic visitor). According to variant accounts, Quetzalcoatl was the son of Mixcoatl, the cloud-serpent, the spirit of the tornado (Bancroft, *op. cit.*, III,

p. 268), or he was engendered by Chimalma when she picked up a certain small green stone (*ibid.*, p. 250). Among the North American Indians, several man-gods are the first-born sons of Manitou, the great and good Spirit (Squier, *Serpent Symbol*, p. 191, etc.). According to the *Fo-sho-hing-tsan-king*, a Chinese life of Gautama Buddha, he owed his origin to "the spirit" that descended on Maya (an indevirginate wife), and came forth from her right (= eastern) side (I, 1). In the Finnish *Kalevala*, the wizard Vainamoinen is a son of the virgin Ilmatar and the east wind (Runes I, XLV); while the Minahassers of Celebes claim to be descended from the west wind and an East Indian girl (Schwarz, *Ind. Arch.*, XVIII, p. 59). The horse, from its swiftness, is a common symbol of the wind, and wind-gods are frequently represented as or associated with horses. According to Homer, Boreas, the north wind, in the form of a horse was the progenitor of the twelve winds in the form of mares, by some of the three thousand mares of Erichthonius (perhaps cloud figures—*Il.*, XX, 221-228); but in Hesiod, Boreas is brother of Zephyrus (the west wind), Notus (the south wind) and Hesperus (the evening star—*Theog.*, 379). Zephyrus is poetically said to produce the flowers and fruits by the sweetness of his breath; and it was supposed that certain swift horses, especially those of Lusitania (in the extreme west of southern Europe, the modern Spain and Portugal), were engendered when the brood-mares inhaled the west wind (Pliny, *H. N.*, VIII, 67; Virgil, *Georg.*, III, 274-275; Varro, II, 1, 18; 7, 7; Columella, VI, 27, 29; cf. Augustine. *De Civ. Dei*, XXI, 5, of Cappadocian horses). In Egypt, the vulture was the symbol of Nekhebet, goddess of the south; of Neith, as goddess of the west, and of other goddesses identified with Nekhebet (Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 372; I, pp. 438, 450), and it was probably through the association of these goddesses with the south and west that all vultures came to be considered females fecundated by the wind (see Horapollo, *Hieroglyph.*, I, 11; Ælian, II, 56—the latter referring the fecundation of vultures to Notus, the south or southwest wind). Origen refers to the parthenogenesis of several kinds of creatures, including vultures, in evidence of the credibility of the miraculous conception of Jesus (*Contra Cels.*, I, 37). Neith is the great goddess who produced all things including the sun-god Ra, originally by abiogenesis (see above), thus being the Egyptian prototype of the parthenogenous mother of mythology (Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 462); and it is not improbable that some, at least in later

times, imagined that she was fecundated by the wind or cosmic spirit.

The Greek and Roman naturalists generally held that partridges were generated by the action of the air (Aristot., *Hist. An.*, V, 5; Pliny, *H. N.*, X, 51; Ælian, *De Anim.*, XVII, 15); while some supposed that all infertile eggs were thus originated, whence they were called "wind eggs" or "zephyr eggs" (Aristot., *H. A.*, VI, 2, 10; X, 6, 2; *Gen. An.*, III, 1, 5; Pliny, *H. N.*, X, 80, etc.). According to the Orphic cosmogony, Night alone first produced a wind egg, from which Eros was hatched—i. e., the primordial Love or Desire came from the unfertilized cosmic egg or celestial sphere (*Orphic Hymns*, V; Aristoph., *Av.*, 695). The first king of Northern Gaoli (in China) was the son of a maid slave by an influence which she felt to be like air in the form of an egg (Ross, *Corea*, p. 121). The Egyptians believed that a human being might be engendered by a divine spirit (Plutarch, *Numa*, 7), and the Hindus attributed the same power to evil spirits or ghosts (Wheeler, *Hist. Ind.*, II, p. 515). The Algonquin women who desired offspring flocked to the side of a dying person in hope of begetting them by the departing soul (Brinton, *Myths of the New World*, p. 270). On the suggestion of Gen. vi. 4, it was held by some of the Jews that the giants were the offspring of the fallen angels and the daughters of men (*Book of Enoch*, XV, 8, 9; *Clementine Homilies*, VIII, 15-20); while some of the early Christians referred the origin of demons directly to the fallen angels and the daughters of men (Justin Martyr, II *Apol.*, 5, etc.). It was a common belief in the Middle Ages that daughters of men might have offspring by angels, devils, demons, incubi and ghosts (see Inman, *Ancient Faiths*, pp. 273-277, etc.); and some held that the Antichrist would be engendered by Satan or an evil spirit (Lactant., *Div. Inst.*, VIII, 17, etc.).

The Buddhists believed that human beings could be generated not only by apparitions, perfumes, foods, etc., but also by a touch, a look or the sound of the voice (Hardy, *Legends of the Buddhists*, p. 161—the five senses, of smelling, tasting, feeling, seeing and hearing, all being included). A simple look is thus efficacious in the story of the ascetic Pulastya and Trinavindu's daughter, in the *Ramayana* (VII, 2), and also in one account of the genesis of Genghis Khan (Radloff, III, p. 82). According to the *Vishnu Purana* there was a like result when King Jyamagha merely said to his aged and barren wife Saibya that a certain young girl would be wife to the future son of Saibya (IV, 12); and Pliny records .



DESCENT FROM HEAVEN AND INCARNATION OF BUDDHA IN ELEPHANT FORM.

Sculpture from Amravati, India.

(From Fergusson, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, Plate LXXIV.)

the belief that partridges very often originate from the voice of the males, although generally from the action of the air, (X, 51, and see above). The barren Hannah silently prayed that she might have a son (1 Sam. i. 11-13), and Clement of Alexandria says that "upon her merely conceiving the thought, conception was vouchsafed of the child Samuel" (*Strom.*, VI, 12). In a mystic refinement of the idea of a procreative transporting agent between heaven and earth, the Orphic male Metis (= Counsel or Wisdom) is called "the seed-bearer of the gods" (*Orphic Hymns*, Frags. VI, 19; VIII, 2). The Hindu god of wisdom is Ganesa, in the form of an elephant, or with an elephant's head on a man's body; "Buddha signifies "Enlightened (with wisdom)," and Gautama Buddha is fabled to have come from heaven to be born of the virgin-wife Maya, either mounted on a white elephant (*Fa-Hien*, XXII), or in the form of a white elephant which illumined all the universe (*Buddha-karita of Asvaghosha*, I, 19, 20), and which Maya saw in a dream, according to some (*Fo-pen-hing-tsi-king*, in Beal, *Romantic History of Buddha*, p. 37—this dream being a favorite subject of Buddhist artists; see Fergusson, *Tree and Serpent Worship*, Plates LXXIV and XCI, fig. 4). It is generally held that the elephant entered the left side of Maya, and that Buddha came forth from her right side—in which view Maya has the character of the earth-mother in connection with the setting sun (on the left) and the rising sun (on the right), just as Ra is said to have been produced from the right side of Neith (Bonwick, *Eg. Bel.*, p. 107).

The Egyptians believed that the solar Ra or Amen-Ra assumed the form of their reigning king, or incarnated himself in the royal husband, when the divine-human son was engendered (Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 329). In a Luxor representation of the generation and birth of Amenhotep III, it is Amen-Ra himself who, according to the text, announces the facts of the case to the mother, Mut-em-ua (Mautmes), and tells her that their son shall be named Amenhotep and shall grow up to be king of Egypt. "ruling the two lands like the sun"; while in the sculptured scenes, Thoth appears as the divine recorder and messenger to the queen, who is shown (subsequently) receiving "life" from Khnemu and Hathor—with the birth and adoration of the child following (Sayce, *Rel. Anc. Eg. and Bab.*, p. 250, note 2, etc.). Theagenes the Thracian, hero was reputed to be a son of the solar Heracles, who visited his mother in phantom form, in the likeness of her husband Timosthenes (Pausan., VI, 11, 2). According to a legend preserved by Philostratus, Apollonius of Tyana was a reincarnation of "Proteus, the Egyptian god," the latter having

announced the fact to the mother before the birth of Apollonius (*Vit. Apollon.*, I, 6—the Greek Proteus, who could assume all shapes, perhaps here representing Ra as the transformer); and we saw above that the annunciation of the incarnation of the Mexican god Quetzalcoatl was made to his mother by a celestial messenger or angel (cf. also the messenger from Oramazes in the fable of the genesis of Zoroaster by a heavenly light, as above cited). In other stories the annunciation is made to the husband of the mother,



PARTHENOGENESIS OF AMENHOTEP III (above)  
ADORATION OF THE DIVINE-HUMAN CHILD (below).

From Luxor.

the latter sometimes being parthenogenous. Shortly after the death of Plato, who is said to have been born on the birthday of Apollo, it was held that he was a son of that solar god and Perictione, virgin-wife of Ariston; the philosopher's nephew Speusippus being cited among other authorities for the claim, by Diogenes Laertius (*Vita Platonis*, 1). According to Apuleius (*De Dogmate Platonis*, 1), followed by Hesychius and Olympiodorus (each in his *Life of Plato*), it was said that Apollo came to Perictione in visionary

form (i. e., as a phantom, spirit or ghost), and that he also appeared to Ariston in a dream, enjoining him not to approach his wife until after the birth of her son—which injunction the foster-father obeyed. Plutarch (*Sympos.*, VIII, 1) and Diogenes Laertius (*loc. cit.*) tell only of the god's appearance in a vision to Ariston, who receives and obeys the injunction. In the original story of Ariston's vision, Apollo doubtless announced himself as the progenitor of Plato, and in all probability it was the wisdom of the philosopher which suggested that he was a son of the wise god of prophecy. Thus, too, Iamblichus tells us that Epimenides, Eudoxis and Xenocrates held that the wise Pythagoras was a son of Apollo (Pythius): the story being that the god announced the genesis of this philosopher to his foster-father Mnesarchus through the Pythian Oracle at Delphi, whence the mother's name was changed from Parthenis (= Virgin) to Pythais, while her son was called Pythagoras to signify that he had been predicted by the Pythian Apollo: and the Oracle also predicted that Pythagoras "would be of the greatest advantage to the human race in everything relating to the life of man." Iamblichus doubts the truth of this story, as well as the variant beliefs that Pythagoras was an incarnation of the Hyperborean Apollo, or of Apollo Pæon, or of some other god or celestial figure; but he says that it is to be inferred from the wisdom of Pythagoras that his soul "was sent from the empire of Apollo, either being an attendant on the god, or coarranged with him in some other more familiar way" (*Vit. Pythag.*, 2 and 6).

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



## THE ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH.

BY WM. WEBER.

**A**T no time in our national history, the Church has exercised greater political power than at present. The Eighteenth Amendment is a monument to the zeal and perseverance of our ecclesiastical organizations which, for many decades, made strenuous efforts to prohibit the manufacture, sale and use of alcoholic beverages. This victory is, of course, only the first step in a much more comprehensive movement the aim of which is to transform our temporal government into an agent of the Church. That is by no means a new and unheard-of ambition. The Church has claimed at all periods more or less insistently control over the State. She believes to be entitled thereto on account of her divine origin which confers upon her divine authority. Such an authority is conceded indeed also to the State, but only on condition that the latter consent to act as the obedient servant of the Church.

There are two ways to approach the problem presented to us by the attitude of the Church. One is to decide after careful examination in each case whether the demand made by the Church upon the State is consistent with the basic principles of the Christian religion. But this method is rather unsatisfactory. For as long as the Church enjoys divine authority, she will overrule all such investigations as infringing upon her sacred rights. Therefore, one must tackle first of all the fundamental principle and decide, if possible, whether the Church is endowed, by virtue of her origin, with divine authority or not. If she should prove to be, not a divine, but merely a human institution, even the most enthusiastic representatives of the Church would be forced to consider very critically each and all of her claims, demands and precepts. For all human institutions, even those of a religious character, are subject to human imperfections, shortcomings and abuses, and in constant need of reform.

For this reason, I desire to study as a truth-seeking historian the data as to the origin of the Church contained in the New Testament.

The Greek word used in the New Testament for Church is *ecclesia*. Being regarded as a specifically Christian term, a kind of proper name, it was adopted by the Latins. *Ecclesia*, or its English equivalent, denotes the visible organized body of Christian believers in their entirety as well as any major or minor division or local unit.

The noun was in classical Greek a political, not a religious term. It meant an assembly of the citizens regularly summoned, or a legislative assembly. In this sense, it occurs thrice in the New Testament (Acts xix. 32, 39, 41) in the account of how Demetrius, the silversmith of Ephesus, and his guild-brethren tried to stop the work of St. Paul. The early Christians, however, derived the word not from classical but from Hellenistic Greek as current among the Jews of the Diaspora. In the Septuagint, *ecclesia* stands for a Hebrew noun of much wider application. It signifies any assembly, convocation or congregation, either specially convoked, for evil counsel, civil affairs, military operations, religious purposes, or an organized body, as the people of Israel, the restored community in Jerusalem, the angels, etc.

*Ecclesia* was not used from the beginning for the body of Christian believers. While the day of Pentecost is generally considered as the birthday of the Church, the first people who joined the Apostles were called "they that received his word" (Acts ii. 41), "all that believed" (Acts ii. 44), "the multitude of them that believed" (Acts iv. 32), and "the disciples" (Acts vi. 1). *Ecclesia* appears first in the story of Ananias and Sapphira (Acts v. 11). But the question is at what time that account received its present form. In any case, the Apostle Paul employs the term so frequently and constantly in his Epistles that he may be its father, especially as neither the First nor the Second Epistle of St. Peter contains the word. *Ecclesia* being a specific Christian term, it is a mistake to use Acts vii. 38 the expression "the church in the wilderness."

If the above-given definition and explanation come anywhere near being correct, one could hardly expect to find *ecclesia* in its Christian meaning in the Gospels. As a matter of fact, it does not occur at all in Mark, Luke and John. But it is found in Matt. xvi. 13-20 and xviii. 15-18. The former passage contains the famous statement ascribed to Jesus: "Thou art Peter, and upon

this rock I will build my Church," which claims our chief attention. But for just that reason it is advisable first to examine the second passage, which reads:

"If thy brother sin against thee, go, show him his fault between thee and him alone: if he hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he hear thee not, take with thee one or two more, that at the mouth of two witnesses or three every word may be established. And if he refuse to hear them, tell it unto the ecclesia: and if he refuse to hear the ecclesia also, let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the publican. Verily I say unto you, what things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and what things soever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

Our translations have in both instances the noun *church* instead of *ecclesia*. But it seems to me safer to retain the Greek term until its true meaning in this instance has been ascertained.

The just-quoted words are evidently a juridical rule, regulating the conduct and procedure of a party wronged by one of his neighbors in his efforts to obtain redress from the party who inflicted the wrong. It also provides punishment of the evil-doer in case he should refuse to make amends. There are three steps to be taken, one after the other if necessary. The first is a private interview. If that proves unavailing, the plaintiff is to call upon the defendant with one or two witnesses in whose presence he is to discuss his complaint. If his adversary still declines to satisfy him, he is to be summoned before the ecclesia. If he remains unrepentant even there, the ecclesia is to excommunicate him. For that is meant by: "Let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the publican." A pious Jew held intercourse with Gentiles and publicans a great sin. Excommunication was the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon a Jew. It rendered him an outcast for time and eternity. For as the final clause explains, the judgment of the ecclesia was sure of being ratified by God himself.

Nothing is said directly about forgiving the offender. But he evidently was to be forgiven as soon as, at any of the three stages of the proceeding against him, he would repent in word and deed. The Jews insisted upon forgiving in such cases, as we learn, e. g., from the *Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs* where we have the commandment: "If he admit and repent, forgive him" (Test. Gad, VI). That is why the passage has been incorporated in a collection of sayings of Jesus which treat of forgiving.

We must not overlook, however, the spirit of the words under

discussion. It is certainly not that of Jesus but that of the Old Testament. There we are told: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth!" and: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy!" The precept of Jesus: "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you!" is entirely out of harmony with such a detailed instruction as how to make an enemy come to terms or suffer the consequences as given in Matt. xviii. 15-18.

Matt. xviii. 21-22 relates: "Peter came and said to him, Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? Until seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven." Nothing suggests here the idea of a forgiving dependent upon repentance on the part of the offender. Jesus clearly prescribes unconditional forgiveness, which is confirmed by his well-known saying: "To him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other." To forgive our debtors as we desire to be forgiven by God, is an essential, fundamental part of the ethical code of the religion of Jesus Christ. This can be proved also by St. Paul, if additional proof were needed. He writes Rom. xii. 19-21: "Avenge not yourselves, beloved. . . . But if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome of evil; but overcome evil with good." We are, therefore, compelled to see in Matt. xviii. 15-18, not a saying of Jesus, but a strictly Jewish ordinance, originally drawn up by some rabbi, which the compiler of our section of the First Gospel mistook for a word of Jesus.

The passage presents other indications in support of that conclusion. There is first, although a minor item, the direct reference to Deut. xix. 15 in the clause "that at the mouth of two witnesses or three every word may be established." It was not exactly a habit of Jesus to render his precepts more acceptable to his fellow-countrymen by referring to the Old Testament. On the contrary, he did not hesitate to place his commandments directly in opposition to those of the old covenant. That is shown by the formula: "Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time. . . .but I say unto you." For, as he himself explained: "No man putteth new wine into old wine-skins."

Of much greater importance in determining the religious character of our passage is the punitive clause: "Let him be unto thee as the Gentile and the publican." As a law-abiding Jew Jesus refrained from entering into personal intercourse with Gentiles and

advised his disciples to do the same (Matt. x. 5). But it is a well-attested fact that he cherished and sought intimate relations with publicans. They were to him lost sheep of the house of Israel, whom he had come to seek and to save. The Pharisees, who ostracized their countrymen that had become officers of the Roman government, criticized Jesus most severely for his attitude toward those renegades. They sneered at him: "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners!" In spite of that opposition, Jesus continued to the end of his life to accept and even to ask for the hospitality of publicans (Luke xix. 1-10). A man who did not hesitate to eat and drink with publicans cannot have commanded his disciples to treat their unrepentant enemies as if they were publicans. The single word "publican" puts the seal of Pharisaism upon our passage.

The last sentence: "Verily I say unto you, What things soever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and what things ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," emphasizes how far-reaching and serious an excommunication by the ecclesia is. It is binding for time and eternity, before men and God. W. C. Allen (*International Critical Commentary, St. Matthew*) states: "It means that the decision of the community regarding what is or is not justifiable in its members must be regarded as final." That is a perfectly correct comment. But, just for that reason the words cannot belong to Jesus but must have been spoken by the scribe who first drew up the juridical rule. Matt. xviii. 18 illustrates Matt. xxiii. 13, where Jesus says: "Woe, unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye shut the kingdom of God against men." We hear indeed a good deal about the power of the keys of the Church. But the man who denied that the scribes and Pharisees were entitled to shut the kingdom of God against men and who neither claimed nor exercised that power himself, cannot have conferred it upon his Apostles. Jesus had not come to condemn but to save sinners. He did not retain sins but forgave them. He instructed his disciples: "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; release, and ye shall be released" (Luke vi. 37).

In accordance with that precept and the example of Jesus, we believe in religious liberty and expect everybody to obey his individual conscience and be faithful to his own convictions no matter what the community may think or how it may judge. No majority, however imposing, no authority, however powerful, has the right of judging and condemning dissenters. No punishment inflicted

upon them can ever demonstrate their guilt. Crucifixion did not brand Jesus a false prophet; the lions did not prove the Christian martyrs to be wicked atheists; being burned at the stake did not make John Huss an enemy of God and Christ.

As soon as we recognize the strictly Jewish character of our passage, the meaning of *ecclesia* in Matt. xviii. 17 becomes clear. The Palestinian Jews of the New Testament age enjoyed local self-government. On two days of the week the people of the town or village were called together for regulating the temporal affairs of the community, including dispensation of justice. These meetings were conducted by the presbyters, or elders. In case of trouble between neighbors, the elders would hear the witnesses and pass judgment according to certain rules and precedents, such as Matt. xviii. 15-18. These town meetings were called by the Hebrew noun which the Septuagint renders *ecclesia*. The latter word is, therefore, to be translated "assembly."

Having disposed of *ecclesia* in Matt. xviii, we can concentrate our attention upon Matt. xvi. 17-19, an infinitely more important passage. It is an apparently integral part of Matt. xvi. 13-20, which belongs to the Synoptic source and has its parallels in Mark viii. 27-30 and Luke ix. 18-21. The pericope is called St. Peter's Confession and is supposed to record when the twelve disciples realized for the first time the true character of their teacher. In reply to that welcome confession, Jesus promised to build his Church upon St. Peter the rock and give him the keys of the kingdom of heaven. In other words, the leader of the Twelve is appointed head and ruler of the Church.

The date of that confession can be fixed approximately. It was followed within a few days by the Transfiguration which Matthew and Mark place six days and Luke about eight days after the Confession (Matt. xvii. 1, Mark ix. 2, Luke ix. 28). The transfiguration confirmed the belief of the disciples in the Messiahship of Jesus and occurred shortly before the pilgrimage to Jerusalem (cf. 2 Pet. ii. 16ff). It has been said St. Peter's confession marks the end of the preparatory work of Jesus. Nevertheless, it is more than doubtful whether the Apostles became first aware of his Messianic mission at so late a date. According to the clear account in John, the disciples joined Jesus because they believed him to be the Messiah from the very beginning. John the Baptist had pointed out Jesus to two of his followers saying: "Behold the lamb of God!" (John i: 36). Andrew, one of the two, induced his brother Simon to become a disciple of Jesus by announcing to him:

"We have found the Messiah" (John i. 41). Philip, another disciple of Jesus, invited Nathanael to join their master, telling him: "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets wrote, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph" (John. i. 45). The new convert confessed when he met Jesus: "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God, thou art King of Israel" (John i. 49).

Although the Synoptic Gospels do not confirm the testimony of John directly and explicitly, it must be considered as historical on general principles. The Twelve cannot have accepted the call of Jesus without definite knowledge as to what it implied. They had to earn a living for themselves and their families. Such men do not as a rule quit their work and leave their homes in order to follow a stranger who has not where to lay his head. We may credit the contemporaries of Jesus in Palestine with the greatest possible thirst after religious knowledge and instruction; but we must not forget that thirst could be slacked by attending the synagogue and listening to the scribes without being compelled to become homeless wanderers.

What great inducement could lead the disciples to accept the invitation of Jesus to become his followers? The honor of forming the body-guard of the Messiah. While the first three Gospels do not state this in express terms, they connect the work of Jesus closely with that of the Baptist. The latter is the immediate forerunner of the Messiah (Matt. iii. 11; Mark i. 7f; Luke iii. 21f). They imply unmistakably in the account of the baptism of Jesus that the Baptist recognized Jesus as the promised Messiah (Matt. iii. 13-17; Mark i. 9-11; Luke iii. 21-22; cf. Matt. xi. 2ff). He must have told his most intimate followers what he had learned of Jesus. Hence, the statements of John i. may and must be used in explaining the corresponding narratives of the Synoptic Gospels. The words of St. Peter, Luke v. 2-11: "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord," are to be understood as the fisherman's confession that he knew who Jesus was but considered himself unworthy of his companionship. Belief in the Messiahship of Jesus alone accounts for the readiness of his followers to leave and give up everything in order to consort with him. The reward, awaiting them in the kingdom of heaven, outweighed every other consideration (cf. Matt. xix. 27f, xx. 20-28; Mark x. 35-45). The first disciples' belief in the Messianic mission of Jesus was not the fruit of their long-continued intercourse with him, but rather the reason why they attached themselves to him right at the beginning of his career. That important fact, combined with the other that the words

in question are not found in the parallel accounts of Mark and Luke, compel us to examine the three versions of our pericope very carefully.

Matthew and Mark locate the so-called Confession in the neighborhood of Cæsarea Philippi, while no place is mentioned in Luke ix. 18. But otherwise the text of the Second Gospel coincides more closely with that of the Third. Both employ the same compound verb (Mark viii. 27 and Luke ix. 18) to express the idea of "ask" where in Matt. xvi. 13 the simple verb is used. According to Matthew, Jesus is said to be: John the Baptist, Elijah, Jeremiah or one of the prophets; in Mark and Luke only John the Baptist, Elijah or one of the prophets are mentioned. The First Gospel seems to contain an enlarged edition of the original text. That appears also in the first question of Jesus and the second answer of Peter. Mark viii. 27 reads: "Who do men say that I am?" Luke ix. 18: "Who do the multitudes say that I am?" but Matt. xvi. 14: "Who do men say that the Son of Man is?" In Mark viii. 27, the spokesman of the Twelve says: "Thou art the Christ," in Luke ix. 20: "The Christ of God," whereas in Matt. xvi. 16 we read: "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God." In these cases, the text vouched for by the Second and Third Gospels is, of course, more authentic than that of the first.

If we apply that text-critical rule to our pericope, the whole passage—"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon, Bar-Jonah! for flesh and blood has not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I also say unto thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church; and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it. I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven,"—must be an interpolation. This conclusion is corroborated by the fact that the Confession of St. Peter shortly before the last Passover is out of the question. Moreover, St. Peter did learn that Jesus was the Christ from flesh and blood, namely, from his own brother Andrew, as related John i. 40ff. But before this problem can be settled, it has to be ascertained to which preceding section our pericope belongs.

The present introduction in the first two Gospels is apparently quite satisfactory. But the beginning in the Third Gospel presents a serious difficulty. A literal translation of Luke ix. 18 reads: "It happened while he was praying alone, there were with him his disciples." Modern translators and commentators have been puzzled



by the word "alone." The American Revised Version substitutes "apart" for "alone." But even "apart" does not permit the presence of the disciples, not to mention that "apart" and "alone" are two altogether different words not only in English but also in Greek. Besides, unless the commandment of Matt. vi. 6: "When thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut the door pray to thy Father who is in secret," can be proved to be spurious, Jesus always prayed alone and never in the presence of his disciples. Thus the two statements in Luke, "Jesus was praying alone," and "the disciples were with him," exclude each other. The parallels in Matthew and Mark show that the original introduction of Luke ix. 18-21, if not lost, has to be looked for in the preceding passages. In its present condition Luke ix. 18 is only the bungling attempt of the editor to form some kind of connection between our pericope and the interpolations which interrupt the original context.

Luke ix. 7-10 we read: "Herod the tetrarch heard of all that was done: and he was perplexed because it was said by some, that John the Baptist was risen from the dead; and by some, that Elijah had appeared; and by others, that one of the old prophets had risen again. And Herod said, John I beheaded; but who is this, about whom I hear such things? And he sought to see him. And the apostles when they had returned, declared unto him what things they had done. And he took them and withdrew apart to a city called Bethsaida." The words "he was seeking to see him" imply a murderous threat. In Luke xiii. 31 we are told directly that Herod wanted to kill Jesus. The ominous desire of the tetrarch to meet Jesus induced the latter to look for a hiding-place in the neighborhood of Bethsaida. As Tiberias was Herod's capital, Bethsaida was situated in all probability east of the Sea of Galilee. Verses 18ff thus may be joined directly with verse 10. Or since the first half of verse 18 belongs to the compiler, verse 18 began originally "and he asked them saying." Therefore, according to the Third Gospel, the scene took place near Bethsaida. The word "multitudes," Luke ix. 18, is to be replaced by "men" in conformity with the Matthew and Mark texts. The change was made by the editor who inserted the story of the Feeding of the Multitudes (cf. Luke ix. 11 and 16) into the account of Jesus's flight before Herod. That Luke ix. 7-10 and 18b ff form an organic whole is proved by the identification of Jesus with John the Baptist, Elijah or one of the prophets in verses 7-8 as well as in verse 19. Moreover, if Jesus wanted to conceal himself before the ruler of Galilee and

Perea, he was not followed by any multitudes. Their very number would have frustrated his intention.

Turning to the Second Gospel, we learn Mark vi. 14-15: "And king Herod heard; for his name had become known: and he said, John the Baptist is risen from the dead, and therefore do these powers work in him. But others said, It is Elijah. And others said, It is a prophet, even as one of the prophets." These words point to Mark viii. 27-28 and form a close parallel to the just-discussed Luke text. Verse 16: "And Herod when he heard, said, John whom I beheaded, he is risen,"—superfluous in view of verse 14—indicates that the account of the execution of the Baptist has been derived from another source and has crowded out a statement between verses 15 and 16, to the effect that Herod wanted to get hold of Jesus.

Mark vi. 30-31: "And the apostles gather themselves together unto Jesus, and they told him all things whatsoever they had done, and whatsoever they had taught. And he saith unto them, Come ye yourselves apart in a desert place and rest awhile,"—is the counterpart of Luke ix. 10. Hence, Mark viii. 22a, "and they came unto Bethsaida," has to be considered as the original continuation of the just-quoted passage, which connects in turn directly with verse 27b. As soon as we become aware of these facts, we have to assign Mark viii. 27a, "and Jesus went forth and his disciples into the villages of Cæsarea Philippi," to the compiler who broke up the original text by inserting quite a number of episodes derived from other sources, as the Death of the Baptist, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, Jesus Walks on the Sea, Jesus Visits Gennesaret, Tyre and Sidon, the Decapolis, etc. He had not entirely lost sight of the original connection of Mark vi. 14-15, 30-31, viii. 22a and 27b ff, and supposed Jesus was moving all the time from one place to another in order to escape from Herod. When at a loss where viii. 27-30 had taken place, the name of Cæsarea Philippi occurred to him. For that city was the capital of Philip whose wife his brother Herod had abducted and who, for that reason, would not be inclined to aid Herod in capturing Jesus.

Matt. xvi. 13: "When Jesus came into the parts of Cæsarea Philippi," enables us to decide with confidence that the interpolations were made before the Gospels were translated into Greek. For the verbs "came" and "went forth" as well as the nouns "parts" and "villages" represent the same Hebrew words respectively, as may be learned from the *Concordance to the Septuagint* by Hatch and Redpath. They prove, at the same time, that the Greek trans-

lators of Matthew and Mark were independent of each other. They may have used even different revisions of the Aramaic text, for some variants in Matt. xvi. 13 and Mark viii. 27 existed possibly in Aramaic although we cannot be absolutely sure of that. For instance, the phrase "on the way," Mark viii. 27, is called for by the word "villages." According to Matt. xvi. 20 (cf. Mark viii. 30 and Luke ix. 21), Jesus was alone with his disciples when he asked them what the people said of him. The words "on the way" imply the same fact.

Bethsaida has disappeared altogether from Matt. xiv. 13-xvi.12. The first passage reads simply: "When Jesus heard it, he withdrew from thence in a boat to a desert place apart." That refers to Bethsaida on the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee. But as the words now stand, they point to the death and burial of the Baptist (Matt. xiv. 3-12). The execution of John is also related in Mark but is not mentioned in the Third Gospel. It must therefore be a later addition to the original text. The so-called Confession of Peter dates quite a while after the death of John the Baptist, as we learn from Matt. xiv. 1-2 (cf. Mark vi. 14f). Matt. xiv. 13a, as quoted above, must have followed directly upon Matt. xiv. 1-2, just as Luke ix. 7-10 is still an organic whole. But in Matthew the equivalent of the words "and he sought to see him" has been omitted by the scribe who added Matt. xiv. 3-12.

This apparently irrelevant digression into the problem of the composition of the Synoptic Gospels serves an important purpose. It proves our pericope to be one of the organic parts of one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, layers of our evangelical tradition; and it represents as such the report of an eye-witness. Its authority is absolute and, in spite of the fact that we possess three, to some extent differing revisions of the original narrative, it is comparatively easy to reconstruct the common, original source in all its essential features.

The three versions are so much alike that there is no room for doubt as to their relationship. Those of the Second and Third Gospels are almost identical. Such slight verbal differences as "He asked his disciples saying unto them" (Mark. viii. 27) and "he asked them saying" (Luke ix. 18); "they told him saying" (Mark viii. 28) and "they answering said" (Luke ix. 19); "and he asked them" (Mark viii. 29) and "but he said unto them" (Luke ix. 20) may be credited to the translators. There are other variations, some of which show that the Aramaic texts used by the Greek translators were not exactly identical. For instance, the closing

sentence reads: "He censured them that they should tell no man of him" (Mark, viii. 30), and "He censured them and commanded to tell that to no man" (Luke ix. 21). The American Revised Version has "charged" instead of "censured." Failing to understand our pericope, the scholars did not know what to do with the correct meaning of the Greek verb.

In any case, the virtual agreement of Mark and Luke enables us to deal summarily with the more important additions to the Matthew text. These are, besides verses 17-19, the first question of Jesus: "Who do men say that the Son of Man is?" and the answer of Simon Peter to the second question: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Both Mark and Luke have in the first instance simply the pronoun "I"; in the second case Mark reads: "Thou art the Christ," Luke: "The Christ of God." Two contemporary text-witnesses as over against one decide in favor of the natural expressions. Moreover, the First Gospel itself tells us why those changes were made. It was done in order to bring the plain language of the pericope into something like harmony with the stilted style of verses 17-19. There we have such sonorous expressions as Simon Bar-Jonah, flesh and blood, this rock, the gates of Hades, and the keys of the kingdom of heaven. That goes far to prove that the changes in the text of the original pericope were made either when or shortly after verses 17-19 were added.

So far the conclusion that Matt. xvi. 17-19 is an interpolation is based on three facts. First, the passage does not occur in the two other Gospels. Second, St. Peter could not confess his belief in the Messiahship of Jesus for the first time at so late a date because he had cherished that belief from the first moment of his discipleship. Third, as his brother Andrew had first told him that Jesus was the Christ, that knowledge was imparted to him by flesh and blood, not by God. We have now to discover what the pericope tells us about the confession.

The generally accepted explanation of the pericope rests entirely on the Matthew version in its present condition. The two other Gospels have a different story. According to them, Jesus did not ask his disciples: "But who say ye that I am?" because he wanted to find out what his disciples thought of him. He rather wished to hear what they said to the people who regarded Jesus only as a prophet. This follows from the closing statement: "He censured them and commanded to tell this to no man." While "censure" may not be the best translation of the corresponding Greek verb (I have adopted it on the authority of Liddell and Scott) it implies

the idea of finding fault with some one. Why did Jesus criticize his disciples? He could not have found fault with them if Peter had simply told him that he as well as the other disciples believed him to be the Christ. For he rebuked neither the Canaanitish woman, nor the blind man at Jericho, nor the multitudes at his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, nor the children in the Temple, who all hailed him as the Son of David. We are, therefore, compelled to conclude that Jesus censured his disciples because they had told the people that he was the Christ of God. To bring this out more clearly, we might translate Mark viii. 30: "He censured them because they should tell no man of him." We ought not to overlook the plural of the direct object of censure. While the praise of Matt. xvi. 17-19 is bestowed upon St. Peter alone, the blame of Matt. xvi. 20, Mark viii. 30, and Luke ix. 21 is meted out to all disciples without exception. Jesus had sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God (Matt. x. 7, Mark vi. 12, Luke ix. 2), not to enlighten the people willing to listen to them as to his true dignity and proper title. In his judgment, the moment had not arrived as yet when he was to proclaim his Messiahship in public. Hence, he had to rebuke his disciples for their thoughtless indiscretion.

For all these reasons Matt. xvi. 17-19 is entirely out of place in our pericope. Even Matt. xvi. 20 confirms that fact. The temporal adverb "then" at the head of this verse belongs, of course, to the interpolator. He was too faithful to his text to drop the closing sentence although the passage inserted by him excluded and contradicted it. He was evidently unconscious of committing a wrong when he put a current saying, ascribed to Jesus, where he imagined it to belong. But having separated verse 20 from verse 16, he had a subconscious feeling of the lack of connection between verses 19 and 20 and undertook to supply the missing link by the particle "then."

So far it has been demonstrated not only that Matt. xvi. 17-19 does not belong in its present context but also that verse 17 as well as verse 19 are spurious. Jesus cannot have blessed St. Peter for having received a direct divine revelation, nor given him the keys of the kingdom of heaven. It remains to be seen whether verse 18 may have been pronounced by Jesus at some other occasion. The question is not whether Jesus intended to build his Church upon St. Peter, but whether he ever intended to build any church.

It is only necessary to thus formulate the problem in order to solve it. If one thing is certain in the history of Jesus Christ it is the fact that he came to bring the kingdom of God. That

alone excludes the possibility of his ever having established or dreamt of establishing a church. For the two terms are incongruous.

The New Testament idea of the kingdom of God is of Jewish, Old Testament origin. It meant to the contemporaries of Jesus the realization of the reign of righteousness under the rule of the Christ. The moral perfection of all the members of that kingdom and the divine power of its king insured everlasting bliss and happiness: all suffering and even death would be abolished. Jesus came to fulfil the old hope of the pious in Israel. But he differed from the Pharisees in one, if not in two fundamental points. The Pharisees were convinced the kingdom would come as soon as the majority of their nation would obey the law of Moses as interpreted by their religious teachers. Jesus began his work by proclaiming in direct opposition to the scribes and Pharisees an entirely new law, "the Golden Rule." The other important difference is that Jesus, from the beginning, conceived his kingdom, not as one to materialize at some indefinite, future time, but as actually existing in this present world. Luke xvii. 20-21 is the principal locus for that conception. There Jesus is reported to have told the Pharisees who had asked him when the kingdom of God would come: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for lo, the kingdom of God is within you." This saying is vouched for by the Third Gospel alone, but it is supported by such parables as that of the Mustard Seed and the Leaven.

Most modern theologians seem to accept this as the true Christian idea of the Messianic kingdom. We read for instance in Hastings, *Dictionary of the Bible*, Vol. II, p. 850a: "The kingdom of God may truly be said to have existed on earth from the first moment of His manifestations," and p. 851b: "From the first, this kingdom in His view could not have been a merely *future* thing, but must have been conceived of as *already existing*."

Still, there are other passages according to which Jesus seems to have shared an eschatological and even grossly materialistic view of the kingdom of God. Luke xxii. 16, e. g., contains the statement: "I say unto you, I shall not drink henceforth of the fruit of the vine, until the kingdom of God shall come." The Matthew version is even stronger: "Verily I say unto you, I shall no more drink of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God" (cf. Mark xiv. 25). After the death of Jesus the eschatological conception seems to have prevailed ex-

clusively among the Christians, and this in an ever more materialistic sense until the intellectual leaders of the Gentile Christians grew tired of it.

The problem involved can only be solved by a most patient and painstaking examination of our records in order to determine their origin and authenticity. Possibly the Apostles and their immediate disciples misunderstood or failed to comprehend the remarks of Jesus concerning the kingdom of God. But such an investigation would exceed the limits of this paper. Besides, it is not necessary for our purpose.

If Jesus cherished the ideal conception of his kingdom as formulated in Luke xvii. 20-21, he cannot have thought of the Church. The invisible kingdom, existing in the hearts of his followers, was never intended to become a visible institution. It does not have princes and rulers. The greatest in that kingdom have no other chance of proving their greatness than that of being the humble servants of their fellow men and bearing the cross. The wisest have to practise their superior wisdom by living clean and holy lives. The intellectual leaders are bound to display their better knowledge by remaining steadfast in confessing the truth in the face of opposition and persecution. The rich are poor unless they hold their worldly possessions in trust for their brethren. In such a kingdom there is no room for a hierarchy.

If, on the other hand, Jesus should have regarded his kingdom as one to be realized later on, he was interested even less in the Church. For that kingdom is of a supernatural order and destined to descend from heaven when the time "which the Father hath set within his own authority" is fulfilled. Jesus himself could not hasten its arrival. All he could do was to increase the number of those who accepted from him the true law of that kingdom. That required no organization. Every new convert was expected to win over his friends and acquaintances. Every one could be an apostle. All he had to do was to go from place to place and deliver the message and law of the coming kingdom to the people he met in the course of his wanderings.

As Jesus had no cause nor reason why to establish a church, especially since the very idea of church is opposed to his religious convictions, the whole passage Matt. xvi. 17-19, including verse 18, must be spurious and belong to an age when the Church had discounted the idea of the kingdom of God. Our present knowledge of the origin and gradual development of the Church confirms that conclusion. Edwin Hatch in the *Bampton Lectures* of 1880 has

proved the Gentile Christian congregations to have borrowed their organization from the secular and religious societies of the Greek world to which they belonged. Hatch has also outlined the steps by which the primitive congregations, adopting again a Gentile model, the Roman Empire, have become the Church as we know her. The Church is, therefore, the heathen substitute, or caricature, of the kingdom of God.

Hatch's investigations would have been acclaimed as epoch-making if he had not discouraged any possible application of his deductions by insisting on calling the existing Church a divine institution. For no mortal man, of course, can think of criticizing or changing what God himself has established. *Sit ut est aut non sit!* Divine in this connection is a sorely abused term. In a way, of course, everything exists by the grace of God. That is to say, whatever qualities are found in an individual or institution are to be credited to either the active or passive grace of God. He inspires what is good and suffers what is bad. It is the duty of all who recognize this grace of God to improve what is good and eliminate what is bad as far as this is within their power. But apart from that, the Church is altogether a human institution and as such subject to all the shortcomings and abuses of all things human. If the Church has any special task to perform, it is that of establishing the truth about Jesus, to define ever more clearly and convincingly the true religion of Jesus Christ. This cannot be done by philosophizing about religion in general but only by studying the sources from which alone correct knowledge as to the historical Jesus can be derived. So far the Church has labored to obscure and hide that truth; and all attempts to supersede the authority of the Church by that of Jesus Christ have resulted only in the founding of sectarian bodies which immediately adopted the vicious and, in their case, ridiculous policy of the mother Church.

In closing, I wish to suggest that, according to the well-known *Cui bono*—"For whose benefit"—Matt. xvi. 17-19 must have had its origin in the city of Rome not later than 150 A. D. The only correct interpretation of the passage is that of the Roman Catholic Church. It sanctions all her claims of being the only, infallible and alone-saving Church. Rome presented, especially at the beginning of the Christian era, a very favorable soil for the spontaneous growth of such claims. The inhabitants of that capital of the world demanded quite naturally precedence and leadership on every field of human endeavor. Moreover, people living at Rome could not fail to gain practical and theoretical experience in the art of gov-



erning others and would employ that experience whenever an occasion of doing so presented itself. On the other hand, the people of the provinces were accustomed and willing to acknowledge the supremacy of the capital. These general conditions were supported by the missionary work and martyrdom of both St. Peter and St. Paul in the eternal city. Thus the local patriotism of the Roman Christians very soon must have looked upon the founding of the first congregation of disciples at Rome as an extraordinary event. It became in their estimation the founding of the Catholic Church. It was, of course, taken for granted that Jesus Christ himself had planned and prearranged that event. The Roman Church is the logical heir of all the rights, privileges and prerogatives conferred by Christian gratitude and reverence upon the leader of the Twelve, or rather, all the rights, privileges and prerogatives claimed for the Church at Rome were supposed to have been settled upon St. Peter by Jesus Christ himself.

As to the date when our interpolation was inserted into the First Gospel, we may expect to find it very early. It must have been formulated and gained currency shortly after the founding of the Christian congregation at Rome. Its vocabulary points to a Jewish Christian author. External evidence of the age and general acceptance of Matt. xvi. 17-19 is furnished by Origen, Dionysius, Irenæus and Justin Martyr.

Origen (A. D. 185-253) speaks of Peter upon whom the Church of Christ is built against which the gates of Hades shall not prevail (Eus., *E. H.*, VI, 25, 8). His convert Dionysius, who died A. D. 265 as bishop of Alexandria, quotes Matt. xvi. 17 (Eus., *E. H.*, VII, 25, 10). Thus our passage must have appeared in the received text of the Gospel before the year 200.

Irenæus, who died A. D. 202 as bishop of Lyons, is, as far as I know, the first provincial Christian who advocated the supremacy of the Roman Church. A native of Asia Minor, he had come to the capital about the year 155, whence he afterward moved to Lyons. He must have become convinced during his sojourn at Rome that the claims of the Roman Church were based on the authority of Jesus Christ. Therefore, our passage must have been considered at Rome as genuine about the year 150. It even seems to me as if the quotation from Irenæus in Eus., *E. H.*, V, 8, 2, which is usually translated "whilst Peter and Paul proclaimed the Gospel and founded the Church at Rome," is really a commentary on Matt. xvi. 18. For the original text reads: "Whilst Peter and Paul at Rome were preaching the Gospel and laying the foundation

of the Church." The prepositional phrase "at Rome" stands in the Greek text before the two verbs. If any emphasis should belong to that position, and it ought to, the clause would say that the Church built upon St. Peter the rock did not come into existence until the Prince of the Apostles, assisted by St. Paul, established the Church at Rome.

Our oldest text-witness is Justin Martyr. He writes in the *Dialogue with Tryphon* (100, B): "He surnamed one of his disciples, called Simon before, Peter because he had recognized him by the revelation of his Father as Son of God, Christ." As Justin Martyr died at Rome about the year 163, his testimony proves that the First Gospel with our passage was used by the Roman Christians about the beginning of the second century.

## THE ETHICS OF RATIONALISM.

BY FRANK VINCENT WADDY.

**R**ATIONALISM, the philosophy of agnostics and freethinkers, is frequently attacked by those known as believers on the ground of its alleged lack of ethical standards, said to result from rejection of theological dogma, the adherents to religious precept contending that "faith" is necessary to virtuous life here, and indispensable in securing a comfortable time hereafter.

In support of this argument the lives and habits of certain eminent freethinkers are quoted as evidence of the debasing influence of skepticism upon character; thus Goethe, George Eliot, Paine, Ingersoll and others are favorite material for the criticism of their pious detractors.

These attacks furnish an example of a common logical fallacy, namely, arguing from insufficient data; for it is clear that, even granting the moral deficiency of particular individuals, not all who share their convictions are necessarily vicious. The ethical standard set up by a system of philosophy or religion is independent of the demerits of its followers. In the state prisons are Presbyterian pickpockets, Baptist burglars and Methodist murderers, but the characters of these criminals are not necessarily products of the religious influence under which some of them claim to have been brought up. Evidence from isolated cases is misleading, and attempts to prove the evil influence of mental freedom upon personal morality by this means are futile. It would be equally logical to contend that because a New England minister was convicted of murder some time ago, therefore the profession of religion engenders homicidal tendencies.

The fact is, the truth lies at the mean—that no man is wholly vicious or virtuous, whether atheist, fanatic or somewhere between. Moreover, ethical conduct is determined largely without reference to any system of belief, there being millions of people utterly indifferent to religion who nevertheless live with rectitude and integrity, guided by the natural instinct of sympathy, refraining

from wrong-doing in obedience to the sense of moral obligation bred by expediency in ages past, and entirely without the aid of special deterrents or incentives. Experience shows the results of base conduct and judgment dictates avoidance of it.

Secular teaching is also attacked as a destructive force, tearing down while unable to rebuild, and demolishing the faith of the ages without suggesting anything adequate to take its place. Those who advance this objection overlook the fact that in the nature of the case no substitute is required. If an ancient faith shackles the feet of progress it must be discarded. It is much as if a surgeon who undertakes the cure of an infirmity demanding the use of crutches were asked by the patient what aid he intended to furnish in their place. The surgeon explains that the crutches will not be needed, but the cripple, habituated to their daily use, cannot imagine dispensing with them.

A rationalist, in pointing out the inconsistencies of official religion, is not removing any props of virtue or supplying aid to vice, and if the structure of faith requires modification to bring its tenets into harmony with established truth, that structure can be treated with all reverence during the process. "The abolitionist," says Hawthorne, "brandishing his one idea like an iron flail," will work only havoc and destruction unless he be prepared to furnish something by way of constructive reform. The apostle of free thought should preserve respect for thinkers who have gone before, and facts in theology (if there be any) should appeal to him as strongly as facts in any other branch of study.

An enthusiast is often inconsistent, his ideas being polarized and his outlook limited by preconception. Theists discount or ignore the conclusions of scientific inquiry, while materialists treat with contempt the claims of the spiritual and the phenomena of psychophysiology. Conflicting ideas must be examined with neutrality, unbiased by presuppositions religious or scientific. A rationalist should at all costs be reasonable, and one who is prejudiced or intolerant is irrational.

As to the system of ethical principles demanded as a substitute for the dogmatic creeds, the exercise of moral courage will effectually combat most of life's evils—with no system can man escape them all—and self-respect, in avoidance of what is unworthy or discreditable, will take the place of other deterrents and incentives. Necessity for rewards and punishments vanishes with attainment of full moral stature, much as the need of such inducements falls away upon outgrowing physical childhood.

Conduct should be determined irrespective of reward, beyond that which effort, and nothing else, will bring. High endeavor and single purpose, the pursuit of lofty ideals, indeed all the nobler impulses, will be found independent of polemical questions and incapable of even causing a difference of opinion. The majority of religious argument is upon subjects that do not matter. The brightness of truth, the baseness of wrong, the necessity for sympathy—these things fortunately are not controlled by creeds and are not church monopolies.

The moral force of a noble life cannot be diminished by the exercise of additional self-reliance, which riddance of superstition calls into action, nor will present influence be lessened by discarding errors of the past.

The responsibilities of the rationalists are no greater and no less than those of others, though they see with clearer vision the fallacies of certain teachings. For instance, the doctrine of vicarious suffering or atonement, which implies that man can escape the natural results of his actions, is neither just nor reasonable. It has no rational meaning. A "sin" like any other action must have its results, if it be a causative act; the penalty of such an act is its natural complement, and follows inevitably. Forgiving a sin is a very different matter from undoing it—a feat impossible even with the obliging aid of a god. The teaching that iniquities can be canceled by the simple process of having them forgiven is pernicious as well as untrue, for it gives a license to those accepting it which they would not otherwise have. On the other hand, it has doubtless furnished a profound solace to countless penitents, and is therefore not without utility, even though based upon error. The idea that Jesus or any one else should be punished for one's actions instead of oneself is indeed strange ground for consolation. Such an instance of injustice should rather cause intense displeasure and indignation. The sacrificial atonement of Christ has no reliable historical foundation, but even if it had it would not commend itself, since the blissful state of "heaven" could never be justly known to the sinner while the result of his sins had been to send other people to hell.

An objection sometimes raised against rationalists is that they expect tangible proof for things that can be discerned only spiritually. When a student states his disbelief in certain doctrines he is accused of approaching a spiritual problem with physical weapons. In most cases the empirical thinker is merely making scientific use of his faculties rather than an emotional use of his imagination.

Instead of demanding supersensuous explanation for phenomena incompletely understood, he applies himself to analysis, prepared to exhaust the natural and possible before resorting to the unnatural or seemingly impossible. That which will not bear investigation upon logical lines is not inviting material for spiritual perception—or for any other kind.

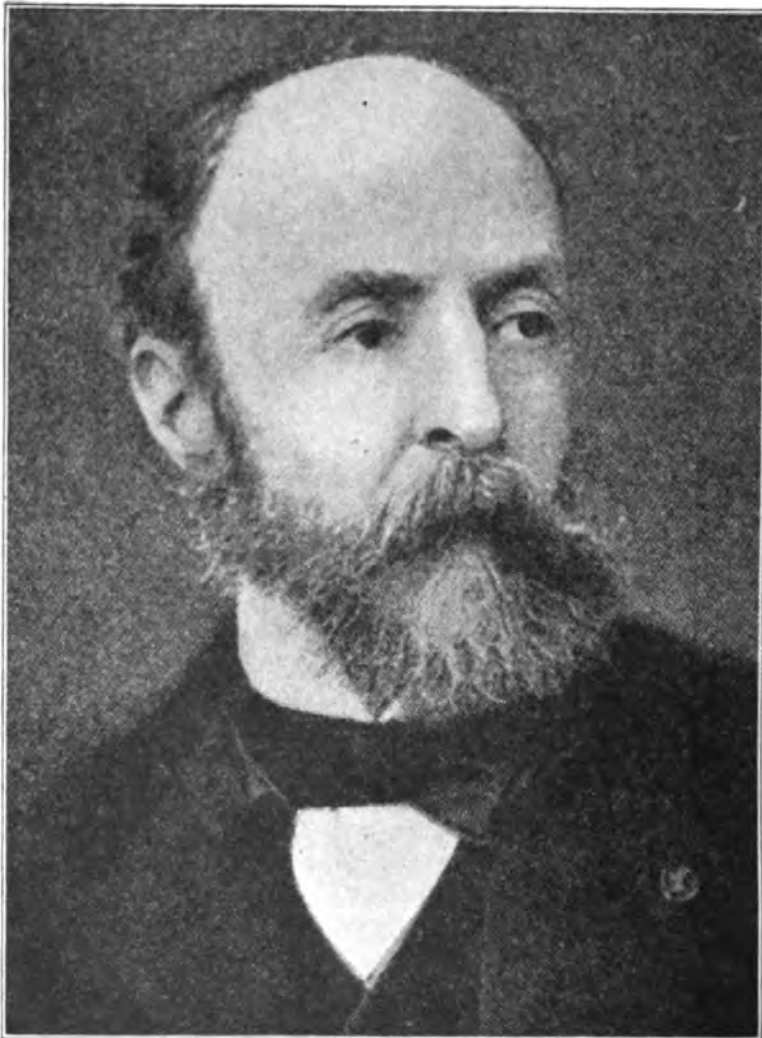
## MISCELLANEOUS.

### BOOK REVIEWS.

THE SEVENTH SEAL. By *Jeanette Agnes*. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company, 1920. Pp. 177. Price, \$1.25 net.

Among other things we are taught in this book that "the soul, as we ordinarily use the term, is but a partial expression of a soul that in the beginning was a complete embodiment of the masculine and feminine power, but that the Creative Law, when investing this soul with physical form in which to work out its experiences, gain the mastery over evil...and the capacity for unending happiness, gave portions of the soul separate bodies at an early stage in the evolutionary process, endowing both with certain similar capacities and certain complementary ones" (p. 74). These contentions are proven by a truly Gnostic interpretation of certain passages of both the Old and the New Testament. Occasionally recourse is had to the pronouncements of modern science. The most far-reaching conclusions are drawn, for the object of the book is to show, e. g., that "the Bible teaches that the law of the creative life energy, operating through the physical sex of soul complements, is...the way of emancipation from want, sickness and all imperfections of the human race; in truth, the way of eternal life without the body's passing through what we call death." etc., etc. (p. 9). The author's mind seems to be one of those, not infrequently found, who combine, with great sincerity of purpose and a peculiar acumen in argumentation, a perfectly unique point of view, a point of view which in this instance is characterized by an agglomeration of Bibliolatry, natural (i. e., sexual) philosophy, and science. The book will no doubt find readers among people drawn in similar directions.





EUGENE FROMENTIN.  
(From the *Magazine of Art*, Cassell and Co., London, 1895.)

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*



# THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and  
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

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## THE FETISH OF ORGANIZATION.

BY GUY BOGART.

**B**IRTH, growth and death—the inevitable law of nature—applies with relentless and unvarying force. Organizations are not exempt from its workings.

From Protista to Primates, from atomic to astral, from individual to universal the law operates impartially. Although it is the custom to bury the dead bodies of even the most faithful and the greatest of the servants of humanity when clothed in tangible flesh and blood, humanity has tended to worship and to serve the social projection of the group even after the life has departed. Nay, it is not until an organization has been long past its prime and is tottering in senescence that the people in general hold it in greatest and most slavish reverence.

Last year I spaded my back yard. The fact that the Underwood proved more attractive than the spade and the growing of thoughts more alluring than the raising of vegetables is only an incident. There was joy in the use of the spade and hoe—in the fact that it was recreation and that the tools were not using me. They were only tools and did not own me.

How about our organizations? Are we using them, or do we merely "belong" to them? Personally I "belong" to no organization except those into which I was born, and I am working to make them serve the race. For all are only tools which grow duller with use, become broken and unfit for further service, and are soon old-fashioned and inadequate to meet the newer needs of progress.

Because there is danger of fetishism in group-activities is no argument for their discontinuance, but this danger makes an understanding of the basic nature of organization essential to our in-

telligent cooperation as world citizens. Organization is essential to progress. The physical body is the most highly correlative activity we know. Yet we must not forget the end in our enthusiasm for the means; for every help becomes a hindrance when misapplied or when a newer tool is required. There is a marked human tendency to worship organization more than progress. Humanity has ever created masters instead of servants. The pathway of history, indeed, is strewn with golden calves and misspent generations in the wilderness of institutions.

By all this we see a trace of the old barbarism of the race. The barbarian has one distinguishing feature (whether living in Zululand or Greenwich village). He is essentially a fetish-worshiper. While in every age the esoteric circle has broken through the darkness of form into the liberty of truth portrayed by the symbolism, the masses have ever bowed, as they do to-day, along with their "practical" leaders, before fetishes.

As a race the Aryan has not advanced beyond the stage of fetishism. Let us not laugh at the man who carried a potato in his pocket to ward off rheumatism, or at our darker brother who sees in the left posterior appendage of Br'er Rabbit a propitious omen.

The advancing waves of "new thought" and "free thinking" have toppled from their lofty pedestals the creeds and dogmas that enslaved the mind of the past. We must pause, however, to ask if we are really free or if we have but transferred our allegiance to a new set of idols. Perhaps *you* have not done so, but since such a course is both a racial and an individual tendency, we must be sure that our version of tolerance is merely a willingness for the the rest of the world to share our particular beliefs.

And may I pause to say with emphasis that neither you nor I nor any other person or group has corraled Truth and put a universal trade-mark upon it. . . . Thomas Paine's remark that if you do not agree with me it proves only one thing, that I do not agree with you, must be applied to ourselves as well as to the other fellow.

Candidly, now, does your organization serve you or do you serve your organization?

Are you still in the fetish-worshipping stage, bowing in slavery to your own faiths, philosophical systems, declarations of principles and constitutions, attaching a superstitious and unwarranted importance to these "scraps of paper"? Or are you employing these useful and necessary tools *as tools* for the construction of a universal brotherhood of cooperation and love?

What is the general process of group-formation such as we are discussing? Human society has moved forward with much the irregular progression of the ameba. This one-celled little soul responds to its environments by pushing fingerlike processes from any part of its body to surround whatever food is closest to its microcosm. If the object is not proper for nourishment the pseudopodia are withdrawn, but if the speck of contact is good for food the entire body slowly advances to the limit set by the pseudopodia and the mass digests the old food and proceeds to "organize" it while the pioneer feelers are again projected.

Mankind, too, has advanced irregularly through the leadership of little minorities—thinkers and mystics, poet-prophets—who pushed out from the mediocre majority to surround some tiny morsel in the infinite ocean of truth. In this "absorbing" pursuit, too many find satiety and insist that their tiny mote of truth is the open sesame for all time to the portals of emancipation.

Every organization contains within itself an inherent tendency to become static, whereas society is ever dynamic. Here is a source of much of the difficulty of coordinated social effort. Even as we grasp (relatively) truth in the light of to-day's experience, new events demand a readjustment of our estimate—a readjustment which a too-cumbersome machine (organization), creeds and constitutions tend to render difficult, if not impossible.

Discard our organizations, then? By no means—just study them and own them. The conception of institutionalism as a fetish is fundamental if we would advance from institutionalism to a wise and limited use of institutions. Our present slavery just shows how far humanity is, from the goal of democracy. I have no desire to pretend that we are capable of supporting a democracy now, but it is well to have some idea of the preliminary conceptions necessary to work intelligently toward that far-distant goal of the race.

We know the organization of our own bodies only when we live unwisely. Rheumatism will make you painfully aware of the Amalgamated Association of Bones and of the Meat Trust. If you were intelligent you would never know these organized federations of your physical being. So in society. We are in a very rheumatic stage of development.

"Where two or three are gathered in my name." That is sufficient organization because the "two or three" are connected with the Divine Logos, the dynamic force of the universe. But where men and women are gathered together in the name of some group, they are getting their power from a storage-battery. Too

soon the original power of the Logos is exhausted. That is why we have revivals, reorganizations, house-cleanings and revolutions—when the spiritual urge drives men back to the Logos to recharge the batteries.

Some men have learned to put aside storage-batteries (organizations) and contact directly the live wire of the I Am That I Am. These are pioneer souls. They are message-bearers from the Most High. Such connection as theirs is not for the masses—not yet, not for those who “see through a glass darkly.” These are still attached to their storage-batteries and would prefer a dead battery to a live wire. That is why so many of the live-wire connections have been in prison all through the ages, as they are to-day. The majority of people are afraid of freedom. They are like the household with drawn curtains, dimly lighted by candles and the inmates refusing to open to the sunlight flooding the world outside.

Again, then, if I were able to connect all of you with the Divine Logos, I would not do away with all organization. But most of the institutionalism as we know it to-day will automatically drop away with understanding. What remains will not be felt any more than a healthy person feels the complex organization of his various bodies.

I speak as one who has worked through many organizations and sensed at once the power and the dangers thereof. I see an advance gleam of truth—either from the inner light or from the flaming torch of some seeker. By uniting with similarly-sighted individuals a machine—a tool—is formed through which to nurse the flame to greater light and propagate the gleam. We have taken a cross-section of the stream of evolution, studied it and examined many details in the laboratory of our organization, forgetful that all the while the stream is flowing onward and gathering new meaning all the way.

In consternation we cry for evolution and revolution to work themselves out in accordance with our blueprints and specifications. That is, the other fellow has done so through the ages. “My” group has “The Truth.” I wonder, after all, if it may not be just a wee bit possible that you and I may not stumble into the common pitfall? We want evolution to work without, instead of reversing the process. There is ever a tendency to forget that “the bird of time is on the wing,” and with varying brands of “truth” salt we set out to decorate the tail of the fleeting social bird.

Organization, from the earliest development of mankind, has tended after the first warm enthusiasm to attach importance to

itself *per se*, to rest on the laurels of past achievement. The members tend to drop the scientific attitude for the orthodox. Within human limitations no other fate is possible for an organization. The movement is ever forward; the organization, after the high-water mark of achievement, is ever backward.

Death, new births, death, birth. The cycles go ever round as far as the individual is concerned. The individual dies (only to return for further development); the species (also advancing with a distinctive group-soul) is perpetuated through the ages. Eons see the species disappear; life continues. The organization exists only to aid (for its little hour) the ever-upward movement of society.

Nor is one cause alone the corner-stone of evolution, nor one institution the projection of the infinite.

Countless forces act, interact and react in the ramifying maze of our social fabric. The resultant force is the measure of social development. The trouble with most institutionalized units is that they think the resultant force is due to their one factor. The rationalist is as irrational a creature as one will find anywhere. "A rationalist," it has been said, "is one who is religiously irreligious," somewhat after the nature of the Indian's tree which was so straight that it leaned the other way. Our radical groups as a rule tend likewise to adopt a faith to be defended, living in the glories of the fathers of their movements, forgetting in greater or less measure the spirit of those old leaders according to the length of time the organization has been drawing upon the storage-battery originally charged by the leaders. It is a natural and (seemingly) inevitable working of psychological laws.

Any new group in its youthful days begins work on an improved social structure. About the time the foundation is fairly under way the builders begin to pay more attention to the trade-marks on the bricks than to the nature of the structure itself. They see others on the job, under the inspiration of different philosophical fathers. Instead of cooperation and toleration, there is a tendency—attributable to the fetish of organization—for each group to build about itself a great wall, windowless and doorless, defying all others to enter. So, instead of a great social edifice constructed by divers groups working in harmony of toleration, there is danger of a large number of the one-room prisons of progress. I should perhaps not say this is a danger. It is, rather, a hindrance, perhaps a wise natural preventive against too rash action. For there are always rebels who

will not be bound by creeds, nor accept a new as better than an old orthodoxy.

Come-outism is the saving ferment of society, rescuing it from the stagnation of static organization. The builders have ever been filled with this spirit. Isaiah, Hosea and all the long line of prophets of every race illustrate the point. These rebels thundered against the ecclesiastical and political exploiters of their day. Their followers of every subsequent generation have worshiped a dead religion founded upon played-out storage-batteries of these old live wires; and in the same men who scorned the organized misrule of their day has been upheld the oppression of untold missions. It is the curse of organization wrongly understood and misapplied.

Conservatism is the price we pay for any set form. Growth can come only by change. Constitutions, forms, rules, creeds, declarations, while essential in certain stages of human development—or at least convenient in the swaddling-clothes period of racial development—are to some degree hindering forces as well. At the best, they should be elastic and relative, not binding—made for use and not for their own sake. There is nothing sacred in form and method. Results alone count.

What is a constitution  
That I should obey it?  
A constitution  
Is a crystallization of thought,  
A limitation to activity,  
A barrier to advancement.

A crystal is dead.  
Only the lifeless finds final form  
In crystallization.

The agate forests of America  
Are curiosities and objects of beauty  
To dangle as ornaments  
Or serve as paperweights.  
Once they were living trees,  
Chlorophyll-bearing, breathing—  
Feeling expressions of life,  
Until the winter of crystallization  
Brought death to their  
Powers of expression;  
And development ceased,  
Even as social growth  
Is stifled by crystallization through constitutions.

Those who have swept aside the fogyism of dying worshipers must not become lost in the same fogs of creed, even if it is "My" creed and was once revolutionary in nature. All organizations must emerge from the philosophies of the past—even if but yesterday—into the actualities of the present, with eyes set on the morrow, if they are to continue to lead the race in the battles for emancipation.

Let us cease to be fetish-worshippers. Let us cease to worry over any particular organization, group or institution, even if it is "mine." The only important matter is that there shall be organized effort—preferably by spontaneous organization—based on love. Let us never forget the end through adoration of the means.

There is scant place in the new mysticism for the doctrinaire, the lover of constitutions and fixed authority, the overorganized, the orthodox, the imitator, the "practical" man. The hope lies in the rebel, the come-outer, the dreamer, the inspired lunatic, who plunges into the great adventures of Truth free and untrammelled by creeds, constitutions and by-laws of his own or any other's making.

But we must never grow so superior that we shall look with contempt upon organizations now functioning. It took me some time to grow out of this habit. The idea has been well expressed in "Isis":

"Colored blocks are necessary in the kindergarten, primers for children, textbooks for the training of the mind in school and college; but when the mind has been trained it must then put that training into use in a practical way: in business under the head of the firm or manager; in art, under a great teacher; in spiritual things, under a Master of Wisdom.

"But remember that, because you are no longer interested in colored blocks or primers you once thought so beautiful, you are not to despise the children who still cling to them, or find fault with the teachers of the a-b-c's.

"All have their place, and the children will grow away from the blocks when they have learned their lessons, just as you have grown. The proof that you have outgrown earthly organizations will be the love and tolerance with which you treat all your brothers and sisters who still feel the need of such methods.

"To rail at organizations, especially one which has helped you to reach your present state, and those who work in them, is proof that you still need their discipline. Every uplifting movement or teaching has its place and has for followers those who need its lessons."

No organization could exist if it did not meet the requirements of some individuals. The task of the new mysticism will not be to

overthrow organizations, but to break the spirit of fetishism, which is only the chief distinguishing feature of barbarism. Our leaders must learn to live above organizations. We may safely function through as many as we please, but we are lost if we "belong" to any institutions.

A middle course between the spirit of the iconoclast and the fetish-worshiper is requisite in the difficult days of spiritual reconstruction in the new world dispensation.



## CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS.

BY CHAPIN C. PERRY.

OF all terms that, to the lay mind, suggest narrowness, bigotry, intolerance, hatred and defeat of purpose, the words class consciousness, as employed by, and narrowly applied to the interests of, the working class, probably take the front rank. The words are essentially belligerent and arbitrarily and at once place every person claiming other recognition in the enemy class. For an intelligent being, therefore, to ally himself with such mental attitude is, in the eyes of the world at large, to alienate himself from all that is intelligent and to make a wanton and useless sacrifice of the respect of whatever goes to make up that intelligence.

Mankind, to-day, is recognized as divided into three classes the capitalist class, the producing class and the consuming class, popularly known as capital, labor and consumer; each with its peculiar material interests which it must subserve or perish notwithstanding that these may and do vitally interfere with, and antagonize, the material interests of one or both of the other two classes.

The word "class" rather implies the existence of one or more other classes whose interests are antagonistic to it. The capitalist class, in the eyes of the other two, is virtually regarded the enemy of both the producing and the consuming classes. It holds, or at least has hitherto held, the producing class down to the lowest wage and regards the consuming class as its ancient and legitimate prey. It is the wolf in the sheep fold.

Between the capitalist class and the consuming class the fight is ever on. The capitalist class wants as much as it can get and to that end uses every machination its cunning can devise. The consuming class wants to buy as cheaply as possible but it has never to the present day shown any great demonstration of fighting power. It is the sheep of the pasture.

Likewise the producing and the consuming classes have a fight of their own. The producing class demands what it can get regardless of the position the consuming class is put in and just now the

consuming class is prone to regard the producing class as a modern and implacable foe. The producing class is the goat of pronounced butting proclivities. To-day the war of classes is at its height.

Now class consciousness is an individual experience insinuating itself into the minds of men and women of all three classes. It is not primarily or essentially a feeling of antagonism, except that, as the words are caught up by members of the capitalist and consuming classes, or the socially unenlightened of the producing class, in their literal sense and seen to be applicable alike to whichever class may use them to further its material interests, it is prone to be so regarded by them. Class consciousness as a shibboleth was a discovery of the producer; the discovery that the producing class is the only real class and that any and all others are counterfeits and imposters to be treated as such. How do we deal with counterfeits and imposters? With suavity and in kid-glove fashion or with quick and decisive rejection? Pass to a bank teller with your deposit, even most innocently, a spurious coin and instantly he clips it in two and hands it back to you no longer a counterfeit and that without asking your pleasure in the matter. One would not knowingly harbor an insane or dangerous or evil person in his household, even though such one displayed throughout his stay an amiable and agreeable mood, but would eject him before his violent character manifested itself. Be it known, however, that evil masquerading as good is far more potent for ill among the socially unenlightened than are its hideous features with the counterfeiting mask removed.

It is to be observed at this point that whereas it is a simple thing to divide the world into classes with antagonistic material interests it is not so easy, once you try to do so, to place human beings definitely into one of these classes to the exclusion of the other two. You would have to resort to surgery to accomplish this because veritably a man's head may be the uncompromising enemy of his stomach, for while the former may be used altogether in the service of the capitalist class his stomach belongs irrefutably to the consuming class. The capitalist is an embodiment of conflicting and antagonistic interests. His flesh and blood are engaged in internecine strife. Similarly situated is the producer to-day for he is at the same time a consumer as well. His hands and feet act in concert to produce and a never-ending esophagus claims a considerable part of his product. Here is a case where both ends are bucking the middle. He is a house divided against itself and so indeed are all the members of the several classes in their turn. It is to be

emphasized that while the material interests of the three classes are sharply antagonistic the economic interests of the individuals composing these classes are not so.

Now who or what is a capitalist. A rich man? No, that is no test. Some producers are rich. Some capitalists are poor. Whether or not a man is a capitalist depends not at all upon his possessions of which he may have many or few but upon his mode of thinking. Of a truth the majority of poor persons are capitalists: that is, they look upon property and possessions as the prevailing system of ethics has taught them to do and are blind to the error that holds humanity—the entire three classes—in its mesmeric grip. Some rich people have had their eyes opened to this error and henceforward are no longer numbered with the capitalists regardless of the conventional methods of earning a livelihood they may pursue or the gains they may derive from them. The capitalist is he to whom the present-day estimate of morality and ethics is inflexible and standard.

Nor is the worker necessarily the producer. A vast amount of energy is spent foolishly and in vain, often in nerve-racking and soul-destroying employment, and all of it is paid for in sustenance wrought by the producer. One type of producer may all his life long have been considered by his friends an idle dreamer. He may even have had a great distaste for toil as it is known to-day and his activity, seemingly fruitless, may have been altogether mental and centered about an idea that, to him at least, must one day materialize and bear fruit. This type of producer is peculiar to the age, is judged harshly by the capitalist and oftentimes so by the consumer, but is recognized as altogether a legitimate charge on production by the class-conscious producer.

To the discerning the capitalist class must disappear. Its transient character is evidenced everywhere by a rapid and seemingly endless succession of social disruptions, wars, labor disturbances, legislative enactments framed to confiscate profits; all aiming at reform but blindly working out the behests of the social revolution that shall accomplish the industrial emancipation of the world. The passing of the capitalist class merely marks its transition into the proletariat, or working, or producing class and the moment this is accomplished the social miracle, the dream of all Utopias, the "plan of the ages," the "desire of all nations," has come to pass—the producing and the consuming classes have merged into one homogeneous unit with a common enthusiasm and but a single interest.

## CAPITAL.

BY T. B. STORK.

CAPITAL with a big C has been the *bête noire* of socialists and other radical reformers of the social order for so long a time that its evil character has come to be a generally accepted truism. It is the fashion to denounce capital and capitalists as things that like vice and crime are to be suppressed to secure the welfare of society. It was the habit of those who wished to stigmatize the recent war to call it a capitalistic war, as if that term alone, whatever it might mean, would condemn it.

It would seem, therefore, only timely and suitable to put in some plea for capital in answer to the many strong indictments brought against it. For capital, properly understood, is no Jugger-naut of evil that rides roughshod over all that stands in its way; no abstract embodiment of all that is wicked and heartless, but a perfectly natural concomitant of modern industrial activity, as necessary to its growth and prosperity as water or air, and in fact, as great a benefactor as either. It is a part, and an essential part, of the system. How and by whom it shall be owned may be a question, but its existence and necessity are not arguable matters. Whether owned by individuals or in any other way, its function and behavior as capital will not vary materially. Certain requirements and certain methods of action are so essential to its existence and growth, that no matter who owns it, these will and must prevail and govern, or capital itself will be destroyed. And if capital be destroyed, with it will be destroyed all the industrial activity which rests upon it as a foundation: society would return to the primitive activities of the individual worker, each man for and by himself. For without capital all the vast combinations of machinery and workmen, with their infinite subdivisions of labor and specialized tasks, would be impossible. By capital and capital alone are these made possible. Understanding by capital, the whole store of useful things in the

world, from wheat and beef to houses, hotels, factories, locomotives, ships, machines and all the other more elusive elements of capitalistic organization, banks, insurance companies, scientific laboratories with their delicate apparatus, hospitals, schools and colleges, warehouses and retail shops, the industrial organized army of engineers chemists, draftsmen, specialists of various sorts, down to the private soldier, the manual laborer of the complicated organization. All this industrial structure presupposes capital in great and generous amounts. So far from its being denounced, it should be cherished and helped and *qua* capital highly esteemed by those who owe to it every comfort of civilized society.

When we come to the further question of how and by whom it should be owned, how it should be controlled, if at all, legitimate differences of opinion are quite admissible. That it must be owned by somebody is equally clear with the necessity for its presence in industrial society. For capital is not automatic nor autonomous: it does not act mechanically; it must be handled and managed and used by human intelligence; nothing will disappear so rapidly as capital badly used or carelessly applied, and nothing will yield such rich and beneficial results if skilfully employed.

The handling of capital is one of the great problems of the industrial world, and it is because the ownership of capital and its handling are so bound together that the ownership of capital becomes of moment. The man who handles capital must be the owner to all intents and purposes. And it is this handling of capital that is vitally important to the welfare of society, so much so, since the ownership cannot be, or at any rate, never has been, successfully separated from the handling, that it becomes of general importance. Up to the present time, capital has been owned by individuals who have of course handled it as their own.

That capital must exist and continue its functions, if the present industrial civilization is to continue to grow and flourish, must be conceded by the most radical reformer, and therefore the only question must be who is to handle or own it, since handling and ownership are inseparable. There are only two or three ways possible. The government or the community as a whole might own and handle it by appropriate public officials; or a committee or commission made up of representatives of the various classes interested in the industry, either workmen or employees or government officials, each representing their particular interests and acting as a controlling body over the industry, the ownership being vested in the commission or committee for the benefit of all concerned; or lastly, the

present, almost universal method of handling might be employed, in which the owner of the capital by himself and for himself and at his own risk, manages his capital in whatever shape it may happen to be, a bank, a manufacturing plant, a mine, oil well, or railroad.

How well governments, committees of workmen, or of soldiers and workmen, as in Russia, handle capital, there are fortunately, by way of warning, numerous and very recent examples, the mere mention of which would seem sufficient evidence that so far as actually tried, such joint ownership, or handling separate from ownership, has not been successful. There are no exceptions to this so far as known to the writer. In these United States the Government, during the late war, took and handled the railroads, in consequence of which there ensued rates for freight and passenger service higher than ever before: notwithstanding which the taxpayers must contribute hundreds of thousands of dollars in addition to make up the deficit in fixed charges. In England the like condition prevails with the difference that no increase in freight rates has been made. Individual ownership and management have always been more successful in handling capital, just as in the handling of all great enterprises, in conducting wars and commanding armies, it has always been the personal equation that counted, brought success or precipitated failure. War and industry are alike in that they have never been successfully conducted by committees or syndicates: they are one-man jobs in the sense that one man must control and judge and decide. It is he who brings success, not the workmen. The first Napoleon, quoted with approval by Marshall Foch, expresses the great truth when he says:

“It was not the Roman legions that conquered the Gauls, but Cæsar. It was not the Carthaginian soldiers that made Rome tremble, but Hannibal. It was not the Macedonian phalanx that penetrated India, but Alexander. It was not the French army that reached the Weser and the Inn, but Turenne. It was not the Prussian soldiers that for seven years defended Prussia against the most formidable powers in Europe, it was Frederick the Great.”<sup>1</sup>

If any one supposes that this task of handling capital or handling armies or nations is a light task, of little or no great importance to the well-being of people, requiring no particular talent, let him supplement the remarks of Napoleon by observing the vast consequences that ensue for weal or woe upon the employment of these masters of men. Contemplate the state of Germany after her four or five years handling by her German masters. How much would

<sup>1</sup> *Quarterly Review*, Jan., 1919.

it have been worth, think you, to the German people if instead of these men they had been handled by wise, capable rulers who, avoiding blunders, could have so managed their affairs that success, prosperity, peace, might have been their lot?

But the case is not different, save in degree, whether the men are charged with nations or industry, in both it is the capacity of some one or two men that makes for prosperity or ruin. The man who can handle capital in the huge amounts that modern industry demands must have many of the qualities of a great general: organizing ability, foresight, judgment—that supreme quality that seems to combine all the others.

Capital viewed in this light is a far different thing from the picture of the socialists who present it as some Moloch of iniquity devouring men, women and children for its own gratification. According to them, the rich man or capitalist takes all his income and expends it for his own selfish personal ends. And this income is taken from his neighbors who are thus that much poorer by reason of his riches. This is a perfectly fanciful picture with only enough truth to make its essential falsehood misleading. That there is a certain number of rich spendthrifts is of course true, but the general prevalence of such conduct among the rich would speedily result in the destruction of all capital. Everything depends on the angle of view in matters that deal so largely with sentiment as this question of capital, of riches and poverty does. To represent the rich man, the capitalist, as enjoying and recklessly expending great income for his pleasure, while his poorer neighbors have scarcely enough to feed and clothe themselves and their children, is to make a very moving appeal against him. But change the angle of view, see the facts as they really are, and much of the feeling of injustice will disappear. Understand the real function in the social order of capital and of its owners, the rich men denounced by socialist propaganda. Conceive capital in its true character, as something owned by individuals, it is true, but requiring and demanding of its owners that they manage it and handle it in certain ways, for certain social uses, on penalty of losing it; that for this handling and management they take for their own use a certain amount which, if you please, is their compensation, their wages of administration. If they exceed that, spend more than the proper allowance, exceed their income, they lose their share of capital, which passes to other and more competent hands. Or, to put it concisely, rich men own and manage capital, each his own particular share, and take of its earnings or profits what they like, it is true, for their

reward, but always under penalty of losing it if they exceed a just sum.

Capital, by its very nature, exercises this compelling influence on its owners; they must observe the rules and the rationale of its existence and activity. It is not a matter of their volition; it is a necessity growing out of capital's essential character. How many rich men, disregarding these rules, lose their ownership and management of it is something to be daily seen in the industrial and financial world. Bad judgment in investments which means incapable handling, extravagant expenditure which means a failure to observe that Kronos-like peculiarity of capital to always demand much of its profits for reinvestment, brings the disobedient rich man to poverty every day and on every occasion of his disobedience with unflinching certainty. For capital, like the fabled Kronos, has the fatal characteristic of devouring its offspring, and for the same reason as the Greek divinity. To preserve itself, to perpetuate its own growth and existence, it must consume its children. And the rich man might well be represented as an officer or representative of the industrial organization, who, after deducting his own living expenses, is occupied in reinvesting capital for the use and advantage of society.

Capital devours its earnings or profits and must do so. There is a fundamentally mistaken supposition upon which many socialistic views are based, that this is not a true characteristic of capital, but that the earnings or income or interest on capital might be distributed to all that do not receive them, thus increasing their living wages, and which, if not so distributed, are simply squandered selfishly by their rich owners for their own luxuries. The truth being that the major part of the returns of capital must go back into the industrial organization which produced them if continued progress is to be made in national wealth and prosperity. If the aggregate of all the money spent by rich men for themselves were compared to the amount invested by them, the percentage would be surprisingly small. Of one wealthy man it was said that he lived on the income of his income each year. Distribute all the income of the rich, so much per capita, to everybody and it would simply mean a robbery of the future, a crippling of the great spur to industrial improvement; it would be the wasting of the seed-corn of the coming harvest. Even as it is much of the income is wasted, unavoidably wasted, in experiments and enterprises that fail, but without which many of the improvements of living would cease; for out of these failures every now and then there emerges some



helpful, useful thing which but for the failures might never come into being. How much capital was "wasted" in experimenting before we got the steam-engine, the telegraph, the generation of electricity by water-power, the steamship, even the humble india-rubber of commerce which it took Goodyear years to find by mixing every possible ingredient he could think of before he found that by adding sulphur to caoutchouc he could get a substance capable of being moulded and shaped for the various uses now made of rubber.

The Kronos character of capital may be best understood if we take the reports of our great corporations. They exhibit to the highest and most perfect degree the functioning of capital in industrial society. For corporations of the size referred to are so large, so free from all personal equations, that they seem like an example of the working-out of some purely theoretical problem in economics. Select a great railroad, a great manufacturing plant, and a great mining enterprise, so that there may be a sufficiently wide sweep of the industrial field, and observe how much of the earnings are distributed to the stockholders and how much is simply and perforce, as a matter of self-preservation put back into the plant, and there will be a vivid realization of this great and important characteristic of capital. To save itself from destruction, to perpetuate itself, it must devour its offspring. It is true, as in the case of the fable one child, Zeus, was saved from the all-devouring Kronos, so capital does permit a certain amount of its earnings to go to stockholders in the shape of dividends, but a comparison of the sums set aside for depreciation, surplus, etc., etc., with the sums paid in dividends, will afford convincing proof of the all-devouring nature of capital. The last report of the Pennsylvania R. R. Company reads in one part as follows:

Capital stock .....	506	millions
Surplus .....	260	"
Net annual earnings .....	37	"
Dividends .....	29	"

leaving over one fifth of its earnings for surplus or investment. The New York Central earned  $25\frac{1}{2}$  millions and paid dividends of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  millions, only one half its earnings.

The U. S. Steel Corporation has a common and preferred stock of 860 millions; it has a total surplus of 541 millions, and out of its net earnings (1917) of 274 millions it paid about  $50\frac{1}{2}$  millions (extra dividends may have increased this somewhat), so that 224

millions were set aside for reinvestment and only one fifth of its earnings paid out to its stockholders.

The Utah Copper Company has a capital of 16 millions, and an earned surplus of 48 millions; in 1916 it earned 39 millions and paid in dividends 19 millions, less than one half its earnings, leaving nearly 20 millions to go into surplus. And copper mining companies are not usually supposed to be in the conservative and constructive class of industrial enterprises.

The Pittsburg Coal Company has a capital, in round figures, of 58 millions; its yearly dividend is about 3.7 millions out of earnings of nearly 24 millions, say one sixth of its earnings; and it has a surplus of 66 millions.

It must also be remembered that of these dividends paid to stockholders a considerable amount is usually reinvested by the recipients.

The demand for more capital by prosperous and going corporations may be said to be insatiable. Some able managers of them have declared that a company that did not require more money every year was going backward. But there could be no clearer or more convincing evidence than the surplus set aside from earnings or profits by every large corporation, for those surpluses mean just one thing, the absolute necessity of all business for constantly increasing doses of capital. It is nothing more or less than Kronos devouring his offspring.

So much for capital on the personal side of the rich men, its owners and managers; there is, however, a much wider and broader view to be taken. Capital means much more than this; the whole fabric of civilized life is built on capital; here is a nut for socialists and other denouncers of capital to crack; if they were asked what made the difference between the half savage creature of the stone age and the present workman of the humblest and least prosperous sort that walks our streets to-day, with a trolley-car at his beck and call, a store at his right hand, a telephone on his left, with a telegraph, a railroad, a hospital, a school waiting on his needs, there could be but one answer—Capital with the largest possible C.

How capital first came into existence, the how and why of its generation might be hard to state with any definiteness. It must have had its first beginnings in the savings from those results of labor which were not needed for immediate consumption. These were probably very small and insignificant at first, for the man of the stone age would have all he could do to extract a scanty subsistence from the earth; if he contrived to build a hut or even

a cave, and to fashion a few rude instruments of labor between his struggles for bare food, that would be the greatest contribution to capital possible for him, for such hut or tools would be essentially capital, since not being at once consumed they would be entitled to go into the class of capitalistic goods or things saved for future usefulness. For two thousand years of authentic history capital grew very slowly, there was little permanent increase. Great cities, palaces of kings, immense temples to the gods, public works, theaters, roads, sewers there were; and there were also slaves and fruit-trees and cattle; some small store, in advance of immediate consumption, of corn and oil and wine. But of this small capital frequent and destructive wars took heavy toll, so that of capital in the modern sense and to the large amounts now so common, there never was any existence. This is quite evident when we read of the small sums of money with which kings and nations dealt. In early times and down to quite late centuries, great sums of money were unknown. Or rather, and more correctly, it might be said there was no great stock of things of comforts and conveniences of life that go to the making of capital, and of which money is only the convenient symbol or token. There was no capital in the stone age because there were no things, except a few skins, some stone tools, a scanty and uncertain supply of food. Comfort makes capital; capital makes comfort. There was no comfort and no food in the early times as comfort and food are now understood. Take the least considered of the many items of the present comforts of life, even as late as three hundred years ago, those now universally common articles, tea, sugar, coffee, tobacco, cocoa, potatoes, were almost unknown. Tea came to Europe in 1615, 1660, sugar in small quantities as early as 1319, coffee in 1652, cocoa in 1657, tobacco in 1586, potatoes in 1563. The amount of money spent in England alone in 1901, and for that trifling luxury, tobacco, exceeded the total revenue of the Roman Republic in the time of Julius Cæsar. This revenue was, in round figures, \$7,500,000, and, allowing for the greater value of money in those days, may be called 30 million dollars of modern value,<sup>2</sup> against which England, in 1901, consumed 122 million pounds of tobacco, which at the very moderate price of 30 cents per pound would give an expenditure of over \$36,000,000.

Or, taking a great leap, we may quote the earnings estimated by our Government of the factories, farms, railroads and mines only of the United States at 50 billion dollars per annum. This may

<sup>2</sup> See Ferrero, *The Greatness of Rome*.

give us some faint idea of the meaning of capital and its uses in modern times.

It is said by some economists that it was the silver of the mines of Peru and Mexico that awakened the dormant industrial activities of the Middle Ages; they put money in circulation, stimulated commerce, and quickened industry. This is in a measure very probable, but what would money do, however abundant, with nothing to buy! The mere appearance of money does not create purchasable articles. May it not be equally probable that the gradual increase of the number of useful purchasable things, i. e., of capital, may have increased the demand for money, for the easy exchange of them? Might it not very well have been that the many articles of commerce that made their appearance almost simultaneously with the silver of America have had more to do with the quickening of trade and the rise of the middle classes than silver? Less conspicuous than that precious metal they added in reality much more to real comfort and to the stimulation of new wants.

In 1885 England consumed 182 million pounds of tea, 1,100,000 pounds of sugar; in 1873, 32 million pounds of coffee; in 1875, nearly 10 million pounds of cocoa; in 1901, 122 million pounds of tobacco; in 1884 the value of the potato crop alone was 75 million dollars, more than twice the revenue of the Roman Republic mentioned above. All these luxuries, if you choose to call them so, were unknown a few hundred years previously, and they are but a few, being cited here rather for their unsuspected significance to make impressive the lesson that it was these and their like that constituted and demanded capital in the modern world. And as they keep increasing, capital too must increase; every added comfort of life means just that much more capital and capital requirements, and just that many more rich men to own and manage it in spite of themselves for the good of all, and that many more poor men to use and enjoy the new comforts—for without their use and enjoyment the comforts would have no value to their owners. In other words, wealth must always and of necessity be common wealth, that is, all wealth must be common to all; there is no such thing as wealth exclusively for a few rich people. What would be the value of ownership in a trolley road, a theater, a factory, save for the use of these and their products by everybody? Thus the rich may be properly regarded as stewards of the wealth of the community, who keep investing and reinvesting its savings. This they do from no benevolent or philanthropic motives, but simply and selfishly by a sort of blind instinct much as bees store up the honey of their hives.

## EUGENE FROMENTIN—A PAINTER IN PROSE.

BY LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

FOR an Algerian picture, its coloring seems at first glance too restrained. The great museum has so many of the gaudier modern Orientalists, so many attempts to put on canvas the vibrancy of tropic sunlight; eyes dazzled by their rainbow hues must here wait a moment for an adequate impression. With the *plein-airistes* no less than *en plein air*, one does not pass directly from prismatic color into this living light, soft, diffused, enwrapping the whole subject in poetic atmosphere.

It is called "Arabs Forging a Stream." Dark brown sleeps the river of the foreground, under banks relieved by the olive-green of clustering trees. An Arab on a white horse is charging up the shoals, whilst others ahead climb the sands of the farther shore, their faces turned toward the desert that obviously lies beyond the hills. It is a sultry afternoon, for horizon and light-blue sky are obscured by trailing clouds; veiled, too, the African sun whose naked rays would have turned this triumph of tone to a bald photographic anecdote. The color is warm yet delicate, the dominant brown-gray bringing out the dripping white or black or bay of the sleek Arabians, bestridden by figures draped in dull blues and reds and white; the tonal quiet gives splendid relief to those glossy straining haunches, bearing their riders away to the Land of the Sun. . . . The artist? He is the painter who first made the pilgrimage here symbolized, the artist who discovered Algeria, who revealed with brush and pen the charm of the coast country and the burning glories of the Sahara.

"Eugène Fromentin, 1820-1876"—reads the inscription. To the centenary there indicated, one's handbook adds the fact that Fromentin was a pioneer of realism. Although dated 1873, this painting seems far closer to the romantic school, with its dreamy exotic charm, drawing one back to the Orient of *The Arabian Nights* or the older Bible story—these swarthy horsemen pursuing Old World adventures through an Eastern wilderness, in a light

which breathes the peace of Allah's paradise. And musing in the spell of its color-harmonies, of its composition—so satisfying, so balanced despite the daring lines of river-gorge and hill—one cannot fail to see that the painter is a lover of the great style and the great tradition, a close student of the Old Masters and in his freer modern way almost as classical as they.

So to-day he finds his place among them, in the galleries of Paris, and no traveler who has once seen the silvery morning sky of the Louvre Falcon Hunt will ever forget that miracle of cool shimmering radiance, even beside the Corots whose influence is so plain in the pearly softness of its color. The discriminating observer will wish to see all the others, in which Fromentin expresses for Algeria and the desert the very genius of place, with a synthetic breadth that leaves him still unrivaled. A romanticist saturated with classicism—one of the successors of Delacroix whom the exotic Orient enabled to become a realist—such is the artist Fromentin: a poet saved from realism by his love of light in all its magical moods, the light of dawn, of evening, of quivering sultry afternoon. . . . But Paris is too far and photographs too unsatisfactory for us to consider his painting; one would gladly give the illustrations of Gonse's biography for an afternoon in the Louvre and the Luxembourg galleries. It were better to review his masterpieces—now ranked even higher—in that other art of which all the world may possess authentic copies, the art of painting in words.

In neither field was he especially precocious. Unlike Gautier, a poet and prentice painter at twenty, or Flaubert who scribbled volumes of juvenilia in his teens, their future fellow-realist grew up a sober and obedient boy, a model scholar, graduating at seventeen with ten prizes and completing his year of philosophy with the highest honors of his class. Inheriting the mental powers of his father, an able physician of La Rochelle, and the sensibility of his Breton mother, he naturally dreamed of a literary career like so many others of his generation; and naturally, too, the tragic love-affair of his youth found expression in verse. But obedient to his father, who despite his own hobby for painting refused to consider seriously his son's sketches or verses, he went to the capital at nineteen to study law, and with truly French docility submitted to this plan of his parents until he was over twenty-five. Once in Paris, however, he found time to hear the lectures of Sainte-Beuve and prove his discipleship in sporadic verse and criticism, to study the Louvre, the Salons, and even to enter a famous studio as pupil—a temporary concession by which his father hoped to distract him

from his grief at the death of his lost love. With his friend Du Mesnil, whose niece he was later to marry, he made a three weeks' trip to Africa in the company of a young native artist, and returning, the ardent admirer of the rising Oriental school prepared at twenty-five his first offerings to the Salon. He had found his way at last; he had discovered Algeria.

With the sale of one of these paintings, favorably noted by the critic Gautier, parental opposition was partially overcome, and within a year a second visit to his adopted country ripened his memories and added to his portfolios. He is delighted with the land, with its character, with the nature he finds there. "Of all the types I know, this is the best adapted to give breadth to one's drawing. However numerous and discordant the details, they form an ensemble always simple, always legible to the eye and easy to portray pictorially." And besides his sketches he is writing letters to Du Mesnil—a diary of his journey—whose clear and vivid notes will later enter into the texture of *A Year in the Sahel*. He is preparing himself in two arts because of his eagerness to express all of Algeria, supplementing his yet unskilful brush by the pen as the poignancy of his impressions imperatively demands.

Had these letters been rewritten and published then, as projected during the hesitations of the following summer, in the last of those long depressing returns to his home and the scene of his first grief, he might easily have leapt into fame as a writer, with an initial success equal to Gautier's just published *Voyage in Spain*. But Fromentin was twenty-eight before he at last asserted his freedom and returned definitely to Paris and the studio. Henceforth the story of his life is the history of his paintings and his books. Saluted as master of the Oriental school in the Salons of 1849 and 1850, he was enabled to marry and take the long wedding tour to his beloved Africa which gave us *A Summer in the Sahara* and the completed *Year in the Sahel*.

The latter should be read first, although published two years later, so that one may penetrate the Sahara with Fromentin from the shores of Provence. He had passed the previous summer in that sunny land, which prepares for the Orient, calling one ever southward by its golden light and its deep blue skies. Now, with his career decided and his happiness secured, he will go to Africa, "word that makes the lovers of discoveries dream," go there to drink his fill of light and color. There is something of romantic weariness and pessimism, or the fatalistic spirit of the East, in his decision to live this year through in the Sahel (Arabic for coast),

that strip of land which extends along the midland sea on either side of Algiers. "Why should not the essence of Algeria," he exclaims, "be contained in the little space framed by my window?" He will let adventure come to him, certain that he is the center of his own universe, esthetically no less than philosophically. So he takes a house with a garden of rose and orange trees, a house from which he can see all one side of the Sahel and the slope behind—a country of groves and marshes, farms and villages, backed by the blue chain of the Kabyle mountains and faced by the deeper blue of the Mediterranean. Westward he looks out on Algiers the White, with its ramparts and minarets and ship-filled port—Algiers the city of his dreams, which, at sunrise, "when it takes on light and color from the vermeil ray that every morning comes to it from Mecca, one might think had sprung the day before from an immense block of white marble, veined with pink."

Everywhere the description is precise, vivid and complete. It is perfect because it is not mere eye-work; the artist has used all the palette of the senses and painted the picture in the warmth of his personal feeling:

"My bedroom faces the south. From it I have a view over the hills, whose first undulations begin fifty meters beyond my garden. The whole slope is carpeted with trees and colored in a harsher green as the year completes its course. Scarcely visible there are a few light trees, old aspens gilded by the autumn and one would say covered with sequins. Only the almond-trees have already lost their leaves.

"The little houses built in this paradise by voluptuaries now dead, are of the purest Arab style and white as lilies. Few windows, queer-looking party-walls, bedrooms one can surmise, circular divans indicated by tiny domes, and trellised openings that make one dream. The morning sky bathes these mysteries in its cool and vivid light. The pigeons of my back court are cooing, setting the musical note of this delightful picture, and from time to time a white pair pass noisily across the window, sending their shadows clear to my bed.

"...I do not need to tell you that everything in this country delights me. The season is magnificent; the astounding beauty of the sky would redeem even a land devoid of grace. The summer continues, although it is November. The year will end without a season of gloom; winter will come without our seeing or fearing it. Why should not human life end like an African autumn, under a clear sky and a warm wind, without decrepitude and without forebodings?"



Could one imagine a more sympathetic guide for an arm-chair journey than Fromentin? He haunts the Arab quarters of Algiers, so tranquil and meditative, where once inside the gates, "queer streets mount up like so many mysterious stairs leading one to silence." It is here that he studies the Arab, hidden among these white walls as under the hood of his burnoose; he learns his language and slowly wins his friendship, divining that indomitable spirit which is the secret of the Arab's native dignity, and finding in his distrust of strangers a kinship to his own reserve. Let us follow him into the heart of Old Algiers:

"It was almost ten when I reached the goal of my usual walks. The sun was climbing upward, the shadow retiring imperceptibly to the depths of the alleys; and the shadows massed beneath the arches, the dark recesses of the shops, and the black paving-stones that slept until noon in the coolness of the night, gave more splendor to the light in every spot touched by the sun. Above the alleys and clinging so to speak to the dazzling corners of the roofs, the sky was spread like a deep violet curtain, spotless and almost without depth. The moment was delicious. The workmen were working as Moors work, quietly seated at their benches. The Mzabites in striped gandouras were sleeping under their veils; those who had nothing to do—always a large number—were smoking at the doors of the cafés. Delightful sounds could be heard: the voices of children droning in the schools, prisoned nightingales that sang as in a May morning, fountains trickling into echoing jars. Through this labyrinth I would walk slowly, going from one *impasse* to the next, and stopping by preference at certain places where the silence is more disquieting than elsewhere. . . .

". . . . One side of the square is without walls—the one facing the south; so that to brighten the shadow we have close by us a fairly large opening filled with sunlight, and for horizon a view of the sea. The charm of Arab life is always made up of these two contrasting things: a dark retreat with light all about, a shut-in place from which one can enjoy a view, a tight little nest with the pleasure of breathing the wide free air and of looking out afar."

So he finishes the year on the coast, finding in its long Saint Martin's summer the rest his tired artist's nerves require. "I am not producing much," he tells us, "I am watching and listening. I give myself over body and soul to the mercies of that objective nature which I love, which has always had its way with me, and which rewards me now by greatly calming the agitations, known to me alone, which it has made me undergo." Worn out by the

struggles of a decade, by his grief at the marriage and death of his boyish love, by the opposition of his father and the long enforced vacations at La Rochelle, tormented by the consciousness of his late start and his technical weakness, torn by all the hesitations of a self-questioning generation, he is curing his soul in a bath of nature, under a sky which dispenses all the joys of the Oriental kief. Daily, he expands in this sense of well-being, "suspended but not interrupted by sleep," and he "forgets that his sensations repeat themselves in seeing them reborn each day always the same and just as keen." Imperceptibly he absorbs the soul of the land, immersing himself in that life which his books and canvases are to depict with such feeling and such classical breadth.

In *The Year in the Sahel* are found the subjects of his paintings. Some pages have the liveliness of sketches: "Before me, I have two Turkish houses grouped at the right distance to make a pretty picture, quite lacking in style, but pleasantly Oriental. . . . Each is flanked by cypresses. The houses are a dazzling white and divided by delicate shadows, streaked as with the graving-tool; the cypresses are neither green nor russet; one would not be far wrong in seeing them absolutely black. Extraordinarily vigorous, this spot of color lies as though stamped upon the vivid sky, outlining with a sharpness harsh to the eye the fine structure of their branches, their compact foliage and their odd candelabra-like limbs. Wooded slopes go rolling down the valley, and the last of the hills encloses in waving, close-drawn lines this choice bit of homely landscape. All this is practically new; at least I recall nothing in modern painting which reproduces its clear attractive look, or which, especially, employs candidly the simplicity of its three dominant colors, white, green and blue. The whole landscape of the Sahel is almost reducible to these three notes. Add to them the strong brown of soil filled with iron oxide, send up through the green clumps, like a tree of faery, a tall white poplar spangled as if it were goldsmith's work, restore the balance of this slightly jumbled picture by the flat blue line of the sea, and you have once for all the formula of the landscape in the suburbs of Algiers."

Plainly, it is a painter's selective vision which gives this relief and color. Always he is seeking the formula of things, "that which ought to be seen rather than that which is"; he is using the artist's faculties of synthesis and choice of detail, for "man is more intelligent than the sun." Like the suave design of his paintings is *The Year in the Sahel*, perfectly easy and natural to the reader, but cunningly made up of contrasting and repeated colors and

effects, filled with the reveries inspired by that lotus-land—a dream-life in which the repetition of certain moods becomes an additional charm.

As Fromentin leaves the coast for the south, he brings into his description charming bits of narrative, lest the reader weary, and sets off his word-paintings by incidents which he later confesses were in part fictitious. But what if he did not find the philosophic Vandell, or the *almée* Haoûa in Blidah? Like Hercules he did not return unrewarded from that garden of the Hesperides.

His apples of the sun were the golden pages of the *Summer in the Sahara*.

Was it in search of keener sensations that Fromentin made his pilgrimage to the oasis of Laghouat? Or was it rather that longing for flat horizons which drives the nervously overwrought to the plains or the sea—sovereign balm for the ills that a landscape of broken lines only increases? This impression is indicated in his journal, with a joyous comment on the disappearance of the vegetation as he progresses southward. But it is really his romantic curiosity, his thirst for a sunlight unknown before, scattering golden largesse of new material—this is what urges him forward, where he may see the desert in the naked sterile beauty which is its real character. He longs for that “severity of landscape which makes the beholder serious,” for the land of silence and immobility and implacable cloudless skies; and there, on the stark barren shadowless plains of the Sahara, he was to learn anew the lesson of simplicity which the Old Masters had taught him, in walks through the Louvre unremembered till now.

All the details of his nomad's life are set down in these letters. “We have enjoyed a matchless day. I have passed it in camp, drawing or writing, stretched out beneath my canvas tent. My door is open to the south. . . . rarely do I lose from sight, even at the halts, that mysterious quarter which the sun covers with brighter reflections. . . . From the place where I am lying, I can take in half the horizon, from the house of Si-Chériff to the opposite side, where a group of brown camels is outlined upon a strip of pale sand. Before me I have our whole camp spread out in the sun, horses, baggage and tents; in the shade of the tents a few men are resting, together but silent. . . . Silence is one of the subtlest charms of this solitary empty land. . . .

“All day long a few slender shreds of mist have lain above the horizon, like long distaffs of white silk. Toward evening they dissolved at last and formed a little golden cloud, alone in the un-

wrinkled blue and drifting slowly toward the setting sun. As it approaches, it dwindles, and like the swelling sail of a ship, drawn in and furled on entering port, it will soon disappear in the planet's radiance. The heat grows less, the light softer, it withdraws imperceptibly before the approaching night, which no shadow precedes. Up to the last moment of the day the Sahara remains in full sunlight. Here, the night falls like a swoon."

Sentences like the last are by no means rare. The whole narrative is constellated with touches that reveal the poet, enriched by little personal notes, philosophic or epigrammatic, showing the thinker behind the artist, who gives to his thought the fire of a subdued lyricism. One feels the writer's soul in the page, as with Loti, not Théophile Gautier's smoothly running machine for recording vision, so impersonal that *Tra los Montes* has been called "Spain without the Spaniards." Fromentin's is a humanized landscape; like the authors of the great classics, he is always seeking some eternal aspect of human truth. "What have I come to find here?" he exclaims. "*Est-ce l'Arabe? Est-ce l'homme?*"

Let us go on with him to the oasis of his pilgrimage. "The procession began to mount among the hillocks of yellow sand. . . . I felt that Laghouat was there, that a few steps more would reveal it. . . . The sky was a pure cobalt blue; the glow of the sterile flaming landscape made it still more extraordinary. Finally the terrain declined, and before me but still very far away, on a sun-beaten plain, I saw appear, first an isolated little mount of white rocks with a multitude of dark spots, representing in violet black the upper outlines of a city armed with towers; below a thicket of cold green, compact and slightly bristling like the bearded surface of a wheat-field. A violet bar, which seemed very dark, showed itself at the left, almost at the city's level, reappeared at the right, still just as straight, and shut off the horizon. This bar contrasted crudely with a sky background of dull silver, and save in tone resembled a limitless sea. . . . Right in the foreground a man of our company, on horseback and bent over in his saddle, awaited, resting, the procession left far behind; the horse stood with lowered head and did not stir."

To-day that is a painting which has its variant in every large museum; then it was new and thrilling in romance. Undiscovered, too, were the streets of Laghouat, painted by Fromentin and by so many others since. Entering the city, he shows us the cemetery outside, the heavy primitive gates which lead to the sun-baked silent streets, the café where he passes his evenings with the lieutenant—commanding the newly installed French garrison—who relates to

him the capture of the town. He describes his room in the *Maison des Hôtes*, a mud-built hovel like the rest of the desert dwellings, and tells of the barbaric camel trains coming out of the broad Sahara into these tortuous alleys. He paints the group of native women gathered from mid-afternoon till nightfall at the muddy little spring—ragged but statuesque in the long folds of their flowing *haïks*, and bearing their jars and water-skins with the massive dignity of Greek matrons. Women at the fountain, streets filled with sleeping men: this is for him the formula of the Orient. Then comes the picture:

“Toward one o’clock, the shadow begins to draw a narrow line along the pavement; sitting, it does not yet cover your feet; standing, the sun still catches your head; you must keep close to the wall and draw your body in. The reflection of the sun and the walls is terrific; the dogs give little yelps when they happen to cross this metallic pavement; all the shops exposed to the sun are closed. The end of the street, toward the west, is waving in white flames; thrilling in the air are heard little noises that might be taken for the breathing of the panting earth. Gradually, however, you see coming from the gaping doorways tall figures, pale and dreary, clad in white, visibly exhausted rather than pensive; they come with blinking eyes and bowed heads, using the shadow of their veils to shield their bodies beneath that perpendicular sun. One by one they take their places along the wall, sitting or lying where they can find room. These are the husbands and brothers and young men who have come to finish their day’s work. They began it on the left side of the pavement; that is the only difference in their habits between morning and evening.

“This shadow of the countries of light,” he adds, “is inexpressible. It is something obscure and transparent, limpid and many-hued: it may be likened to deep water. It seems black, and when the eye plunges into it, we are surprised at seeing very plainly. Suppress the sun, and this shadow itself becomes light. Figures float in a kind of pale golden atmosphere in which their outlines vanish. Look at them now as they sit: their white garments almost melt into the walls; their naked feet are scarcely indicated upon the ground; and but for their faces which make spots of brown upon the vague picture, they would seem to be petrified statues of mud, baked like the houses, in the sun.”

Consider that it was nearly seventy years ago that Fromentin observed and composed this luminous picture, and it is clear why the *Street in Laghouat*, with its four sister-paintings sent to the Salon in 1859, brought him a first medal and the cross of the Legion of Honor. “The synthesis of a sensation of the whole thing could

go no farther," says his biographer Gonse, and certainly, space not forgotten, the same might be said of this page of prose.

Some may prefer to its conciseness the longer panoramic description of his days on the city walls. Drawn by his love of large horizons, his thirst for sunlight and solitude and silence, wherein nerves keyed to their highest pitch find "an equilibrium elsewhere unknown," Fromentin brings his sketching umbrella to the ramparts, and takes his place there at sunrise, before the desert and the sky. He notes the pink tints of the changing sand-dunes, with their peach-bloom shadows, the morning flights of birds, glittering in the sun; the fading of the landscape from rose to tawny gray and the darkening of the vast plain as the sun's rays strike it more directly, in the windless silent heat of noon. Crouched under his umbrella on the scorching stones, his color-box twisting in the furious heat, he sees the town blazing white and violet beneath him, set like a jewel among the gardens and green trees of the oasis, their branches moveless as the infinite surrounding sands. With the sun at its zenith, the desert is now an ocean of mysterious brown, swooning in the flaming heat, without detail, formless and colorless as the void. The dreaming artist sees in imagination the unknown lands of the south, the country of the Tuaregs, Timbuktu and Ghadames, strange wares and monstrous animals, distances, uncertainties—an enigma of which he only knows the beginning, and which needs the presence of the Egyptian Sphinx to personify its awful mystery. . . . Camel trains pass and are gone as in a vision. They have seen the realms that lie beyond the unknown south. . . . Sunset comes with its sky of amber and red, bringing purple shadows to the mountains and to the city the consolation of a momentary truce. Again the birds sing, figures are visible on the house-tops, horses and camels are heard at the drinking-places; the desert is like a shield of gold as the sun descends upon the violet hills. Then the artist returns, drunk with the glory of the Saharan day, drowned in a sort of inner sunlight which refracts its fire across his sleep, the sequel of his day-long debauch. He dreams of light, of flames, burning circles and reflections; the comfort of darkness is no longer his. One afternoon he is stricken with blindness, by good fortune only temporary; he is living in a fever, in an apotheosis of light, "*le cœur trempé cent fois dans le néant divin.*"

"The festival of the sun"—he calls his three months in the oasis. "I have seen summer," says the returning traveler, laden with the memories of his fiery baptism. Doubtless he found in it a divine creative energy—the flame of Apollo—reflex of that physical stim-

ulus which the real presence of the sun-god gives his favored ones. But child of the sun as he was, dark-skinned and trained to the life of the open air, it seems marvelous that he made the journey, this slight delicate child of luxury, an instrument tuned to a world of sensations which must have yielded torment along with joy. For he is not merely a visualist, as we have seen. Landing in Algiers he notes at once its indefinable musky smell: "I recognized that charming city by its odor." This characteristic sensitiveness, which never fails to leave its impression, is always the sign of a highly nervous type. His ear, too, is quick to catch each sound or degree of silence; his pictures rarely lack their musical note, be it the voices of men or children or animals, the song of birds or the respiration of the sea. For him sounds are pegs for memories; kept awake all night by the dogs baying along the slope of the Sahel, he relives with pleasure a host of half-forgotten episodes of his youth, pictures which change and return with the changing recurrent tones from distant farms and douars. The page is uncanny, but not less so than the range of his sensitivity, that unison of response which makes his travel books a pure stream of sensation and artistic feeling, carrying the reader with it by the apparently artless transparency of its luminous placid flood.

Once in *The Sahel* we divine the price he must have paid. It is when he tells of the gloom and tumult of the rainy season, confessing his hatred of the falling torrents and the restless sea and the never-quiet clouds. The torment of all this changing horror makes the winter of his discontent; his inability "to find equilibrium anywhere" in the somber landscape sends him south with the first breath of spring; and *en passant* he laments his servitude to mere weather as a thing unworthy of his ideal of dignity and freedom.

"Of all the attributes of beauty the finest is immobility," he remarks in this letter, whilst trying to restore his mental calm with the fixed lines and bright colors of his sketches. Herein he voices the first requirement of the Parnassian poets, and one is interested to see if his realism is merely plastic or the reaction of an outworn lyricism, controlled but still romantic at its core.

The answer to this problem is found in *Dominique*. In 1862, six years after *The Sahara* and four after *The Sahel*, Fromentin responded to the admiration and encouragement of George Sand by publishing his modest essay in the field of fiction. There is a saying that every man has within him the material of one novel, if he have the art to write it. *Dominique* was Fromentin's, a "portrait of the artist," intimate but not morbid, and corroborated in all its

essential lines by his letters and by facts. Here we have the memories of his childhood, the town residence in La Rochelle, dreary and dark, and the country villa or farm which he always loved as the scene of his first Wordsworthian revelation of nature in all its responsive moods. We see him learning the lore of the fields, living the life of a rustic, gathering a harvest which gave him these delicately-toned pages of description, so atmospheric despite the fine discretion which subordinates their color to the spiritual drama. Yet a child, the hero is already storing up impressions with a zeal which declares the poet. In later years he will remember these, not the excursion, but "the vision of the place, very clear, the exact notation of the hour and the season, and even the sounds" which accompany the picture. Like a magic harp, his soul is ever in tune to reproduce these chords in which it finds full harmony. It is not concerned with the hunt or the quarry, but the impression: the weather, the wind, the calmness of the gray sky and dark-green September woods, the low flights of the birds are engraved there forever, stored up to cheer the gloomy prison-life of winter months, a "subtle winged world of sights and odors, sounds and images" which he condenses, "concentrates into pictures" lighted by the glamor of a dream. One is not surprised to find this boy writing sentimental verses—whose formal beauty shows on what anvil his prose was forged—nor at his later love of the African sun.

The tragedy of his hopeless love develops this tendency to introspection and lyricism. Postdated here for artistic reasons, the realization of his true feeling for the friend of his childhood, married two years before, actually came in 1836, at the age of sixteen. But the spell of Lamartine's poems and the similar story of Elvire, mentioned in Fromentin's verses, may explain this precocity, natural enough in an imaginative youth during the romantic eighteenthirties, when truant schoolboys read *The Lake* and George Sand's early novels without requiring any pedagogical stimulus thereto.

In any case Madeleine, as he calls her, finished his *éducation sentimentale*. Her coquetry or her love of platonic dalliance lighted a consuming fire in the heart of Dominique, developing his sensibility no less than Musset's was aroused by the gentle Sand. The experience dominated his adolescence, accounting for much of his hesitation in choosing a career, as is proved by his more decided attitude after his beloved's death in 1844. But the Lamartinian interlude absorbed too much energy, left too deep a stamp. "Your lot is always to regret, never to desire," his bosom friend reminds the hero, expressing Fromentin's mature judgment of the time when



his mind was bent back upon itself, sunk in contemplation of past happiness and lyrical regret. In the story Madeleine lives on, for the novel must continue; and her lover, filled with a desire to create as "the only excuse for our miserable existence," shows his romanticism by "writing only to rid his brain of something," and ends by burning the results as unworthy of his artistic ideal. For like Flaubert, Fromentin has the romantic horror of the commonplace, transferred to the realm of ideas.

Werther-like, he travels to forget her, only to cry her name on the shores of storied seas. Moved to pity, she tries to help him to forget, to give at least some happiness by distracting him, to realize at last the happiness she is giving is her own. The consciousness of love's requital now restores his energy and ambition, and he gains strength to sweep his soul's house clear of cobwebs. He renounces his old search for impressions, for moonlights on the Seine and sun-dappled reveries in the woods; he gives up his life of sensation and emotion and begins to study. Anonymously, he publishes his verses, and after their failure, two serious books which attain success.

The final separation is resolved by Madeleine, and the hero finds in a sensible marriage and a country squire's life some measure of content. But it is Dominique's spiritual purification which most concerns us, as a personal revelation of Fromentin himself. It shows us a lyrical type bent on curing himself of lyricism, giving up his former emotional reading, choosing from the great classics a number of vitalizing books, and making them his for their tonic virile force. It shows us a romantic type realizing the price he has paid, and subjecting himself to an intellectual rein to curb his romanticism.

Fortunately for art, he did not entirely succeed. But he chastened his prose immensely by the process. *Dominique* has a beauty so restrained that one can hardly define its penetrating, distinguished, melancholy charm—a charm still potent, since the novel has had twenty editions in the last twenty-five years. That fact alone would prove this plotless soul-picture a classic. And, if traces of "the elegiac dew of tears" which he regrets are discoverable in his confession, there are certainly no hints of morbidity in the fine severity of his travel pages, concentrated as so many copper-plate etchings.

Involuntarily one thinks again of Flaubert. But unlike that satirist of romanticism, Fromentin never belittles the past, even objectively and by implication. His is too sure a consciousness of the dignity of human suffering to let him fall into that pit. *Sunt*

*lachrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.* Yet though he found in travel and art the impersonal sensation which alone leaves no sting behind, he came to realize in the practice of his thoughtful craft that one can only cure the soul by the mind, by labor that involves the intellect. His last book, published the year before his death, resumes the intellectual activity which prepared and accompanied the painter's brilliant and uninterrupted successes in the Salons.

For many years Fromentin had cherished the plan of writing a volume on the art treasures of the Louvre. To study the masters in that unrivaled galaxy, to compare their methods and define their individual types of genius, was an ambition which his inquiring mind may well have got from the days when he listened to the lectures of Sainte-Beuve. He had gone to Venice in 1870, only to have his journey cut short by the Prussian invasion of France; now, after a summer's vacation trip to the Low Countries, he returned and in six weeks completed the first and unhappily the only volume of his *Old Masters: Belgium and Holland*.

No other book of art-criticism can approach this. Written from fresh notes and in the full heat of discovery and inspiration, it has like all his masterpieces, a power tempered and enriched by the study and meditation of many years. It may be censured for lack of formal arrangement, for its tone direct as a personal letter, for its long though illuminating digressions. But the critic who would prune it of this informal quality, so warm and inspiring, or of the impressions of Lowland towns and landscapes which convey the relation of Dutch and Belgian art to their motherlands, would be more than a pedant. This is no dilettante's work, in spite of the modest assumption of the Preface.

"I have just been viewing," he says, "Rubens and Rembrandt in their own home, and the Dutch School in its unchanging frame of a life partly agricultural, partly seafaring—a life of downs, pastures, huge clouds and low horizons. There are two very distinct types of art here, . . . which would need to be studied by one who is at the same time an historian, a philosopher and a painter." He dreams of a new art-history, "wherein philosophy, esthetics, nomenclature and anecdote should fill less room, and matters of the craft much more, which should be like a sort of conversation upon painting, wherein painters might recognize their ways of working, wherein men of the world might learn better to understand painters and painting." Too modest to claim aught but the technical fitness required, his wish best defines the quality of his result.

Free from studio jargon as it is, this is still a painter's book on painting. A trained vision is analyzing methods and determining sources and relations, and a trained mind is directing the whole inquiry. For the cultivated layman Fromentin holds out a torch of insight, at once esthetic, philosophic and technical, and marvelously interpretative. He lays bare the secrets of color and brushwork, of chiaroscuro and values; he makes the masterpiece reveal, as Sainte-Beuve did the book, the temperament of its creator. The scalpel of the critic is handled as surely as brush or pen: it would be hard to find pages finer than those in which the Dutch painters are drawn and differentiated—an unforgettable group—or the summary of Rubens's fecund lyrical genius, or the portrait of the mystic Rembrandt.

*The Old Masters* is a pure intellectual joy. It has the power of clear concentrated thought. There is no shadow of vagueness, because the author limits himself to the certainties learned in his craftsmanship; when he dissects Rembrandt as a colorist he cleaves with the sharp edge of technical fact. All mysticism or personal feeling is eliminated from these chapters; all the pseudo-subtlety of half-thoughts dear to literary journalism; the sheer cold force of his logic grips like a vise. Its judgments are final, irrefutable. Yet the book is no abstract lucubration; word-pictures pure as the spring green of the Sahel, portraits worthy of the author of *Dominique* relieve the web of thought, brilliant as the Sahara skies and broad as the horizon of art-history.

Impartiality? Seek not in this book that trait of the impressionistic critic or the art-dealer. Here as always, Fromentin takes exception to the French realists, finding them flat and photographic, opposing to their crudity and dryness the rich atmospheric values of classical realism. As in *The Sahara* he does not cease to inveigh against the substitution of raw undigested nature for choice and synthesis; he stands for the great tradition and the discipline which, for the Dutch School, never stifled the individuality of genius, and gave to all the priceless craft-heritage of the past.

His own classicism in painting, applied to the reproduction of that romantic landscape and life to which his imagination called him, is explained in *The Sahel*, in a chapter which offers a foretaste of this supreme critical flower of his genius. His paintings were composed in his studio from notes and drawings and memories. In his studio, too, the travel books received their final form, gaining breadth and losing no whit of their vibrancy and color. Selective memory, memory eliminating the trivial and grown atmospheric

with lapse of time, is the secret of his prose, chastened moreover by a classical restraint. His school-days lasted long enough to show him what standards were.

A true sensitive-plant, as his friend Gonse calls him, impressionable to the last degree, wearing reserve like a mask, a born romanticist but elegiac rather than rebellious—in other words, with a body unequal to his spiritual energies and a mind which gave him pause—a child of feeling who until after twenty was subjected to a classical discipline, and who found in that discipline strength to live, breadth to distinguish his art, taste to control his writing to a purity which with all its color makes it authentic to the reader and classic for all time: that is Eugène Fromentin. He attracts because of the distinction of his personality, divined in all his works in either art: he continues to attract because of his reserve.

It is the loss of France that he died at fifty-six, just as his books were about to open to him the doors of the French Academy. It is the loss of world-literature that a public upon which he was dependent for bread would not permit him to leave the field of Algerian painting, holding his books as the work of a talented amateur. But such was the taste of the age. Two years before his death he reissued, with a preface, the third edition of that immortal *Summer in the Sahara*, which with *Dominique* and *The Old Masters* is now progressing toward its thirtieth. So Fromentin has come to his own. Leaving but four volumes, he could have cried at the end: *Exegi monumentum*. But he was far too modest.

To-day, the writer is considered superior to the artist. Amid the vagaries of that individualism which he first noted and deplored, now passing into isms which he was mercifully spared, Fromentin is thrust aside by the young as *vieux jeu*: with Corot and Millet he is one of the last of the Old Masters. And even in Paris, in the Louvre, before the pearl and silver sky of the Falcon Hunt, one feels through all the wealth of the impression an indefinable melancholy, considering Time's undeserved requital to his art, to his message, to this voice crying in the wilderness. It was well for him that he could express himself in another way, even at the cost of much-deplored manual dexterity and technical skill. It was well that he knew his humanities, as it always is. Given this training, when the hour of a great experience strikes and the Muses call, a man is at least prepared. Whether early or late, be he parched in the heat of a Sahara or lulled in the calm of a Sahel, the artist finds one instrument ready to his hand. He has his chance of leaving that which never dies.

# THE SYMBOLS OF THE BOOK OF REVELATION AND THEIR SOURCES.

BY JOEL N. ENO.

THE Book of Revelation is saturated with the imagery of the Hebrew prophets, its chief model being the Book of Daniel, while it borrows freely from Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Joel and Zechariah.

Of the three theories as to the period to which the visions refer, the one which places it near the time of the Revelator has now superseded for the most part the theory that the visions cover the history of the Church through all time, and the theory that most of the fulfilments are still in the future. The Revelator himself indicates both at the very beginning and in the last chapter that the events described are imminent; so also does the identification of some of the events by him as he describes them. "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to show unto his servants things which must *shortly* come to pass"; and again, "The Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must *shortly* be done." Rev. i. 1; and compare xxii. 6, 7, 10, 12, repeating the idea also expressed in i. 3, "The time is at hand."

To follow the book chapter by chapter, consecutively. The figure of Jesus's beloved as "kings and priests" is taken from Ex. xix. 6, "Ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests"; but is used also by Peter, "a royal priesthood," 1 Peter ii. 9. The figure "he cometh with clouds" is in Daniel vii. 13, "One like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven"; in Revelation followed by an allusion to Zech. xii. 10, "They shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn." Yet the combination in a closer parallel had been made by Jesus in Matt. xxiv. 30, "Then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven."

The description of the Son of man, Rev. i. 13-16, parallels Dan. vii. 9 and x. 5, 6: "The Ancient of days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool"; "Behold, a certain man clothed in linen, whose loins were girded with fine gold of Uphaz. His body also was like the beryl, and his face as the appearance of lightning, and his eyes as lamps of fire, and his arms and feet like in color to polished brass, and the voice of his words like the voice of a multitude." "Out of his mouth went a sharp sword," compares with Is. xlix. 2, "He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword"; and with the "candlesticks" compare Ex. xxv. 31, 32, 37, and Zech. iv. 2.

While it is to be carefully noted that the book is directly addressed to no other than the seven churches, and at the end reiterates that it is "to testify unto you these things in the *churches*," strictly identified by the closing exhortation of each of the seven, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the *churches*," with no evidence that the book is a general epistle, most commentators seem to have assumed that it is general. This oversight may go toward accounting for the diversities of interpretation among the more than eighty commentaries written upon it, though the special addresses to the seven explain themselves. The expression "He shall rule them with a rod of iron," in Rev. ii. 27 and xii. 5, is found in Ps. ii. 9.

The vision is resumed in Rev. iv, with a throne set in heaven. The description, with that of the four beasts, identifies it with Ezekiel's vision, Ezek. i. 25-28, "Above the firmament. . . was the likeness of a throne. . . and upon the likeness of the throne was the likeness as the appearance of a man above upon it. And I saw as the color of amber, as the appearance of fire. . . from the appearance of his loins even upward, and from the appearance of his loins even downward. . . As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about"; a clear correspondence to the Revelator's red sardine stone, and the "rainbow round about the throne."

Each of Ezekiel's four beasts (Ezek. i. 10) had four faces. "The face of a man, and the face of a lion on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle"; whereas in Revelation this figure is merely resolved into its components, "The first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf [the Greek includes young oxkind, at any stage], and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle," Rev. iv. 7. Ezekiel gives each beast

four wings, John adds two more; Ezekiel gives "rings full of eyes round about," to the wheels accompanying the beasts wherever they went, Ezek. i. 6, 18; and he ends the description with the explanation, "This was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord," while John represents the beasts as giving glory and honor and thanks to him that sitteth on the throne, Rev. iv. 9; the object in both being the expression of the glory of God by cherubic figures symbolic of celestial beings, as the twenty-four elders (twice the number of the "elders" or heads of the tribes of Israel) of human glorification of God by his special chosen disciples, originally represented by the twelve, in verse 10; and both the celestial and human representatives together in Rev. v. 8-14.

Compare with Rev. v. 1, "a book written within and on the back-side," Ezek. ii. 9, 10, "Behold, an hand was sent unto me; and lo, a roll of a book was therein." Comparing the woes following the opening of the seals in Revelation, the resemblance appears strongly in verse 10: "And he spread it before me; and it was written within and without; and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe." As the "book" was a roll, "without" and "on the backside" are synonymous. Here, as in the case of the four beasts, John resolves the general contents of Ezekiel's book into their successive stages of opening or development of events, to seven, the Jewish symbol of completeness; or, as Daniel has it, "Shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end," Dan. xii. 4, in both representing a completed series. John's symbol indicates that only "the Lamb" was able to "loose the seals" or reveal the contents, or woeful events coming on the earth.

The four horses going forth successively on the opening of the first, second, third and fourth seal, compare with Zechariah's, "In the first chariot were red horses, and in the second chariot black horses, and in the third chariot white horses, and in the fourth chariot grizzled and bay horses," compare Rev. vi. 1-8 with Zech. vi. 2, 3.

"When he had opened the sixth seal. . . there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black. . . and the moon became as blood," Rev. vi. 12; this is taken from Joel's description of "the day of the Lord": "The earth shall quake before them. . . The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come," Joel ii. 10, 31. "The heaven departing as a scroll, the stars falling as untimely figs," Rev. vi. 13-14, from Is. xxxiv. 4, "And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and

all their host shall fall down, as the leaf. . . . and as a falling fig from the fig-tree." Both of the foregoing figures are cited also in Matt. xxiv. 29.

The hiding in dens and in rocks, Rev. vi. 15, parallels Is. ii. 19-21, "They shall go into the holes of the rocks, and into the caves of the earth for fear of the Lord." The calling to the mountains, "Fall on us," repeats Hos. x. 8, "They shall say to the mountains, Cover us; and to the hills, Fall on us."

With the four winds in Rev. vii. 1 compare Dan. vii. 2; they represent destructive agencies against the earth; restrained in Revelation, but in action in Daniel. "Sealed," Rev. vii. 3, 4, has its synonym in Rev. xiv. 1, "having his Father's name written in their foreheads," explained by Ezek. ix. 4, 5, "Go through the midst of the city. . . . Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh, and that cry, for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof. And to the others he said. . . . Go ye after him through the city, and smite. . . . but come not near any man upon whom is the mark." It is remarkable that in the sealing of "all the tribes of the children of Israel" two of the most important, Dan and Ephraim, are omitted; this suggests that one is not to count upon strict mathematical or historical exactness in the seer.

Chapters viii and ix describe symbolically in detail the destructive agencies; the seven angels sounding, apparently having a correspondence to the successive opening of the seven seals, but dwelling more exclusively on terrestrial phenomena: earthquake, and darkening of the sun and moon appear in both. A marked feature of Revelation is the variety of plagues and forms of vengeance inflicted on idolaters, sorcerers, murderers, fornicators, thieves and liars; recalling rather the John (and James) who would adjudge fire from heaven upon the inhospitable Samaritan village, than the John who wrote the Epistle whose key-note is "God is Love."

No actual occurrences to correspond to the description in these two chapters are known; yet the "locusts" seem to draw a strong suggestion from Joel i and ii. 3-8, "The locust, the nation. . . . whose teeth are the teeth of a lion; the appearance of them as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen so shall they run. Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains." compared with Rev. ix. 7-9, 16-19.

"The little book," Rev. x, parallels Ezek. iii. 1-3, 14, "Eat this roll. . . . Then did I eat it; and it was in my mouth as honey for sweetness. . . . and I went in bitterness." Also verse 4 corresponds to Rev. x. 11.



The measuring of the temple in Rev. xi appears to be suggested by Ezek. xl-xliii. With the tread of the Gentiles, Rev. xi. 2, compare Dan. vii. 25, and Luke xxi. 24. The forty-two months or one thousand two hundred and sixty days (thirty-day months) of verse 3, and of Rev. xii. 5, 6, also equal the "time, and times, and half a time" of Rev. xii. 14, and draw from the "time, times, and dividing of time" of Dan. vii. 25, and "time, times and a half" of Dan. xii. 7, which have tripped numerous expounders.

The two olive trees, witnesses or candlesticks, parallel the two olive branches or anointed ones of Zech. iv. 3, 14, who supply oil to the lamps of the temple of God; also called "two prophets" in Rev. xi. 10, apparently calling men to amendment by mournful or "sackcloth" judgments. "The great city, which spiritually is called Sodom. . . . where also our Lord was crucified," is doubly identified as Jerusalem; the first identification being Is. i. 8-10, where "the daughter of Zion" is addressed as "Sodom." The closely related twelfth chapter covers the same period as the eleventh; but the "woman clothed with the sun" seems not to parallel any Scripture symbol, but, with the dragon waiting to devour her child, thus far remarkably resembles the classical Greek myth as to the birth of Apollo, god of the sun and of light, the dragon Python pursuing his mother at the time of her travail in order to destroy the child which was to destroy him; so it is indirectly associated with the serpent, and the promise, "Her seed shall bruise thy head," Gen. iii. 15. Yet, as the seed of the woman "keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ," the woman represents Christianity, persecuted and driven into exile and obscure places by the dragon "having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads"; figured in chapter xiii as a "beast" to whom the dragon transferred "his power, and his seat, and great authority." This beast is a composite of the four beasts of Dan. vii, the leopard, the bear, the lion and the beast of ten horns, and is explained in Rev. xvii.

The second beast of Rev. xiii. 11-18 is usually explained as the cult or priesthood of emperor-worship, introduced by Caligula A. D. 39. "The number of his name"; numbers in Greek as in Hebrew and Latin being represented by letters of the alphabet, the number 666 was expected to spell a name; but the Greek of the text being the letters for *ch*, *x*, and the digamma, spells no recognizable name; but the Hebrew characters for 50+200+6+50 and for 100+60+200, making together 666 as the sum, spell *N(e)ron Ksr*:

the Hebrew letters, being consonants only, represent the framework of what in Latin is *Nero Cæsar*.

The 144,000 of chapter xiv seem to correspond to the 144,000 of chapter vii. The figure of the punishment of the worshipers of the beast indicates its source as Ps. lxxv. 8; but in Rev. xiv. 10 "the wine of the wrath of God" is without mixture, instead of "full of mixture." The fire, brimstone, smoke and blood recall the Lord's vengeance upon Idumea, Is. xxxiv. 6, 7, 9, 10, "And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone. . . . It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up forever."

The figure of reaping the earth is from Joel iii. 13, "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe. . . . the press is full, the vats overflow; for the wickedness is great." The blood of the wine-press refers again to Idumea, "The land shall be soaked with blood." Is. xxxiv. 7.

The results of the pouring-out from the seven goblets of wrath, by the messengers or agencies of wrath, are plagues of which the descriptions are not always consistent with literalness of interpretation; though the first plague compares with that following the sprinkling of ashes by Moses, which "became a boil breaking forth with blains upon man, and upon beast, throughout all the land of Egypt," Ex. ix. 10; the second and third plagues with Deut. xxxii. 42, 43, "I will make mine arrows drunk with blood. . . . he will avenge the blood of his servants," as a fitting and just punishment: "For they have shed the blood of saints and prophets, and thou hast given them blood to drink; for they are worthy," Rev. xv. 6. Yet that all waters became blood, and that every creature in the sea died, for this, reaches hyperbole.

The figures under the sixth plague take us to the prophecy of Jeremiah against Babylon, Jer. l and li; the drying-up of the Euphrates that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared, compares with "Prepare against her the nations, with the kings of the Medes"; the kings of the east being the Persians and Medes, bordering Babylonia on the east, and who overthrew Babylon. The order of the Greek in verse 13 is rendered into English, "And I saw [come] out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, three spirits, unclean like frogs." "Armageddon," a rendezvous, not the battleground, is the hill of Megiddo, on the edge of the plain of Jezreel; the great battlefield of the Old Testament, scene of the victory of Gideon and of Barak, and of the death of Saul and of Josiah in

battle, may well prefigure the decisive great struggle between Christianity and Roman paganism.

Under the seventh seal, "every island fled away, and the mountains were not found," like Rev. vi. 14, echoes several suggestive Old Testament figures, but especially Habakkuk iii. 6, "The everlasting mountains were scattered." The hail, "about the weight of a talent," that is 114 pounds, 15 pennyweights, would be as deadly as cannon-balls of like weight, had not the conditions of hail-fall limited the size of hailstones to a few ounces.

Rev. xvii. 9 explains the unchaste woman and the beast having seven heads and ten horns, "The seven heads are seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth," further identified as "that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth," imperial and "seven-hilled" Rome; the directive power being shifted from the dragon or Satan to that of a false or immoral religion, under a figure familiar to the prophets, that of an impure woman, Ezek. xvi and xxiii; Hos. i-iv; Jer. iii. The symbolic name of the city, like the figure of the beast, is drawn from Daniel, namely, Babylon, the seat of the first and foremost of his four beasts. Primarily the heads represent "seven kings," that is "emperors," who killed the saints and fought against the Lamb. "Five are fallen": Augustus Cæsar, the first emperor of Rome; Tiberius; Caligula; Claudius, and Nero. This much is clear: the rest of the kings, because of the peculiarity of the description, are not clearly understood.

Rev. xviii deals with the fall of the city. With verse 2 compare Is. xxi. 9, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen"; for the foul creatures inhabiting it, compare Is. xiii. 19-22, and xxxiv. 11-15. With verse 4 compare Jer. l. 8, and li. 6, 45; with verse 5 compare Jer. li. 9; with verse 6 compare Jer. l. 15, 29; with verse 7 compare Is. xlvii. 7-14: "Thou saidst, I shall be a lady forever. . . . that sayest in thine heart. . . . I shall not sit as a widow, neither shall I know the loss of children. But these two things shall come to thee in a moment in one day, the loss of children, and widowhood. . . . and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly. . . . the astrologers. . . . the fire shall burn them." Thus the quotations from Isaiah and Jeremiah are brought over with the name from their prophecies concerning ancient Babylon; but verses 9-19 describe a merchant city, and are drawn from Ezekiel's description of the fall of Tyre, Ezek. xxvi-xxviii. With verses 9-16 compare Ezek. xxvi. 16, 17 and xxvii. 7-36; "slaves and souls of men," in verse 13, compare with Ezek. xxvii. 13, "They traded the persons of men." With verses 15-19 compare Ezek. xxvii. 29-33.

With verse 20 we return to the Babylon prophecy, Jer. li. 48-56, "Then the heaven and the earth shall sing for Babylon; for the Lord God of recompenses shall surely requite." With verse 21 compare Jer. li. 63, 64, "When thou hast made an end of reading this book, thou shalt bind a stone to it, and cast it into the midst of Euphrates: And thou shalt say, Thus shall Babylon sink, and shall not rise from the evil that I will bring upon her." Verses 22, 23 echo Jer. xxv. 10, "I will take from them the voice of mirth, and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride, the sound of the millstones, and the light of the candle," but this refers to the people of Judah. With verse 24 compare Jer. li. 49. As Rome is twenty-one miles from the sea, up the Tiber river, which below the city at low water sometimes has only four feet of depth, the description foregoing must not be applied too literally to its commerce. The fall is of Babylon and Tyre, though applied to Rome, which has stood continuously since its foundation, and after the fall of paganism had more than a million population, and now more than half a million.

The final struggle between the "Faithful," the "Alpha and Omega" of Rev. i. 14-16, or between Christianity with "the armies in Heaven," and paganism represented by the beast with the kings of the earth and their armies, is figured in the last half of Rev. xix and is distinct from the final conflict with Satan.

John, in Rev. xx, gives a current conception, that, after the destruction of the beast and his worshipers, Satan is bound or restrained from activity for a thousand years, while the *souls* of the beheaded martyrs are living and reigning with Christ. This "millennium" is from the *Secrets of Enoch*, composed between 30 B. C. and 70 A. D., in which (chaps. xxxii, xxxiii) the duration of the Messianic kingdom is first figured as a millennium, based apparently on the Persian theory that the creation, occupying six days followed by a Sabbath rest, prefigured that the world's age would consist of 6000 years of activity, followed by 1000 years of Sabbath rest. There is not even intimated in any other part of the Bible, an interval in resurrection; Jesus says, "The *hour* is coming, in which *all* that are in their graves shall hear his voice, And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation," John v. 28, 29; compare Dan. xii. 2. Nor that Christ's reign shall cease "till he hath [already] put all enemies under his feet," 1 Cor. xv. 24-28. Note, therefore, that the thousand years are the measure of the reign of the *souls* of the beheaded martyrs.

not of Christ's reign, and that only the beheaded are mentioned, though those martyred by other means must have been a greater number.

The figure of Gog and Magog is drawn from Ezek. xxxviii and xxxix, for the peoples north of Syria, to the Black Sea. The figure of the judgment with its books is from Dan. vii. 10. Rev. xx. 9, 10, describes Satan himself and his dupes overthrown; verses 12, 13, the general judgment, yet distinctly of the dead, not of the living.

The figure of the new heaven and the new earth, and the passing of the old, Rev. xxi, draws from Is. xlii. 13, "Therefore I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place"; and lxxv. 17-19, "I create new heavens, and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind"; and for the new Jerusalem compare, "Behold I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. And I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people, and the voices of weeping shall be no more heard in her, nor the voice of crying." The vision from the high mountain, of the "holy Jerusalem" (Rev. xxi. 10) recalls Ezek. xl. 2 and xlvi. 30-35, the city of twelve gates, three on each of the four sides, north, east, south and west; but the 4500 measures are enlarged to 12,000 stadia, or "furlongs," length of each side of the city. Also compare the naming of the gates after the twelve tribes of Israel. Rev. xxi. 3 might be a paraphrase of Ezekiel's name of the city, namely, "The Lord is there," and the gems of the foundations of Is. liv. 11, 12, "I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires. And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy borders of pleasant stones." The light parallel of Is. lx. 19, 20, "The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down. . . ." seems equivalent to "There shall be no night there." With verse 24 compare Is. lx. 3, "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising"; and with verse 27, Is. xxxv and lx. 21; lii. 1; and Zech. xiv. 16 20, 21. John describes only the city, capital of the new earth.

With Rev. xxii. 1-5 compare Ezek. xlvi. 1-12, "Waters issued out from under the threshold of the house" (i. e., the temple) ". . . a river. . . behold, at the bank of the river very many trees on the one side and on the other. . . These waters. . . being brought forth into the sea, the waters shall be healed. . . and everything shall

live whither the river cometh. . . . And by the river upon the bank thereof, on this side and on that side, shall grow all trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed; it shall bring forth new fruit according to his months, because their waters issued out of the sanctuary; and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine." Also especially for "throne" and "light" compare Zech. xiv. 7-9.

Thus in the book called Revelation is described a Messianic earthly kingdom, obtained through great conflicts. "Revelation" is a translation of the Greek *apokalypsis*. But this book is only one of several apocalyptic books, and in order to understand their nature, we indicate the contents of the *Book of Enoch* (five parts combined), perhaps the most important of all non-canonical apocalyptic sources, written (probably in Aramaic) in the second and first centuries B. C.: which exercised here a great influence, as it did generally, on Palestinian literature of the first century A. D. It deals with the fall of angels, a final judgment held on Mt. Sinai, a general resurrection, consignment of the wicked to Gehenna, God establishing his kingdom in Jerusalem, Gentiles converted, and the just eating from the tree of life; the Messiah, to whom God has committed all dominion and all judgment, dwelling among the elect in a new heaven and a new earth. This book is quoted in Jude 14, and apparently in Matt. xix. 28 and John v. 22, 27. It is a characteristic of apocalypses that all are put forth under assumed names—as a rule, of some famous Hebrew character; they are not "prophecy" in the narrower sense of prediction, but in the sense of general inspiration. But errors, and lack of fulfilment (the test of true prophecy) betray their visionary nature, and they fail to be accepted as canonical. Revelation presents, in the guise of visions, a tissue of Old Testament prophecies, interwoven with vivid, lurid or dark colors of the compiler; a Dantean poem, rather than an addition to original prophecy.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF PRIMITIVE MAGIC.\*

BY GEORGE S. PAINTER.

THE term magic is applied to any supposed supernatural science or art, especially the pretended art of controlling the actions of spiritual forces and superhuman beings. The wise men of the East—the priests of the Medes and Persians—were called *magi*, and were reputed to be skilled in the art of enchantment. Belief in magic exists among all primitive peoples. It is surprising to us, when we stop to consider it, that magic is a matter of living faith and practice to-day among probably more than half of the human race. From this fact there is brought to us, with overwhelming force, the realization that, notwithstanding our boasted science and civilization, the greater part of our fellow men dwell in unfathomable darkness.

Magic, in general, embraces many human interests, among which may be mentioned cure of disease, forecast of events, control of all natural forces for weal or woe, in short, the gratifying of all desires otherwise unattainable. The various forms of divination, of astrology and alchemy, were outgrowths of varying types of magic. Originally magic is of a rudimentary and purely traditional character, but with the rise of literature it soon became formulated into elaborate systems among the various peoples. In modern times the term is more familiarly understood as relating to such actions as appear to be beyond the ordinary connections of cause and effect, comprising the common stock of tricks, thimble-rigging and legerdemain.

The beliefs and practices of magic arise from the psychological effort on the part of man to comprehend and determine human experiences, particularly in relation to the mysterious forces of nature. Where knowledge does not exist, indigenous fancies always take its place. And since self-preservation is the first law of life, the will to live has incited the ignorant mind with all manner of agencies which experience and the imagination might suggest as instruments

\* The descriptive material of this article is chiefly taken from Frazer, *The Golden Bough*. References are omitted.

thereto. Primitive man stands trembling and powerless before the awful forces of nature. Battling haphazardly with such unknown forces, man is immediately conscious of his frailty and impotency. His life is threatened in a thousand ways by earthquake, flood and storm, wild beasts and human enemies. In his sense of helplessness *fear* seizes upon him and becomes perhaps the most powerful impulse in his efforts for life. It is written that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and certain it is that the fear of the subtle powers of nature has planted in the human mind the seeds of desire for knowledge which have ultimately flowered into the natural sciences—the instruments of man's triumph over nature.

In magic, primitive man has sought to answer the same question as the modern scientist, namely, what is the cause of, and how to gain control over, any given phenomena. The first problem of philosophy concerned the nature of the immutable *being* back of the eternal process of generation, action and *becoming*. But it was the fact that all things were in action, in eternal mutation, that gave rise to this question. Likewise to primitive man, action is the thing that impresses him most intensely, and how to explain action is his first intelligent effort. The universal answer given to this question by early man is also the most natural and simple one. That is, man has within himself an immediate consciousness of his power of action in the energizing of his own spirit, and knowing nothing else in nature he also explains its activities as the operations of immanent spirits. Both early magic and science were *hylozoistic*. Furthermore, primitive man is immediately conscious of his superiority to nature and of his ability to rule and triumph over natural forces to at least quite a degree. Accordingly we find that *magic aims to control nature directly*, that is, by giving the spiritual the ruling power over nature. This direct control of nature by the spirit was regarded by Hegel as the characteristic distinguishing magic from religion, which aims to control nature *indirectly* through appeal to powerful supernatural beings.

The savage hardly conceives the distinction between the natural and the supernatural, however, and to him the world is operated by supernatural agents, that is, personal beings acting on impulses and motives like his own, liable like himself to be moved by appeals to their pity, hopes and fears. Hence, by such means, primitive man seeks to limit the course of nature to his own advantage. By prayers, promises, threats, he expects to secure fine weather, abundant crops, cure of diseases and like benefits, from the gods. But when a god becomes incarnate in his own person, then he needs



appeal to no higher beings. In this manner the savage assumes to possess within himself all the powers necessary to the furthering of his own well-being and that of his fellow men. This, likewise, is the process by which the idea of a man-god is reached. This supposed power of individuals to rule over nature directly is magic or sorcery. Thus magic is the oldest form of religion, the wildest, most barbarous. Not a god in the magician, but the magician himself, is the conjurer and conqueror of nature. Out of magic, also, the religion of magic is developed.

In general, magic may be classified as: 1. *Theoretical* magic, or magic as a pseudo-science. In this case it assumes certain conceptions and principles, presuppositions and theories, as the implications of magical belief and practices. It may be said to be the dim intellectual background, or spiritual foundation of the magic art. 2. *Practical* magic, or magic as a pseudo-art. Such art naturally pertains to all the devices of the actual practice of magic, which undergoes almost endless variation in relation to the different peoples of the world. Practical magic may again be divided into: (a) *Positive* magic, or *sorcery*; and (b) *negative* magic, or *taboo*. These principles of classification are sufficiently exhaustive, although actual magic takes on so many forms it is impossible to organize them into specific and exclusive divisions.

The principles of thought on which *positive magic* or *sorcery* is based have been reduced to two, namely: 1. *Similarity*. The assumption is that like produces like, and that effects resemble their causes. This principle may be called the *law of similarity*. From this law the magician infers that he can produce any effect he desires by merely imitating it. Charms based on the law of similarity have been called *homœopathic* or *imitative magic*. 2. *Contact*. Here the assumption is that things which have once been in contact with each other, continue to act on each other at a distance after the physical contact has been severed. This may be called the *law of contact* or the *law of contagion*. From this law the magician infers that whatever he does to a material object will affect equally the person with whom the object was once in contact, whether it formed part of his body or not. Charms based on the law of contact have been called *contagious magic*.

These principles which the magician applies in his art are believed by him to likewise regulate the operations of inanimate nature: that is, he holds that the principles of similarity and contact are of universal application and not limited to human actions. This makes magic to be a sort of *spurious system of natural law* as well as a

fallacious guide of conduct. It is false science as well as abortive art. Nevertheless, we must recognize that the motive and aim of magic is identically the same as that of natural science, namely, an understanding and control of the forces of nature and of life. Of course, the logic of the magician is implicit; he is only dimly conscious even of his intellectual processes; in fact, magic is always an *art* to him, never a science, and the very idea of science is lacking in his undeveloped mind.

Psychologically analysis makes it appear that the two dominating principles of magic, similarity and contact, are but the *misapplication of the association of ideas*. It is the simplest principle that the mind naturally associates what is similar. The whole science of organic classification depends on this principle. And again the mind associates whatever is contiguous in space and time. These two principles of association are the most prominent ones so far as classification and association of sense-objects are concerned. They are the associations used by both the magician and the scientist. The magician, however, because of his ignorance of natural laws, commits the mistake of assuming that things which resemble each other are the same; and that things which have once been in contact with each other are always in contact. In practice the two principles are combined, or, to be more exact, contagious magic is generally found to involve an application of the imitative principle, whereas the imitative magic may be practised by itself. Both of these branches of magic are generally conveniently termed *sympathetic magic*, since both assume that things act on each other at a distance through a secret sympathy, the impulse being transmitted from one to the other by means of a kind of invisible ether, or mystic agency, not unlike that which is postulated by modern science for a precisely similar purpose, namely, so things can act on one another at a distance and through empty space.

It remains now to illustrate these various types of magic in the concrete expressions of them. And in this only suggestions can be made, since they have had almost unlimited exemplification among all primitive peoples without exception. We may, therefore, seek merely to present certain types of magic and taboo which strikingly illustrate these principles.

#### IMITATIVE MAGIC.

One of the most familiar applications of the principle of similarity, or that like produces like, is the attempt which has been made by many primitive peoples in many ages to injure or destroy

an enemy by injuring or destroying an image of him, in the belief that, just as the image suffers, so does the man, and that when the image perishes the man must perish. This practice has been widely diffused over the world and has persisted through the ages. Thousands of years ago it was known to ancient India, Babylon and Egypt, as well as to Greece and Rome, and at the present day is resorted to by cunning and malignant savages in Africa, Australia and elsewhere. The ancient-books of the Hindus testify to the use of similar enchantments among their remote ancestors. . Indeed, the antiquity of these magic practices is impressive. To destroy his foe, a man would fashion a figure of him in clay and transfix it with an arrow which had been barbed with a thorn and winged with an owl's feather; or he would mould the figure in wax and melt it in the fire. Sometimes effigies of soldiers, horses and chariots, elephants and other implements of a hostile army were moulded in dough, and then pulled into pieces as a measure of defense. In modern India these practices have only been modified in detail.

In Japan, if an Ainu desires to compass the destruction of an enemy, he will also make a likeness of him out of mugwort or the guilden-rose and bury it in a hole upside down or under the trunk of a rotten tree, with a prayer to a demon to carry off the soul of the man or to make his body rot away with the decaying tree. In this practice we find magic mixed with religious rite. The Chinese also are aware that you can harm your enemy by maltreating or cursing an image of him, especially if you have taken care to write on it his name and horoscope. In the Chinese *Book of Rewards and Penalties*, translated by Stanislas Julien, we find illustrated the literary and ancient form of such efforts at magic. We read: "Kong-sun-tcho, having died suddenly, some time after he had succeeded to the post of treasurer, appeared in a dream to the governor of his district and said unto him: 'I have been the victim of an odious crime, and am come, my lord, to pray you to avenge me. My time to die had not yet come; but my servants gave me the nightmare, and I was choked in my sleep. If you will send secretly some dauntless soldiers, not one of the varlets will escape you. Under the seventh tile of the roof of my house will be found my image carved in wood. Fetch it and punish the criminals.' The governor found the image bristling all over with nails. Bit by bit the wood changed into flesh and uttered inarticulate cries when struck." The servants, we are told, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. In this story both magic and superstition are

interwoven, and there is exemplified the effort of literature to embody folk myth and magic.

In order to see the universality of such imitative magic let us turn to the American Indians. When an Ojibway Indian desires to work evil on any one, he makes a little wooden image of his enemy and runs a needle into his head or heart, or he shoots an arrow into it, believing that wherever the needle pierces or the arrow strikes the image, his foe will the same instant be seized with a sharp pain in the corresponding part of the body; but if he intends to kill the person outright, he burns or buries the puppet, uttering certain magic words as he does so. Others believe that by drawing the figure of a person in the sand, in ashes or clay, or by considering any object as his body, and pricking it with a sharp stick or doing it other injury, they inflict a corresponding injury upon the person represented. The Peruvian Indians moulded images of fat mixed with grain to imitate the persons whom they disliked or feared, and then burned the effigy on the road were the intended victim was to pass. This they called burning his soul. But they drew a delicate distinction between the kinds of materials to be used in the manufacture of these images, according as the victim was to be an Indian or a Spaniard. To kill an Indian, they employed maize and the fat of the llama; to kill a Spaniard, they used wheat and the fat of a pig, because the Spaniard did not eat llamas and preferred wheat to maize. That is, the image was to be of the same substance as the Indian or Spaniard were respectively supposed to be—a striking example of the principle of similarity in magic.

If imitative magic, working by means of images, has been commonly practised for the spiteful purpose of putting obnoxious people out of the world, it has also, but far more rarely, been employed with the benevolent intention of helping others into the world, and in general for *beneficent* ends. It has been common among all tribes throughout the world to make doll-like images, over which are performed certain secret rites, for the women to place under pillows and thereby facilitate childbirth and offspring. Often there is a ceremony simulating birth at the adoption of a child, and in the eyes of primitive law and philosophy the child thus becomes really a natural child to all intents and purposes. The make-believe, so dear to children, is thus practised by primitive peoples.

When a Cora Indian, of Mexico, wants to multiply his flocks, he models a figure of the animal he wants in wax or clay, or carves

it from tuff, and deposits it in a cave of the mountains, which he believes to be the masters of all riches, including cattle and sheep. Sympathetic magic has been used, in general, to insure the food supply. Thus, in the barren regions of Central Australia the tribes are divided into a number of totem clans. The great majority of the totems are edible animals and plants, and the magic ceremonies are supposed to supply the tribes with food and other necessities. Often these rites consist in the imitation of the effects which the people desire to produce. In such manner, the Arunta go through a pantomime representing the fully developed witchetty grub, which they eat, in the act of emerging from the chrysalis. This is supposed to multiply their number. Imitations of the emu, the kangaroo, cockatoo and other creatures, are similarly performed. These totem practices are mainly crude, almost childish, attempts to satisfy the primary wants of man in the hard conditions to which he is subject in those deserts—and the want of food first of all. In all such examples we see the use of magic for benevolent purposes.

Magical images have also been employed for the amiable purpose of winning love. The ancient Hindu would shoot an arrow into the heart of a clay image as a means of securing a woman's affection; only, the bowstring must be of hemp, the shaft of the arrow must be of black ala wood, its plume of owl's feather, and its barb a thorn. The Chippewa Indians had little images of the persons whom they desired to win, and pricking the hearts of the images, they inserted magical powders in the punctures, while they addressed the effigies by the names of the persons whom they represented. Ancient wizards melted wax in the fire in order to make the hearts of their sweethearts melt of love. And the natives of New Caledonia make use of effigies to maintain or restore harmony between husband and wife. The spindle-shaped bundles are tied together firmly to symbolize and assure the amity of the couple.

One of the most universal beneficent uses of imitative magic is the healing or prevention of *sickness*. In ancient Greece, when a man died of dropsy, the children were made to sit with their feet in water, until his body was burned. This was supposed to prevent the disease from attacking them. Such practices find almost limitless variation throughout the world. One of the great merits of imitative magic is that it enables the cure to be performed on the person of the doctor instead of the patient, who is relieved of all trouble and inconvenience, while he sees his medicine-man writhe in anguish before him. Thus a Dyak medicine-man who has been fetched in a case of illness, will lie down and pretend to be dead:

he is accordingly treated as a corpse, is bound up in mats, taken out of the house and deposited on the ground. After about an hour the other medicine-men loose him and bring him to life; and as he recovers the sick man is supposed to recover.

Imitative magic is found in relation to almost every human interest, not excepting the inanimate world. A person is supposed to influence vegetation by his acts or state of being. But the influence is mutual; the plant can infect the man just as much as the man can infect the plant. In magic, as in science, action and reaction are equal. People are supposed to be influenced by the nature of the timber of the houses in which they live. The strengthening virtue of iron is suggested to all people, and the stone, for steadfastness, was ever used for taking oaths. Precious stones have had a unique history in relation to magic. Thus the amethyst, meaning "not drunken," was supposed to keep the wearer sober. The bloodstone if laid on a wound is supposed to stop the flow of blood. And among the things which imitative magic seeks to turn to account are the great forces of nature, such as the waxing and waning moon, the rising and setting sun, the stars and the sea. Magic of the pole-star suggests steadfastness and constancy. The Breton peasant fancies that seed sown when the tide is coming in will grow well, and seed sown at low tide will never mature. At present, even among us, people plant their potatoes in the full of the moon to insure a good crop.

Magical influences are supposed to act at considerable distances. Such action is called *magical telepathy*. Thus among the Blackfoot Indians the wives and children of an eagle-hunter are forbidden to use an awl during his absence, lest the eagle should scratch the distant husband and father. Magic has no doubt as to action at a distance. Elaborate rules for the regulation of friends far away have been devised which are carefully observed, the good fortune or even the life of the distant person depending on the faithful observance of the rule. Such telepathy is used in relation to the hunt, sailing, fishing, in relation to war, and all else whatever. In Madagascar, when the men are away at war the women dance continuously and never eat or sleep at home. By dancing they are supposed to impart strength and courage to their men. The Thompson Indians of British Columbia observe similar rites.

Sympathetic magic also contains a very large number of negative precepts, prohibitions, or *taboo*. Not only the law of similarity but the law of contrast is utilized. The savage holds that if he acts in a certain way, certain consequences will inevitably follow in

virtue of one or the other of these laws; and if the consequences of a particular act appear to him likely to prove disagreeable, he is naturally careful not to act in that way lest he should incur danger. Whatever he believes dangerous is tabooed. Taboo, then, is a negative application of practical magic. It has as extensive a system as sorcery, but a few examples must suffice for our present purpose. In ancient Italy, women were forbidden to spin on the highways, or to carry their spindles openly, as they were supposed to injure and twist the corn. Among the Huzuls of the Carpathian Mountains, the wife of a hunter may not spin while her husband is eating his meals, or, when he is on the chase, the game will turn and wind like the spindle and the hunter will be unable to hit it. With certain tribes, when you have caught fish and strung them on a line, you may not cut the line, or next time you go fishing your line will be sure to break. The Malays, in searching for camphor, eat their food dry and take care not to pound the salt fine; the reason is that camphor is found in the form of small grains deposited in the cracks of the tree, and fine salt means small camphor.

Among the taboos observed by savages none perhaps are more numerous and important than the prohibitions not to eat certain foods. In abstaining from them they practise negative magic. Thus, in Madagascar, a soldier may not eat of hedgehog as it is feared that the animal, from its propensity of coiling up into a ball when alarmed, will impart a timid shrinking disposition to those who partake of it. A soldier should not partake of an ox knee, lest he become weak in the knee so he could not march; he should not partake of a cock that has died fighting or anything that has been speared to death; and no male animal may be killed in his house while he is away at the wars; for all these suggest that he will meet with the suggested similar fate.

#### CONTAGIOUS MAGIC.

The principle involved in contagious magic is, as we have seen, the notion that things which have once been conjoined must remain ever afterward, even when quite dissevered from each other, in such sympathetic relation that whatever is done to the one must similarly affect the other. In both imitative and contagious magic the thought is that effects resemble causes, and both rest on a false association of ideas. The physical basis in both cases is the conception of a material medium of some sort which, like the ether of modern physics, is assumed to unite distant objects and to convey impressions from one to the other.

The most familiar example of contagious magic is the sympathy which is supposed to exist between a man and any severed part of his person, such as his hair or nails ; so that whoever gets possession of human hair, nails, etc., may work his will, at any distance, upon the person from whom they were cut. This notion is likewise world-wide. Incidentally this superstition has done much sanitary good in causing the removal of refuse and tending to a species of cleanliness which might never have been adopted on rational grounds. Particles of clothing, footprints, anything whatever at any time in contact with the person serves as an agent in working the charm on the intended victim. For this reason some natives sweep their floors and remove every vestige of possible substance in their course to prevent all possible magical charms being effective against them.

Every part of the body has been involved in the development of this form of contagious magic. In Australia it is a common practice to knock out one or more of a boy's teeth at the ceremonies of initiation into full manhood. The extracted tooth might be placed under the bark of a tree near a river ; if the bark grew over the tooth, or it fell into the water, all was well ; but if it were exposed and the ants ran over it, the natives believed that the boy would suffer from a disease of the mouth. Doubtless the prevalence of such disease itself gave rise to this barbarous method of prevention. Similar practices prevail among many tribes. It is a prevalent custom among civilized peasants to put an extracted tooth into the hole of a rat where the rat will run over it, believing that the rodent having strong teeth will make new teeth grow for the subject. Teeth of squirrels, foxes, beavers, etc., have been used for similar purposes.

A curious application of the contagious magic is the relation commonly believed to exist between a wounded man and the agent of the wound, so that whatever is done to the agent must correspondingly affect the patient for good or evil. Pliny tells us that if you have wounded a man, and are sorry for it, you have only to spit on the hand that gave the wound, and the pain of the sufferer will be instantly alleviated. In Melanesia, if a man's friends get possession of an arrow which wounded him, they keep it in a damp place or in cool leaves, for then the inflammation will be trifling and will soon subside. Meantime the enemy, who shot the arrow, is hard at work to aggravate the wound, by drinking hot and burning juices and chewing irritating leaves, for this will clearly inflame and irritate the wound. They also keep the bow near the fire to make the wound hot. Among some Indians it is believed that the anointing of the



weapon that made the wound would heal it. In Suffolk, England, even now, if a man cuts himself with a scythe, he takes care to see that the tool is kept bright and oils it to keep the wound from festering.

Magic sympathy is also supposed to exist between a person and his clothes, so that whatever is done to the clothes will be felt by himself, even though he be far away at the time. In Tanna, New Hebrides, a man who has a grudge at another and desires his death, gets a cloth which has touched the sweat of his enemy's body. He rubs this cloth with leaves and twigs of a certain tree, rolls all together into a bundle, and burns it slowly in the fire. As the bundle is consumed the victim falls ill, and when it is reduced to ashes, he dies. Such practices are carried out with great variations.

Contagious magic may also be wrought upon a man through the impressions left by his body in the sand or earth, particularly through his footprints. The superstition among the savages is that, by injuring the footprints, you injure the person or feet of those who made it. The natives of southeastern Australia think they can lame a man by placing sharp pieces of glass or charcoal in his footprints. Rheumatic pains are often by them attributed to this cause. A tribe in western Australia has a magical instrument made of resin and rats' teeth which they call the sun, because it is supposed to contain the solar heat. By placing it on a man's tracks they think they can throw him into a violent fever which will soon burn him up. Such magic is used by savage hunters also for the capture of game. Before leaving a camping-place, some of the natives of New Guinea are careful to stab the ground thoroughly with spears, in order to prevent a sorcerer from making use of a drop of sweat or anything of the imprints which they may leave behind. From this we can understand a maxim of the Pythagoreans that in rising from bed we should smooth away the impression left by our bodies, a precaution against magic which existed among the Greek forefathers long before the rite was fathered on Pythagoras.

It is interesting to note that the practice of magic is primarily self-preservative in its motive. In its manifold aspects the wish is always father to the thought. As example, there is the subjective desire to wreak vengeance on the enemy, and the savage mind satisfies this subjective desire in motor discharge upon the vicarious substitute for the real enemy upon whom he would like to effect

his will. And since like acts are supposed to produce like results, he associated these ideas in this magical manner.

But, we may ask, what can possibly have given rise to all these fancies, and particularly, what could have made them persevere in the face of constant experience to the contrary? The answer is that, to the ignorant mind, a single coincidence is more forceful and impressive than many failures, which assume certain conditions to be lacking; it is the natural disposition of the human mind to affirm something positively, rather than wait in doubt and negation; and finally, the evident credulity of the untutored savage mind must be considered. Like elements exist, at present, in relation to the patent-medicine dispensation. A man is sick; he takes a bottle of some nostrum; he gets well; hence the nostrum cured him. But all this takes no account of the fact that hundreds of others took the nostrum and died. And the dispensary prints no testimonials of the dead. In like manner, if the savage secures any desire by magic rite, the effectiveness of that coincidence gives it great reputation, which is passed on by tradition. It is a familiar fact among us that even scientists often assert as positive truth what may be no more than conjecture, or, at best, only tentative hypothesis. Like the scientist, the savage asserts beliefs in lieu of knowledge. And so far as credulity is concerned, it is found in an astonishing degree among all classes of even cultured men. One of the early Church Fathers is reputed to have said concerning a difficult dogma: "I believe it because it is impossible."

#### THE MAGICIAN'S FUNCTION.

In savage society there is commonly to be found, not only private magic, but what may be called *public magic*, that is, sorcery practised for the benefit of the whole community. In such a case, the magician ceases to be a private practitioner and becomes to some extent a public functionary. This fact is of great significance for the political and religious evolution of society; for, since the good of the tribe is supposed to depend on the performance of these rites, the magician rises into a position of much influence and repute, and may readily acquire the rank of a chief or *king*. Magic accordingly draws into its ranks some of the ablest and most ambitious men of the tribe, because it holds out to them a prospect of honor, wealth and power, such as hardly any other career could offer. They may be honest, but the acute are liable to be knaves and deceivers. But the pitfalls are many and one's life is safe only by steering shrewdly between the difficulties. The tendency would

be for supreme power to fall into the hands of the ablest and most unscrupulous men. Furthermore, it is evident that the elevation of magicians to power tends to substitute a monarchy for that of primitive democracy, or rather oligarchy of old men, which is characteristic of savage society. Thus it appears that the rise of monarchy is the general condition of the emergence of mankind from savagery.

The notion that the savage is the freest of mankind is just the reverse of the truth. He is a slave, not indeed to a visible master, but to the past, to the spirits of his dead ancestors, who haunt his steps from birth to death and rule him with a rod of iron. Superstition will allow no change for the better; the ablest man is dragged down by the weakest and dullest, who necessarily set the standard, since they cannot rise while the abler can fall. This means a dead level in society and that the lowest level, namely, savagery. The rise of an influential talented savage may carry his tribe forward in a generation more than previous ages have done. Magic, then, has been one of the roads by which the ablest men have risen to supreme power, and has contributed to emancipate mankind from the thralldom of tradition and to elevate them into a larger and freer life. And this is no small service, combined with the fact that magic has led also to science itself.

We have seen that the magician may become king. His social position becomes that of primate or *prince*. Accordingly regalia take on the significance of fetishes and talismans, the possession of which carries with it the right to the throne. In Celebes, Indian Archipelago, the royal authority is embodied in the regalia, and the princes owe all their authority and the respect which they enjoy to the possession of these precious objects. The regalia reign, and the princes are only their representatives. In all parts of the world the emblems of royalty have been viewed in a similar light and have had a similar origin. In ancient Egypt the two royal crowns, the red and the white, were supposed to be endowed with magical virtues, indeed to be themselves divinities, embodiments of the sun-god. The belief that kings possess magical or supernatural powers to control the course of nature for the good of their subjects seems to have been shared by the ancestors of all the Aryan races from India to Ireland. Swedish and Danish, as well as Irish kings were slain because they were supposed to cause famines and pestilence. A relic of such belief may be seen in the notion that English kings can heal scrofula, or king's evil, by their touch. But kings have gradually exchanged the magical for the

religious profession, and now are often the head of the church or religion of the nation. They have become priests instead of sorcerers.

The conception of men as gods was slow in arising, but it was only a step from magic to this end. Human gods have reigned in all antiquity, and at the present reign among savages. Kings especially arrogated to themselves majesty, or at least divine origin. The emperors of China and Japan pretend to be sons of heaven, and the lamas claim descent through the transmigration of human deities. There is the development of the sacred king out of the magician. But there are two types of man-god, the magical and the religious. Both serve a function according to the kind of reference. Magical control of the wind, weather, rain, sun, etc., are among the important functions. Imitation of the rain, dry conditions, the winds, etc., were supposed to be effective for producing the desired result. In desert lands rain-magic took on chief importance; and in all countries the environment to be controlled determines the magical practices. Out of such conceptions have come the lingering sentiments concerning the magical seasons, yuletide, spring and harvest, with their mystical rituals. Magic has diverged into the vagaries of astrology, alchemy, divinations and auguries of every kind, which were compiled into books of such supposed wisdom in the ancient Assyrian library at Nineveh. Dream-books, fortune-telling, forecasts of the future, are harmless survivals of such past beliefs; and the prophecies concerning the weather by means of the goose-bone, fat of kidneys, the ground-hog, etc., are little more scientific.

We have seen that the magician may assume to be a god. But when he assumes to control the gods, he then passes from the sphere of magic to that of primitive religion. It is notable that when religion enters, magic tends to decline. There is a real hostility of religion to magic in later history. Yet even at the present day there is a universality of belief in magic among the ignorant classes, and this latent superstition is in a way a menace to civilization. With the growth of knowledge, the inefficiency of magic is recognized. In religion the early gods were viewed as magicians. And it may be observed that, in so far as religion assumes the world to be directed by conscious agents, who may be turned from their purpose by persuasion, it stands in fundamental antagonism to magic as well as science, both of which take for granted that the course of nature is determined, not by the passions or caprice of personal beings, but by immutable laws acting mechanically. In magic, this assumption is implicit; in science, it is explicit. Spir-

itual forces in magic are treated the same as inanimate agents, that is, they coerce, and are not conciliated or propitiated.

In the nature of the case it is but a step from primitive magic to primitive religion. Just as soon as the human mind passes from the conception of its immediate control of nature to that of mediate control through the intervention of a universal superhuman agency, it has passed from the sphere of pure magic to that of religion. But in this process it is evident that many elements of the magical will be absorbed into the expression of religion. Thus magic steals up into the higher plane of religion in the form of witches, devils and the supposed magical power of prayers, incantations and like religious forces and agencies. Religions of magic are very prevalent in Africa and among the Mongols and Chinese: not, however, in their absolute original crudeness, for the religious element of mediation has come in more or less, and the spiritual has begun to assume an objective form of self-consciousness.

It is worth our while to emphasize the profound human significance of both magic and the religion of magic. In view of primitive humanity's titanic struggle for existence, and its blind groping in the darkness of ignorance to find its way to the infinite Light, who would not be moved by the pathos of its childish expressions of supposed wisdom relative to the fixed and eternal truth! The most barbarous superstitions, the most infantile magic, have in them an exalted nobility when we go back of all crudity of expression and all hypocrisy in practice to the profound human striving for knowledge and understanding which they embody. Philosophically we must regard every expression of primitive magic and primitive religion as the innocent babblings of the childhood of the race, just as we regard the prattle of children concerning things of which they are not only ignorant but incapable of having knowledge. The stumblings of ignorance are always pathetic. Ancient philosophy is full of fallacy, and the whole course of the genesis of science is one of trial and error. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that elements of the magical and miraculous should have come down into the expressions of even the Christian religion. For, in fact, some of the conceptions lying at the base of even the profoundest speculations in the philosophy of religion are, at last, matters of perplexity and wonder, and are liable to remain speculative beliefs rather than real knowledge. The relation of God to man, man's freedom or determined action of will, his immortality, are examples of such mooted questions. Existence itself is an abiding mystery.

## THREE POEMS.

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

### PROFESSOR GARNER DIED LAST NIGHT.

So you who did not scorn  
The half-articulate :  
To language scarcely born  
Whose years were dedicate.

Not too learning-vain  
To seek to understand  
The groping simian brain,  
The unskilled, toolless hand :

Who, patient, gathered in  
The poor half-words that meant,  
To our wild ape-kin,  
Passion or content :—

You have gone away  
To that hidden shore.  
Where our wordy say  
Falls dumb, and is no more

Than to our speech here  
The barbaric cry  
By some ape in fear  
Bellowed to the sky!

### THE HERMIT, FROM HIS CELL.

Loneliness is my friend :  
Solitude is my brother :  
Silence I took for mate,  
Needing no other.  
My mate and I together  
Our child have wrought,  
Born of these desert spaces :—  
Our child is Thought.

## PANTHEOS.

That easy trust in a life immortal, such as our simple fathers knew,  
Where is it now? To what dim ether, losing its essence, has it fled?  
Call in vain, for your faith has vanished: swift on the wings of your  
doubt it flew:

Beat on the ground like some Greek woman, calling the spirits of the  
dead!

“Ah, if men knew,” said once Lucretius, “Death for the end of all  
their cares,

How could the wiles of priestcraft trick them, lure them on for its  
sordid gain?”

Clasp thou my hand, O mighty Roman! See, they turn in the hidden  
snares:

Soon will they beat their faint limbs from them, earn their peace  
through their grief and pain!

But thou art gone: there is no more of thee: one thou art with  
meadow and stream;

Last night thou didst shine in the drifting moonlight, sigh in the  
wind that shuddered by.

O wind, O moon! Can you never tell him, the old world wakes from  
its cheating dream,

Tell it to him who lives with nature, even as too one day shall I?

I shall ride forth on the crested ocean, I shall make part of the  
noonday gold:

Hear me, brothers who drowse and slumber, trusting too long what  
cannot be!

Tail that truth which is new each morning, old as no tale that has  
yet been told:—

O dream-fed sleepers! Our good brown mother, she is your im-  
mortality!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL IDEAS IN BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA. By *Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph.D., D.D.* Milwaukee, Wis.: Morehouse Publishing Co.: London: A. R. Mowbray & Co. [1919]. Pp. xiv, 129. Price, \$1.50.

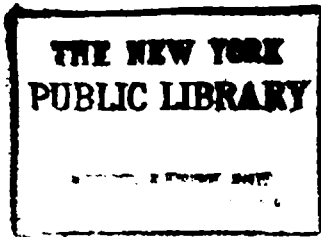
The present volume of the Biblical and Oriental Series contains, besides a chronological outline and a brief introductory essay, discussions of the ideas of God, of man, of mediation, of the future and of morality in Babylonia and

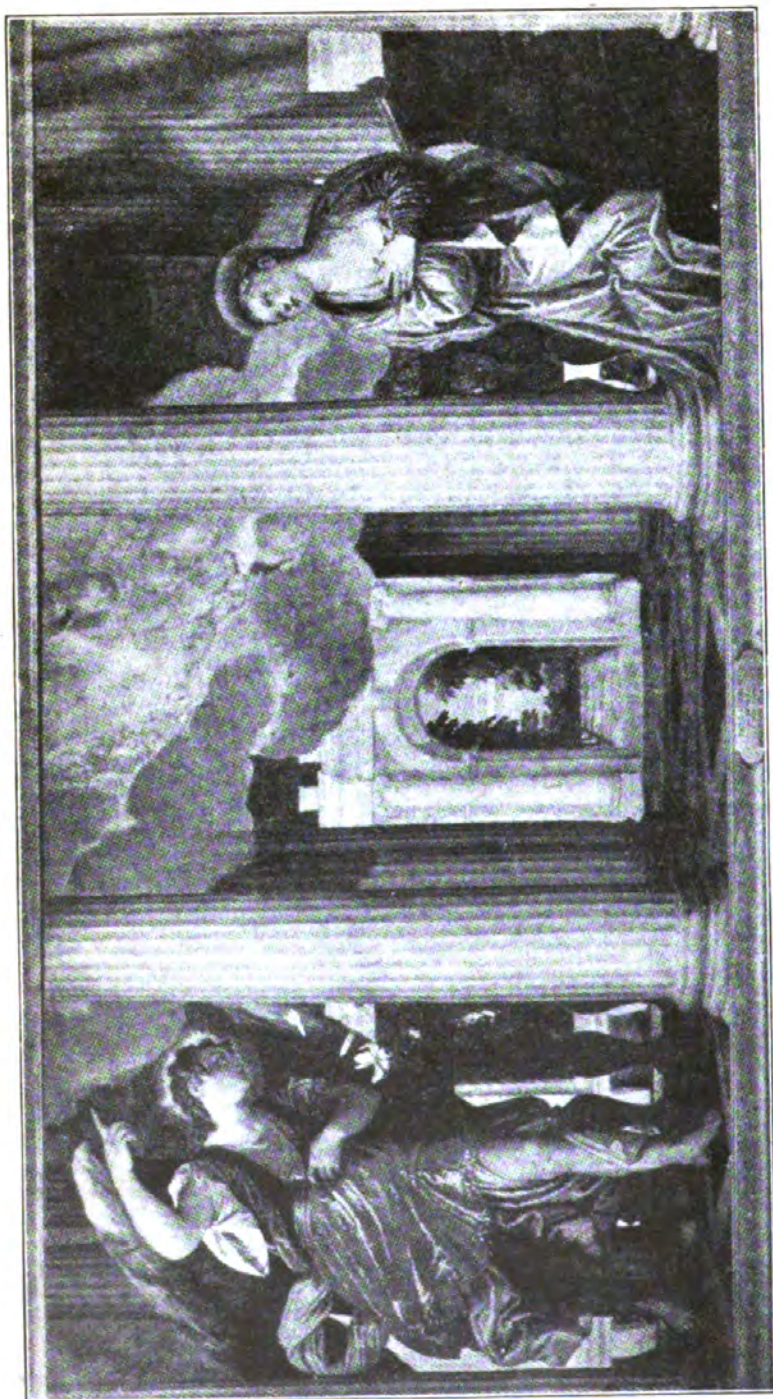
Assyria. The purpose of the book is evidently twofold: (1) to furnish an account of historical facts the significance of which for a proper understanding of the Bible can no longer be denied; (2) to suggest an interpretation of these facts consonant with the tenets of liberal theology. To be sure, the author has found it worth while, "in order to inspire due confidence" in his study, to note that "no assertion has been made, and no conclusion has been drawn, which cannot be thoroughly substantiated by reference to the original texts" (p. viii). Still, his view-point is neither that of the recording historian nor that of the philosopher of history, but rather reflects a man who deems himself in possession of the ultimate truth—"a universal religious standard," as he calls it (p. 4).

This standard is also applied, with doubtful results,<sup>8</sup> to the Babylonian idea of a future life. While the author admits, speaking of the doctrine "of the great attainment, the belief in the lofty something which it is possible for man to become," that the Babylonians "shared with all mankind this lofty ideal," he deplors that "its power as a moral sanction was greatly limited, because of their inability to allow its extension into the idealism of a life beyond the grave" (p. 116). Elsewhere he complains, "Their best vision was confined to this world, and that was not very inspiring. The Hebrew dream of a Messianic Kingdom, of a city of God, was unknown to them," and finds that, "when we think of the dreariness in outlook of the Babylonians and Assyrians, of the absence of that power which could have consecrated their nationalism, their patriotism, their wealth, their glory and their individual sacrifices, it is a real wonder that they ever accomplished anything" (pp. 94f). In other words, the idea of tit for tat in the life to come is regarded as essential for the "consecration" of the individual, and national self-glorification as a worthy "stimulus and inspiration of a glorious spiritual future" (*ibid.*) for the people as a whole. Leaving aside the fact that the author here takes the national hopes of the Jews at their *highest* value, it does not seem fair to draw the comparison at all, if only for chronological reasons, and as regards individual survival (cf. p. 117), the ancient Hebrews of course had just as dreary a conception of life after death as their Babylonian and Assyrian contemporaries, cf. Is. xiv. 9-11 and Ezek. xxxii. 22-32, and even as late a writer as Ecclesiastes (ix. 10). The claim that the failure of the Babylonians to develop beyond this stage of thought, "contributed largely to their final decay and downfall" (p. 92, cf. also p. 124), entirely disregards, it seems to us, the sad example of Egypt whose religion comprised an elaborate doctrine of individual salvation, or, for that matter, the example of modern Mohammedanism and various other religions.

For all these reasons we regret that in this particular connection we cannot follow the author's mode of demonstration, while the fairness with which he has presented practically every other phase of Babylonian belief is conspicuous—there are wide circles to whom his account of Babylonian morality and piety will come as a revelation. The least satisfactory chapter is unfortunately the last one, which might easily have been condensed to half its present length without losing in substance.







THE ANNUNCIATION.  
After Paolo Veronese.

*Frontispiece to The Open Court.*

## A CURE FOR SOCIAL UNREST.

BY W. P. STEWART.

“East is East and West is West, and never these twain shall meet.”—*Kipling*.

NEVERTHELESS, to bridge the gap that separates Occidental from Oriental thought is the most pressing need of the hour. Upon the successful bridging of this gap depends the cure for most of the ills with which the Western world is afflicted. A religious revival is being widely advocated as a means of bringing humanity back to its senses. The idea is excellent, as it is high time people had something else to think of than their own selfish desires.

The religious revival, however, is not making much headway and the reason is not far to seek. This is an age of rationalism; people insist upon thinking logically. It is no longer sufficient to tell a man that he must be good, and to offer him no reason why except that some one 2000 years ago said so.

The average man sees others acquiring what seems to him an undue share of the world's goods, and he sees no sufficient reason why he, too, should not “get his” while the getting is good. In the wild scramble to get something for nothing he overlooks, or more likely he has never heard of, the fundamental fact that *it cannot be done*. Christ taught that it cannot be done, but only in the Oriental systems of philosophy are we plainly shown *why* we cannot get something for nothing, or why we must be good if we would be happy.

To the Western world the main stumbling-block in the way of an understanding of the Oriental view-point is our failure, popularly, to understand the real nature of what we call matter. In Oriental countries it is generally admitted that matter is not real, that what we think are material things are in fact only mental images, thoughts as the Christian Scientists have it.

Western physicists have come much nearer to proving the non-

existence of matter than they themselves believe. This does not imply that they have reached by any means a point where they are willing to admit the Eastern view-point—far from it. However, the foremost investigators along purely physical lines admit that a radical readjustment of currently accepted theory is necessary.

The whole fabric of modern theory regarding the ultimate constitution of matter presupposes the existence of the ether, a substance that never has been seen, heard, felt, tasted, smelled, measured, nor weighed. It is purely hypothetical, and was invented to explain certain operations of nature that did not appear capable of explanation on any other hypothesis.

Recent investigations, however, have cast serious doubt upon the existence of this hypothetical ether. To fill the office required of it the ether must have no viscosity, and yet recent experiments have shown that, if there is such an ether, it must possess viscosity, for the following reason: To give the observed constant velocities of light in all directions on the earth's surface, the ether must be carried along with the earth in its motion through space. That could not be unless the ether possessed viscosity. But if the ether possesses viscosity it no longer explains those facts in the operations of nature for which it was invented. Yet all modern theories regarding the ultimate constitution of matter are based upon the ether hypothesis.

A few years ago an atom was defined as the smallest possible division of matter, a quite definite quantity of a particular element, incapable of being divided or of being changed into any other element. To-day we know that all of this was a mistake. Investigations in the domain of electricity, magnetism, and the radio-active substances have shown that, not only can the atom be divided, but that the atoms of all the elements consist only of groups of electrons, and that by varying the number of electrons in an atom it can be changed from an atom of one element into an atom of a different element. Finally it is shown that the electrons themselves probably are only vortices in an hypothetical ether, the very existence of which is seriously doubted.

It seems that if ever we are to arrive at the truth regarding the ultimate constitution of matter we must start, not with a supposition or a theory, but with something we know. The starting-point of our investigation should be a certainty, something of which there can be no doubt. The physicists have shown us that we do not know that matter really exists, notwithstanding the evidence of our senses. They have proven that the grosser forms of what we call

matter, such as hydrogen, nitrogen, gold, iron, etc., do not exist as such, but really consist of atoms, which are made up of electrons, which in turn are only vortices in the ether, and finally they have practically proven that the ether itself does not exist. Suppose we shall be compelled to abandon the ether hypothesis; what have we to offer in its stead; can we frame another hypothesis which will explain all of the observed phenomena? The Oriental thinkers have had such an hypothesis for the last three thousand years. If it is a fact that some one has an hypothesis which really does account for all the observed phenomena, would it not seem the part of wisdom to examine carefully that hypothesis?

If we review the history of scientific discovery we are impressed by these two apparently inconsistent phases of the matter: That whereas there has been no permanence to any theory regarding the ultimate constitution of matter, one theory after another giving way before newly discovered facts, it is altogether different when it comes to the *laws* that govern the operations of nature. These laws appear to be fixed and permanent. It is an undisputed fact, for instance, that chemical combinations occur in certain definite proportions and not otherwise, regardless of what we may think of the ultimate constitution of those substances. We know that light is reflected, refracted or polarized, in a perfectly definite way, regardless of what light really is.

The point is this: When we investigate the *laws* that govern movements, changes, combinations, in fact all of the operations of nature, we are able to arrive at results that are permanent. On the other hand, when we attempt to define what substances really are, we meet with defeat, or at best impermanence. These laws of nature are the only permanent things science has given the world. They are all based upon, and are only variations of, one fundamental principle, the principle of the conservation of energy, which in turn is only a broad statement of the law that action and reaction are equal and opposite.

In all nature is found vibration, a wave motion, in which one phase is balanced by its opposite. In everything there is a periodicity, like the swinging of a pendulum, in which motion in one direction is equalled by a corresponding motion in the reverse direction. A positive charge is always held by a negative charge. These laws are definite and permanent, but they are laws regarding the movements of things which, in their ultimate nature, are strangely illusive, and which as yet we have been totally unable to define. Let us start with something of which there can be no doubt, not a sup-

position but a reality, something we know, and see if there may not be an explanation much simpler than the currently accepted hypothesis, an explanation which will account for all of the experiences of humanity.

In the last analysis there is only one thing we are quite certain actually exists. That thing is our thought; we *know* that we think. We are sure that certain mental pictures or images are passing through our minds. Only by a process of reasoning can we be certain of anything else. The physicists have shown us that we cannot trust the evidence of our senses. From this view-point let us study the matter in some detail.

In our delving into the mysteries of scientific investigation perhaps after all we have not really been studying *physical* phenomena; possibly we have been studying only *thoughts*, the mental pictures or impressions that have been passing through our minds. It may be that we have been investigating only our own thoughts, and what we have mistaken for the fixed and permanent laws of nature were in fact only the laws by which our own minds operate. Possibly these so-called physical phenomena which we have been investigating have had no existence outside our thoughts, and this whole universe is only an interesting dream. If this is so, it is evident at once that this dream, or illusion, conforms to a very definite law, and it follows that the one basic law that has been found to underlie all so-called natural phenomena, the law that action and reaction are equal and opposite, the conservation of energy, must be a mental rather than a physical law. It also follows that we have reached certain logical conclusions in regard to the laws of nature, not because we have been following nature faithfully in her various operations, but because our minds work that way, we could not think otherwise, and should we follow any line of thought whatever in a clear and logical manner, the finished product would be found to conform to this law, because it is the law of mind.

As a working hypothesis let us assume that the foregoing proposition is true; that *the only real phenomena are mental phenomena*, and that *mental operations can occur only in conformity with the principle of the conservation of energy*. With this proposition granted, albeit only for the sake of the argument, let us examine some of the conditions which must logically follow. At this point it is well to recall to mind that the test of a theory is not at all whether it squares with previously formed opinions, but simply, does it or does it not explain all of the observed phenomena.

If the law that action and reaction are equal and opposite is in

fact a law of mind, then there must exist a balance in mental operations, the same as we have found in so-called physical phenomena. If such a balance in mental operations and mental states is found to exist, if our moods, passions, every-day mental experiences, even our vagrant whims, are found to balance or neutralize each other, then the theory is, at least, greatly strengthened.

It does not require an extended investigation to convince a clear-thinking person that such a balance does exist. One has only to go into one's own intimate experience to see it on every hand. Our whole mental life is qualified by either desire or aversion; this pair of opposites is in fact the very foundation upon which the structure of our experiences is reared. Our every mental state is balanced by its opposite, and we *like* one of the phases and *dislike* the other. Candidly examine every complete experience and it will be found that like balances dislike, pleasure equals pain, happiness compensates for unhappiness. Love and hate go hand in hand—one quarrels most with one's sweetheart. As the light balances the darkness, so do the opposite phases of every experience. This can be verified by any one who cares to take the trouble to go back into his own experience, and it is well worth the effort. Even a little investigation along this line reveals the explanation of many difficult problems. For instance, how seriously have we pondered the inconsistency of evil and suffering in the world with the existence of an omnipotent and all-merciful Deity, and here is the simple answer.

The disposition or character of an individual swings from one extreme to the opposite: the minister's son proverbially goes wrong, while the reformed criminal makes the most successful preacher; the popular politician loses his popularity and retires in disgrace if he remains in power too long. Nations and races of people obey this same law, so do even geographical locations, and history is only a chronicle of this wave motion that characterizes everything. This periodicity of disposition, or of character, or of the characteristics of nations and races is nothing more than a mass reaction; that is, the sum total of our mental states swings to the one side or to the other the same as do the individual items. This is only another way of saying that action and reaction are equal and opposite when applied to the aggregate of our experiences as well as to each thought. The law is universal. As experienced by the individual, each of these pairs of opposites constitutes in fact only one complete thought; one thought consisting of two opposite phases. One of the phases comes into existence, more accurately into conscious-

ness, because we want it; the other phase follows as a natural reaction and we do not like it, but we cannot escape it. The one phase could not exist without the other. For instance: If there was no desire there would be no aversion; if there was no heat there would be no cold; if there was no wealth there would be no poverty. One cannot experience pleasure without incurring an equal amount of pain; the two coexist and together constitute but one experience. We cannot accept one half of the thought without the other half; we must pay the price. Our thought may be compared to an alternating current of electricity, in which the opposite phases balance each other and in which the two phases must coexist.

Viewed from a still different angle, if the law of action and reaction applies to mental experiences, then one's life may be compared to a game of give and take in which, eventually, what we give must equal what we receive. If we are parsimonious, we must expect to be treated niggardly. In this view, the Golden Rule is based upon sound reasoning, for, in order that our experiences shall balance, others must, in the long run, do unto us as we do unto them. It behooves us, therefore to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. If we examine our own experiences closely we find that in the end we get just what we give. "With what measure ye mete it shall be meted out to you," is as true to-day as it was two thousand years ago. If we trample on the rights of others we must expect that our own will be ignored. It must be so, or the law we have postulated is not universal.

The only pleasures we get that do not leave a sting behind are those that come as compensation for labor. Pleasure always is balanced by pain, and labor—either physical or mental labor—is a form of pain. In this case we have earned our pleasure. The advantage consists only in the fact that we are able to distribute the more or less painful labor in such a way that we can endure it. The privilege of earning one's daily living by honest work is an unmixed blessing.

Confucius is said to have discountenanced all invention or improvement in mechanical methods. In view of the present state of mechanical perfection and the manifold comforts of life resulting therefrom Confucius's stand appears almost criminally foolish. But was it so? Did not the Chinese sage see farther into this matter than we? Let us see: Most inventions are designed either to save labor or to increase our comforts or pleasures. But according to the law all comforts must be equaled by discomforts, all pleasure must be balanced by pain. If, then, we invent machines or methods



of doing things that save labor and at the same time contribute to our pleasures, are we not burning both ends of the candle? Shall we not eventually have to pay for our comforts and pleasures by enduring severe discomfort and pain. During the last quarter of a century creature comforts and the machinery for enjoying life have multiplied manifold, and the World War has followed. Pleasure must be, and is, balanced by pain, and other world catastrophes will follow until we quit inventing new pleasures and learn to work for what we want, and stop trying to get something for nothing.

In this equation of human experiences the profiteer and the bolshevist are equally outlawed. Consider first the profiteer: If a man has taken an unfair advantage of another, if he has profited at the other man's expense, if he has grown rich through compelling others to suffer, he has not thereby increased his own happiness. He has gratified his own vanity no doubt, but he has piled up a debt which sooner or later he must pay. The time will come when, in precisely the same way, an equally unfair advantage will be taken of him, and he will be made to suffer in proportion as he had made others suffer.

The case of the bolshevist while easily understood is not quite so simple: We are at all times suffering, or enjoying, a continuous reaction from what has gone before. We tend constantly to reverse all our previous experiences. The position we occupy in life is the net result, the unexpended balance, the algebraic sum of, not only all we have done and felt and thought in this life, but in all the many lives we have lived in the past. Our present status is a reaction from the past. We reverse our past: we must in order to make it balance. We are now getting what we then gave, and we are now giving what we then received. The plutocrat of to-day was the laborer of yesterday, and he who was the cooley of yesterday is the mandarin of to-day. "The first shall be last and the last shall be first." It has been said that, "Great wit to madness is surely allied": it is equally true that the king and the beggar are closely related, the one condition is a direct reaction from the other.

This thing of what is coming to us, what is ours by right, has been called our "Karma." It amounts to this: Add together all the pleasures we ever have enjoyed and subtract therefrom all the pains we have suffered; add together all the good we ever have done and subtract the evil; add together all the comforts and subtract the discomforts, and so on until our entire experience has been covered. Then, unless these opposite phases exactly balance each other, we shall have something of good or evil coming to us. This something

which is due us we call our karma. It is good or evil, desirable or undesirable, accordingly as the account balances the one way or the other.

What is rightfully ours is not simply what we earn to-day, but all we ever have earned in all the ages of the past, *minus* all we have received in that time. In this account it may be that the balance is immensely in our favor. If it is we find ourselves occupying a position of fame and fortune. Perhaps the balance shows nothing in our favor, possibly we are in debt to the world. If so we find ourselves occupying an inferior position, working that someone else may profit, and usually chafing because we think we are not getting a square deal, we are paying our debt. Taking into account all of our past experiences we are getting just what we deserve. What we are receiving in either case is in fact just that which has over-balanced our account. If we have had beauty in excess, we are now paying for it by being ugly; if we have been rich, we are now poor; if we have been a "boss" we are now balancing the account by playing the menial.

The bolshevist system must fail because it attempts to legislate a man's position in life. A man's entire past determines his present position in the world. A man is literally the architect of his own future. What he is now is absolutely the result of his own previous experience. However, no matter what a man's previous history may have been, the bolshevists say to him, "*This* is the position you are entitled to occupy, and we will see that you hold it." It cannot be done. So soon as they are off guard he will slump back to the place where he belongs, or rise again to the position to which he is entitled, as the case may be. From the foregoing it will be seen that we assume a previous existence, and so we must, because this system cannot stand unless we admit reincarnation.

If the principle of the conservation of energy applies to thought, then reincarnation is inevitable, because death cannot cancel the unbalanced experiences of life. Pleasures, pains, griefs, joys, must each be equalled by its opposite. But a man usually continues to make new debits or credits in his personal experiences right up to the time of his death, and there are usually a large number of unbalanced experiences and unsatisfied desires left over. These bring him back inevitably into another incarnation, which naturally must be largely the converse of the last and in which he suffers or enjoys a reaction, in kind, from the unexpended balances left over. These unexpended balances, or unbalanced experiences, which it brings with it from a previous life determine the disposition, tendencies

and "luck" of a little child. Of course in this new life the law of action and reaction continues to operate. He may again incur new debits or credits which may not all be balanced before he dies again, which will necessitate another rebirth, and so on *ad infinitum*. This really is what most people do, and will continue to do until they conquer desire, or acquire sufficient intelligence to realize that it is all only an illusion, a dream.

Spiritual intelligence and animal desires are opposites: as one comes up the other goes down. When we shall have acquired sufficient intelligence to see all this as it really is, then no further karma, debits and credits, will be created, because desire will have ceased. Then, when all outstanding accounts shall have been balanced, the intelligent principle—the real man—will be in a condition which is known as Heaven or Nirvana, a condition, not a place.

## GORKY'S NOTES ON TOLSTOY.

BY M. JOURDAIN.

THE Russian men of letters appear to be careless with their manuscripts. One of Tolstoy's friends wrote down what Tolstoy said in conversation about the "degrading impulses of the flesh," but burnt it in the spirit lamp when making coffee, and also lost the notes of a conversation in which Tolstoy said "very pagan things on the symbolism of the marriage service." Gorky's notes which, bound together into a book, are among the most vivid things in literature,<sup>1</sup> were carelessly jotted down on scraps of papers, lost and fortunately found again; I say fortunately, for it would not be easy to overrate this rough material, which is so much more vital than official biography. As Tchekov once said, "Goethe's words are all recorded, but Tolstoy's thoughts are being lost in the air. That is intolerably Russian. After his death they will bestir themselves, will begin to write reminiscences and will lie."

Gorky's notes have the merit of being written during Tolstoy's life, and for himself alone. There is no attempt to touch up and create an imaginary type or to tread in a well-worn literary track. He is telling the truth, as he sees it; his book is an outpouring, not a compilation; and a record of little restraint and sophistication. The pictures of Tolstoy come and go, flash and disappear like figures on the screen, or like the remembered scenes presented by the consciousness and sensibility of childhood. The places in which the old man is present, the flaunting scenery of the Crimea or the damp autumn woods of Yasnaya Poliana, are no less sharp and clearly defined, whether Gorky wrote directly from nature as in the notes, or let his memory sift the subject as in the letter which concludes the book. All Tolstoy is to be found in it, his sense of sin, his pessimistic mood, his ascetic dread of women, the obsession of death and his condemnation of modern culture.

<sup>1</sup> Maxim Gorky, *Reminiscences of Leo Nicolayevitch Tolstoy*, London, 1920, p. 20. [This book is referred to hereafter as *Gorky*.]

In his attempt to understand Tolstoy, Gorky (who has the advantage of being himself a Russian) sees him as a great embodiment of all the defects of his nation, marked with all the stimata left by the ordeals of the national history and fermenting with the "unhealthy ferment of the old Russian blood."<sup>2</sup> The old earth-man, as Merejkovsky calls him, stands before us in his very form and presence as he appeared sometime between September, 1901, when he settled at Gaspra, in the villa in the Crimea lent by the Countess Panin, and the autumn of the following year when he returned to Yasnaya Poliana. There is no effort at an artificial synthesis, the broken lights and sharp refractions of the scattered notes pierce like the noonday light into his subject. Gorky's feelings are strong and excessive, and the record is also strong and excessive, indicating, as in the greatest biographies, the essential of his subject by some outward detail.

We see Tolstoy, after his illness, "very lean and small and gray, sitting on the stone bench in the shade of the cypresses in the warmth of the Crimea, smiling at times so broadly "that even his cheek-bones beamed." His sharp little eyes, the most eloquent eyes Gorky has ever seen, seemed "a thousand eyes" under his shaggy eyebrows: his hands were wonderful, also, and intense with life, "not beautiful, and knotted with swollen veins, and yet full of a singular expressiveness and the power of creation—hands that trembled with eagerness when he held cards as if he were holding live birds instead of inanimate pieces of cardboard."<sup>3</sup> With one touch after another Gorky fills in this portrait of the old man, sitting in a corner, tired and gray "as though the dust of another earth were on him," looking at everything with the air of a foreigner or a dumb man. He is alien to all around him, seeking rest and assurance and finding none, a monk who should have made his cell alone in the caverns of the desert, not in the comfortable house at Yasnaya Poliana.

In one unforgettable passage Gorky brings the old man before us. "I was," he writes, "walking over to him at Gaspra along the coast, and behind Yussupor's estate, on the shore among the stones I saw a smallish angular figure, in a gray crumpled, ragged suit and crumpled hat. He was sitting with his head on his hands, the wind blowing the silvery hairs of his beard through his fingers. He was looking into the distance out to the sea, and the little greenish waves rolled up obediently to his feet and fondled them as though they

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 36.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 27.

were telling something about themselves to the old musician. It was a day of sun and cloud, and the shadows of the clouds glided over the stones, and with the stones the old man grew now bright and now dark. He, too, seemed to me like an old stone come to life, who knows all the beginnings and ends of things."<sup>4</sup> Gorky is not alone in recognizing Tolstoy's kinship with nature. Nature was always his best friend, as he used to say—"She is cold and exacting, repulses me and hinders me, yet nature is a friend whom we keep until death and into whom we shall enter when we die." He shared in the life of nature; he was born anew in the spring. "March and April," he wrote, "are my best months for work". toward the close of autumn he became torpid: "To me it is the most dead of all seasons, I do not think, I do not write; I feel agreeably stupid."<sup>5</sup>

But Gorky did not only take notes of the old man's bearing, habits and appearance in these astounding fragments. He shows us the inner Tolstoy, like a god, it is true, but not a god of Greece or Judea, "a kind of Russian god, who sits on a maple throne under a golden lime-tree, not very majestic, but perhaps more cunning than all the other gods,"<sup>6</sup>—a god, but also a man raised above the herd, and with the instinct of his class to compel and dominate still strong in him.

"What he himself did not need," says Gorky, "he gave to people as though they were beggars: he liked to compel them, to compel them to read, walk, be vegetarians, love the peasants and believe in the infallibility of the national-religious reflections of Leo Tolstoy."<sup>7</sup> In spite of his communist theories he remained to the last an aristocrat. "Peasant to him means merely—bad smell": he always felt it and involuntarily had to talk of it, as Gorky (the peasant) notes. "If any one contradicted him, then suddenly, under his peasant's beard, under his democratic, crumpled blouse there would rise the old Russian *barin*, the grand aristocrat; then the noses of the simple-minded visitors, educated and all the rest, instantly became blue with intolerable cold. It was pleasant to see this creature of the purest blood, and to watch the noble grace of his gestures, the proud reserve of his speech, to hear the exquisite pointedness of his murderous words."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 47.

<sup>5</sup> *Letters to Fet*, May, 19, 1861; *Further Letters to Fet*, October, 1869.

<sup>6</sup> *Gorky*, p. 7.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 43.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 50.

The Manichee Tolstoy of the *Kreutzer Sonata* shows disconcertingly through Gorky's pages, and here are shown not Tolstoy's theories alone but his own deep personal feelings. The feeling of hostility to women is no new thing in him, for he warned himself as early as 1847 "to look upon the society of women as upon a necessary unpleasantness of social life, and as much as possible to keep away from them."<sup>9</sup> Woman, as Gorky saw, he looked at with implacable hostility,<sup>10</sup> and he loved to punish her. "Is it the hostility of the male who has not succeeded in getting all the pleasure he could, or is it the hostility of the spirit against the 'degrading impulses of the flesh,'" Gorky asks; but leaves his question unanswered. But of one thing he is quite certain; that is, Tolstoy was never a happy man. In Tolstoy's own words, "The Calif Abdurrahman had during his life fourteen happy days, but I am sure I have not had so many."<sup>11</sup> The fact frequently mentioned by Gorky that Tolstoy's conversation was coarse with the coarseness of a Russian peasant;<sup>12</sup> his resentment against the flesh which is not the "obedient dog of the spirit" but its master; his half-serious proposal to tell the truth about women only when he is safe in the coffin with the lid over him,<sup>13</sup> all point to a deep disillusion, a hidden complex.

Gorky will have nothing to do with the canonization of his master. "He is great and holy because he is a man, a madly and tormentingly beautiful man, a man of the whole of mankind,"<sup>14</sup> sometimes coarse, inconsistent, intolerant as a Volga preacher, but yet in the next breath the "sounding bell of this world,"<sup>15</sup> the greatest of the Russians. "There is something in him," he cries, which makes me desire to cry aloud to every one: 'Look what a wonderful man is living on this earth.'"<sup>16</sup>

To Gorky, Tolstoy's silence was more significant and greater

<sup>9</sup> Quoted in P. Birukoff, *Biography of Leo Tolstoy: His Life and Work* (Eng. tr.), Vol. I, London, 1906.

<sup>10</sup> *Gorky*, p. 20.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 43.

<sup>12</sup> "Of women he talks readily and much, like a French novelist but always with the coarseness of a Russian peasant. I remember my first meeting with him and his talk about Varienka Oliessova and *Twenty-six and One*. From the ordinary point of view what he said was a string of indecent words." *Gorky* p. 18.

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 55.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 45.

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 27.

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 35.

than his conversation; he has "some thoughts of which he is afraid." And this only occasionally and in hints slipped through into his conversations, though hints of it were also to be found in the notebooks of his diary which he gave Gorky to read. It seems to have been negation of all affirmations, the deepest and most evil nihilism which has sprung from the soil of an infinite and unrelieved despair, from a loneliness which, probably, no one but he had experienced with such terrifying clearness. "I often thought him to be a man who in the depths of his soul is stubbornly indifferent to people," says Gorky, "he has gone too far away from them into some desert."<sup>17</sup> He had, as Gorky said in another connection, isolated himself from the life of Russia, and was no longer listening to the voice of the people, but "hovered over Russia at too great a height." He was raised above the people like a pillar-saint, perhaps to his own undoing.

Tolstoy, like his contemporaries Gogol and Dostoyevsky, had been seized after his moral revolution by the fever of religion. As early as 1859, Turgenieff had exclaimed, "If only Tolstoy would not philosophize all might yet be well," and in his later years, in Gorky's phrase, "the thought of God incessantly gnawed at him,"<sup>18</sup> as he traveled through the deserts of thought in search of an all-embracing truth which he never found—"One of these pilgrims who all their life long, stick in hand, walk the earth, traveling thousands of miles from one monastery to another, from one saint's relics to another, terribly homeless and alien to all men and things. The world is not for them, nor God either. They pray to him from habit and in their secret soul they hate him:—Why does he drive them over the earth, from one end to the other?"<sup>19</sup>

His religion was not Christianity. In his later years the feeling of the unity of religious truth in history and the kinship of Christ with the line of sages, Buddha, Laotse and Isaiah, became more accentuated until he denied that he had any predilection for Christianity. In a letter written in 1909 to the painter Jan Styka,<sup>20</sup> "The doctrine of Jesus," he writes, "is to me only one of the beautiful doctrines which we have received from the ancient civilizations of

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 40.

<sup>18</sup> His preoccupation met with little sympathy from Countess Tolstoy Tolstoy felt obliged to apologize to her when he spoke of God in his letters "Do not be vexed, as you often are, when I mention God, I cannot help it, for He is the very basis of my thought" (quoted in Romain Rolland, *Tolstoy*, Eng. translation, London, 1911, p. 135).

<sup>19</sup> *Gorky*, p. 11.

<sup>20</sup> Printed in *Le Théosophe*, Jan. 16, 1911.



Egypt, Israel, Hindustan, China and Greece. . . . Truth, moral and religious, is everywhere and always the same." "I think," writes Gorky, "he regards Christ as simple and deserving of pity, and though at times he admires him, he hardly loves him. It is as though he were uneasy, if Christ came to a Russian village, the girls might laugh at him."<sup>21</sup>

Tolstoy's flight Gorky assumes to be exclusively a desire on his part to create a legend, a despotic inclination to "turn the life of Count Leo Nicolayevitch Tolstoy into the saintly life of our blessed Father, Boyard Leo." The unfinished letter written under the influence of Tolstoy's flight and death, which concludes the book, was written at white heat, and does not allow for determining factors such as Tolstoy's position in his own household,<sup>22</sup> and his real wish for isolation. The wish to leave his Yasnaya Poliana had been ripening for a long time, for in a letter to his wife in July, 1897, he gives his reasons for his going away. "As the Hindus, who at the age of sixty retire to the forests, as every religious old man desires to devote the last years of his life to God, and not to jokes, games, gossip and tennis, so I, reaching my seventieth year, with all the strength of my soul am seeking rest, isolation, and if not absolute harmony, at least not a lying contradiction of my life with my convictions and conscience." What is surprising in Tolstoy's life is not his final going away, but his long endurance.

<sup>21</sup> *Gorky*, p. 10.

<sup>22</sup> With his children the rift was wide. M. Leroy Beaulieu, who saw Tolstoy with his family at Yasnaya Poliana, says that "when the father was speaking the sons barely concealed their weariness and unbelief." "His faith had only slightly affected two or three of his daughters of whom one, Marie, was dead. He was morally isolated in the heart of his family." "He had scarcely any one but his youngest daughter and his doctor to understand him."—*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Dec. 15, 1910.

## THE SAKURADA AFFAIR IN YEDO.

BY ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

**D**OUBTLESS, most, if not all, of the foreign residents of Tokyo are inclined to pass along the streets of the metropolis without thinking of the historic associations of places. There are, it is true, some spots which have a well-known and definite historic interest, such as the temple called Sengakuji, with the tombs of the famous Forty-Seven Ronin. But there are many other places, the historic memories of which have been obscured or even obliterated by the lapse of time and the march of modern civilization. We think of Ueno now in connection with cherry blossoms, of the conservatory of music, or the museum, or an ephemeral exposition; and we are not likely to recall the facts that, on July 4, 1868, it was the site of a battle between the forces of the last Shogun and the Imperial Army; and that it was the Abbot of Kwan eiji (a Buddhist temple at Ueno) whom the Tokugawas put up as a rival of the late Emperor Meiji Tenno. Here and there throughout the city of Tokyo, we may find Buddhist temples, like Tozenji and Zempukuji, which once sheltered the ambassadors of Western countries and were the scenes of fierce attacks by the anti-foreign *ronin*. The present arsenal at Suidobashi was the site of one of the three Mito Yashiki<sup>1</sup> in Yedo: the First Higher School is the site of another Mito Yashiki and now marks its historic character with a monument in honor of a Chinese Ming scholar who took refuge with the famous Mito Prince, Mitsukuni (or Giko), in the seventeenth century. The Imperial University is located on the grounds of the old Kaga Yashiki of the mighty Maeda family. Sakurada Mon (Gate) is one of the old gates of the former Shogun's castle (now the Imperial Palace), and is now known as a tram-car transfer point; but it was the scene, sixty years ago, of a very important event in the development of New Japan. That event is known as the "Sakurada Affair."

<sup>1</sup> "Yashiki" = mansion, of a noble Family.

It occurred on the third day of the third month according to the old lunar calendar, the date of the famous Girls' Festival or Dolls Festival which fell that year (1860) on March 24. That festival is one of the Five Festivals (*Go-Sekku*) which come on the first day of the first month, the third day of the third month, the fifth day of the fifth month, the seventh day of the seventh month, and the ninth day of the ninth month (all according to the old calendar). It was the custom of the Tokugawa Shogunate to hold a kind of levee in the castle of Yedo on each of those festivals. As March 24 was so near the spring equinox, it is not strange that a storm of sleet and snow was raging even in Japan. From that circumstance, as well as from the fact that the principal participants in the affair did not survive to write up the story with all the modern newspaper embellishments, it is a little difficult to establish with certainty the details of what did happen. The best that can be done is to piece together several versions of the tragedy.

The chief victim of this tragic affair was Ii Kamon-no-Kami, Lord of Hikone, *Tairo* (literally "Chief Elder"), that is, Prime Minister of the Shogun (who was a minor), and thus (since the Emperor was then a figure-head) practically the regent of Japan. He had dared to negotiate a treaty of amity and commerce with the American Consul-General Townsend Harris and to have it signed July 29, 1858, without waiting for the imperial approval; and he had followed this up by making similar treaties with Holland, Russia, Great Britain and France. This had brought down upon him the wrath of the ultra-Imperialists under the lead of Mito, who, on account of Ii's autocratic manners and methods, had dubbed him the "swaggering Prime Minister." He knew very well that he was marked for death whenever a favorable opportunity should present itself. Only a few days before this affair he had been advised by a friend to resign and thus avoid danger. He replied: "My own safety is nothing, when I see a great danger threatening my country." Even that very morning he had been warned again; but, like Julius Cæsar, he paid no attention to the prophesied dangers of his "Ides of March."

Ii's mansion was situated on the hill about where the War Department and the General Staff Office are now located. It was, therefore, only a little way that he had to go in his palanquin to the Shogun's castle. Even for that short distance he was escorted by a retinue of retainers both for display and for protection. And, as the retinues escorting other lords, coming from other directions, all had to converge upon the same spot, it produced more or less

confusion, which, added to the storm then raging, made a stage setting eminently suited to carrying out the conspiracy to a successful issue.

The other chief actors were eighteen samurai, seventeen of Mito and one of Satsuma.

It seems quite clear, from the various available reports of the "Sakurada Affair" (reports naturally conflicting, and even colored or doctored, and hence obscure in many points), that, when Lord Ii, in his palanquin, had reached a certain (prearranged?) spot, a few persons, who had apparently been idly hanging around there for the mere purpose, a common one, of watching the various feudal trains go by, rushed out in front of the Ii retinue. It was, of course, a very rude performance to break into the progress of a daimyo, as the Englishman Richardson learned two years later to his sorrow at Namamugi, near Kanagawa. It would seem that the rush of Ii's retainers to avenge this affront left his palanquin comparatively unprotected, so that others of the assaulting party were able to reach the palanquin without much difficulty. The attacking party had easily divested themselves of the straw rain-coats or other means with which they had been disguised to look like innocent bystanders. But Ii's retainers, taken so completely by surprise, were, some of them, slain before they could divert themselves of the coverings with which they had protected their armor and weapons from the weather. Consequently, the unarmed Lord of Hickone fell an easy victim to his assailants.

According to one report, the men who succeeded in reaching Ii first demanded of him an explanation of his conduct and engaged in a discussion with him on the right and wrong of his policy, and then assassinated him. But, while such a procedure was quite in accord with the conventionalities with which a vendetta was performed in those feudal days; yet, in this case it seems unlikely that there was time enough for such a formality. A counter-attack by some friendly Tokugawa retainers, or by those of the Shogun himself, was altogether too imminent to allow such a diversion, however interesting.

There are also contradictory reports concerning the disposition made of Ii's head. One statement is that the man who started off with it was unable to effect his escape and was brought to bay in the moat, where he was permitted unmolested to commit *harakiri* in the orthodox manner. It seems much more likely that he had only a decoy head, while, by a prearranged plan, the man with the real head of the high victim effected an escape. It is stated that Ii's head was carried to Mito and exhibited to his old rival, Prince Nariaki, who

is said to have gloated over it and spat upon it. It is needless to add that the Mito adherents deny the truth of that report. It is also affirmed, with more plausibility, that the head was taken to Kyoto, there publicly exposed as the head of a traitor, then carried back to Yedo and cast one night into the Hikone Yashiki grounds.

One of the most interesting features of this affair illustrates one of the curious old customs of feudal Japan. It was an unwritten law that the estate of a daimio who suffered death violently or away from home should be either confiscated or reduced. It was, therefore, necessary to avoid such disgrace by officially concealing the exact truth. Hence, the principal gentlemen in the late regent's service is reported to have written as follows: "This morning, while my master was on his way to the castle to pay his respects to the Shogun, an attack was made upon his train. In the scuffle one man was killed, and the servants of Ii brought the body to the house here." That is certainly a remarkable example of the skilful way in which the truth can be told and yet concealed! And this fiction was maintained by the Shogun's officials, who reported to the foreign ambassadors for several days, that Ii "was not worse"!

Even more interesting is the statement made in Dickson's "Japan," that Ii himself wrote to the Shogun as follows: "I proposed going to the levee at the palace and was on my way there, when, near the Sakurada Gate, about twenty men were collected. They began to fire pistols, and afterward with swords attacked me in my *norimono*. My servants thereupon resisted and killed one of the men—the others ran off and escaped. Having received several wounds, I could not pay my intended visit to the Shogun, and was obliged to return to my house. Now I send the names of such of my servants as were wounded."

According to another old feudal custom the assailants issued a formal statement giving their reasons for the deed. This is summed up in the following words: "They accused him, first of possessing himself of the person of the young Shogun, and of dismissing and appointing officials as his own selfish objects suggested; secondly, of receiving enormous bribes and granting private favors; thirdly, of having driven away the princes of Owari, Mito, and Echizen, thereby depriving the Shogun of the support of those who were most nearly allied to him by blood; fourthly, of having deluded His Highness Kujō, besides confining many Court nobles, and putting numbers of the *samurai* and common people to death; and fifthly, of being frightened by the empty threats of the foreign bar-

barians into concluding treaties with them, without the sanction of the Mikado, and under the pretext of political necessity."

At this point let me only add that while the Mito Ronin thus wreaked vengeance upon the man who had heaped indignities upon their prince, the latter enjoyed his triumph for only a few months, and died in October of the same year (1860). The deaths of these two leaders may have diminished a little the bitterness of party feeling, but also "left Japan without any master mind to control a difficult situation."

It remains now to consider briefly the effects of the assassination of Ii. A Japanese writer (Iyenaga) has said that the "family was called the *dodai* or foundation-stone of the power of the Tokugawa dynasty [of Shoguns]": but the same writer has characterized Ii as "bold, ambitious, able and unscrupulous," "the Richelieu of Japan." From this point of view it was probably a good thing that he was removed from the scene of action. Gubbins, in "The Progress of Japan," gives Ii due credit for what he had done: "There can be little doubt that the regent's direction of affairs greatly assisted the work of reopening Japan to foreign intercourse." It may not be unfair to say that his removal might naturally have retarded that same process, which indeed moved very slowly after his death. Anyhow, the death of Ii hastened the downfall of the Tokugawa Shogunate, the overthrow of which was essential to the national unification of Japan. Ii's lifework and his death cooperated to the same end, the development of a New Japan.

## THE COSMIC PARTHENOGENESIS.

BY LAWRENCE PARMLY BROWN.

### II.

There is no story of parthenogenesis in the Old Testament, but in three or four texts a supernatural annunciation is made that a barren wife shall have a son—properly always in her old age, for the earth-mother in autumn and winter, with the sun-god as her son. God (Elohim) appears to Abraham when a hundred years old and announces that his wife Sarah, aged ninety, shall have a son who shall be called Isaac (Gen. xvii. 15-19; cf. xviii. 9-15, where Abraham is again told that Sarah shall have a son; this announcement, which is overheard by Sarah, being made by one of “three men”—apparently by Jehovah as the chief of the Elohim = gods of the preceding text as it originally stood). “And Jehovah visited Sarah as he had said, and Jehovah did to Sarah as he had spoken . . . and Abraham called the name of his son . . . Isaac” (xxi. 1-3; cf. the expression of Eve in Gen. iv. 1, and the stories of the barren Rebecca and Rachel, without annunciations, in Gen. xxv. 21-26 and xxx. 1, 2, 22-24). The unnamed wife of Manoah was barren—“And the angel of Jehovah (Sept. ‘an angel of the Lord’) appeared unto the woman, and said unto her, Behold now, thou art barren and bearest not; but thou shalt conceive and bear a son . . . and no razor shall come on his head: for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God.” To Manoah the same angel confirmed this annunciation, which related to the genesis of Samson (Judges xiii. 1-24). The barren Hannah was one of the wives of Elkanah the Levite; and after she had silently prayed that she might have a son, and vowed to make him a Nazarite, Eli interceded for her with Jehovah, and she accepted this intercession as equivalent to an annunciation that her prayer would be answered, and in due time became the mother of Samuel (1 Sam. i. 11-20). Elisha was hospitably entertained by a certain “great woman” of Shunem, who was doubtless ad-

vanced in years, as her husband is said to have been. Wishing to requite her care, and learning that she was barren, the prophet announced to her that she would bear a son, which she did; and when the child was grown, he died of sunstroke and was revived by Elisha (2 Kings iv. 8-17—as suggested by the parthenogenesis, birth, death and resurrection of the sun-god; cf. 4 Esdras ix. 38-x. 57, where the aged barren woman who becomes a mother symbolizes Zion, while her son who dies is Jerusalem, his resurrection being replaced by a prophesied rebuilding of the city). In Oriental countries generally, barrenness has always been considered one of the greatest afflictions, which the Israelites recognized as a punishment from God (Gen. xvi. 2; xx. 2, etc.). On the other hand, it is God who "maketh the barren woman to dwell in her house as a joyful mother of children" (Ps. cxiii. 9), while exemption from barrenness is one of the greatest blessings of the happy future of God's promise to the Israelites (Ex. xxiii. 26; Deut. vii. 14, etc.).

In the New Testament the story of the genesis of John the Baptist is found only in Luke i. 5-25, 39-80, and is based primarily on the genesis of Isaac as above cited. Like Abraham and Sarah, Zacharias and his barren wife Elizabeth are both described as very old, and in Luke as in Genesis the annunciation is made to the father, who is told what name he shall give the son. But instead of God (Elohim) or Jehovah, it is an angel of the Lord (as in the story of Manoah's wife in the Septuagint) who makes the announcement to Zacharias (cf. Ra's ante-natal annunciation of the name of Amenhotep IV, and also Gen. xvi. 11, where "the angel of the Lord" tells Hagar that her son shall be named Ishmael). In Luke we read: "And appeared to him (Zacharias) an angel of the Lord, standing at the right of the altar of incense (mythically at the eastern side of the earth), and Zacharias was troubled, seeing him, and fear fell upon him. But the angel said to him, Fear not, Zacharias, because thy supplication has been heard, and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear a son to thee, and thou shalt call his name John. . . . he shall be great before the Lord; and wine and strong drink in no wise shall he drink (i. e., he shall be a Nazarite, like Samson and Samuel), and with the holy spirit shall he be filled (i. e., be divinely inspired, as are both Zacharias and Elizabeth when they are 'filled with the holy spirit,' in verses 41 and 67). . . . and he shall go before him (God) in the spirit and power of Elijah (i. e., he shall be a reincarnation of that prophet). . . . and Zacharias said to the angel, By what shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife is advanced in her days (a slowness of



belief suggested by that of Abraham when told that Sarah would have a son—Gen. xvii. 17). And answering, the angel said to him, I am Gabriel, who stand before God, and I was sent to speak to thee, and to announce to thee glad tidings: and lo, thou shalt be silent and not able to speak till the day in which these things shall take place (for the dumbness of Zacharias see previous article of this series, on 'The Cosmic Mouth, Ears and Nose').... Now after these days Elizabeth his wife conceived.... saying, Thus to me has done the Lord in the days in which he looked upon me to take away my reproach among men (cf. Gen. xxi. 1, as above quoted).... she bore a son.... he shall be called John.... John is his name." This story is doubtless of Jewish origin, and like its Old Testament types contains nothing of a parthenogenesis. John is the son of Zacharias and Elizabeth, but through a miracle vouchsafed by Jehovah. Nevertheless, the Gnostic sect of the Nazarenes fabled that John was engendered merely by the chaste kisses of Zacharias (Migne, *Dictionnaire des légendes*, col. 677; Donehoo, *Apoc. Life of Christ*, p. 33): these kisses in the mythical view representing those of the sun-god given to the earth-mother through the medium of his light and warmth. In connection with the later doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, the Franciscans put forth the fable that she owed her origin to a kiss with which her father Joachim greeted her mother Anna when they met at the Golden Gate of Jerusalem after the conception of the Virgin had been announced by an angel to both parents (Jameson, *Legends of the Madonna*, p. 192)—the story with the exception of the kiss being found in the *Protevangelium* (4), *Pseudo-Matthew* (2, 3) and the *Nativity of Mary* (3-5), in all of which books Anna is represented as having been a barren wife. The closest counterpart of the barren Elizabeth who became the mother of John is found in the Egyptian Nephthys, who was barren while the wife of Set or Typhon, but became the mother of Anubis by Osiris (Plutarch, *De Iside*, 38; cf. article on "Cosmic Mouth, Ears and Nose").

The Gospel stories of the parthenogenesis of Jesus are found only in Matt. i. and Luke i. Modern critical studies of the extant New Testament texts have resulted in the conclusions that the first two chapters of both Matthew and Luke did not belong to the original books, and that even in these chapters as originally written Jesus was the son of Joseph and Mary—the extant passages relating to the parthenogenesis of Jesus being later interpolations (see *Encyclopædia Biblica*, s. v. Mary and Nativity). There is nothing of this miracle in Mark or John or the other New Testa-

ment books: on the contrary, in the original Gospel story Jesus becomes figuratively the son of God when the latter's spirit descends upon him at his baptism; and in Rom. i. 3, 4, we read of him, in the words of Paul, as he "who came of the seed of David according to the flesh (i. e., was a son of Joseph as a descendant of David), who was marked out son of God in power according to the spirit of holiness, by (his) resurrection of (= from) the dead"—where the meaning seems to be that the resurrection of Jesus proved him to be a son of God (in the Old Testament figurative sense), with supernatural power derived either through the holy spirit in himself or directly from "the spirit of God" of which so much is made in the Old Testament. It is not improbable that we have in this text the primary suggestion for the interpolated passages in Luke relating to the paternity of Jesus by "the holy spirit" and "power of the Highest"; the Greek interpolator of course being acquainted with some of the current parthenogenesis stories, which had so influenced Philo that he held that Sarah and other barren women of the Old Testament were made fruitful by God himself in some mysterious way (*De Cherub.*, 13, etc.). But it does not appear that any of the Jews accepted the doctrine of a parthenogenic Messiah until long after the Gospel stories were fixed as we have them. (For later Jewish forgeries referring the doctrine in an obscure way to the *Midrashim*, etc., see Badham, in the *Academy*, June 8, 1895, No. 1205, pp. 485-487).

According to Luke i. Jesus was born six months after John: the latter as associated with the wilderness or the desert probably having been recognized by some as a figure of the winter sun, while the former represented the sun of the summer half-year—whence John says of Jesus, "Him it behooves to increase (in strength or power), but me to decrease" (John iii. 30). And thus the youthful Virgin Mary of Luke is a representative of the earth-mother in spring (as at the dawn of day), while the aged and barren Elizabeth represents the earth-mother in autumn and winter (see article on "The Cosmic Mouth, Ears and Nose"). The story of Manoah's wife as the mother of Samson is the closest Old Testament type of the (original) story of Mary as the mother of Jesus in Luke i., where we read: "And in the sixth month (of Elizabeth's gestation) was sent the angel Gabriel by God to a city of Galilee, the name of which was Nazareth (as doubtless suggested by the idea that Jesus was a Nazarite, like Samson and Samuel), to a virgin (*παρθένος*) betrothed to a man whose name was Joseph, of

the house of David; and the name of the virgin was Mary. And the angel coming to her said, Hail, favored one! the Lord ('is' or 'be') with thee (from Judges vi. 12); blessed art thou among women (from Judith xiii. 18). But seeing him, she was troubled at his word (*λόγος*), and was reasoning of what kind might be this salutation. And said the angel to her, Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God; and lo, thou shalt conceive. . . and bring forth a son (very similar to the words of the angel of Jehovah to the wife of Manoah), and thou shalt call his name Jesus (cf. the injunction to the father as to the naming of John and Isaac). He shall be great and the son of the Highest shall he be called (i. e., he shall be called the son of God), and the Lord God shall give to him the throne of David his father (= ancestor—this clause belonging to the original story in which Jesus was the son of Joseph), and he shall reign over the house of Jacob to the ages (A. V., 'forever'). and of his kingdom there shall not be an end. But said Mary to the angel, How shall this be, since a man I know not? And answering, the angel said to her, (The) holy spirit (A. V., 'Holy Ghost') shall come upon thee, and (the) power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; wherefore also the holy (one) born (of thee) shall be called son of God. . . . for no word (*ῥῆμα*) from God shall be without active power. And Mary said, Behold, the bondmaid of the Lord: be it to me according to thy word (*ῥῆμα*). And departed from her the angel" (Luke i. 26-38). There can be no doubt that Jesus is here considered the son of God in the literal sense of the word "son," whence it follows in all probability that the "holy spirit" that comes upon Mary is the spirit or soul of God himself, which operates in the form of his "power"—rather than a separate personification, and certainly not the third person of the Trinity that was unknown to New Testament writers.

In Gen. vi. 3 God speaks of his spirit with respect to its power or energy, just as a human being refers to his immaterial nature or essence as spirit or soul; and the spirit of God frequently confers power, either physical or spiritual, upon men. It is the "holy spirit" of God in Ps. li. 11, Is. lxiii. 10, etc.; a creative spirit in Ps. civ. 30 (cf. Judith xvi. 14), and a fertilizing spirit in Is. xxxii. 15, where the wilderness becomes a fruitful field when the spirit of God is poured upon the earth. Mythically it is the breath of the cosmic deity (for the air or wind); and Job says (xxxiii. 4):

"The spirit of God hath made me,  
And the breath of the Almighty giveth me life."

In this text from Job we have what is known in Hebrew poetry as a synonymous parallelism, with the same idea expressed in different words in the two lines; and in all probability there is a parallelism of this kind (perhaps as suggested by that of Job) in the extant text of Luke relating to the conception of Mary (by the spirit of God):

"The holy spirit shall come upon thee,  
And the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee."

This parallelism is even more apparent in the version of the *Diatessaron*, where we read: "The holy spirit will come, and the power of the Most High shall rest upon thee, and therefore he that is born of thee shall be pure, and shall be called the son of God." Thus the genesis of Jesus, according to the Luke interpolator, is essentially the same as that of Plato by Apollo in spiritual or ghostly form (see above). The Greek *σκία* or *σκίασμα*, literally a "shadow" or "shade," also signifies a "ghost" or "disembodied spirit"; which probably suggested the interpolator's "overshadowing" by the power of God as synonymous with his spirit. And of course this (bright) "shade" of Jehovah is not to be confused with his (dark) "shadow" (Ps. xvii. 8; xxxvi. 7; etc.). In the Egyptian belief, the several component parts of both gods and men include a physical body (*khat*); a shadow (*khaibit*); a double (*ka*—apparently for a shade or ghost); an intelligence (*khu*); a spiritual body (*sah*); a soul (*ba*); a power (*sekhem*), etc. (see Budge, *Gods*, II, p. 300).

According to the interpolated story in Matthew, the angel's annunciation is in a dream and to the foster-father of Jesus, as in the story of Apollo's dream-annunciation to the foster-father of Plato—indeed, Origen cites the parthenogenesis of Plato as similar to that of Jesus (*Contra Cels.*, I, 37). But the Matthew interpolator appears to consider the holy spirit a separate personification, more or less distinct from God, like John's *paracletos* (John xiv. 16, 26, etc.), and the third person of the Trinity; which is one among several indications that the story in Matthew is of later origin than the Luke interpolations. The Matthew story follows: "Now of Jesus Christ the birth was thus. For his mother Mary having been betrothed to Joseph, before they came together she was found to be with child by the holy spirit. But Joseph her husband (or as we would say, 'betrothed') being righteous, and not willing to expose her publicly, proposed to put her away secretly. And when he had pondered these things, behold, an angel of the Lord in a

dream appeared to him, saying, Joseph, son of David, fear not to take to thee (i. e., marry) Mary thy wife (= betrothed), for that which is in her is begotten of the holy spirit (A. V., 'Holy Ghost'). And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins (the name Jesus or Joshua having the significance of 'Saviour'). Now all this came to pass that might be fulfilled that which was spoken by the Lord through the prophet (Isaiah), saying, Behold, the virgin, (*παρθένος*) shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which is, being interpreted, God with us. And Joseph, having been aroused from the sleep, did as the angel of the Lord had ordered him, and took to him his wife, and (as in the story of Plato) knew her not until she brought forth her son, the first-born; and he called his name Jesus" (Matt. i. 18-25). The prophecy here cited is made to Ahaz, King of Judah, in Is. vii. 14-16: "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: behold, the young woman (Heb., *ha-almah*; Sept., ἡ *παρθένος* = the virgin) shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel (= God-with-us; Sept., 'Emmanuel'). Curd and honey shall he eat (in a time of plenty) when he knoweth to refuse the evil and choose the good. Yea, before the child shall (be old enough to) know to refuse the evil and choose the good, the land whose two kings (those of Israel and Syria) thou hast a horror of shall be forsaken." The early Rabbis, on this text, hold that Immanuel is Hezekiah, son of Ahaz and his queen (Justin Martyr, *Tryph.*, 45, 67, 71, 77, etc.), while some of the later Rabbis refer the prophecy to Isaiah's own son (see Is. viii. 1-8, where *Mahershalah hash-bas* = The spoil speedeth, the prey hasteth, is erroneously taken for the boy's name in the A. V., but not in the Sept. Vulg., or new Jewish-English). Is. vii. 14, is certainly not a Messianic prophecy, the generally received Christian interpretation of a double sense being a mere type-theory sophism: and there is no other Old Testament text that has any appearance of being a prophecy of a parthenogenic Messiah.

The annunciations according to Luke and Matthew reappear with many variations in the *Protevangelium*, *Pseudo-Matthew* and the *Nativity of Mary*—the annunciation to Mary preceding that to Joseph, as also in the *Diatessaron*. In the *Protevangelium* (11) and *Pseudo-Matthew* (9) there is also a previous annunciation by the angel to Mary, when she has gone out of Joseph's house to fill her pitcher from the well—which probably represents the western division of the earth-surrounding ocean-river where the earth-

mother is inseminated by the setting sun, as in the various stories of parthenogenesis in rivers, etc., as above cited. In accordance with the view that the holy spirit by which Jesus was engendered was the spirit of God (otherwise his breath or the wind), the Koran makes God say that "we breathed our spirit" into Mary when she conceived (XXI, 91 : LXVI, 12) ; and in a Mohammedan legend Gabriel as identified with the Holy Spirit blows his breath into her bosom and thus generates Jesus (Sale's *Koran*, XIX, note, 8th ed., p. 250). According to the *Sibylline Oracles*, Gabriel "in-breathed God's grace (or 'favor') on the sweet maiden" at the time of the annunciation, but apparently not as an engendering act, for it is added that the Word (Logos) incarnated himself after the angel had spoken (VIII, 464-473). Lactantius argues "that if it be known to all that certain animals are accustomed to conceive by the wind and the breeze, why should any one think it wonderful when we say that a virgin was made fruitful by the Spirit of God?" (*Div. Inst.*, IV, 12) ; and according to the Pahlavi (medieval Persian) *Sikand-gumanik Vigar*, Mary reported that Gabriel said: "Thou art pregnant by the 'pure wind'" (XV, 8). Faustus the Manichean taught that the Holy Spirit "dwelt in the whole circle of the atmosphere," and that "by his influence and spiritual infusion the earth conceives and brings forth the mortal Jesus, who, as hanging from every tree (in the form of fruit, etc.) is the life and salvation of men" (Augustine, *Contra Faust.*, XX, 2).

In the Gospel of John the supernatural genesis of Jesus is given the form of an incarnation of the personified Word (Logos) of God: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . All things through him came into being. . . . And the Word became flesh and tabernacled among us, and we discerned his glory, a glory as of an only-begotten with a father" (i. 1-3, 14). In an effort to harmonize this self-contradictory doctrine with the parthenogenesis stories of Luke and Matthew, some of the early Fathers taught that the Word was made flesh by the Holy Spirit (as in the *Twelve Topics of the Faith* ascribed to Gregory Thaumaturgus, *Tops.* III and IV), while others held that the Spirit is the Word as a portion of the divine nature (Justin Martyr, I *Apol.*, 33; Tertullian, *Adv. Prax.*, 26). But according to John xx. 21, 22, the holy spirit with which Jesus had been infused was transferred by him to the Apostles after his death and resurrection, when "he breathed into them, and says to them, Receive the holy spirit." According to Lactantius, Jesus is the spoken Word of God, while the angels are spirits who pro-

ceeded from his mouth as breath (*Div. Inst.*, IV, 8). Augustine and other Fathers, in a later period, believed that Mary conceived through the sense of hearing (see Maury, *Lég. pieuses*, p. 179, note), an idea adopted into the Marionite breviary and other works sanctioned by the Roman Catholic Church (see Donehoo, *Apoc. Life of Christ*, p. 37, note 1). In one view, she received through her ear the personified Word (Logos) from the mouth of God; but in another view she heard his word, speech or message (*ῥῆμα*) delivered by Gabriel, to whom she said (Luke i. 38), "be it to me according to thy word (*ῥῆμα*)"; and in all probability some supposed that Gabriel referred the "power" that overshadowed her to this divine message when he said that "no word (*ῥῆμα*) of God shall be without its power" (*ibid.*, i. 37, where the A. V. renders: "For with God nothing shall be impossible"). In a hymn ascribed to Bonaventura we find the lines:

"Gaude Virgo, mater Christi,  
Quae per aurem concepisti,  
Gabriel nuntio."

In many medieval paintings of the annunciation the Holy Spirit appears as a dove (as in the baptism of Jesus according to all four Canonical Gospels). Sometimes a ray of light passes from the dove's beak (= mouth) to the ear of Mary; and again, the preexistent Saviour descends in infant form upon that ray of light (see Langlois, *Peinture sur verre*, p. 157; Leaky, *History of Rationalism*, I, p. 224, ed. 1866—and cf. Inman, *Ancient Faiths*, I, Int., p. 111, for a realistic sculpture in which the dove breathes upon the Virgin). As is well known, John's Logos is that of Philo, which as the "son" of God and the "only-begotten" is an intermediary or messenger between God and the created universe. It represents not only the masculine Speech and Reason, and the world-soul of Heraclitus and the Stoics, but also the feminine Wisdom (*Sophia*) of the Book of Wisdom (viii. 8; ix, 4, 9; etc.). The Gnostic Valentinians taught that *Sophia* is the Holy Spirit and the celestial Mother of Jesus, while his father is Luke's "Highest," with whom they identified their Demiurge or creator as held to be subordinate to the supreme God (Hippolytus, *Philosophum.*, VI, 30); and in the Gnostic version of the lost *Gospel of the Hebrews*, Jesus was made to refer to "my mother the Holy Spirit" (Origen, *Hom. XIV, in Jerem., Comment. in Johan.*, II, 6). But Wisdom as identified with the Logos as Reason is sometimes recognized as a masculine personification, and as such becomes incarnated as Jesus

(Justin Martyr, *Tryph.*, 61; Tertullian, *Adv. Prax.*, 7, 19; *Adv. Hermog.*, 18, etc.), thus being a mere variant of the Hindu god of wisdom, Ganesa, who in the form of a white elephant became incarnated as Buddha (see above, and cf. Zoroaster conceived of a ray of the Divine Reason as a variant of a ray of sunlight). In paintings of the annunciation to Mary belonging to the Renaissance we generally find the fecundating ray of light (see Michelet, *History of France*, Book XI, Chap. 2, etc.).



THE ANNUNCIATION.

After Albert Dürer. (From Jameson, *Legends of the Madonna*, p. 223.)

We saw above that the earth-mother was sometimes considered to be inseminated by the dew; and in the *Byzantine Guide to Painting* (in Didron, *Christ. Iconog.*, App. II, Vol. II, p. 294) the miracle of the dew on the fleece while the ground around it remained dry—which God wrought as a sign that he would save Israel by the hand of Gideon (Judges vi. 36-38)—is recognized as a type or prophecy of the conception of Mary; and in the *Biblia Pauperum* (Didron.



*op. cit.*, App. III, Vol. II, p. 403), it is said that "the Lord shall descend like dew upon the fleece," which "figured the glorious Virgin Mary without sin, impregnate with the infusion of the Holy Spirit" (cf. Ps. cxxxiii. 3, where the dew descends on Mount Zion, and lxxii. 6, where the Septuagint has it that God "shall come as rain upon the fleece, and as drops falling upon the earth"). In the highly enthusiastic *Homilies on the Annunciation* erroneously attributed to Gregory Thaumaturgus, Jesus is called "the enlightening Pearl" (Hom. II), and it is said that "just as the pearl comes from the two natures, namely lightning and water, the occult signs of the sea (but according to Pliny, from the dew and the oyster—see above), so also our Lord Jesus Christ proceeds. . . . from the pure, and chaste, and undefiled and holy Virgin Mary" (Hom. I—a similar passage of earlier date being found in Ephraem Syrus, *De Margarita Pretiosa*). The author of these *Homilies* understands that Jesus was the son of Mary by God, explaining that "Gabriel was sent to wed the creature (Mary) with the Creator," etc. But he also identifies Jesus with God, and makes him say to Gabriel, "Proceed to the place of sojourn (Mary) that is worthy of my word. . . . proceed to the light cloud (Mary) and announce to it the shower of my coming. . . . speak in the ears of my rational ark (Mary), so as to prepare for me the accesses of hearing. . . . Can anything be impossible with me, the Creator of all? . . . Yes, surely, if the fire of the wilderness injured the bush (Ex. iii. 1-4), my coming will indeed injure Mary; but if that fire which served as the adumbration (i. e., foreshadowing) of the advent of the fire of divinity from heaven fertilized the bush, and did not burn it, what wilt thou say of the Truth (for the Word or Wisdom) that descends not in a flame of fire, but in the form of rain?" (Hom. III; cf. the Hebrew of Ps. lxxii. 6, where it is said of God, "May he come down like rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth," and see Septuagint version as above quoted). Thus in *Homilies I and II* the parthenogenesis of Jesus is compared to that of a pearl as supposed to come from lightning and water, and in *Homily III* the conception of Mary is referred to a shower of rain, as well as to the sound of God's voice—probably as identified with thunder, with the annunciation viewed as having occurred during a thunder-and-lightning storm. Again, in some medieval paintings of the annunciation, Gabriel presents a lily to Mary as if that flower were the inseminating intermedium (Jameson, *Legends of the Madonna*, pp. 217, 227, etc.—and see above for stories of the lotus of which the lily is a variant).

There is nothing in the Gospels to indicate the season of either the conception or birth of Jesus. March 25 (the spring equinox) as finally accepted for the annunciation to Mary was obviously suggested as being nine months before December 25 (the winter solstice) for the birth of Jesus—as of Mithra and other sun-gods. But there is no month of the year in which the birthday of Jesus has not been located at one time or another (see *Encycl. Biblica*, s. v. Nativity); while the birthdays of other gods are assigned to the spring equinox and the summer solstice, as well as the winter solstice.

As the parthenogenous earth-mother is properly ever-virginate, sometimes being represented as an indevirginate wife (see above), there is in the mythic view no inconsistency between the Roman Catholic doctrine of the “perpetual virginity” of Mary and the early Gospel tradition according to which she and Joseph had other children besides Jesus. Four named brothers and an unspecified number of unnamed sisters of Jesus are mentioned in Matt. xiii. 55, 56; cf. Mark vi. 3, for the brothers only, and also Matt. xii. 47; Mark iii. 32, etc.). But some of the Apocryphal Gospels and most of the Church Fathers unnecessarily represent these brothers and sisters as children of Joseph and a former wife; taking the names of the four brothers from the Gospel tradition, and definitely specifying two sisters, for whom names are supplied by some (*Pseudo-Matt.*, 42; *Joseph the Carpenter*, 2—and see Donehoo, *Apoc. Life*, p. 27). In all probability the seven children of Joseph (and of Mary, originally) are representatives of the seven planets, with Jesus in his solar character and his two sisters for the moon and Venus—in which view Mary and Joseph are figures of the earth-mother and the heaven-father or cosmic man. Moreover, it is equally probable that an Old Testament type or prophecy of this sevenfold group of children was recognized in 1 Sam. ii. 5, where Hannah sings that “the barren has borne seven” in a time of prosperity for the Israelites; and as Hannah’s song (verses 1-10) is obviously imitated in that of Mary, shortly after the annunciation (Luke i. 46-55), it is not improbable that the original text of Luke i. represented Mary as a barren woman before the genesis of Jesus as the son of Joseph, like Hannah before the genesis of Samuel as the son of Elkanah. Thus according to the Kabbalistic *Zohar* (on Gen. i. 27), “the spirit of wisdom,” prepared for the Messiah, Son of David, will come from God’s throne to a barren woman—where we have a variant Messianic application of God’s promise of exemption from barrenness among the blessings of the happy future (see above).

Mary (Mariam or Miriam) signifies "the corpulent" (i. e., "beautiful," according to the Oriental standard), and it is the name of the sister of Moses. But in all probability the primary Old Testament type of Mary, mother of Jesus as the son of Joseph, was recognized in the barren "great woman," the Shunammite, in the story of Elisha (2 Kings iv. 8-17—see above); for Shunammite was a type name for a beautiful woman, especially a beautiful young woman, as in the case of David's concubine, Abishag the Shunammite (1 Kings i. 3, etc.). It is also probable that the beautiful and beloved bride of (the solar) Solomon was originally called a Shunammite in Cant. vi. 13, where the extant text has Shulamite; and this beautiful young woman is sometimes recognized as a type of the Virgin Mary by Christian writers (Tertullian, *Adv. Marc.*, IV, 11, etc.), while in the Jewish Targum on Cant. vii. 3, the breasts of Solomon's bride are interpreted as symbols of the two coming Redeemers—Messiah, son of David, and Messiah, son of Ephraim—who are perhaps represented in one view by the New Testament Jesus and John the Baptist.

Joseph was supposed to signify "adding," "multiplying" or "increasing" (as in Gen. xxx. 24; cf. xlix. 22-26), therefore being an appropriate name for the father of Mary's children (whether or not he was so named in the original Gospel tradition). The Old Testament Joseph was considered the greatest man ever born (Ecclesiasticus xlix. 15), while it is said in the Hebrew of Gen. xlix. 24: "The arms of his hands were made supple by the hands of the mighty one (Jehovah) of Jacob, from thence, (from) the shepherd, the stone of Israel" (i. e., Jehovah—as elsewhere in the Old Testament). But the A. V. has: "(from thence *is* the shepherd, the stone of Israel)," and the text was doubtless so understood by the earliest Christians, for Jesus is the "stone" in the New Testament (Matt. xxi. 42; Mark xii. 10; Luke xx. 17; Acts iv. 11; 1 Pet. ii. 6-8; cf. Justin Martyr, *Tryph.*, 126). Furthermore, Jehovah is the great multiplier or increaser of all living things, as well as the creator (see previous article, on "The Coösmic Multiplications"); and Joseph (the increaser), as the father of Jesus, was doubtless recognized as a counterpart of the latter's heavenly father, Jehovah, the creator; for in Matt. xiii. 55 Joseph is a carpenter, builder or worker in wood (τέκτων—the parallel passage in Mark vi. 3, as extant, making Jesus the carpenter, while the *Diatessaron* has, "a carpenter, son of a carpenter"). The Greek τέκτων was also applied to any craftsman, and Æschylus speaks of the procreator of a race of men as τέκτων γένους (*Supp.*, 594); while ἀρχιτέκτων signifies

a chief artificer, a master builder (our architect), and we speak of God as "the architect of the universe." In the *Rigveda* Twashtri is the carpenter-creator, who made the great ladle (for the dome of the heaven) which is converted into four ladles by the Ribhus or sun's rays (I, 20, 6; 188, 9; IV, 35, 3; cf. the four carpenters of Zech. i. 20, 21). But Twashtri also fabricates the thunderbolts (*Rigveda*, I, 85, 9), like Hephæstus or Vulcan, the divine smith. In the *Vishnu Purana* Twashtri is the chief of architects (IV, 11), and in the southern India of later times he is the carpenter-god and the father of the divine-human Salivahana, who is born of a virgin and crucified (Higgins, *Anacalypsis*, I, p. 662). In Egypt Ptah was the great artificer-god, the worker in metals, sculptor, master architect and designer of all creation—often being figured fashioning the egg of the universe on a potter's wheel (see Budge, *Gods*, I, p. 501). In Amos vii. 7 Jehovah is described as standing "upon a wall, with a plumb-line in his hand," thus apparently being conceived as a mason.

## A LIBERAL ANALYSIS OF CONSERVATISM.

BY T. SWANN HARDING.

THE epidemic of reactionism which set in in all countries during the Great War naturally leads the reflective mind to a consideration of the conservatism by which it was given birth. Nor was this epidemic allayed by the cessation of hostilities. Late in 1919 the *Nation* was telling us that an Englishman who visited America was simply amazed at the dogmatic intolerance of the forces of reaction, and this clear-sighted liberal journal called attention to the fact that we were in jeopardy of losing the fruits of a war ostensibly for idealism, by adopting measures for the repression of liberal opinion more stringent than those of our late autocratic foe.

The direct antithesis between the liberal and the conservative mind, their difficulty in understanding one another, their lack of sympathy with the view-point of each other and the apparent certainty of acrimonious debate whenever they come together, are well known. Yet both conservative and liberal are men, plain human animals tempted in all points alike, more or less educated, more or less capable of reasoning; men who "fulfil the demands of the love-life in mechanical routine...beget children at stated intervals...and face the last adventure swathed and coddled by the devices of science, substituting oxygen for the oil of sacrament." Indeed, these "hereditary enemies" differ not in kind but in degree: the two attitudes of mind are but facets of the same cerebral substance projecting into space in opposite directions. And, as in other matters, heredity and environment decree the direction of this development. Furthermore, when this development gains a certain momentum in a definite direction the tendency is for the dogmatism of deep conviction to make a bigot in either case.

<sup>1</sup> Alice Raphael, "The Modern, *The New Republic*, May 17, 1919.

Emerson has said that "reform is affirmative, conservatism negative; conservatism goes for comfort, reform for truth."<sup>2</sup> The essential difference between the conservative and the reformer (or liberal) is that the former is static and by nature intolerant; the latter is plastic and normally tolerant. Psychologically considered the conservative has ceased to learn because he has ceased to admit the necessity for new categories of knowledge, and continues to cram all new facts, however irrelevant, into the categories already at hand. The liberal is not averse to formulating new and rational categories for facts as they come into consciousness.

To a child that round object with a yellowish exterior is a ball. And so long as it remains a ball, instead of becoming an orange, the child is a conservative. It refuses to add to its categories, but crams any object bearing a resemblance, however remote, to its plaything into its category "Ball." But liberalism usually conquers in the end almost of necessity and the new category "Orange" is not unwillingly acknowledged. And not long thereafter a lemon is confidently filed under the convenient categorical concept "Orange" where it remains until a further excursion into liberalism releases it.

Eventually a certain stage of maturity is almost inevitably reached where the distaste for forming new categories overbalances the desire for strict verity, and we have the conservative of fifty or sixty, as the case may be. The liberal is, therefore, mentally young, whatever his years; but it is an unusual liberal who can retain sufficient deliberation at sixty not to denounce vehemently the young radicals of the time. It is well known that the old take grudgingly to the scientific, political or religious advances as they appear, because of their disinclination to rearrange their mental furniture. They seek repose rather than truth. And here you have also the conservative *par excellence*.

And so man is ever the victim of two opposing tendencies. On the one hand is conservatism urging that he has already sufficient classifications for all possible contingencies and that new facts must be made to fit old convictions; on the other is liberalism declaring that knowledge is boundless and that by forever cramming new facts into old categories he will develop slovenly mental habits, eventually reaching a stage of complete inertia at which pure reasoning becomes impossible.

So divergent are these habits of mind that in case of controversy the conservative stands aghast at the latitude of the liberal; and, lacking the means of refuting facts which he cannot correlate, he

<sup>2</sup> In "Intellect."

resorts to vituperation and personalities, finally in immoderate rage to brand his opponent a dangerous intellectual heretic who merits instant suppression. The liberal, for his part, finds it difficult to retain his equanimity in the presence of what is obviously arrested mental development; he feels his impotence to make the conservative comprehend in the same manner that the adult feels his impotence to explain the law of atomic proportions to a child of eight; and he must always be on his guard against the bigotry which attacks those whose mental agility is greater, their stock of facts being so systematized as to be serviceable. For liberalism can be dogmatic indeed and the utter intolerance of the incorrigible radical surpasseth comprehension.

Conservatives may roughly be divided into two classes—first, those who cannot or will not think, and, secondly, those who, if they do not precisely think, yet go through a process which resembles thought sufficiently to deceive them. Perhaps a more simple classification would be that of intelligent and unintelligent conservatives: in either case they may or may not be educated, for sometimes intelligence bears an inverse ratio to education. Sometimes this intelligence rises into self-consciousness and a particularly illogical position is realized in all its absurdity. This is the high-water mark of conservatism and denotes the point where one is almost persuaded to seek truth rather than to enjoy ill-earned repose.

Conservatism and liberalism are in strict literalness no respectors either of age, race, color or previous condition of servitude. The former has been frequently associated with those young in years, the latter with physical decay. This may be true in countries where a college or university education inculcates the habit of thinking rather than crams the student with ill-digested facts. In America, however, there are no more hopeless conservatives, no more dyed-in-the-wool reactionaries and partisans of things-as-they-are than the average college or university undergraduate.

Furthermore, liberalism is sometimes associated with education, while the conservative is thought of as a hidebound, rule-of-thumb individual remote from the ameliorating influence of higher learning. Nevertheless, the conservative is often deeply learned in the lore of everything save cogitation proper and may possess copious alphabetical distinction of university origin. And, what is still more curious, the conservative is occasionally capable of real, out-and-out liberalism in some matters while he remains hopelessly traditional in others. The political liberal who is a religious conservative; the moral liberal who is a philosophic conservative; the scientific liberal

who is a narrow, nationalistic conservative—these types are well known.

When we stop to consider them in the cold light of reason and unmodified by the lurid haze of passion, the mental habits of some people are little short of startling. We go along moderately open-minded, not restricting our reading to a select list that coddles our personal prejudices, but browsing boldly here and there, now imbibing the cocksure conservatism of the daily press, now sipping the pungent concoctions of the dubious radical. We seek to see matters as others see them, to comprehend their view-point, always understanding that they have as much right to the possession and expression of their opinions as we have to ours. We utilize common sense and the scientific method coupled with rather a catholic philosophy in appraising various institutions and habits of life; and we finally reach conclusions which seem to us not at all startling, certainly not particularly original or unique, least of all heretical and positively dangerous.

And, having for a while lived thus benignly and indulgently all to ourselves, we go out into the rude world and constantly meet people whose attitude toward our casual opinions shocks us with its violence. Suddenly we get a pained look and some perfectly reasonable assertion is hurriedly brushed aside as Bolshevik, or anti-American, or sacrilegious, and broad hints are thrown out that it might go hard with us for these sentiments!

We meet, for instance, the man who honestly believes that all the evil in the world is contained precisely within the confines of the German Empire—(that is, we did meet this man; surely he is disillusioned now, so long after the imbecility of Versailles)—and that with the destruction of Germany "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again" and Right shall forever occupy the throne. Or we meet that naive individual who firmly believed that the Teuton race would be actually annihilated and that the hanging of the Kaiser would fitly culminate our righteous crusade; in spite of the fact that reason militates against the murder of seventy million people as well as against one dynasty daring to risk the prestige of kingcraft by hauling another dynasty into court. Or we meet that tender girl in her twenties who hails from Alabama and who hates the Northerner with a bitterness that at least attests to the thoroughness with which Sherman lived his doctrine of war, however unnecessary and unreasonable the perpetuation of such hatred—born of the War of Rebellion—is.

Again, we meet that simple, trusting soul who was assured that



all the diabolical hideousness of war was the work of the enemy, and that "our" side marched heroically and hymn-laden to a martyr's death with their minds reverberating with noble ideals, their hearts steeled in unctuous self-righteousness, their hands unsoiled with blood and their bayonets inflicting some mysterious variety of glorified and sanctimonious wound. Or we can meet that kindly, humane and gentle individual (he really is so personally—though crazed with misdirected patriotism he it is who makes war possible) who viewed the submarine blockade of England and the harshness of the German in Belgium with wrath that knew no bounds and denunciations of passionate intensity; but who finds nothing extraordinary in the starvation of the women and children of Central Europe by reason of an inhuman peace which barbarously demands their milk and their bread even as they perish. If the German sinned, and there is no doubt about that, we certainly have done likewise. To quote Clutton-Brock—"We have no right to put any man or nation outside the pale; we are not gods, with the right or power of damnation, but men,"<sup>3</sup> and we have all sinned and come short of the glory.

The day has not long passed when we knew a Paris which would never, never have aught to do with the German again; to-day that Paris is reasonably full of Germans employed by the French as before 1914. We knew the America and the Allied nations which would under no circumstances have trade dealings with the "unspeakable Hun"; recently we have observed the undignified and breathless scramble to stake out trade claims in Central Europe immediately the barriers were let down.

Perhaps we are theologically inclined. If so, we may come into contact with that cold stone wall embodied in the personality of the Evangelical minister who finds it quite correct to accept new members by letter from heterodox congregations (perhaps because that increases his own flock), but who discovers that the Almighty would be seriously offended if a letter of fellowship were given to one of his flock who desired to unite with a liberal congregation. *En passant*, what an admirable way to produce infidelity! For what intelligent man can worship a God who is supposed to stoop to such petty hairsplitting? Or, again, we may easily discover this very day individuals who hang their fate throughout all eternity, and the fate of all other humans besides, upon such tremendously important matters as the assumption that Genesis is an historical narrative, that the book of Jonah is strict truth rather than humorous allegory.

<sup>3</sup> A. Clutton-Brock, "The Pursuit of Happiness. *The Atlantic*, Dec., 1919

that Moses personally indicted the Pentateuch or that the disciple John wrote the Gospel which bears that name. We may find by hundreds those who are firmly convinced that this or that sacrament, this or that formula, this or that creedal injunction are matters of supreme importance to a Deity who is postulated as omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent and burdened in addition with the minutiae of an entire universe! In a land among the most enlightened as to religious toleration a President found it at times embarrassing to be a Unitarian, every public man discovers the expediency of being thought orthodox and the evils of cosmos are ever and anon righteously accredited to the Jew by some fervid divine.

Or, to view the conservative mind in a third aspect<sup>4</sup>—that of shifting facts from categories in diametric opposition in order to give a “cloak of self-righteousness to extenuate” the ruthless attainment of any desired end. In any contest the ethical values involved are usually of the nature of afterthought or accessory<sup>5</sup>; thus it is often necessary to remould ethics or philosophy in order to procure ideals to camouflage aggression or worse deeds. This mental jugglery gives rise to an interesting type of mind which appears to believe two diametrically opposing things at one and the same time, the psychological explanation being that the same fact is temporarily utilized in opposing categories. Thus it is that the militarist can prove that military training prevents the very war which alone can give rise to those manly virtues which it is the province of military training to prevent war from teaching us!

Such people as these can espouse a gospel of a prince of peace while at the same time demonstrating that war is righteously justifiable whenever expedient or desirable. Some of the articles in the *Hibbert Journal* during the war were marvels of ingenuity at proving that war and Christianity are perfectly compatible; before the war other articles proved the direct opposite from the same facts; after the war apologists demonstrated that there was truth in both contentions. These anomalous people can admit the truth of a fact in a scientific context while denouncing the same fact as false in a theological context. They can view with utmost loathing and contempt a course pursued by another nation to attain some nationalistic end while palliating their own nation for an exactly similar depredation and citing philosophical and ethical proofs in each case. Yet it must be understood that however absurd or disingenuous such action may appear on the surface, the individual is intellectually

<sup>4</sup> Thorstein Veblen, *The Nature of Peace*, Introduction.

honest in so far as he permits himself to be informed and is usually sincere.

However irrational it may seem to any open-minded person who would trouble himself to think calmly—rather than impulsively or emotionally—there are people of this day and generation who seriously hold the opinions mentioned (and even worse) and who are utterly intolerant of any opposing view. These are the people who continually force new wine into old bottles, who force new facts into outgrown categories, and who insert the same fact into diverse categories if it suits their purpose to do so. As Butler remarked, we do not mind a difference of opinion if we feel that our opponent has a firm grasp of our position or that he is trying to understand but fails through lack of education or defect of intellect; what displeases us is to know that he could understand if he chose—but he will not choose to do so. Obviously this last class of conservatives is less supportable than the very large class lacking in education and deficient in intellect.<sup>5</sup>

Sometimes the condition arises not from a disinclination to thought, but from an actual atrophy of the thinking faculty due either to habitually taking the predigested cogitations of others *in toto*, or to the mistaken idea of assuming to be thought what is really an emotional conflict resulting in the domination of the most powerful impulse. And, however presumptuous in a liberal to say so, the fact remains that the very tenets of liberalism require it to be attentive to conservatism and to give the statist a sympathetic hearing in the effort to comprehend, while the ultimate reply of conservatism to all forms of liberalism is, and has been down the ages, Infidel! Heretic! Dangerous radical! True enough the conservative gets "rest, commodity and reputation." But "he in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being." It is Emerson who speaks.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> In terms of modern psychology the conservative might be described as the man who lives in the unconscious (or subconscious) mind where live the child and the primitive and where are seated all intolerance and bigotry and prejudice. M. K. Bradby shows in her *Psycho-Analysis* how Wilberforce was enabled to see the immorality of enslaving the black race while he saw the appeal of downtrodden British labor for justice merely as a licentious rebellion against authority. He was, in the latter case, merely a rich man with an unconscious love of power which overruled his conscious reason.

<sup>6</sup> In "Intellect."

Having now considered the matter more or less abstractly, instances of certain interesting conservatives come to mind and a few brief analyses may prove informative. There is for one the case of the man who recently asked the writer what he thought of the Jenkins case, adding in stereotyped manner—"Of course, those Mexicans are such rascals you can never believe what they say." This man was head of the scientific staff of a manufacturing concern and constituted one of the most remarkable cases of arrested intellectual development we have known. In some respects he was still positively infantile. In science he was an empiricist; practically he knew not thought at all in any matter although he was plentifully supplied with the accepted convictions then current in his social stratum.

Now the writer was far from an expert on Mexico. He had read perhaps twenty volumes on Mexico and its problems; he had read the press of the distracted country quite frequently during several years; he had had several intelligent correspondents in Mexican cities who, in addition to certain Latin-Americans he knew personally, conveyed the Mexican view-point to some extent. Finally, he had read the American liberal journals of opinion which almost alone voiced an attitude of philosophic calm and made a real effort to arrive at certain conclusions through processes of orderly deliberation. And yet this scant knowledge on the writer's part was so encyclopedic in comparison to what his interrogator knew of Mexican matters that intelligent discussion was completely inhibited. This man had his category that all Mexicans were rascals and into this he instantly packed any fact whatsoever that came up.

In other matters his process was identical. He classified the philosophic anarchist, the bombing nihilist, the parlor radical and the tepid liberal all together in his commodious category labeled "Bolshevik." He denounced everything which did not cater to the perpetuation of things-as-they-are (which condition satisfied him completely) as dangerous if not illegal. He abstracted from the newspapers blatant facts suitable to his purposes and supporting his convictions and absolutely ignored all else. The intellectual penuriousness of the average newspaper editorial agreed well with his delicately balanced mental digestive apparatus and he adopted the vested-interest viewpoint without revision.

Those of this man's kind who attend church sit enthralled in a great cathedral while a learned dean breaks the "bread of life" consisting of such stupendous thoughts as his wise dictum that present-day unrest was to be traced to the Hebrew race which, not

content with being steeped in sin through the ages, had now added insult to injury by turning radical! As if evil were exorcised if announced to be instigated by Hebrews! Or as if it were evil for any race to be the cleansing, stimulating, agitating power which should strive to lead us to better things, whether to some extent mistaken in ideals or no. For the radical—though less a radical in practice than in theory—has a most important place in the scheme of things, and his moral courage marks him as of the race of those fearless prophets who stood before kings to boldly condemn their wicked ways.

But conservatives do not all insist upon absolutely predigested mental pabulum; they are not all so ignorant that a well-informed man finds it next to impossible to discover some common ground for discussion. Many of them are deeply learned and have a large stock of misplaced facts and ideas, all so badly filed in their brains as to be nearly useless. There is, for instance, that quiet, affable, law-abiding, Godfearing colonial Britisher who, when it was insinuated that the Prime Minister of England had scant respect for the truth, took this as a personal insult! Regardless of the fact that diplomacy in secret makes lying a necessity; of the fact that a great and glorious nation might have an execrable Prime Minister, and of other things that reflection would bring to mind, he had no other course open to him than to embrace an atavism to a lower cultural and intellectual plane. For quite frequently the uneducated and the rude attempt to vindicate the honor of their state or nation by recourse to fistic encounter, but it is unusual to witness a graduate of Oxford at so great a loss to reason. Here is an instance of hopeless conservatism, for it is most flagrant utilization of the wrong category, in a man highly educated—in fact, in a real scholar.

On analysis we find him to be elderly and with his categories arranged. Nor has he any idea of making alterations other than to facts that they may fit his preconceptions. During the war he espoused all the familiar commonplaces of the extreme deviltry of the enemy and wrote articles that could have been turned out wholesale by some unlettered reporter. He furnished the material which is easily and craftily manipulated by the powers that be in the interest of patriotism—that sentiment, says Veblen, “which has never been known to rise to the consummate pitch of enthusiastic abandon except when bent on some work of concerted malevolence.” He is the typical man whose way of thinking makes war easy to start and more than easy to justify. His entire inability to classify facts in any other way than redounding to the glory of the Allies

and to the degradation of the Central Empires rendered his "reasoning" deliciously myopic during the war and even on into peace. He actually wondered if he might not be risking social ostracism by corresponding by letter with a liberal several thousand miles away! And this speaks volumes for the prevalence of the distorted conglomeration of impulses that masqueraded under the guise of thought in so many communities like his. At times this interesting man appeared almost inclined really to reason along theological and philosophical lines but his tether was short and he soon became terrified at his temerity and lapsed back into the pleasant calm of repose.

This man's favorite complaint to the writer was that of his being anti-British; this is the same accusation presumably intelligent people hurled at the *Nation* when it denounced British imperialism. We may remember the Jews also who dubbed Spinoza a Christian while the Christians declared him an infidel. And then there is the book of Bertrand Russell suppressed in England as pro-German and in Germany as Allied propaganda! In each case we have instances of people who have fashioned their categories after the manner of conservatism and who insist upon shading the fact to suit the conviction already in their minds. Thus the critics of the *Nation* could not see that it fought imperialism and militarism irrespective of nationality; conservative myopic bade them classify any criticism whatsoever of the British Empire as anti-British and the wish was father to the thought.

There might also be mentioned that intelligent and relatively broad-minded preacher who complacently faced his plutocratic congregation on the matter of socialism and told them that the socialistic theory, which taught of course that bread and raiment comprised the entire needs of man, was grossly inadequate; it neglected man's spiritual side and made of him an animal. And the congregation nodded friendly approval, because to all of them things as they are were eminently satisfactory and hence their category was—anything which appears to menace the prevailing social adjustment is false, dangerous and therefore socialistic. Consequently they neglected entirely the fact that the ideal of socialism is to see that all have food and raiment so that all may equally have the opportunity to develop spiritually and culturally. A man does not have to be a socialist to comprehend this; a liberal finds it not difficult to do so, because he has arranged his categories to classify facts as they are, not as his personal prejudices would have him believe them to be.

A particularly convenient and much overworked category of the present day is that called by the unreflective "anti-Americanism."

This expression is used by conservatives to designate those Americans who oppose lawlessness whether on the part of avowed criminals or whether indulged in by legionnaires and officers of the law. In somewhat similar manner the term "pro-German" was used during the war, and "Bolshevik" subsequently, to denote those persons so ungracious as to differ with the conservative on matters of opinion. Those terms have at one time or another been applied to such notorious Prussians as Romain Rolland, Arthur Henderson, Albert Thomas, Anatole France, Henri Barbusse, Bertrand Russell, and in America Max Eastman, John Haynes Holmes, William Jennings Bryan, Thorstein Veblen and hundreds of others of this ruthless and bloodthirsty ilk too numerous to mention.

An interesting intellectual conservative is Agnes Repplier<sup>7</sup> in the December, 1919, *Atlantic*. Herein we find her lauding one Samuel Gompers whose unswerving loyalty to the Allies will never be forgiven by the pacifists—"the men and women who had no word of protest or pity when Belgium was invaded, when the Lusitania was sunk, when towns were burned, civilians butchered, and girls deported." Here the connotation of the category labeled "Pacifist" is obvious. It is also of interest to remember that Mr. Gompers did not escape the pro-German category in other instances, particularly among the advanced and enlightened labor leaders of England who saw in him the type of uncompromising bitter-ender whose caustic vituperation did so much to prolong the war. It was just such loud denunciation of all things German that Bolo Pasha *et al.* used in the French papers they subsidized with German money.<sup>8</sup>

Of course, a moment's real thought demonstrates that the pacifist harbored no such cold-blooded sentiments and never did harbor them. The pacifist at the outbreak of the war was frantically pro-Ally and, as speeches of David Starr Jordan attest, he viewed the invasion

<sup>7</sup> Agnes Repplier, "Consolations of the Conservative," *The Atlantic*, December, 1919.

<sup>8</sup> A delicious morsel of intellectual conservatism is served *en casserole* by the *Unpartizan Review* of January-February, 1920, where, in elegant English, "the yowlers against capitalism" are requested "to stop and take breath" on the strength of gifts to mankind by Frick and Carnegie and Rockefeller. Here is reasoning of typical moron grade. One might as well defend an assassin by calling attention to the fact that he was kind to cats. The point really at issue is not whether multimillionaires are good to their families or kindhearted at the core; but are they now merely being belatedly generous to a public which they have formerly robbed shamelessly. The assertion is not made that these gentlemen have robbed the public; attention is merely called to the fact that such is the contention of the enemies of the capitalistic system and that the bland volubility of the *Unpartizan* absolutely ignores the real point at issue. Enlightened socialism does not crave charity; it is merely striving half blindly toward some system which shall make charity a superfluity.

of Belgium as a horrible flaunting of international ethics; it meant that what was done in China or Persia with perfect impunity was to be sanctioned by an ultracivilized nation in Europe itself. But as the war went on the not-as-that-Publican-there air of the superhuman and hypocritical self-righteousness of the Allies, their anguished impersonation of the ravished virgin, and their studied attempt to heap all evil on the head of the enemy sickened the pacifist until he came very near viewing with complaisance these lusty Teutons who boisterously acknowledged their deviltry, not pleading ethical or philosophical extenuation, but simple unvarnished military necessity. If war it must be let us then be men and not babies, thought the pacifist. Evil acknowledged is sometimes to be preferred to evil veneered with a thin coating of idealism; that, alas, it was a veneer the predatory peace of Versailles proves too well.

But the pacifist never failed to observe and to denounce the very obvious sins of the Germans, though to do so was a work of supererogation. His grievous sin against conservatism was, however, the fact that he demanded a cleansing on our own part. He dared point the finger of scorn at our sins in China, in the Congo, in Persia and in the islands of the sea. He dared assert that an Allied soldier was not *per se* an avenging deity in white raiment, and to the eye obsessed with the sins of others and blinded to sin near by this was heinous—it was pacifist—or it belonged in any of the other ambiguous categories used by conservatives to designate purveyors of philosophic calm. Exactly this process goes on in thousands of cases in various matters. The scientist dismisses spiritualism with a sneer because the term connotes silly moonshine. the spiritualist dismisses science with contempt because the term connotes pure materialism, and each painfully distorts the facts to fit his category and to prove his point; psychologically both are conservatives.

But to leave the conservatives who are such purely and simply there is another class most interesting to contemplate which might, from a dairy-lunch nomenclature, be styled half-and-half. An excellent example of this is a minister of religion in a liberal faith who in theological and philosophical matters was almost radical. Incidentally he preached a gospel of peace and vociferously interpreted Jesus of Nazareth as a pacifist in righteous distinction from the crude un-Christian militarists in Europe, that is during the time that elapsed from the beginning of the war until America went into it. Hereupon political conservatism came to the minister's aid and he blandly preached the precise opposite making it appear that the



Nazarene had now come to sanction an appeal to collective homicide provided our cause was a righteous one.

And "our" cause is a righteous one—even in Boer and Mexican wars, the former a war always viewed with shame by the highest type of Britisher, the latter a war called unprovoked and wrong by no less an authority than General Grant. Because "the moral sense in the case may be somewhat easily satisfied with a modicum of equity, in case the patriotic bias of the people is well pronounced . . . .and even very attenuated considerations of right and justice may come to serve as a moral authentication for any extravagant course of action to which the craving of national prestige may incite."<sup>9</sup> This minister could also argue most convincingly that Jesus would have us go to war with Mexico in very similar manner to that adopted by Austria toward Serbia; yet the Master was supposed to have heartily condemned the latter villainy. While such distortion of the teachings of a great leader of men is deplorable the explanation is not necessarily to be found in the dishonesty of the minister; he was merely so shaping facts as to fit into the categories at hand. This same agile mind discovered that we had long misjudged Japan in presuming her to be an autocracy; the fact that she had espoused our side in the Great War offered proof sufficient of her democracy.

This calls to mind another cultured, liberal and university-educated gentleman who had adhered to strict neutrality before our entry into the war but who then perceived in a flash that a conflict which tore a world in twain had no cause other than German rapacity. This gentleman taught himself to believe that there had not been one slightest iota of provocation to war on the part of any nation assisting the Allies. He could actually demonstrate that preparation for war on the part of Germany brought about collective homicide, while preparation for war on the part of the Allies merely conduced to perpetual peace. And in all other matters this man was a rational being; of such is the myopia of conservatism. There is also the intelligent girl who contrives to belong to the most reactionary of creeds and at the same time to approve ideas absolutely at variance with the creed when these ideas are not in a theological context.

These cases are merely variations for each depends upon bungling categories just as those which have gone before. They have additional interest by reason of the fact that development has been

<sup>9</sup> Thorstein Veblen, *The Nature of Peace*, "On the Nature and Uses of Patriotism."

normal in most directions and is merely arrested in one or two. When these people were presented with facts demanding a new category to make them understandable, and if these facts came in on their "blind side," they complacently classified the fact under the old heading and said "German lies," "Prussian aggression," or "atheism," as the case might be. In a similar way, when the ignorant are presented with sodium silicate they call it water-glass, because this combination of familiar categories suits them better, given their distaste for new categories.<sup>10</sup>

Finally the case of a genial Scot comes to mind, a man who desired to think so badly that his conservatism became self-conscious, and when cornered he admitted that he spoke as he did more because it gave him satisfaction than because he seriously believed himself. Emerson has said we cannot have both truth and repose: yet this man had chosen just sufficient truth to give him repose. When he declared that we should make our own goods and thus be independent of German production, and another added "and also independent of British and French production," he demurred at the amendment although the desire was as logical (and as irrational) in the one case as in the other. His wish was not to see his adopted country develop commercially but to see Germany lose trade, and he placed facts in irrelevant categories with entire nonchalance. However, his superior mentality caused him to admit the logic of the thing and to plead nationalistic bias in extenuation; he could, therefore, view his conservatism analytically, comprehend its absurdity and its limitations: yet he declared it necessary to his satisfactory existence. Also when some one remarked that the Germans had shown particular bravery in a certain engagement he characteristically said, "I know that, but it wouldn't be right for *me* to admit it!"

This, then, is conservatism most pardonable, most hopeful and most promising of development. And that man was developing in spite of his forty years. For, as we consider these various cases in the light of scientific psychology, it is apparent that each represents an instance of impaired, retarded or arrested development.

<sup>10</sup> In this connection might be mentioned the individual who asked Henry Herbert Goddard how he could believe in "that stuff" called psychology when it was very apparently all a fake. Dr. Goddard subsequently discovered that the term "psychology" connoted nothing more than "hypnotism" in this case, and the science having been classified in that category, was discarded as valueless. (See Preface to Goddard's *Psychology of the Normal and Subnormal*.) A sentence from James is also interesting. He says, in *The Meaning of Truth*, "If a novel experience, conceptual or sensible, contradict too emphatically our preexistent systems of belief, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is treated as false." No wonder conservatism lies so deeply imbedded in human mentality!

The history of the world demonstrates that as we learn and as we progress we must think originally, increase our categories, search truth open-mindedly—in short, be liberal.<sup>11</sup> It has shown that conservatism has its *raison d'être* as the ballast force which prevents radicalism from being too impetuous. Liberalism has as its province to think dispassionately and to advance deliberately, while conservatism clings to its discredited categories, refuses to look through Galileo's telescope and denounces all creative thought as pernicious.

A fully rounded, normally developed mind must almost of necessity be liberal. The very fact that so many minds lack the time, the education or the inclination to develop normally makes it apparent that we shall never be at a loss for conservatives. The great mass is patently conservative. Furthermore, Voltaire's dictum that religious and philosophic speculation will never suddenly revolutionize the earth, because such ideas seep too slowly into mass consciousness, is still quite correct.<sup>12</sup> The blustering endeavor of conservatives in mass formation to swoop down upon some lone liberal and to crush him with sheer brute weight would be pathetic did not the vitality and the agility of the liberal often render this effort ludicrous. Rock-ribbed conservatism has little reason enough to quail in abject terror in the presence of the radical voice in the wilderness.

There must be Nietzsches and Schopenhauers—radical, unique—cleansing if not fructifying. There must be Jeremiahs to stand boldly to warn and to prophesy. There must be Lenins to shake an inadequate political system to its foundations, to prevent petrification, although they become conservative as they acquire power.

<sup>11</sup> It would, perhaps, be ungracious, if not rude, for a mere liberal to presume so far as to call attention to the similarity between the conservative and the moron; yet Dr. Goddard so clearly brings out the resemblance (*op. cit.*, p. 8) without ever once mentioning the conservative, that such scientific vindication of our attitude cannot be altogether ignored. While dismissing *Neurons of the Feeble-minded* he calls attention to the well-known fact that defectives are in the habit of endlessly repeating some simple, meaningless movement or articulation. He concludes that this oddity represents the individual's one accomplishment, and then, in the last paragraph of the chapter, he goes on to show that as we advance from idiocy, through imbecility, to the moron and dull normal, these accomplishments are increased in number; but even in the high-grade moron and the dull normal special effort on the part of the trainer is necessary for them to adapt themselves to a new environment or to modify their set way of doing a thing to suit changed conditions. "His neuron pattern is formed and it has little or no connection with any other neuron pattern and consequently there is no change." Goddard suggests that we need not stop with the dull normal when looking for persons who make constant use of a few phrases or indefinitely repeat limited activities. Certainly this precisely described the psychic state of the conservative whatever be the nature of the inhibition to thought and the impetus to credulity.

<sup>12</sup> *English Letters*, Letter XIII (on Locke).

For the liberalism of to-day is the conservatism of to-morrow; thus the trend of mental energy is toward the unavailable in the same manner as the trend of physical energy.

Nor will conservatism ever lack the right to speak for which liberalism must always fight. Mental lassitude generates conservatism and there will always be those of us who are sufficiently lazy to adopt repose in lieu of truth. It behooves us to view the radical with respect, for he has the courage of his convictions and lives a life of ideals in a materialistic age; to view the liberal with compassion, for he is the conservative of to-morrow; to view the conservative with kindly tolerance, for verily it taketh all kinds of people to make up a world, and "they have their reward."











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